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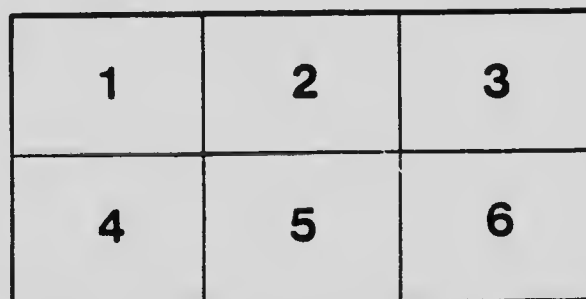
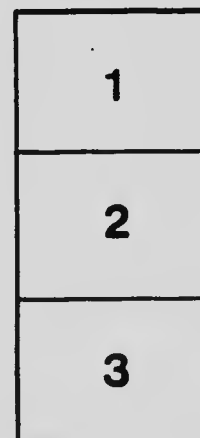
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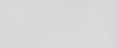
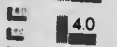
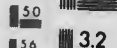
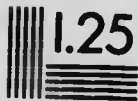
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THE VIGIL (Page 409.)

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THE KEENEST EYES, TO HEAR WITH
THE FINEST EARS, AND LISTEN TO
THE SWEETEST VOICES OF ALL TIME

—*James Russell Lowell.*

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*Eternal Power, benign, supreme,
Who weigh'st the nations upon earth,
Without whose aid the empire-dream
And pride of states is nothing worth:
From shameless speech and vengeful deed,
From license veiled in freedom's name,
From greed of gold and scorn of creed,
Guard Thou our fame!
In stress of days, that yet may be,
When hope shall rest upon the sword,
In welfare and adversity,
Be with us, Lord!*

—GEORGE ESSEX EVANS.

FIFTH READER

THE NORTH-WEST—CANADA

Oh would ye hear, and would ye hear
Of the windy, wide North-West ?
Faith ! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free,
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,
Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh could ye see, and could ye see
The great gold skies so clear,
The rivers that race through the pine-shade dark,
The mountainous snows that take no mark,
Sun-lit and high on the Rockies stark,
So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel
How fresh is a Western night !
When the long land-breezes rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
When the dark-blue skies are clear as glass,
And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and for ever know
The word of the young North-West !
A word she breathes to the true and bold,
A word misknown to the false and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold,
But the one that knows is blest.

— MOIRA O'NEILL.

*From "Songs of the Glens of Antrim"
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THE LEGEND OF THE SNOW TEPEE

The ducks and geese had flown south, the last of their flocks having disappeared many days before. It was past the time for the beginning of winter, but the air was warm and the sky cloudless. One morning a band of hunters were running buffalo on a broad plain. Sacred Otter and his young son had been very successful. When the hunt was over they began at once to skin their buffalo, but while busy on the carcass of a large bull, they did not notice the coming storm. When they had finished, Sacred Otter saw a heavy black cloud hanging low in the northern horizon and extending high up in the sky. As he watched the cloud it began spreading out and rolling over and over. Soon he saw a low, seething, flying mass of clouds advancing rapidly over the plain. He then realized that a terrible blizzard was coming, and there would be no chance for escape. He and his son lay behind the dead buffalo bull for shelter, but the cold became

THE LEGEND OF THE SNOW TEPEE 11

so intense that he knew they would soon be frozen. With the fresh buffalo hide he made a low shelter behind the bull's carcass and both crawled inside. The snow soon covered the frozen hide with a deep drift making them warm and comfortable.

Sacred Otter then fell asleep and dreamed that he was travelling alone on the plains. He discovered a large tepee in the distance and, as he drew nearer, saw that it was decorated. Its top was yellow like the sunlight, with clusters of the seven stars painted on both sides, representing the North, from whence the blizzards come. At the back was a red disc for the sun, to the centre of which was attached the tail of the sacred buffalo. At the bottom were the rolling ridges of the prairies, with their rounded tops, and a broad yellow band, with green discs to represent the color of holes in ice, or frozen drifts. Beneath the yellow top and on four sides, where stood the four main lodge poles, were painted four green claws with yellow legs representing the Thunder Bird. Above the door, which was made of spotted buffalo calf-skin, was a buffalo head in red, with black horns and eyes in green—the ice color. Horse tails were tied at either side over the door, and bunches of crow feathers with small bells attached, that tinkled whenever the wind blew, were fastened to the ends of both ear pole.

While Sacred Otter was contemplating these picture paintings, he heard a voice saying: "Who is it that walks around my tepee? Why do you not enter?" So, lifting the door flap and entering, he beheld at the back a large and handsome man smoking alone in the lodge. His hair was white and he was clothed in a long white robe. Taking a seat near the door, Sacred Otter

gazed anxiously around, the stranger continuing to smoke in silence. He was seated behind an altar of fresh earth with juniper laid on the top. Smoke was rising like incense from a hot coal close to the altar. His face was painted yellow with a red line across his mouth and another across the eyes to his ears. His medicine stick was also yellow. In his back hair he wore a black feather and around his waist strips of otter skin with small bells attached. Across his breast was a beaded mink skin, with small bells fastened to its paws and one also to its mouth. Beside him lay a tobacco sack made also of mink skin. He smoked a black stone pipe, the stem of which had been blackened in the fire. The stranger still smoked in silence for a long time and then finally spoke :

"I am the maker of cold weather and this is the Snow Tepee or Yellow Paint Lodge. It is I who bring the cold storms, the whirling snow, and the biting winds from the North, and I control them at my will. I have called you to my lodge because I have taken pity on you. I am going to help you for the sake of your son who was caught in the blizzard with you. I now give you the Snow Tepee with its decorations and medicines. With it I also give you the mink-skin tobacco pouch, the black stone pipe, and my supernatural power. You and your son will not perish in this storm. Your lives will be spared. When you return to camp make a tepee just as you see this one is made."

The Cold Maker explained to Sacred Otter the decorations to be used in painting, advising him to remember them very carefully, also the songs and the ceremonial to be used in transferring the tepee to any one who might make the vow. He told him that

THE LEGEND OF THE SNOW TEPEE 13

the mink skin should be worn as a charm, whenever he went to war, and that the horse tails, hanging over the door, would bring him good luck, both in keeping his own horses and in securing others from the enemy.

Sacred Otter then awoke from his sleep. He saw that the storm was abating and knew that the North Man would keep his promise. As soon as he returned to camp, he made a model of the Snow Tepee, painting it just as the Cold Maker directed. He gathered together the medicines necessary for the ceremonial and in the spring, the time when the Blackfeet make their new lodges, Sacred Otter made and painted the Bad Weather, or Snow Tepee.

During the following winter, the Blackfeet found out that the power given to Sacred Otter by the Cold Maker was very great. When the snows lay deep they were camped near the mouth of the Cutbank Canyon. Meat was very scarce, so a party crossed the high plateau to hunt on the North Fork of Milk River. They killed some buffalo, but, while skinning them, were caught in a blizzard. They were upon an exposed plain, where there was no shelter. Finding a few small willows they built a fire to thaw out the frozen hides. Part of the expedition started for camp, but lost their way. After wandering around in a circle they came back to the place they had started from. When the wood gave out they held a council. It seemed useless to attempt to cross the high plateau in such a storm, but, if they remained, all would be frozen to death. Then, Morning Plume turning to Sacred Otter said: "Brother! will you not try the power given you by the Cold Maker? If his medicine is strong, now is the time to use it. For the sake of your wife and

children, drive back this storm." Sacred Otter replied: "I came not from the Sun! How can I drive back the blizzard?" "Try it!" said Morning Plume. "For the sake of our wives and children I now call upon you for help." Sacred Otter had with him the mink-skin tobacco pouch and the black pipe given him by the North Man. When he was ready to open the pipe, he gave directions to wrap up the women and children as warmly as possible, and to place them upon the travois, and told the men to go in advance, and break a trail through the deep snow for the horses. When they were ready to start he called out: "As soon as I begin to pray for power to break this storm, start at once. Travel as fast as you can for camp, for I can hold back the storm only for a short time. When it sets in again, it will come more fiercely than before." Sacred Otter filled the black pipe and when he began smoking he gave the signal to start. He blew the smoke first towards the north-east,—the direction the storm came from. Then he held up the sacred pipe and prayed: "Maker of Storms! listen and have pity! Maker of Storms! hear us and take pity on our women and children as you once took pity upon my youngest son! Pity us now and hold back this storm! May we survive! Listen, O Maker of Storms!"

When he blew the smoke towards the south-east, the sun shone through a rift in the clouds. Sacred Otter called after the people: "Hurry now as fast as you can across the high ridge, for the storm will soon come upon you again." He smoked towards the south-east and the clouds began to break up. When he made his final smoke and prayed towards the north-west, the clouds drew back and the blue sky was seen

in all directions. Then Sacred Otter himself hurried towards camp. He knew the Cold Maker was only holding the blizzard back. They crossed the plateau in safety and were descending towards the river, when the blizzard again enveloped them, and they could not see their way. But, the camp was not far distant, and they finally reached their lodges in safety.

From that time the Blackfeet have always believed in Sacred Otter's dream. But he could never again be prevailed upon to try his supernatural power. He always replied, that he knew the power to control the storms would not be given to him a second time.

—WALTER McCLINTOCK.

*From "The Old North Trail"
by kind permission of the author.*

THE SILENT SEARCHERS

When the darkness of night has fallen,
And the birds are fast asleep,
An army of silent searchers
From the dusky shadows creep ;
And over the quiet meadows,
Or amid the waving trees,
They wander about with their tiny lamps
That flash in the evening breeze.

And this army of silent searchers,
Each with his flickering light,
Wanders about till the morning
Has driven away the night.

What treasures they may be seeking
No man upon earth can know ;
Perhaps 'tis the home of the fairies
Who lived in the long ago.

For an ancient legend tells us
That once, when the fairy king
Had summoned his merry minstrels
At the royal feast to sing,
The moon, high over the tree-tops,
With the stars, refused to shine,
And an army with tiny torches
Was called from the oak and pine.

And when, by the imps of darkness,
The fairies were chased away,
The army began its searching
At the close of a dreary day ;
Through all the years that have followed
The seekers have searched the night,
Piercing the gloom of the hours
With the flash of the magic light.

Would you see the magical army ?
Then come to the porch with me :
Yonder among the hedges,
And near to the maple tree,
Over the fields of clover,
And down in the river-damp,
The fire-flies search till the morning,
Each with his flickering lamp.

—HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

THE MAKING OF A HONEYCOMB

In order to begin at the beginning of the story, let us suppose that we go into a country garden one fine morning in May when the sun is shining brightly overhead, and that we see hanging from the bough of an old apple tree a black object which looks very much like a large plum pudding. On approaching it, however, we see that it is a large cluster or swarm of bees clinging to each other by their legs; each bee with its two fore legs clinging to the two hinder legs of the one above it. In this way as many as twenty thousand bees may be clinging together, and yet they hang so freely that a bee, even from quite the centre of the swarm, can disengage herself from her neighbors and pass through to the outside of the cluster whenever she wishes.

If these bees were left to themselves, they would find a home after a time in a hollow tree, or under the roof of a house, or in some other cavity, and begin to build their honeycomb there. But as we do not wish to lose their honey we will bring a hive, and, holding it under the swarm, shake the bough gently so that the bees fall into it, and cling to the sides as we turn it over on a piece of clean linen, on the stand where the hive is to be.

And now let us suppose that we are able to watch what is going on in the hive. Before five minutes are over the industrious little insects have begun to disperse and to make arrangements in their new home. A number (perhaps about two thousand) of large, lumbering bees of a darker color than the rest, will, it is

true, wander aimlessly about the hive, and wait for the others to feed them and house them; but these are the drones, or male bees, who never do any work except during one or two days in their whole lives. But the smaller working bees begin to be busy at once. Some fly off in search of honey. Others walk carefully all round the inside of the hive to see if there are any cracks in it; and if there are, they go off to the horse-chestnut trees, poplars, hollyhocks, or other plants which have sticky buds, and gather a kind of gum with which they cement the cracks and make them airtight. Others again cluster round one bee blacker than the rest and having a longer body and shorter wings; for this is the queen bee, the mother of the hive, and she must be watched and tended.

But the largest number begin to hang in a cluster from the roof just as they did from the bough of the apple tree. What are they doing there? Watch for a little while, and you will soon see one bee come out from among its companions and settle on the top of the inside of the hive, turning herself round and round, so as to push the other bees back, and to make a space in which she can work. Then she will begin to pick at the under part of her body with her fore legs, and will bring a scale of wax from a curious sort of pocket under her abdomen. Holding this wax in her claws, she will bite it with her hard, pointed upper jaws, which move to and fro sideways like a pair of pincers; then, moistening it with her tongue into a kind of paste, she will draw it out like a ribbon and plaster it on the top of the hive.

After that she will take another piece; for she has eight of these little wax pockets, and she will go on till

they are all exhausted. Then she will fly away out of the hive, leaving a small wax-lump on the hive ceiling or on the bar stretched across it; then her place will be taken by another bee, who will go through the same movements. This bee will be followed by another, and another, till a large wall of wax has been built, hanging from the bar of the hive.

Meanwhile the bees which have been gathering honey out of doors begin to come back laden. But they cannot store their honey, for there are no cells made yet to put it in; neither can they build combs with the rest, for they have no wax in their wax pockets. So they just hang quietly on the other bees, and there they remain for twenty-four hours, during which time they digest the honey they have gathered, and part of it forms wax and oozes out from the scales under their body. Then they are prepared to join the others and plaster wax on to the hive.

And now, as soon as a rough lump of wax is ready, another set of bees come to do their work. These are called the nursing bees, because they prepare the cells and feed the young ones. One of these bees, standing on the roof of the hive, begins to force her head into the wax, biting with her jaws and moving her head to and fro. Soon she has made the beginning of a round hollow, and then she passes on to make another, while a second bee takes her place and enlarges the first one. As many as twenty bees will be employed in this way, one after another, upon each hole, before it is large enough for the base of a cell.

Meanwhile another set of nursing bees have been working in just the same way on the other side of the wax, and so a series of hollows are made back to back

all over the comb. Then the bees form the walls of the cells, and soon a number of six-sided tubes, about half an inch deep, stand all along each side of the comb ready to receive honey or bee eggs.

As soon as one comb is finished, the bees begin another by the side of it, leaving a narrow lane between, just broad enough for two bees to pass back to back as they crawl along, and so the work goes on till the hive is full of combs.

As soon, however, as a length of about five or six inches of the first comb has been made into cells, the bees which are bringing home honey no longer hang to make it into wax, but begin to store it in the cells. We all know where the bees go to fetch their honey, and how, when a bee settles on a flower, she thrusts into it her small tongue-like proboscis, which is really a lengthened underlip, and sucks out the drop of honey. This she swallows, passing it down her throat into a honey-bag or first stomach, and when she gets back into the hive, she can empty this bag and pass the honey back through her mouth again into the honey cells.

But, if you watch bees carefully, especially in the springtime, you will find that they carry off something else besides honey. Early in the morning, when the dew is on the ground, or later in the day, in moist, shady places, you may see a bee rubbing herself against a flower, or biting her bags of yellow dust or pollen. When she has covered herself with pollen, she will brush it off with her feet, and, bringing it to her mouth, she will moisten and roll it into a little ball, and then pass it back from the first pair of legs to the second, and so to the third or hinder pair. Here she will pack it into a little hairy groove called a "basket" in the

joint of one of the hind legs, where you may see it, looking like a swelled joint, as she hovers among the flowers. She often fills both hind legs in this way, and when she arrives back at the hive, the nursing bees take the lumps from her, and eat it themselves, or mix it with honey to feed the young bees ; or, when they have any to spare, store it away in old honey cells to be used by and by. This is the dark, bitter stuff called "beebread," which you often find in a honeycomb, especially in a comb which has been filled late in the summer.

When the bee has been relieved of the beebread, she goes off to one of the clean cells in the new comb, and, standing on the edge, throws up the honey from the honey-bag into the cell. One cell will hold the contents of many honey-bags, and so the busy little workers have to work all day, filling cell after cell, in which the honey lies uncovered, being too thick and sticky to flow out, and is used for daily food—unless there is any to spare, and then they close up the cells with wax to keep for the winter.

—ARABELLA BURTON BUCKLEY.

From "Fairy Land of Science."

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs, when they beat
 For God, for man, for duty. He most lives,
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
 Life's but a means unto the end—that end,
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.

SEPTEMBER

Now hath the summer reached her golden close,
And lost, amid her cornfields, bright of soul,
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
How near, how swift, the inevitable goal :
Still, still, she smiles, though from her careless feet
The bounty and the fruitful strength are gone,
And through the soft long wondering days goes on
The silent sere decadence sad and sweet.

The kingbird and the pensive thrush are fled,
Children of light, too fearful of the gloom ;
The sun falls low, the secret word is said,
The mouldering woods now silent as the tomb ;
Even the fields have lost their sovereign grace,
The cone-flower and the marguerite ; and no more,
Across the river's shadow-haunted floor,
The paths of skimming swallows interlace.

Already in the outland wilderness
The forests echo with unwonted dins ;
In clamorous gangs the gathering woodmen press
Northward, and the stern winter's toil begins.
Around the long low shanties, whose rough lines
Break the sealed dreams of many an unnamed lake,
Already in the frost-clear morns awake
The crash and thunder of the falling pines.

Where the tilled earth, with all its fields set free,
Naked and yellow from the harvest lies,
By many a loft and busy granary,
The hum and tumult of the threshers rise ;

There the tanned farmers labor without slack,
Till twilight deepens round the spouting mill,
Feeding the loosened sheaves, or with fierce will,
Pitching waist deep upon the dusty stack.

Still a brief while, ere the old year quite pass,
Our wandering steps and wistful eyes shall greet
The leaf, the water, the beloved grass ;
Still from these haunts and this accustomed seat
I see the wood-wrapt city, swept with light,
The blue long-shadowed distance, and, between,
The dotted farm-lands with their parcelled green,
The dark pine forest and the watchful height.

I see the broad rough meadow stretched away
Into the crystal sunshine, wastes of sod,
Acres of withered vervain, purple-gray,
Branches of aster, groves of goldenrod ;
And yonder, towards the sunlit summit, strewn
With shadowy boulders, crowned and swathed
with weed,
Stand ranks of silken thistles, blown to seed,
Long silver fleeces shining like the noon.

In far-off russet cornfields, where the dry
Gray slocks stand peaked and withering, half
concealed
In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie,
Full-ribbed ; and in the windless pasture-field
The sleek red horses o'er the sun-warmed ground
Stand pensively about in companies,
While all around them from the motionless trees
The long clean shadows sleep without a sound.

Under cool elm-trees floats the distant stream,
Moveless as air ; and o'er the vast warm earth
The fathomless daylight seems to stand and dream,
A liquid cool elixir—all its girth
Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,
Whose lucid purple barely veils and fills
The utmost valleys and the thin last hills,
Nor mars one whit their perfect clarity.

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
The summer passes to her quiet end ;
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
Sly frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
And through the wind-touched reddening woods
shall rise
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

A WONDERFUL BOOK

A book of some description had been brought for me—a present by no means calculated to interest me. What cared I for books ? I had already many into which I never looked ; and what was there in this particular book, whose very title I did not know, calculated to attract me more than the rest ? Yet something within told me that my fate was connected with the book which had been last brought ; so, after looking

on the packet from my corner for a considerable time, I got up and went to the table.

The packet was lying where it had been left. I took it up and undid it. It contained three books. Two of them were handsomely bound and seemed parts of the same work. I opened them, one after the other, but their contents were not interesting. "Whoever wants these books may have them," I said to myself.

I took up the third book. It was not like the others; it was longer and thicker, and its binding was of dingy calfskin. I opened it, and as I did so, a thrill of pleasure shot through my frame. The first object upon which my eyes rested was a picture. It was a strange picture, and the scene made a vivid impression upon me.

A wild scene it was—a heavy sea and rocky shore, with mountains in the background, above which the moon was peering. Not far from the shore, upon the water, was a boat with two figures in it. One of these stood at the bow, pointing with what I knew to be a gun at a dreadful shape in the water. Fire was flashing from the muzzle of the gun, and the monster appeared to be transfixed. I almost thought I heard its cry.

I remained motionless, gazing upon the picture, scarcely daring to draw my breath lest the new and wondrous world, of which I now had a glimpse, should vanish. "Who are those people, and what could have brought them into that strange situation?" I asked.

After looking at this picture till every mark and line in it were familiar to me, I turned over the leaves till I came upon another. Here was a new source of wonder—a long, sandy beach on which the furious sea

was breaking ; cloud and rack were overhead ; gulls and other water birds were toppling upon the blast skimming over the waves—" Mercy upon him ! he will be drowned ! " I cried, as my eyes fell upon a poor fellow who appeared to be trying to reach the shore. " He will be drowned ! he will be drowned ! " I almost shrieked, and dropped the book.

I soon snatched it up again, and now my eye lighted on a third picture—again a shore, but what a sweet and lovely one, and how I wished to be treading it ! There were beautiful shells lying on the white sand, some empty and some with the heads and eyes of wondrous crayfish peering out. A wood of thick, green trees skirted the beach and partly shaded it from the rays of the sun which shone hot above, while blue waves crested with foam were gently curling against it.

There was a human figure upon the beach, wild and uncouth, and clad in the skins of animals. A huge cap was on his head, a hatchet was in his girdle, and in his hand he held a gun. His feet and legs were bare. He stood in an attitude of horror and surprise. His body was bent far back, and his eyes were fixed upon a mark in the sand,—a large, distinct mark,—a human footprint !

Reader, is it necessary to name the book which now stood open in my hand, and which had produced within me emotions so strange and novel ?

Scarcely—for it was a book that has exerted an influence greater than any other of modern times. It was the book from which the most luxuriant and fertile of our modern prose writers have drunk inspiration. It was the book to which, from the hardy deeds

it narrates, England owes many of her astonishing discoveries by sea and land, and no small part of her naval glory. It was the story of Robinson Crusoe.

Hail to thee, spirit of Defoe! What do not I, myself, owe to thee? England has better bards than either Greece or Rome, yet I could spare them easier by far than Defoe.

The true chord had now been touched. A raging curiosity as to the contents of the volume burned within me; and I never rested until I had satisfied it. Weeks succeeded weeks, months followed months, and the wondrous volume was my only study and my chief amusement. For hours together, I would sit poring over a page till I had become acquainted with the meaning of every line. My progress became by degrees more rapid, till at last, under a "shoulder of mutton sail," I found myself flying before a steady breeze over an ocean of enchantment. I was so well pleased with my voyage that I cared not how long it might be before I reached its end.

It was in this manner that I first took to the paths of knowledge.

—GEORGE BORROW.

From "Lavengro."

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

THE FAIRIES

Do you wonder where the fairies are
That folks declare have vanish'd?
They're very near yet very far,
But neither dead nor banish'd.
They live in the same green world to-day
As in by-gone ages olden,
And you enter by the ancient way,
Thro' an ivory gate and golden.

It's the land of dreams; oh! fair and bright
That land to many a rover,
But the heart must be pure and the conscience light
That would cross its threshold over.
The worldly man for its joys may yearn
When pride and pomp embolden,
But never for him do the hinges turn
Of the ivory gate and golden:

While the innocent child with eyes undim
As the sky in its blueness o'er him
Has only to touch the portal's rim,
And it opens wide before him.
Some night when the sun in darkness dips
We'll seek the dreamland olden,
And you shall touch with your finger tips
The ivory gate and golden.

—THOMAS WESTWOOD.

From "Gathered in the Gloaming"
by permission of Elkin Mathews.

THE ROUND-UP

It was only a little after four o'clock when the cowboys sprang on their ponies, the cavalcade fell into line, and Johnny took his seat in the mess-wagon and gathered up the reins of the four prancing horses. Red, with Jack beside him on his pony, headed the procession, and, waving his hand, dashed forward over the dewy grass, with the whole outfit stringing out behind him. The horses danced and capered from side to side, and now and then one reared or bucked, nearly sending his rider off over his head, while laughing voices and merry banter flew backward and forward along the column.

Gradually the wan gray light broadened to day, and the sun came up above the flat rim of the horizon, flooding sky and earth with its rosy light; and as Jack reached the top of a little knoll he turned and looked back, thinking that never had he beheld so inspiring a sight.

Onward over the fresh, dewy grass of the prairies came the cowboys, clothed in their careless, picturesque costumes, sitting their prancing ponies as easily and gracefully as if they had been born in the saddle, the bright morning sunshine lighting up their keen, clear eyes, their bronzed faces, and their lithe, muscular forms. Behind them rumbled the creaking mess-wagon with Limping Johnny perched proudly upon the driver's seat, managing his four dancing horses with ease and skill, as happy as a king, and beaming with the knowledge that he could now show off his two greatest accomplishments, those of driving a four-

horse team was cooking for a crowd of hungry men, never having a break-down or an accident, or a thing spoiled, or a meal behind time. Following the mess-wagon came the bed-wagon, driven by the night-wrangler; and last of all came Thad Sawyer, the head horse-wrangler, driving before him the reserve horses called by the cowboys the "saddle-bunch."

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon when the cavalcade arrived at the point at which the round-up was to begin.

All the cattle companies from miles around were gathered there. And great was the uproar as the various "outfits" met and the cowboys yelled, laughed, shouted, shook hands, played pranks, and gossiped. While the wagons drove up, fires were lighted, and the busy cooks began their preparations for an early dinner.

It was as if an army had sprung out of the ground; and the prairies, which for months had resounded to no louder sound than the song of a meadow-lark, the bellowing of a steer, or the barking of coyote, now echoed to the hum of human voices, the rattling of wagons, the tread of feet, the firing of pistols—the noisy bustle of a camp.

Each cattle company had its own mess and bed-wagons and its own set of men, who worked under the direction of a foreman. The various "outfits" now gathered about their own "chuck-wagons," and the clatter of knives and forks, the rattle of tin cups and plates, were mingled with loud talk and bursts of laughter as the hungry men scrambled into their places and fell to with a will on the coarse camp fare.

The meal was conducted with but scant ceremony,

for the biggest work of the year lay before them, and there was no time to lose.

As each cowboy finished his bacon and beans, black coffee, and "hunk" of warm bread, he sprang up, took a long draught from the tin pail that stood by with a dipper bobbing on its top, then hurried off to the saddle-bunch, where he selected from his "string" the pony best calculated to make a brilliant display of his horsemanship. Each cowboy on the round-up has a "string" of ten horses, reserved for his own use, for which he is personally responsible; and it is a matter of keen rivalry among them as to whose horses are in the best condition and can do the best and most intelligent work.

When all were ready and in the saddle, away they went, whooping, yelling, laughing, swinging lariats, hats, even waistcoats, round their heads; riding on, under, and over their ponies; at one moment stooping to pick up a stone from the ground while at full gallop, at another lying flat along the pony's neck, at another standing erect in the stirrups; while the ponies bucked, kicked, and plunged, well knowing that this was not business, but a mere little preliminary sprint as an outlet for exuberant spirits.

After a dash of a few miles the cowboys settled down to a more quiet pace; and, dividing up, circled out for many miles, driving before them all the cattle they could find.

The poor creatures, having forgotten the terrors of the last round-up in a long season of peace and quiet ran hither and thither, bellowing with fright; but the well-trained cow-ponies surrounded and drove them on, working in and out among the frightened beasts with

an adroitness and intelligence that was almost human : continually rounding up and urging them forward, until towards sunset the different outfits began to arrive in camp, driving before them a wild-eyed, bellowing lot of cattle.

These were driven towards a common centre, and the " bunch " was guarded by men who rode in a circle around it, keeping the cattle together.

Jack had been to some of the small round-ups, but never before had he seen this great annual collection of all the cattle on the range, and he was fairly beside himself with excitement. He rode in and out among the cowboys and the cattle, trying in his small way to imitate the daring deeds of the reckless riders, until Red ordered him sharply to go back to the wagons and keep out of danger.

The ponies that had started out so gaily in the morning were meek and quiet enough now, and while the men ate their supper they were taken back to the herd, while fresh horses were brought out by the cowboys, who sprang upon their backs and began to " cut out " the cattle according to their brands.

Up to a very few years ago there were no fences on the western ranges, and all the cattle were allowed to run at large ; and during the winter months the cattle belonging to many individuals and companies got mixed together. Each cattle company (" outfit " as it is called) has its own brand with which its cattle are marked, this brand being burned with a hot iron upon the hide of the animal. X-Bar-B (marked $\frac{X}{B}$) was the brand of Bill Buck's cattle, and it was from that brand that the ranch derived its name.

Once every year, usually in the early spring, all the cattle running loose on the range are herded, or "rounded-up"; that is, are driven to a common centre, the "gravelicks" and young cattle are branded and the companies take stock of their yearly profits and increase.

To "cut out" the cattle means that those cowboys who are most familiar with the different brands ride into the "bunch," and separate and drive apart all the cattle marked with the brand of their own company. Thus Thad, Shorty, Broncho Joe, Red, Big Pete, and Bill himself, with a number of others with whom this story is not concerned, rode in and out among the cattle, driving to one side all that were marked with the $\frac{X}{B}$, while other cowboys rode around on the outskirts of the "bunch" and guarded and herded them, so that none of them should get away or again become mixed with the other cattle.

It was dark when this assorting of the day's drive was completed, and the men, who had been on horseback since daylight, were tired out and ready for bed.

Humble enough beds they were, consisting only of blankets and a tarpaulin, which, stretched on the ground beside the wagon, made a bed whereon the cowboys enjoyed a sleep which a king upon his couch of down might have envied them.

Gradually the noises of the camp diminished, and soon all was still except the sougling of the wind across the prairies, the stamping of the horses, the deep, regular breathing of the sleepers, and the musical singing of the "Hic-co-o-o-o, hic-co-o-o-o," of the men who were watching the herds.

There is nothing, perhaps, in all the striking and picturesque features of plains life that is more impressive to the novice than this singing of the cowboys to the herds at night ; and Jack, propping himself up on his elbow, listened intently.

Harassed and bewildered, terrified and furious, the cattle are driven from their peaceful, quiet, and free life of the open plains before a mob of shouting men and charging horses, and, packed into a close " bunch " on the outskirts of the camp, are guarded by the " night-herd," who ride around and around the circle, slowly and monotonously, singing in their clear, musical voices the soothing melodies that cattle love.

One of the greatest horrors of cattlemen is the stampede, and against this they guard in every possible manner. In the nervous and excited state in which the cattle arrive in camp it requires but the slightest alarm at night to drive them into a panic, in which they become like mad creatures, lose all sense and control, and charge blindly away across the prairies, trampling horses and riders, young stock and weaker creatures, beneath their feet, and scattering death and devastation in their pathway.

It is to avoid this disaster, and to soothe and quiet the distracted creatures, that the cowboys ride around the herd at night, watching and guarding them, and singing as they ride their soothing, monotonous song.

Sometimes this song is nothing more than the long-drawn, monotonous " Hic-co-o-o-o, hic-co-o-o-o, hic-co-o-o-o ; " again it is some favorite song of the camp, in which the whole night-herd joins, sending up through the soft, enfolding darkness a volume of melody that vibrates across the brooding silence of the plains,

until the poor distracted beasts grow calm and quieted,
and one by one lie down to sleep.

—MARY K. MAULE.

*From "The Little Knight of the X-Bar-B"
by kind permission of Lothrop, Lee and
Shepard Co., Boston.*

BEGA

From the clouded belfry calling
Hear my soft ascending swells,
Hear my notes like swallows falling :
I am Bega, least of bells.
When great Turkeful rolls and rings
All the storm-touched turret swings,
Echoing battle, loud and long.
When great Tatwin wakening roars
To the far-off shining shores,
All the seamen know his song.
I am Bega, least of bells ;
In my throat my message swells.
I, with all the winds athrill,
Murmuring softly, murmuring still,
" God around me, God above me,
God to guard me, God to love me."

I am Bega, least of bells ;
Weaving wonder, wind-born spells.
High above the morning mist,
Wreathed in rose and amethyst,
Still the dreams of music float
Silver from my silver throat.

Whispering beauty, whispering peace.
When great Tatwin's golden voice
Bids the listening land rejoice,
When great Turkeful rings and rolls
Thunder down to trembling souls,
Then my notes, like curlews flying,
Sinking, falling, lifting, sighing,
Softly answer, softly cease.
I, with all the airs at play,
Murmuring softly, murmuring say,
"God around me, God above me,
God to guard me, God to love me."

—MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

By kind permission of the author.

THE BRITISH FLAG.

From my Kentish hill-top as I write, blown by the wind that comes in from the North Sea, flies the flag that stirs the world.

It is red with the blood of heroes, it is blue with the blueness of the sea, it is white as the stainless soul of Justice. It is the flag of the brave; it is the flag of the free; it is the king of all the flags that fly beneath the sun.

It is the very breath of life to you and me. If alien hands should tear it down, the life we love is at an end. The life we love! This little land of ours—this free, free land; this land so dear throughout the world! We are young! only a few years have rolled on their way since you and I came into this

fair world ; but England, these islands, this Land of Home, is like an ancient day.

For a thousand years and more she has made a way through Time for you and me, and she is not unworthy of the glory of her hills and dales, of the solemn quiet of her long and narrow lanes, of the rolling downs that sweep from the cathedrals to the sea. She is not unworthy of the silver sea that guards her body like a wall, for she has set her throne upon the sea and rules it with a sceptre fair to all : the sea that has kept her free she has freely repaid in full. She is not unworthy of the heroes who have died for her ; she is not unworthy of the thousand years of sacrifice, of patient labor, of quenchless hope and loving trust, that have made these islands thrill with pride throughout the centuries.

Before our yeomen cut their bows from the ancient yews still standing at our churchyard gates, before the acorns were dropped in the earth to grow into oaks for our wooden walls, the spirit of freedom found its home in England. The yews and oaks that mark the age-long hours are not so old as English liberty, and our yews and oaks will perish before English liberty dies.

Far out into the world it has gone, far and wide to the ends of the earth, so that there is not a free land anywhere, nor a free mind under the sun, that would not suffer if our flag should fall. No enemy has ever pulled it down. It has waved on the battlefield that has made men free : it has sheltered the victims of tyrants wherever they have been ; it has kindled the fire of heroes who have marched to liberty against great odds. It has been the torch of liberty that nothing could put out. It has been like a fire of freedom sweeping through the ages, or like a wind

blowing out of its path whatever hindered the free marching of the human race.

It is not true that there has never been a stain upon our flag. We are poor, frail, human creatures, and we go astray; and the nation is merely all of us together. There have been dark days and bad days in the story of our land. But it is true that this flag of a thousand years is the noblest friend of all mankind that the eyes of a man can look upon. In all the strivings and yearnings of multitudes of men it has been on the side of everlasting Right. In all the long story of the rise of nations it has been on the side of freedom with honor. In the coming up of the world from barbarism to civilization it has been on the side of humanity. It has cleansed the world from many a foul blot; it has hurled down many a blood-stained power; it has sent many a monstrous crown and sceptre rattling to the dust; it has sown the seed of human freedom, not as in a garden or a little plot of earth, but generously and widely in a boundless land, for all mankind to reap.

The final victory of a nation never comes; it is always coming. We mount higher and higher, we march forward, we win new conquests; but the end lies always farther on.

So our flag flies, out of the ages past into the ages to come. It knows no Time; it is always in the sunshine somewhere. And it carries through Time, waving in the skies for all mankind to see, a message of good-will to all who are free, a message of hope to all who are in chains. It bears from age to age, as if it were the very breath of it, the everlasting spirit of mankind. Nothing less than that it flies for; nothing less than that it is that stirs the hearts of

men when they see the red, white, and blue. It is the sign and token that the spirit of liberty lives upon the earth ; it is the assurance to the world that mankind shall be enslaved no more. The spirit of the flag is nothing less than that. It stands for what these islands have stood for like a rock throughout the ages, for the right of Liberty and Truth to march wherever they will, hand in hand unhindered.

It has given to the world a glory that will never fade. There is a glory of the sun, and a glory of the moon, and there is the glory of England. Greece and Rome have passed away, but England will endure. She has been true to her thousand years of heroes ; She has used nobly the power that came into her hands. Without one drop of blood she freed the slaves. She helped to keep Greece free. She helped the persecuted Huguenots. She gave strength to the Belgian people in their fight for independence. She helped the Liberal cause in Spain with ten thousand volunteers. She helped to break the Spanish yoke in South America. She helped to tear the despot's grip from Italy's throat, and gave heart to Garibaldi and Cavour in making Italy strong and free. She found the money for all who would to fight against Napoleon, and when other countries failed she fought Napoleon alone and broke his power at last.

She saved Europe, and she will save the world. She will keep the flag of Liberty waving in the four corners of the earth and in every sea. It is not for nothing that her quenchless spirit has gone out and that the work of her hand never sleeps. It is not for nothing that the sun never sets upon the banner of this ancient land.

And so the flag flies high. In its sheltering freedom lives one quarter of mankind ; on its side in these

great days, and fighting with it on the field, is the power of half the human race. But more than all that is outside it, more than all the men and ships and guns, more than all the vast immensities of empire, is the deathless spirit that no power on earth can break. It is old as the hills, and everlasting as the sun, and it will not fail us now.

The flag is flying; the Ship of Freedom rides the seas; we will sleep in our beds and put our trust in Him who moves the worlds.

—ARTHUR MEE.

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

There's music in my heart all day,
 I hear it late and early,
 It comes from fields are far away,
 The wind that shakes the barley.
 Above the uplands drenched with dew,
 The sky hangs soft and pearly,
 An emerald world is listening to
 The wind that shakes the barley.
 Above the bluest mountain crest
 The lark is singing rarely,
 It rocks the singer into rest,
 The wind that shakes the barley.
 Oh, still through summers and through springs
 It calls me late and early.
 Come home, come home, come home, it sings,
 The wind that shakes the barley.

—KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

By kind permission of the author.

HOW FIRE CAME TO EARTH

In the days of long, long ago when men built altars, and burned sacrifices, and worshipped their gods in temples of pure white marble, Jupiter, the greatest of the gods, sat upon his throne on high Olympus and looked down upon the doings of men. The topmost peak of Mount Olympus was covered with clouds,—so high it was above all the hills of Greece,—and its slopes were thickly wooded. Just how high the mountain really was could only be guessed, for no man had dared to climb even as high as the first cloud line; though the story goes that once upon a time a wandering shepherd, looking for a strayed lamb, had ventured far up the mountain side and had soon lost his way. He groped about blindly, as the mists began to thicken all around him and the sound of his own footsteps terrified him in the dreadful silence that seemed to be suddenly creeping over him. Then a mighty tempest broke over his head, and the mountain shook to its very base. From the hand of wrathful Jupiter fierce thunderbolts were huried, while the lightning flashed and gleamed through the darkness of the forest, searching out the guilty mortal who had dared to climb too high.

No human eye had ever seen the glories of Olympus, no human foot had ever stepped within its sacred halls, where the ceiling was of gold and the pavement of pearl and the thrones of the gods shone with a thousand glittering jewels. Of the life that was lived among the dwellers on Olympus, not even the poets could claim to know; but sometimes a tired soldier dozing by his

camp fire dreamed dreams of this wonderful country where the immortal gods walked by night and day; and sometimes a lonely fisherman, looking across the blue waters of the Mediterranean to the crimsoning sunset, saw visions of youth and beauty and life that lasted for ever and ever and ever.

It was long before the memory of man that the gods first came to live on Mount Olympus, and it was still longer ago that all the great powers of the universe fought with each other for the right to rule the world. In this mighty war, which rent the very heavens with the crash of battle, Jupiter at last conquered all his jealous enemies, and made himself ruler of the gods and of the world. On that day he established his dwelling place in Mount Olympus, and set the earth below him for a footstool. From his throne in the high heavens he looked down upon the kingdoms that he had portioned out to each of his brothers; and he saw Neptune, the god of the sea, driving through the waves his chariot drawn by huge, misshapen sea-beasts that beat up the thick white foam until it glistened on the sea-king's beard and on his crown of shells and seaweed. The other kingdom was so far away that even the all-seeing eyes of Jupiter were strained to catch any glimpse of the shapes that moved noiselessly there, for this was the realm of Pluto, god of the underworld, that dread country of darkness and unending gloom, where no ray of sunlight ever came, and where the sad spirits of the dead wept for the lost world of love and light and laughter.

Sometimes the great billows of clouds that rolled at the foot of the red-gold throne shut out for a moment all sight of the earth at his feet; but however thickly

the mists gathered, Jupiter could always see old Atlas standing on the shore of Africa with the heavens resting on his bent shoulders. This giant had stood so long that forests of huge trees had sprung up around his feet, and they had grown so tall during the ages and ages that had passed, that their topmost branches reached to the giant's waist and almost hid him from the sight of men. No one offered to relieve him of his burden, not even his two brothers, Prometheus and Epimethens, to whom had been given the less difficult task of creating man and placing him in the rich garden of the earth. There was every kind of plant and animal life in the gardens, and all things were very beautiful in this morning of the world—so beautiful that the gods, who must forever dwell in Olympus, felt sad that no eyes like their own could look upon the green meadows and flower-covered hillsides. So they bade Prometheus and Epimethens fashion a being which should be like and yet unlike themselves. There was nothing but clay out of which to make this new creature called man, but the brothers spent much time over their task, and, when it was finished, Jupiter saw that the work was good, for they had given to man all the qualities that the gods themselves possessed—youth, beauty, health, strength,—everything but immortality.

Then Prometheus grew ambitious to add even more to the list of man's blessings ; and one day, as he sat brooding by the seashore, he remembered that there was as yet no fire on the earth ; for the only flame that burned in all the world was glowing in the sacred halls of Jupiter. For a long time he sat on the seashore, and before night fell he had formed the daring plan of

stealing some of the divine fire that burned for always and always on Mount Olympus, and carrying it to the earth that men might revel in its warmth and light.

It was a bold thing to dream of doing, but Prometheus forgot the fear of Jupiter's wrath, so determined was he to carry out his plan ; and one night, when the gods were in council, seated around the great red-gold throne, he crept softly into the hall, unseen and unheard. The sacred fire was burning brightly on a hearth of polished silver. Some of it Prometheus secreted in a hollow reed and hurried with it back to the earth. Then he waited, with terror at his heart, for he knew that sooner or later the vengeance of Jupiter would search him out, even though he fled to the uttermost parts of the earth.

When the council of the gods was over, Jupiter looked down through the clouds and saw a strange light on the earth. For a while he did not realize that it was man, building himself a fire ; but when he learned the truth, his wrath became so terrible that even the gods trembled and turned away in fear. In a moment Prometheus was seized and carried off to the Caucasus Mountains, where he was securely chained to a rock, and a hungry vulture was sent to tear out his liver and devour it. At night the vulture, having gorged itself, slept on the rocks above its victim's head ; and at night the liver of the wretched Prometheus grew again, only to be torn out and eaten by the vulture as soon as the sun rose. This terrible punishment kept on for years and years ; for though Jupiter heard the cries of Prometheus, and many tales were told of his sufferings, the ruler of the gods never forgave the theft of the sacred fire, nor would he set Prometheus free. But the story tells us that at last there came an

end of this cruel vengeance, for Hercules, son of Jupiter, went wandering one day among the mountains, found the tortured Prometheus, and broke his chains, after killing the vulture that had been enjoying this hateful feast.

Though the gods were rejoiced at his freedom, the name of Prometheus was never spoken on Mount Olympus for fear of Jupiter's all-hearing ears ; but on the earth men uttered his name in their prayers and taught their children to honor the Fire-giver as one of the greatest among heroes.

—EMILIE KIP BAKER.

From "Stories of Greece and Rome."

SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY

Willoughby, Hugh Willoughby,
Sail away to thy doom,
With all thy men,
Three score and ten,
To die in the icy gloom ;
Where the fogs roll o'er the frost-bound fen,
And the bergs of Lapland boom.

Old Master Sebastian Cabot
Sat stroking his white fork-beard,
And the look within his kindly eyes
Was deep and wondrous weird,
As when by new-found Labrador
His caravel he steered.

FIFTH READER

For the eager Merchant Venturers,
Intent on the unknown lands,
Had put the dread North-Eastern quest
Into his cunning hands,
And promised to approve his choice
And stand by his commands.

They built three oaken ships
To brave the Norway sea ;
They furnished them with food
And loud artillery ;
And the captain of their heart
Was well-born Willoughby.

The Bona Esperanza
Was the admiral of the fleet,
Well trimmed and staunch was she,
And lacked not stay or sheet,
The ship-wrights fastened faultlessly
Castle and course and cleat

Worthy Richard Chancellor
He led the pilot ship ;
For he had sailed the northern tract,
And knew each swell and dip ;
The master was Stephen Borrough,
Helm-hardened was his grip.

At the turning of the tide
They bade their kin adieu,
And glided by the river craft,
Towing the big ships through ;
The men that rowed were the mariners,
Attired in watchet blue.

They greeted royal Greenwich
With a thundering cannon-roar ;
The courtiers stood upon the towers,
The people flocked the shore ;
From yard and top and dizzy shroud
Was heard Farewell once more.

Their sail was set for Russia
And the empire of Cathay ;
They could not thread the Baltic isles
For pirates in the way ;
They huddled the rocks of Helgoland
On the coast of Norroway.

North they steered, still northward,
Scaring the basking seals,
Where ever across the skerries
A piny fragrance steals ;
Until in high-peaked Lofoten
They laid ashore their keels.

The kindly folk came round them,
Hailing them heartily ;
Such gallant men they never knew
As followed Willoughby ;
And he and all his mariners
Greeted them courteously.

They lay among the new-mown hay,
And wondered at the flowers,
Helping the fishers with their nets
Between the working hours ;
They sheltered in the timber huts
Through heavy summer showers.

FIFTH READER

The flax-haired Norway maidens
Were playing upon the grass ;
Their blue eyes stood wide open
When they saw the pilot pass ;
He thought of his own two little ones,
And blest each bonnie lass.

Ere long they weighed the anchors,
And followed the polar light,
Past many a sullen headland,
And many an uncouth sight ;
While the haunted fjords of Finmark
Lay ever on their right.

Hugh Willoughby, the Captain,
Held counsel with his men ;
They drew ashore to find a Finn
To lead them there and then.
But there came a sudden flaw of wind
And drove them out again.

The storm grew to a tempest,
They lay that night ahull ;
Their decks were crowded, like a buoy,
With kittiwake and gull ;
The morning was far spent
Before they felt a lull.

But when the fog rolled by,
The pilot ship was gone ;
Only the little *Confidence*
Lay rocking in the sun ;
They fired the signal guns all day,
But answer had they none.

In that dread loneliness
Of the splendid Arctic sea,
They drew to one another
With feelings brotherly ;
For there was none who knew the chart
In all that company.

Day after day they blundered on,
The cormorants mocked their plight ;
They tacked for many a wildered mile,
When land was out of sight ;
A red sun glimmered over the poop
The livelong night.

The wind veered tauntingly,
They wandered week by week ;
The silence of that awful flight
Made them afraid to speak.
Summer vanished ; the vault of heaven
Grew gray and bleak.

They came in sight of land
And tried to reach the shore ;
They saw the treacherous sand
And sailed away once more :
They thought it was the end of the world,
Where none had been before.

At last they found an inlet,
And sought a haven there ;
Along the shore they saw the elk,
The reindeer and the bear ;
The walrus and the porpoise
Were snorting everywhere.

That night they had a guest,
The terrible ice-foe ;
He closed them in right well,
And would not let them go.
They tried to find a shelter
In caves and huts of snow.
Bravely Sir Hugh Willoughby
Strove to give them cheer ;
They had no fire, nor aught to drink,
All frozen was their gear.
One by one they fell asleep
With the dying of the year.
'Twas well for the Merchant Venturers
They gave but of their gold ;
Hugh Willoughby and all his crew
Died in the bitter cold ;
Their death-bed was the frozen beach,
Their shroud the icy mould.
Through sunless days the sea-gulls cried
Swooping in hungry flocks :
Willoughby, Hugh Willoughby,
Around the wintry rocks ;
But there was none to hear them
Save the white bear and the fox.
The northern lights their streamers rolled
Across their glassy bed ;
Their dismal fate made of that place
A hallowed stead.
Valiant-hearted Willoughby
Well-born and nobly dead !

—E. E. SPEIGHT.

*From "The Sentinel Readers: Book IV." by
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THE FINDING OF THE GOLD

Robinson walked thoughtfully, with his hands behind him, backwards and forwards, like a great admiral on his quarter-deck—enemy to leeward. Every eye was upon him, and watched him in respectful inquiring silence. "Knowledge is power": this was the man now—the rest children.

"What tools have you?"

"There is a spade and trowel in that bush, captain."

"Fetch them, George. Hadn't you a pan?"

"No captain; we used a calabash. He will find it lower down."

George, after a little search, found all these objects and brought them back.

"Now," said Robinson, "these greenhorns have been washing in a stream that runs now, but perhaps in the days of Noah was not a river at all. But you look at the old bed of a stream down out there; that was a much stronger stream than this in its day, and it ran for more than a hundred thousand years before it dried up."

"How can you tell that?" said George, resuming some of his incredulity.

"Look at those monstrous stones in it here, there, and everywhere. It has been a powerful stream to carry such masses with it as that; and it has been running many thousand years, for see how deep it has eaten into its rocky sides here and there. That was a river, my lads, and washed gold down for hundreds of thousands of years before ever Adam stood on the earth."

The men gave a hurrah, and George and Jacky prepared to run and find the treasure.

"Stop," cried Robinson; "you are not at the gold yet. Can you tell in what part of the channel it lies thick, and where there isn't enough to pay the labor of washing it? Well, I can. Look at that bend where the round pebbles are collected so; there was a strong eddy there. Well, under the ridge of that eddy is ten times as much gold lying as in the level parts.

"Stop a bit again. Do you know how deep or how shallow it lies? Do you think you can find it by the eye? Do you know what clays it sinks through as if they were a sieve, and what stops it like an iron door? Your quickest way is to take Captain Robinson's time—and that is now."

He snatched the spade, and giving full vent to the ardor he had so long suppressed with difficulty, plunged down a little declivity that led to the ancient stream, and drove his spade into its shingle, the débris of centuries of centuries. George sprang after him, his eyes gleaming with hope and agitation; the black followed in wonder and excitement, and the wounded Jem limped last, and, unable through weakness to work, seated himself with glowing eyes upon that ancient river's bank.

"Away with all this gravel and shingle—these are all newcomers. The real bed of the stream is below all this, and we must get down to that."

Trowel and spade and tomahawk went furiously to work, and soon cleared away the gravel from a surface of three or four feet; beneath this they found a bed of gray clay.

"Let us wash that, captain," said Jem eagerly.

"No, Jem," was the reply; "that is the way novices waste their time. This gray clay is porous, too porous to hold gold—we must go deeper."

Tomahawk, spade, and trowel went furiously to work again.

"Give me the spade," said George; and he dug and shovelled out with herculean strength and amazing ardor: his rheumatism was gone, and nerves came back from that very hour. "Here is a white clay."

"Let me see it. Pipe-clay! go no deeper, George; if you were to dig a hundred feet, you would not find an ounce of gold below that."

George rested on his spade. "What are we to do, then? Try somewhere else?"

"Not till we have tried here first."

"But you say there is nothing below this pipe-clay."

"No more there is."

"Well, then."

"But I don't say there is nothing above it!"

"Well, but there is nothing much above it except the gray, without 'tis this small streak of brownish clay, but that is not an inch thick."

"George! in that inch lies all the gold we are likely to find; if it is not there, we have only to go elsewhere. Now while I get water, you stick your spade in and cut the brown clay away from the white it lies on. Don't leave a spot of the brown sticking to the white, the lower part of the brown clay is the likeliest."

A shower having fallen the day before, Robinson found water in a hole not far distant. He filled his calabash and returned; meantime George and Jacky had got together nearly a barrowful of the brown,

or rather chocolate-colored clay, mixed slightly with the upper and lower strata, the gray and white.

"I want yon calabash, and George's as well." Robinson filled George's calabash two-thirds full of the stuff, and pouring some water upon it, said good-naturedly to Jem: "There, you may do the first washing if you like."

"Thank you, captain," said Jem, who proceeded instantly to stir and dissolve the clay and pour it carefully away as it dissolved. Jacky was sent for more water; and this, when used as described, had left the clay reduced to about one sixth of its original bulk.

"Now, captain," cried Jem in great excitement.

"No, it's not 'captain' yet," said Robinson; "is that the way you do pan-washing?"

He then took the calabash from Jem, and gave him Jacky's calabash two-thirds full of clay to treat like the other, and this being done, he emptied the dry remains of one calabash into the other, and gave Jem a third lot to treat likewise.

This done, you will observe he had in one calabash the results of three first washings; but now he trusted Jem no longer. He took the calabash and said: "You look faint, you are not fit to work; besides, you have not got the right twist of the hand yet, my lad. Pour for me, George."

Robinson stirred and began to dissolve the three remainders, and every now and then, with an artful turn of the hand, he sent a portion of the muddy liquid out of the vessel. At the end of this washing there remained scarce more than a good handful of clay at the bottom. More water was poured on this.

"Now," said Robinson, "we shall know this time, and if you see but one spot of yellow amongst it, we are all gentlemen and men of fortune."

He dissolved the clay, and twisted and turned the vessel with great dexterity, and presently the whole of the clay was liquefied.

"Now," said Robinson, "all your eyes upon it; and if I spill anything I ought to keep, you tell me."

He said this conceitedly, but with evident agitation. He was now pouring away the dirty water with the utmost care, so that anything, however small, that might be heavier than clay should remain behind. Presently he paused and drew a long breath; he feared to decide so great a question. It was but for a moment: he began again to pour the dirty water away very slowly and carefully. Every eye was diving into the vessel. There was a dead silence.

Robinson poured with great care. There was now little more than a wine-glassful left.

DEAD SILENCE.

Suddenly a tremendous cry broke from all these silent figures at the same instant.

"Hurrah! we are the greatest men above ground. If a hundred emperors and kings died to-day, their places could be filled to-morrow; but the world could not do without us and our find. We are gentlemen—we are noblemen—we are whatever we like to be. Hurrah!" cried Robinson.

How they dug and scraped and fought, tooth, and spade, and nail, and trowel, and tomahawk for gold! Their shirts were wet through with sweat, yet they felt no fatigue. Their trousers were sheets of clay, yet they suffered no sense of dirt.

Would you behold this great discovery the same in appearance as it met the eyes of the first discoverers, picked with a knife from the bottom of a calabash, separated at last by human art and gravity's great law from the meaner dust it had lurked in for a million years ?

Then turn your eyes hither, for here it is :



—CHARLES READE.

PERSEPHONE

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
 Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,
 A child of light, a radiant lass,
 And gamesome as the morning air.
 The daffodils were fair to see,
 They nodded light'y on the lea,
 Persephone—Persephone !

Lo ! one she marked of rarer growth
 Than orchis or anemone ;
 For it the maiden left them both,
 And parted from her company.

Drawn nigh she deemed it fairer still,
And stopped to gather by the rill
The daffodil, the daffodil.

What ailed the meadow that it shook,
What ailed the air of Sicily?
She wondered by the prattling brook,
And trembled with the trembling lea.
"The coal-black horses rise—they rise:
O mother, mother!" low she cries—
Persephone—Persephone!

"O light, light, light!" she cries, "farewell;
The coal-black horses wait for me.
O shade of shades, where I must dwell,
Demeter, mother, far from thee!
Ah, fated doom that I fulfil!
Ah, fateful flower beside the rill!
The daffodil, the daffodil!"

What ails her that she comes not home?
Demeter seeks her far and wide,
And gloomy-browed doth ceaseless roam
From many a morn till eventide.
"My life, immortal though it be,
Is naught," she cries, "for want of thee,
Persephone, Persephone!

"Meadows of Enna, let the rain
No longer drop to feed your rills,
No dew refresh the fields again,
With all their nodding daffodils!

Fade, fade, and droop, O lilled lea,
Where thou dear heart, wert reft from me—
Persephone, Persephone ! ”

She reigns upon her dusky throne,
Mid shades of heroes dread to see ;
Among the dead she breathes alone,
Persephone, Persephone.
Or seat'd on the Elysian hill
She dreams of earthly daylight still,
And murmurs of the daffodil.

A voice in Hades soundeth clear,
The shadows mourn and flit below ;
It cries—“ Thou Lord of Hades, hear,
And let Demeter's daughter go.
The tender corn upon the lea
Droops in her goddess gloom when she
Cries for her lost Persephone.

“ From land to land she raging flies,
The green fruit falleth in her wake,
And harvest fields beneath her eyes
To earth the grain unripened shake.
Arise, and set the maiden free ;
Why should the world such sorrow dree
By reason of Persephone ? ”

He takes the cleft pomegranate seeds ;
“ Love, eat with me this parting day ; ”
Then bids them fetch the coal-black steeds—
“ Demeter's daughter, wouldstt away ? ”

The gates of Hades set her free ;
" She will return full soon," saith he—
" My wife, my wife Persephone."

Low laughs the dark king on his throne
" I gave her of pomegranate seeds ;"
Demeter's daughter stands alon
 Upon the fair Eleusian meads.
Her mother meets her. " Hail ! " saith she ;
" And doth our daylight dazzle thee,
My love, my child Persephone ?

" What moved thee, daughter, to forsake
 Thy fellow-maids that fatal morn,
And give thy dark lord power to take
 Thee living to his realm forlorn ? "
Her lips reply without her will,
As one addressed who slumbereth still—
" The daffodil, the daffodil ! "

Her eyelids droop with light oppressed,
 And sunny wafts that round her stir,
Her cheek upon her mother's breast—
 Demeter's kisses comfort her.
Calm Queen of Hades, art thou she
Who stepped so lightly on the lea—
Persephone, Persephone ?

When in her destined course, the moon
 Meets the deep shadow of this world,
And laboring on doth seem to swoon
 Through awful wastes of dimness whirled—

Emerged at length, no trace hath she
Of that dark hour of destiny,
Still silvery sweet—Persephone.

The greater world may near the less,
And draw it through her weltering shade,
But not one biding trace impress
Of all the darkness that she made ;
The greater soul that draweth thee
Hath left his shadow plain to see
On thy fair face, Persephone !

Demeter sighs, but sure 'tis well
The wife should love her destiny ;
They part, and yet, as legends tell,
She mourns her lost Persephone ;
While chant the maids of Enna still—
“ O fateful flower beside the rill—
The daffodil, the daffodil.”

—JEAN INGELOW.

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ON MAKING CAMP

When five or six o'clock draws near, begin to look about you for a good level dry place, elevated some few feet above the surroundings. Drop your pack or beach your canoe. Examine the location carefully. You will want two trees about ten feet apart, from which to suspend your tent, and a bit of flat ground underneath them. Of course, the flat ground need not be

particularly unencumbered by brush or saplings, so the combination ought not to be hard to discover. Now return to your canoe. Do not unpack the tent.

With the little axe clear the ground thoroughly. By bending a sapling over strongly with the left hand, clipping sharply at the strained fibres, and then bending it as strongly the other way to repeat the axe stroke on the other side, you will find that treelets of even two or three inches diameter can be felled by two blows. In a very few moments you will have accomplished a hole in the forest, and your two supporting trees will stand sentinel at either end of a most respectable-looking clearing. Do not unpack the tent.

Now, although the ground seems free of all but unimportant growths, go over it thoroughly for little shrubs and leaves. They look soft and yielding, but are often possessed of unexpectedly abrasive roots. Besides, they mask the face of the ground. When you have finished pulling them up by the roots, you will find that your supposedly level plot is knobby with hummocks. Stand directly over each little mound; swing the back of your axe vigorously against it, adze-wise, between your legs. Nine times out of ten it will crumble, and the tenth time means merely a root to cut or a stone to pry out. At length you are possessed of a plot of clean, fresh earth, level and soft, free from projections. But do not unpack your tent.

Lay a young birch or maple an inch or so in diameter across a log. Two clips will produce you a tent-peg. If you are inexperienced, and cherish memories of striped lawn marquees, you will cut them about six inches long. If you are wise, and old and gray in woods experience, you will multiply that length by four.

Then your loops will not slip off, and you will have a real grip on mother earth, than which nothing can be more desirable in the event of a heavy rain and wind squall about midnight. If your axe is as sharp as it ought to be, you can point them more neatly by holding them suspended in front of you while you snip at their ends with the axe, rather than by resting them against a solid base. Pile them together at the edge of the clearing. Cut a crotched sapling eight or ten feet long. Now unpack your tent.

In a wooded country you will not take the time to fool with tent-poles. A stout line run through the eyelets and along the apex will string it successfully between your two trees. Draw the line as tight as possible, but do not be too unhappy, if, after your best efforts, it still sags a little. That is what your long crotched stick is for. Stake out your four corners. If you get them in a good rectangle, and in such relation to the apex as to form two isosceles triangles of the ends, your tent will stand smoothly. Therefore, be an artist, and do it right. Once the four corners are well placed, the rest follows naturally. Occasionally in the North Country it will be found that the soil is too thin over the rocks to grip the tent-pegs. In that case drive them at a sharp angle as deep as they will go, and then lay a large flat stone across the slant of them. Thus anchored, you will ride out a gale. Finally, wedge your long sapling crotch under the line—outside the tent, of course—to tighten it. Your shelter is up. If you are a woodsman, ten or fifteen minutes has sufficed to accomplish all this.

There remains the question of a bed, and you'd better attend to it now, while your mind is still occupied

with the shelter problem. Fell a good thrifty young balsam, and set to work pulling off the fans. Those you cannot strip off easily with your hands are too tough for your purpose. Lay them carelessly crisscross against the blade of your axe and up the handle. They will not drop off, and when you shoulder that axe you will resemble a walking haystack, and you will probably experience a genuine emotion of surprise at the amount of balsam that can be thus transported. In the tent lay smoothly one layer of fans, convex side up, butts towards the foot. Now thatch the rest on top of this, thrusting the butt ends underneath the layer already placed in such a manner as to leave the fan ends curving up and down towards the foot of your bed. Your second emotion of surprise will assail you as you realize how much spring inheres in but two or three layers thus arranged. When you have spread your rubber blanket you will be possessed of a bed as soft and a great deal more aromatic and luxurious than any you would be able to buy in town.

Your next care is to clear a living space in front of the tent. This will take you about twenty seconds, for you need not be particular as to stumps, hummocks, or small brush. All you want is room for cooking, and suitable space for spreading out your provisions. But do not unpack anything yet.

Your fireplace you will build of two green logs laid side by side. The fire is to be made between them. They should converge slightly, in order that the utensils to be rested across them may be of various sizes. If your vicinity yields flat stones, they build up even better than the logs—unless they happen to be of granite. Granite explodes most disconcertingly.

Poles sharpened, driven upright into the ground, and then pressed down to slant over the fireplace, will hold your kettles a suitable height above the blaze.

Fuel should be your next thought. A roll of birch bark first of all. Then some of the small, dry, resinous branches that stick out from the trunks of medium-sized pines, living or dead. Finally, the wood itself. If you are merely cooking supper, and have no thought for a warmth-fire or a friendship-fire, I should advise you to stick to the dry pine branches, helped out, in the interests of coals for frying, by a little dry maple or birch. If you need more of a blaze, you will have to search out, fell, and split a standing dead tree. This is not at all necessary. I have travelled many weeks in the woods without using a more formidable implement than a one-pound hatchet. Pile your fuel—a complete supply, all you are going to need—by the side of your already improvised fireplace. But, as you value your peace of mind, do not fool with matches.

It will be a little difficult to turn your mind from the concept of fire, to which all these preparations have compellingly led it—especially as a fire is the one cheerful thing your weariness needs the most at this time of day—but you must do so. Leave everything just as it is, and unpack your provisions.

First of all, rinse your utensils. Hang your tea-pail, with the proper quantity of water, from one slanting pole, and your kettle from the other. Salt the water in the latter receptacle. Peel your potatoes, if you have any; open your little provision sacks; puncture your tin cans, if you have any; slice your bacon; clean your fish; pluck your birds; mix your dough or batter; spread your table tinware on your tarpaulin or a sheet

of birch bark ; cut a kettle-lifter ; see that everything you are going to need is within direct reach of your hand as you squat on your heels before the fireplace. Now light your fire.

The civilized method is to build a fire, and then to touch a match to the completed structure. If well done, and in a grate or stove, this works beautifully. Only in the woods you have no grate. The only sure way is as follows : Hold a piece of birch bark in your hand. Shelter your match all you know how. When the bark has caught, lay it in your fireplace, assist it with more bark, and gradually build up, twig by twig, stick by stick, from the first pin-point of flame, all the fire you are going to need. It will not be much. The little hot blaze rising between the parallel logs directly against the aluminum of your utensils will do the business in a very short order. In fifteen minutes at most your meal is ready. And you have been able to attain to hot food thus quickly because you were prepared.

In case of very wet weather the affair is altered somewhat. If the rain has just commenced, do not stop to clear out very thoroughly, but get your tent up as quickly as possible, in order to preserve an area of comparatively dry ground. But if the earth is already soaked, you had best build a bonfire to dry out by, while you cook over a smaller fire a little distance removed, leaving the tent until later. Or it may be well not to pitch the tent at all, but to lay it across slanting supports at an angle to reflect the heat against the ground.

It is no joke to light a fire in the rain. An Indian can do it more easily than a white man ; but even an

Indian has more trouble than the story-books acknowledge. You will need a greater quantity of birch bark, a bigger pile of resinous dead limbs from the pine trees, and perhaps the heart of a dead pine stub or stump. Then, with infinite patience, you may be able to tease the flame. Sometimes a small dead birch contains in the waterproof envelope of its bark a species of powdery, dry touchwood that takes the flame readily. Still, it is easy enough to start a blaze—a very fine-looking, cheerful, healthy blaze ; the difficulty is to prevent its petering out the moment your back is turned.

But the depths of woe are sounded and the limit of patience reached when you are forced to get breakfast in the dripping forest. After the chill of early dawn you are always reluctant in the best of circumstances to leave your blankets, to fumble with numbed fingers for matches, to handle cold steel and slippery fish, But when every leaf, twig, sapling, and tree contains a douche of cold water ; when the wetness oozes about your moccasins from the soggy earth with every step you take ; when you look about you and realize that somehow, before you can get a mouthful to banish that before-breakfast ill-humor, you must brave cold water in an attempt to find enough fuel to cook with, then your philosophy and early religious training avail you little. The first ninety-nine times you are forced to do this you will probably squirm circumspectly through the bush in a vain attempt to avoid shaking water down on yourself. The hundredth time will bring you wisdom. Then you will plunge boldly in and get wet. It is not pleasant, but it has to be done, and you will save much temper, not to speak of time.

But to return to our pleasant afternoon. While you

are consuming the supper you will hang over some water to heat for the dish-washing, and the dish-washing you will attend to the moment you have finished eating. Do not commit the fallacy of sitting down for a little rest. Better finish the job completely while you are about it. You will appreciate leisure so much more later. In lack of a wash-rag you will find that a bunch of tall grass bent double makes an ideal swab.

Now brush the flies from your tent, drop the mosquito-proof lining, and enjoy yourself. The whole task, from first to last, has consumed but a little over an hour. And you are through for the day.

It is but a little after seven. The long crimson shadows of the North Country are lifting across the aisles of the forest. Nothing can disturb you now. The wilderness is yours, for you have taken from it the essentials of primitive civilization—shelter, warmth, and food. An hour ago a rainstorm would have been a minor catastrophe. Now you do not care. Blow high, blow low, you have made for yourself an abiding-place, so that the signs of the sky are less important to you than to the city dweller who wonders if he should take an umbrella. From your doorstep you can look placidly out on the great unknown. The noises of the forest draw close about you their circle of mystery, but the circle cannot break upon you, for here you have conjured the homely sounds of kettle and crackling flame to keep ward. Thronging down through the twilight steal the jealous woodland shadows, awful in the sublimity of the Silent Places, but at the sentry outposts of your firelit trees they pause like wild animals, hesitating to advance. The

wilderness, untamed, dreadful at night, is all about ;
but this one little spot you have reclaimed. You are
at home.

—STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

*From "The Forest" by kind permission of
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TWILIGHT CALM

Oh, pleasant eventide !
Clouds on the western side
Grow gray and grayer, hiding the warm sun :
The bees and birds, their happy labors done,
Seek their close nests and bide.

Screened in the leafy wood
The stock-doves sit and brood :
The very squirrel leaps from bough to bough
But lazily ; pauses ; and settles now
Where once he stored his food.

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon :
The grasshoppers are still ; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.

From far the lowings come
Of cattle driven home :
From farther still the wind brings fitfully
The vast continual murmur of the sea,
Now loud, now almost dumb.

The gnats whirl in the air,
The evening gnats ; and there
The owl opes broad his eyes and wings to sail
For prey ; the bat wakes ; and the shell-less snail
Comes forth clammy and bare.

In separate herds the deer
Lie ; here the bucks, and here
The does, and by its mother sleeps the fawn :
Through all the hours of night, until the dawn,
They sleep, forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies,
With wary half-closed eyes ;
The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck ;
Only the fox is out, some heedless duck
Or chicken to surprise.

Remote, each single star
Comes out, till there they are
All shining brightly. How the dews fall damp !
While close at hand the glow-worm lights her lamp,
Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done
As much as if the sun
Day-giving had arisen in the East—
For night has come ; and the great calm has ceased,
The quiet sands have run.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE SUNFLOWERS

When lamps are out and voices fled,
And moonlight floods the earth like rain,
I steal outside and cross the lane
And stand beside the sunflower bed ;
Each blind, unopen face is turned
To where the western glories burned,
As though the sun might come again,
With some last word he left unsaid.

When Dawn with slender shining hand
Inscribes a message on the wall,
I follow at the silent call
To where my tall sun-lovers stand.
Their wistful heads are lifted high
Toward the flaming eastern sky,
As though some voice had turned them all,
Some secret voice of strong command.

Ah, should I from the windowed height
Keep vigil in the room above,
And see them lightly, surely move
Through the still stretches of the night,
Would not the heart within me burn,
As loyally I watched them turn,
With sweet undoubting faith and love
From vanished light to dawning light ?

—ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

*From " Collected Poems " published
by the Musson Book Company, Limited.*

THE HAMMER OF THOR

The mighty hammer Mjolner was not only a protection to Asgard, but served to keep the frost-giants from doing harm to the earth. This whole race hated brightness, and were not content to live themselves in a land of ice and snow and mist, but tried to make all the world like their own dreary country. They longed to take the sunlight from the earth, to kill the flowers, and cover every green thing with a mantle of blighting frost. They would have done all this if they had not been afraid of Thor's hammer, for whenever they strayed too far from Jotunheim and tried to nip the leaves and flowers with their icy fingers, Thor would drive them out of Midgard with his hammer: and the thunder and lightning would follow hard upon them until they were once more within the limits of their frozen hills.

One day Thor came back from a long journey, and being very tired he dropped down on the steps of his palace and fell into a heavy sleep. When at length he awoke, he found to his horror and dismay that Mjolner was no longer in his hand or by his side. Some one must have come while he was sleeping and stolen it away. Thor felt certain that it was one of the frost-giants, for none of the gods, not even the mischief-loving Loki, would have dared to commit this theft. But no one had seen any of the giants lurking about Asgard, and Odin's ravens had not met with them in their flights to and from the earth. Yet it must have been some one of their ancient enemies who had stolen Mjolner, and therefore the hammer must be

recovered speedily or the whole race of giants would soon come to take possession of Asgard now that its chief means of defence was gone. So Thor went in haste to Loki and begged him to devise some plan to recover the hammer.

"I will go myself," said Loki, "and see if I can find out who has stolen Mjolner. Perhaps we can regain it before it is too late, for the thief may not yet have spread the news of its capture to his kindred." Thor was ready to welcome any suggestion, so he readily agreed to this plan, and Loki hurried off to the flower-filled garden where Freya was wont to walk. He told the goddess of the theft of Mjolner and begged her to lend him her falcon plumage so that he might waste no time in his search. Freya gladly gave him her feathery disguise, and Loki sped northward across the frozen sea until he came to Jotunheim. He shivered continually under his delicate plumage, for this ice-bound land with its snow-covered mountains wrapped in the cold of eternal winter was different indeed from sunny Asgard.

He walked for a long time without meeting any one, but at last he found the giant Thrym seated on the side of a mountain, counting his flock of sheep. The giant was very ugly, and he was also terribly big and strong, but Loki felt no fear of him. He perched on a rock beside Thrym, who looked at him craftily a moment and then said: "Why does Loki try to deceive those who know more than the gods?"

Seeing that his disguise would now be of little service, Loki assumed his own form, and drawing nearer to the giant greeted him in turn as a friend. Thrym did not seem at all surprised at seeing a god in Jotun-

heim ; but he looked rather uneasily around, and went on counting his sheep without replying to Loki's greeting. The cunning god then instantly surmised that here was the thief who had taken Thor's hammer ; so in threatening tones, he accused the giant of the theft, and demanded that Mjolner be at once returned. It was a bold stroke but it did not deceive Thrym in the least, for he knew that Loki was making mere empty threats, since Mjolner was no longer in Asgard.

Then Loki made the giant many promises of rich rewards from Odin, and told him of the good-will which all the gods would have for him if he returned the hammer to Thor. At this Thrym began to laugh, and he laughed so loud that the trees upon the mountain shook. Then he tore up by the roots a huge oak tree and threw it like a straw into the sea, and turning to Loki said : " You will never find that hammer, friend Loki, for I have buried it nine fathoms in the earth, and neither you nor Thor shall ever see it again. Yet, if you really need the hammer as a protection to your city, there is one condition on which I return it. You must give me the beautiful Freya for my wife."

This proposal rather staggered Loki, for he knew how impossible such a thing was. But he said nothing, only bade Thrym good-bye and hastened back to Asgard.

When Loki reported to Odin the result of his journey, the gods held a council to decide what it was best to do. Of course it was out of the question to try to induce Freya to become Thrym's wife, and Odin could not feel justified in demanding such a sacrifice. When the maiden herself learned of the giant's proposal,

she grew so angry at the insult that the necklace of stars which she wore around her slender throat broke : and as the shining pieces fell through the air, people in Midgard exclaimed with delight at the shooting stars.

Since it was impossible to think of yielding Freya to a giant even to recover Mjolner, the gods tried to form some other plan, and again they turned to Loki for help, for he alone was clever enough to outwit the giant.

"There is no way to get the hammer," said Loki, "except by giving Thrym a bride ; and since we cannot send any of the goddesses to the cold northland, we must find the giant another wife. Let us dress up Thor like a woman and send him instead."

"Never," roared Thor ; "I should be the laughing-stock of every one in Asgard."

"Nonsense," replied Loki, who rather enjoyed having Thor at his mercy ; "and what if you were ? Is that anything compared to seeing the whole race of frost-giants at the gates of Asgard ? If something is not done very soon, they will be ruling here in our places."

The situation was indeed so critical that at length Thor consented to the plan, though much against his will. So Loki put on him a rich robe embroidered with gold, and wound a chain about his neck and put a beautiful girdle at his waist. Then he threw over Thor's head a long bridal-veil, while he attired himself as a waiting-maid to attend the bride. The gods harnessed Thor's milk-white goats to the chariot, and together Thor and Loki set out for the frost-giants' country. It was very difficult to restrain the pretended bride from thrusting her sinewy hands from under

the veil, and Loki feared that even a love-lorn giant would not be fooled into believing that those massive shoulders belonged to a maiden.

When Thrym beheld the bridal party coming, he was filled with joy and ran to meet them. He wished very much to raise the bride's veil, but Loki forbade him until after the wedding ceremony.

"The goddess Freya who has come to be your wife is very timid," said Loki, "and you must not distress her with your attentions, or she may grow frightened and wish to return to Asgard." So Thrym obeyed Loki's command, and led the bride to his palace, where his kinsmen were assembled. There they found the table spread with meat and wine as if for a feast. Thrym urged his bride to partake of the fruits and delicacies which had been brought especially for her, and with some show of reluctance the supposed woman began to eat. First she devoured eight large salmon, then twelve roasted birds, and soon followed this up with eating a whole ox and drinking three barrels of mead.

"Did ever maiden eat like this one?" thought the giants, and in their hearts they pitied Thrym for getting such a wife. When they spoke of the bride's appetite to Loki, he replied: "It is eight days since Freya has eaten anything, for she was so overjoyed at wedding Thrym, that she could not touch any food." Thrym was too happy to notice what the bride ate, and when the feast was over he cried to his brother: "Bring hither the hammer Mjolner and place it in the bride's lap; then let us be wedded in the name of Var."

So the hammer was brought and placed in Thor's

hand ; but the minute his fingers closed around it he tore the veil from his face, and the terrified giants beheld, not the mild countenance of Freya, but the face of the Thunderer himself. It was too late now to escape, and the giants were so frightened that they could not move, even if they had known where to flee from the fierce anger that blazed in Thor's eyes. He had barely swung the hammer twice around his head when thunder and lightning were mingled with the crash of falling buildings ; and those of the giants who were not killed by the blows of the hammer were buried beneath the crumbling ruins. Thus did Mjolner return at last to Asgard.

—EMILIE KIP BAKER.

From "Stories from Northern Myths."

THE RED THREAD OF HONOR

Eleven men of England
 A breastwork charged in vain ;
 Eleven men of England
 Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.
 Slain, but of foes that guarded
 Their rock-built fortress well,
 Some twenty had been mastered,
 When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
 Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
 Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,
 Lord of their wild Truckee.

These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,
Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
And, in that glorious error, calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply
Above those daring dead ;
“ Bring here ! ” at length he shouted,
“ Bring quick the battle thread.
Let Eblis blast for ever
Their souls, if Allah will :
But we must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

“ Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to burn and slay ;
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray ;
Before Secunder’s lances
Pierced through each Indian glen ;
The mountain laws of honor
Were framed for fearless men.

“ Still, when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green *one* wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, O gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting color,
The green one or the red ? ”

"Our brethren, laid in honored graves, may wear
Their green reward," each noble savage said ;
"To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red ?"

Thus, conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came ;
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead ;
From his good sword their heart's blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, "The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red *be* given,
Have we not more to do ?

"These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold ;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God :
Unmoved, and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

"As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,

These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went in the strength of duty
Straight to their goal of death.

“ If I were now to ask you
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

“ The songs they sing of Roostum
Fill all the past with light ;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight ;
But were those heroes living,
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
Have climbed, like these, the hill ? ”

And they replied, “ Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run ;
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done.”

“ Enough ! ” he shouted fiercely ;
“ Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.

FIFTH READER

Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den?"

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern "Amen!"
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten.
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around BOTH wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core
Rung like an echo, to that knightly deed,
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read.

—SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

THE GREAT SNOWBALL FIGHT

That Snowball Fight is now famous. It was in the winter of 1783. Snow fell heavily; drifts piled up in the school-yard at Brienne. The school-boys marvelled and exclaimed; for such a snowfall was rare in France. Then they began to shiver and grumble. They shivered at the cold, to which they were not accustomed; they grumbled at the snow which, by covering their playground, kept them from their usual

out-of-door sports, and held them for a time prisoners within the dark school-rooms.

Suddenly the young Napoleon had an idea. "What is snow for, my brothers," he exclaimed, "if not to be used? Let us use it. What say you to a snow fort and a siege? Who will join me?" It was a novel idea; and, with all the boyish love for something new and exciting, the boys of Brienne entered into the plan at once. "The fort, the fort, young Straw-nose!" they cried. "Show us what to do! Let us build it at once!"

With Napoleon as director, they straightway set to work. The boy had an excellent head for such things; and his mathematical knowledge, together with the preparatory study in fortifications he had already pursued in the school, did him good service. He was not satisfied with simply piling up mounds of snow. He built regular works on a scientific plan. The snow "packed well," and the boys worked like beavers. With spades and brooms and hands and home-made wooden shovels, they built under Napoleon's directions a snow fort that set all Brienne wondering and admiring.

It took some days to build this wonderful fort. For the boys could work only in the hours of recess. But at last, when all was ready, Napoleon separated the boys into two unequal divisions. The smaller number was to hold the fort as defenders; the larger number was to form the besieging force. At the head of the besiegers was Napoleon. Who was captain of the fort I do not know. His name has not come down to us. But the story of the Snowball Fight has.

For days the battle raged. At every recess hour the forces gathered for the exciting sport. The rule

was that when once the fort was captured, the besiegers were to become its possessors, and were, in turn, to defend it from its late occupants, who were now the attacking army, increased to the required number by certain of the less skilful fighters of the successful army.

Napoleon was in his element. He was a dashing leader ; but he was skilful too ; and he never lost his head. Again and again, as leader of the storming party, he would direct the attack ; and at just the right moment, in the face of a shower of snowballs, he would dash from his post of observation, head the assaulting army, and, scaling the walls with the fire of victory in his eye and the shout of encouragement on his lips, would lead his soldiers over the ramparts, and with a last dash drive the defeated defenders out from the fortification.

The snow held for nearly ten days ; the fight kept up as long as the snow walls, often repaired and strengthened, would hold together. The thaw, that relentless enemy of all snow sports, came to the attack at last, and gradually dismantled the fortifications ; snow for ammunition grew thin and poor, and gravel became more and more a part of the snowball manufacture. Napoleon tried to prevent this, for he knew the danger from such weapons. But often, in the heat of battle, his commands were disregarded. One boy especially, named Bouquet, was careless or vindictive in this matter.

On the last day of the snow, Napoleon saw young Bouquet packing snowballs with dirt and gravel, and commanded him to stop. But Bouquet only flung out a hot " I won't ! " at the commander, and launched his

snowball against the decaying fort. Napoleon was just about to head the grand assault. "To the rear with you! to the rear, Bouquet! You are disqualified!" he cried. But Bouquet was not minded to obey. He did not intend to be cheated out of his fun by any orders that "Straw-nose" should give him. Instead of obeying his commander, he sang out a contemptuous refusal, and dashed ahead, as if to take the place of his general in the post of leader of the assault.

Napoleon had no patience with disobedience. The action of Bouquet angered him; and darting forward, he collared the rebel and flung him backward down the slushy rampart. "Imbecile!" he cried. "Learn to obey! Drag him to the rear, Jean." The fort was carried. But "General Thaw" was too strong for the young soldiers; and that night, a rain setting in, finished the destruction of the now historic snow fort of Brienne School.

Bouquet, smarting under what he considered the disgrace that had been put upon him before his playmates, came up to Napoleon that night as he stood in the hall. "Bah, then, smarty Straw-nose!" he cried; "you are a beast. How dare you lay hands on me, a Frenchman?"

"Because you would not obey orders," Napoleon replied. "Was not I in command?"

"You!" sneered Bouquet; "and who are you to command? A runaway Corsican, a brigand, and the son of a brigand, like all Corsicans."

"My father is not a brigand," returned Napoleon. "He is a gentleman—which you are not."

"I am no gentleman, say you?" cried the enraged

French boy. "Why, young Straw-nose, my ancestors were gentlemen under great King Louis when yours were tending sheep on your Corsican hills. My father is an officer of France ; yours is——"

"Well, sir, and what is mine?" said Napoleon defiantly.

"Yours," Bouquet laughed with a mocking and cruel sneer, "yours is but a beggar in livery, a miserable constable."

Napoleon flung himself at the insulter of his father in a fury ; but he was caught back by those standing by, and saved from the disgrace of breaking the rules by fighting in the school-hall. All night, however, he brooded over Bouquet's insulting words, and the desire for revenge grew hot within him. The boy had said his father was no gentleman. No gentleman, indeed ! Bouquet should see that he knew how gentlemen should act. He would not fall upon him, and beat him as he deserved. He would challenge to a duel the insulter of his father.

This was the custom. The refuge of all gentlemen who felt themselves insulted, disgraced, or persecuted in those days, was to seek revenge in a personal encounter with deadly weapons, called a duel. It is a foolish and savage way of seeking redress ; but even to-day it is resorted to by those who feel themselves ill treated by their "equals." So Napoleon felt that he was doing the only wise and gentlemanly thing possible. But even then duelling was against the law. It was punished when men were caught at it ; for school-boys, it was considered an unheard-of crime. Still, though against the law, all men felt that it was the only way to salve their wounded honor. Napoleon

felt it would be the only manly course open to him ; so, early next morning, he dispatched a friend with a note to Bouquet. That note was a challenge. It demanded that Mr. Bouquet should meet Mr. Bonaparte at such time and place as their seconds might select, there to fight with swords until the insult that Mr. Bouquet had put upon Mr. Bonaparte should be wiped out in blood.

There was fierceness for you ! But it was the fashion.

" Mr. Bouquet," however, had no desire to meet the fiery young Corsican at swords' points. So, instead of meeting his enemy, he sneaked off to one of the teachers, who, as he knew, most disliked Napoleon, and complained that the Corsican, Bonaparte, was seeking his life, and meant to kill him. At once Napoleon was summoned before the indignant instructor.

" So, sir ! " cried the teacher, " is this the way you seek to become a gentleman and officer of your king ! You would murder a school-mate ; you would force him to a duel ! No denial, sir ; no explanation. Is this so, or not so ? "

Napoleon saw that words or explanations would be in vain. " It is so," he replied.

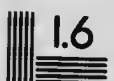
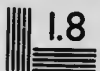
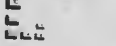
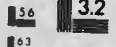
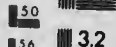
" Can we, then, never work out your Corsican brutality ? " said the teacher. " Go, sir ! you are to be imprisoned until fitting sentence for your crime can be considered."

And poor Napoleon went into the school lock-up ; while Bouquet, who was the most at fault, went free. There was almost a rebellion in school over the imprisonment of the successful general who had so



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bravely fought the battle of the snow fort. Napoleon passed a day in the lock-up ; then he was again summoned before the teacher who had thus punished him.

“ You are an incorrigible, young Bonaparte,” said the teacher. “ Imprisonment can never cure you. Through it, too, you go free from your studies and tasks. I have considered the proper punishment. It is this : you are to put on to-day the penitent’s woollen gown ; you are to kneel during dinner-time at the door of the dining-room, where all may see your disgrace and take warning therefrom ; you are to eat your dinner on your knees. Thereafter, in presence of your school-mates assembled in the dining-room, you are to apologize to Mr. Bouquet, and ask pardon from me, as representing the school, for thus breaking the laws and acting as a bully and a murderer. Go, sir, to your room, and put on the penitent’s gown.”

Napoleon, as I have told you, was a high-spirited boy, and keenly felt disgrace. This sentence was as humiliating and mortifying as anything that could be put upon him. Rebel at it as he might, he knew that he would be forced to do it ; and, distressed beyond measure at thought of what he must go through, he sought his room, and flung himself on his bed in an agony of tears.

While thus “ broke up,” his room door opened. Supposing that the teacher, or one of the monitors, had come to prepare him for the dreadful sentence, he refused to move. Then a voice, that certainly was not the one he expected, called to him. He raised a flushed and tearful face from the bed, and met the

inquiring eyes of his father's old friend, and the "protector" of the Bonaparte family, General Marbeuf, formerly the French commander in Corsica. "Why, Napoleon, boy! what does all this mean!" inquired the General. "Have you been in mischief? What is the trouble?"

The visit came as a climax to a most exciting event. In it Napoleon saw escape from the disgrace he so feared, and the injustice against which he so rebelled. With a joyful shout he flung himself impulsively at his friend's feet, clasped his knees, and begged for his protection. The boy, you see, was still unnerved and overwrought, and was not as cool or self-possessed as usual. Gradually, however, he calmed down, and told General Marbeuf the whole story.

The General was indignant at the injustice of the sentence. But he laughed heartily at the idea of this fourteen-year-old boy challenging another to a duel. "Why, what a fire-eater he is!" he cried. "But you had cause, boy. This Bouquet is a sneak, and your teacher is a tyrant. But we will change it all; see now! I will seek out the principal. I will explain it all. He shall see it rightly, and you shall not be thus disgraced. No, sir! not if I, General Marbeuf, intrench myself alone with you behind what is left of your slushy snow fort yonder, and fight all Brienne school in your behalf—teachers and all. So cheer up, lad! We will make it right."

General Marbeuf did make it all right. Bouquet was called to account; the teacher who had so often made it unpleasant for Napoleon was sharply reprimanded; and the principal, having his attention drawn to the persistent persecution of this boy from

Corsica, consented to his release from imprisonment, while sternly lecturing him on the sin of duelling.

—EUGENIE FOA.

*From "The Boy-Life of Napoleon," edited by
Elbridge S. Brooks, by kind permission of
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THE SOLITARY REAPER

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

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

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

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

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE RESCUE

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. For one of Master Stickles's men, who had been out all the night, said that no snow began to fall until nearly midnight. And there it was, blocking up the doors, stopping the ways and the water-courses, and making it very much worse to walk than in a saw-pit newly used. However, we trudged along in a line ; I first, and the other men after me, trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. Most of all, John Fry was groaning—certain that his time was come, and sending messages to his wife and blessings to his children. For all this time

it was snowing harder than it ever had snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it ; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large—for I have seen much larger flakes in a shower of March, while sowing peas—but that there was no room between them, neither any relaxing, nor any change of direction.

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places ; while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight, and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways ; and so, after a deal of floundering, and some laughter, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was hurdled.

But, behold, there was no flock at all ! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere ; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow, as high as a barn and as broad as a house. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved (as in patterns of cornice) where the grooving chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channelled edges, twirled them round, and made them dance over the chine of the monster pile ; then let them lie like herring-bones, or the seams of sand where the tide has been. And all the while from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with

murky white, and pointed with the barbs of frost.

But although for people who had no sheep the sight was a very fine one (so far, at least, as the weather permitted any sight at all), yet for us, with our flock beneath it, this great mount had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there, and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shovelling away at the great white pile, and pitching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft cold flux, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked indeed for the lives of us), and all converging towards the middle, held our tools and listened.

The other men heard nothing at all—or declared that they heard nothing, being anxious now to abandon the matter, because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said: "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself, you pie-crusts!" and upon that they gripped their shovels, being more or less of Englishmen; and the least drop of English blood is worth the best of any other when it comes to lasting out.

But before we began again, I laid my head well into the chamber and there I heard a faint "ma-a-ah," coming through some ells of snow, like a plaintive buried hope, or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was—to wit, the most valiant of all the wethers, who had met me

when I had come home from London, and been so glad to see me. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once, with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen fleece, and licking all his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him. Then fighting Tom jumped up at once, and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place, and looked for something to nibble at.

Further in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep packed, as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their vapor, and breath, and the moisture exuding from their wool, had scooped, as it were, a covered room for them, lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as gamboge. Two or three of the weaklier hoggets were dead from want of air, and from pressure; but more than threescore were as lively as ever, though cramped and stiff for a little while.

"However shall us get 'em home?" Tom asked, in great dismay, when he had cleared out a dozen of them; which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down.

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment, and the sheep came rubbing round us. "Let no more of them out for the present; they are better where they be. Watch! here, boy, keep them."

Watch came, with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty; and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow antre. All the sheep sidled away,

and got closer, that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagine ; whereas no good sheep-dog even so much as lips a sheep to turn it.

Then of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled like a lawyer's wig) I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm, and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper sheppey, and set them inside, and fastened them. Sixty-and-six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey ; and the work grew harder and harder each time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening. No other man should meddle with them : I was resolved to try my strength against the strength of the elements ; and try it I did, ay, and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me, as the struggle grew harder ; but rather would I die than yield ; and at last I finished it. People talk of it to this day ; but none can tell what the labor was who have not felt that snow and wind.

—R. D. BLACKMORE.

 ORPHEUS

Long ago a sweet musician,
 On a Thracian plain at noon,
 In the golden drowse of summer
 Played so heavenly a tune :
 That the very hills and forests
 To its chords their audience lent,
 And the streams were hushed to listen
 To this wondrous instrument.

And stilled was all the murmur
 Of sweetest winds at noon,
 And babbling brooks along their beds
 Hushed their melodious tune.

The gales that from the ocean came
 To kiss the summer lands,
 Fell dying at the harmony
 That floated from his hands.

And youth forgot its passion,
 And age forgot its woe,
 And life forgot that there was death
 Before such music's flow.

And there was hush of laughter,
 Where sported youth and maid,
 And those who wept forgot their tears
 While such sweet notes were played.

Yea, life was stayed a season,—
 Ambition, Greed, and Crime,
 And Hate, and Lust ere 't shuddering, 'neath
 The curtain folds of time.

And war in its 'mid battle hushed
 Upon the 'sanguined plain,
 The sword and spear uplifted 'mid
 The slayer and the slain.

While even the gods of heaven sank
 From their divine abode,
 Drawn downward by the magic dreams
 That from his fingers flowed.

—WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

By kind permission of the author.
 "Collected Poems."

THE SHELL

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design !
What is it ? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.
The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill ?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water-world ?
Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand !

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

RALEIGH AND THE QUEEN

"It seems to me," said Blount, "as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeants told them that they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty.

The young cavalier had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop

carelessly from one shoulder—a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person—unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, allowed him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to beauty of form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and, just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accomplished this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, sir coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the queen's officers.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount—"on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with astonishment.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the waterside by the officer, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries, which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such speed that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into

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SPREADING THE CLOAK

the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty with some embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose——"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me?" said the queen, interrupting him. "Fy, young man! I am ashamed that, in our capital, giving gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of folly. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use of it."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honor—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen—the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh!" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection, "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the queen, graciously, "and I have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of

Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty's service."

The queen paused, and then said hastily: "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak till our pleasure be farther known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

From "Kenilworth."

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

BELSHAZZAR

Belshazzar is king! Belshazzar is lord!
 And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board:
 Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a
 flood
 Of the wine that man loveth, runs redder than blood;
 Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
 And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
 And the crowds all shout,
 Till the vast roofs ring,—
 "All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

“Bring forth,” cries the monarch, “the vessels of
gold,

Which my father tore down from the temples of old ;—
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are
blown,

To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone ;
Bring forth !” and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and drinks the dark wine ;

Whilst the trumpets bray,

And the cymbals ring,—

“Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king !”

Now what cometh—look, look !—without menace, or
call ?

Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand, on the
wall ?

What pierceth the king like the point of a dart ?

What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his
heart ?

“Chaldeans ! Magicians ! the letters expound !”

They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground !

Hark !—the Persian is come

On a conqueror's wing ;

And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king.

—BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

The bright days of youth are the seed-time of life.
Every thought of the intellect, every motion of the
heart, every word of the tongue, every principle
adopted, every act performed, is a seed whose good or
evil fruit will be the bliss or bane of after life.

—D. WISE.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves
lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs,
the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good
of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold
November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer glow ;

THE BUFFALO

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But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the
wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn
beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all
the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream
no more.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE BUFFALO

When the early Spanish adventurers penetrated
from the seaboard of America into the great central
prairie region, they beheld for the first time a strange
animal whose countless numbers covered the face of
the country. When De Soto had been buried in the
dark waters of the Mississippi, the remnant of his

band, pursuing their western way, entered the "country of the wild cows." When in the same year explorers pushed their way northward from Mexico into the region of the Rio del Norte, they looked over immense plains black with moving beasts. Nearly one hundred years later, settlers on the coast of New England heard from westward-hailing Indians of huge beasts on the shores of a great lake not many days' journey to the north-west. Naturalists in Europe, hearing of the new animal, named it the bison; but the colonists united in calling it the buffalo.

The true home of this animal lay in the great prairie region between the Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi, the Texan forest, and the Saskatchewan river. Many favorite spots had this animal throughout the great domain over which he roamed—many beautiful scenes where, along river meadows, the grass in winter was still succulent and the wood "bays" gave food and shelter—but no more favorite ground than this valley of the Saskatchewan: thither he wended his way from the bleak plains of the Missouri in herds that passed and passed for days and nights in seemingly never-ending numbers.

The Indians who then occupied these regions killed only what was required for the supply of the camps, a mere speck in the dense herds that roamed up to the very doors of the wigwams; but when the trader pushed his adventurous way into the fur regions of the north, the herds of the Saskatchewan plains began to experience a change in their surroundings. The meat, pounded down and mixed with fat into "pemmican," was found to supply a most excellent food for transport service, and accordingly vast numbers of

buffalo were destroyed to supply the demand of the fur-traders.

In the border land between the wooded country and the plains, the Crees, not satisfied with the ordinary methods of destroying the buffalo, devised a plan by which great multitudes could be easily annihilated. This method of hunting consists in the erection of strong wooden enclosures called pounds, into which the buffalo are guided by the supposed magic power of a medicine man. Sometimes for two days the medicine man will live with the herd, which he half guides and half drives into the enclosures; sometimes he is on the right, sometimes on the left, and sometimes, again, in the rear of the herd, but never to windward of them. At last they approach the pound, which is usually concealed in a thicket of wood.

For many miles from the entrance to this pound two gradually converging lines of tree stumps and heaps of snow lead out into the plains. Within the lines the buffalo are led by the medicine man, and as the lines narrow towards the entrance, the herd, finding itself hemmed in on both sides, becomes more and more alarmed, until at length the great beasts plunge on into the pound itself, across the mouth of which ropes are quickly thrown and barriers raised.

Then commences the slaughter. From the wooded fence around arrows and bullets are poured into the dense plunging mass of buffalo, careering wildly around the ring. Always going in one direction, with the sun, the poor beasts race on until not a living thing is left; then, when there is nothing more to kill, the cutting-up commences, and pemmican making goes on apace.

Widely different from this indiscriminate slaughter

is the fair hunt on horseback in the great open plains. The approach, the cautious survey over some hill-top, the wild charge on the herd, the headlong flight, the turn to bay, the fight and fall—all this contains a large share of that excitement which we call by the much-abused term sport.

One evening, shortly before sunset, I was steering my way through the sandy hills of the Platte valley, in the State of Nebraska, towards Fort Kearney; both horse and rider were tired after a long day over sand-bluff and meadow-land. Crossing a grassy ridge I suddenly came in sight of three buffalo just emerging from the broken bluff. Tired as was my horse, the sight of one of these three animals urged me to one last chase. He was a very large bull, whose black, shaggy mane and dewlap nearly brushed the short prairie grass beneath him. I dismounted behind the hill, tightened the saddle-girths, looked to rifle and cartridge-pouch, and then remounting rode slowly over the intervening ridge. As I came in view of the three beasts thus majestically stalking their way towards the Platte for the luxury of an evening drink, the three shaggy heads were thrown up—one steady look given, then round went the animals and away for the bluffs again. With a whoop and a cheer I gave chase, and the mustang, answering gamely to my call, launched himself well over the prairie. Singling out the large bull, I urged the horse with spur and voice, then rising in the stirrups I took a snap-shot at my quarry. The bullet struck him in the flank, and quick as lightning he wheeled down upon me.

It was now my turn to run. I had urged the horse with voice and spur to close with the buffalo, but still

more vigorously did I endeavor, under the altered position of affairs, to make him increase the distance lying between us. Down the sandy incline thundered the huge beast, gaining upon us at every stride. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw him close to my horse's tail, with head lowered and eyes flashing furiously under their shaggy covering. The horse was tired, the buffalo was fresh, and it seemed as if another instant must bring pursuer and pursued into wild collision.

Throwing back my rifle over the crupper, I laid it at arm's length, with muzzle full upon the buffalo's head. The shot struck the centre of his forehead, but he only shook his head when he received it; still it seemed to check his pace a little, and as we had now reached level ground the horse began to gain something upon his pursuer.

Quite as suddenly as he had charged, the bull now changed his tactics. Wheeling off, he followed his companions, who by this time had vanished into the bluffs. It never would have done to lose him after such a fight, so I brought the mustang round again and gave chase.

This time a shot fired low behind the shoulder brought my fierce friend to bay. Proudly he turned upon me, but now his rage was calm and stately; he pawed the ground, and blew with short, angry snorts the sand in clouds from the plain. Moving thus slowly towards me he seemed the incarnation of strength and angry pride. But his doom was sealed. I remember so vividly all the wild surroundings of the scene—the great silent waste, the two buffalo watching from a hill-top sight of their leader, the noble

beast himself stricken but defiant, and, beyond, the thousand glories of the prairie sunset.

It was only to last an instant, for the giant bull, still with low-bent head and angry snorts, advancing slowly towards his puny enemy, sank quietly to the plain, and stretched his limbs in death. Never since that hour, though often but a two days' ride from buffalo, have I sought to take the life of one of these noble animals.

Too soon will the last of them have vanished from the great central prairie land; never again will those countless herds roam from the Platte to the Missouri, from the Missouri to the Saskatchewan; chased for his robe, for his beef, for sport, for the very pastime of his death, he is rapidly vanishing from the land. Far in the northern forests of the Athabaska a few buffalo may for a time bid defiance to man; but they, too, must disappear, and nothing be left of this giant beast save the bones that for many an age will whiten the prairies over which the great herds roamed at will in times before the white man came.

—SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS BUTLER.

From "The Great Lone Land."

THE MAPLE

All hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
With its fair and changeful dress—
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness;

Whether in Spring or Summer,
Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
She's the fairest of them all.

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

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

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

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

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

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

—REV. H. F. DARNELL.

No man is born into this world whose work
Is not born with him ; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will ;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

SNOW

White are the far-off plains, and white
The fading forest grow ;
The wind dies out along the height,
And denser still the snow,
A gathering weight on roof and tree,
Falls down scarce audibly.

The road before me smooths and fills
Apace, and all about
The fences dwindle, and the hills
Are blotted slowly out ;
The naked trees loom spectrally
Into the dim white sky.

The meadows and far-sheeted streams
Lie still without a sound ;
Like some soft minister of dreams
The snow-fall hoods me round ;
In wood and water, earth and air,
A silence everywhere.

Save when at lonely intervals
Some farmer's sleigh urged on,
With rustling runners and sharp bells,
Swings by me and is gone ;
Or from the empty waste I hear
A sound remote and clear ;

The barking of a dog, or call
To cattle, sharply pealed,
Borne echoing from some wayside stall
Or barnyard far afield ;

Then all is silent, and the snow
Falls, settling soft and slow.

The evening deepens, and the gray
Folds closer earth and sky ;
The world seems shrouded far away ;
Its noises sleep, and I,
As secret as yon buried stream,
Plod dumbly on, and dream.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

WALDEN

Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall, arrowy, white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark-colored and saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the days that I worked there ; but for the most part when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand-heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark and pewee and other birds already come to commence

another year with us. They were pleasant spring days, in which the winter of man's discontent was thawing as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself.

One day, when my axe had come off, and I had cut a green hickory for a wedge, driving it in with a stone, and had placed the whole to soak in a pond-hole in order to swell the wood, I saw a striped snake run into the water, and he lay on the bottom, apparently without inconvenience, as long as I stayed there, more than a quarter of an hour; perhaps because he had not fairly come out of the torpid state. I had previously seen the snakes in frosty mornings in my path with portions of their bodies still numb and inflexible, waiting for the sun to thaw them.

On the first of April it rained and melted the ice, and in the early part of the day, which was very foggy, I heard a stray goose groping about over the pond and cackling as if lost, or like the spirit of the fog.

So I went on for some days cutting and hewing timber, and also studs and rafters, all with my narrow axe, not having many communicable or scholar-like thoughts, singing to myself:

"Men say they know many things,
But lo! they have taken wings—
The arts and sciences,
And a thousand appliances;
The wind that blows
Is all that anybody knows."

I hewed the main timbers six inches square, most of the studs on two sides only, and the rafters and floor

timbers on one side, leaving the rest of the bark on so that they were just as straight and much stronger than sawed ones. Each stick was carefully mortised or tenoned by its stump, for I had borrowed other tools by this time.

My days in the woods were not very long ones ; yet I usually carried my dinner of bread and butter, and read the newspaper in which it was wrapped, at noon, sitting amid the green pine boughs which I had cut off, and to my bread was imparted some of their fragrance, for my hands were covered with a thick coat of pitch. Before I had done I was more the friend than the foe of the pine tree, having become better acquainted with it. Sometimes a rambler in the wood was attracted by the sound of my axe, and chatted pleasantly over the chips which I had made.

I dug my cellar in the side of a hill sloping to the south, where a woodchuck had formerly dug his burrow, down through sumach and blackberry roots, and the lowest stain of vegetation, six feet square by seven deep, to a fine sand where potatoes would not freeze in any winter. The sides were left shelving, and not stoned ; but the sun having never shone on them, the sand still keeps its place. It was but two hours' work. I took particular pleasure in this breaking of ground, for in almost all latitudes men dig into the earth for an equable temperature. Under the most splendid house in the city is still to be found the cellar where they store their roots as of old, and long after the superstructure has disappeared posterity remarks its dent in the earth. The house is still but a sort of porch at the entrance of a burrow.

At length, in the beginning of May, with the help of some of my acquaintances, rather to improve so good an occasion for neighborliness than from any necessity, I set up the frame of my house. I began to occupy my house on the 4th of July, as soon as it was boarded and roofed, for the boards were carefully feather-edged and lapped, so that it was perfectly impervious to rain; but before boarding I laid the foundations of a chimney at one end, bringing two cart-loads of stones up the hill from the pond in my arms. I built the chimney up after my hoeing in the fall, before a fire became necessary for warmth, doing my cooking in the meanwhile out of doors on the ground, early in the morning: which mode I still think is in all respects more convenient and agreeable than the usual one. When it stormed before my bread was baked, I fixed a few boards over the fire, and sat under them to watch my loaf, and passed some pleasant hours in that way.

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor and swept out the shavings, it would come out regularly at lunch-time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before, and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one

day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it ; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterwards cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

In the fall the loon came as usual, to moult and bathe in the pond, making the woods ring with his wild laughter. As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October morning, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore towards the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval ; and again he laughed loud and long, and with more reason than before. He manœuvred so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon.

Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoitre, and instantly dived again. After an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly and swam yet farther

than at first. It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn, unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning,—perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him.

At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of these prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god were angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Adapted from "Walden."

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of Heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

THE SNOWSTORM

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow ;
Athwart the hilltop, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil ;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree ;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angel's wings.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall ;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple boughs and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower roof
The snowstorm spreads its ivory woof ;
It paves with pearl the garden walk ;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow ;
And the old door slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows : the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost ;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood ;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark resses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold ;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree :
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird ;

And heavenly thoughts as soft and white
As snowflakes on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

—JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success ;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

SAN STEFANO

A BALLAD OF THE BOLD "MENELAUS"

It was morning at St. Helen's, in the great and
gallant days,

And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,
When the frigate set her course, all a-shimmer in the
haze.

And she hauled her cable home and took the
tide.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men
and more,

Nine-and-forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colors
at the fore,

When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men
and more,*

*Nine-and-forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colors at
the fore,*

*When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.*

She was clear of Monte Cristo, she was heading for
the land,

When she spied a pennant red and white and blue ;
They were foemen, and they knew it, and they'd
half a league in hand,

But she flung aloft her royals, and she flew.

She was nearer, nearer, nearer, they were caught
beyond a doubt,

But they slipper'd her, into Orbetello Bay ;
And the lubbers gave a shout as they paid their
cables out,

With the guns grinning round them where they lay.

Now Sir Peter was a captain of a famous fighting
race,

Son and grandson of an admiral was he ;
And he looked upon the batteries, he looked upon
the chase,

And he heard the shout that echoed out to sea.
And he called across the decks, " Ay ! the cheering
might be late

If they kept it till the *Menelaus* runs ;
Bid the master and the mate heave the lead and lay
her straight

For the prize lying yonder by the guns ! "

When the summer moon was setting, into Orbetello
Bay

Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a ghost ;
And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence
pulled away,

And in silence every gunner took his post.
With a volley from her broadside the citadel she
woke,

And they hammered back like heroes all the night ;
But before the morning broke she had vanished
through the smoke

With her prize upon her quarter grappled tight.

FIFTH READER

It was evening at St. Helen's, in the great and gallant
time,

And the sky behind the down was flushing far ;
And the flags were all a-flutter, and the bells were all
a-chime,

When the frigate cast her anchor off the bar.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men
and more,

Nine-and-forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colors
at the fore,

When the bold *Meneclaus* came from sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men
and more,*

*Nine-and-forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colors at
the fore,*

When the bold Meneclaus came from sea.

—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

*From " Collected Poems " published by
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permission of the author.*

A BLIZZARD ON THE PRAIRIE

A blizzard on the prairie corresponds to a storm at sea ; it never affects the traveller twice alike. Each norther seems to have a manner of attack all its own. One storm may be short, sharp, high-keyed, and malevolent, while another approaches slowly, relentlessly, wearing out the souls of its victims by its in-

exorable and long-continued cold and gloom. One threatens for hours before it comes, the other leaps like a tiger upon the defenceless settlement, catching the children unhoused, the men unprepared; of this character was the first blizzard Lincoln ever saw.

The day was warm and sunny. The eaves dripped musically, and the icicles dropping from the roof fell occasionally with pleasant crash. The snow grew slushy, and the bells of wood teans jingled merrily all the forenoon, as the farmers drove to their timber lands five or six miles away. The room was uncomfortably warm at times, and the master opened the outside door. It was the eighth day of January. During the afternoon recess, as the boys were playing in their shirt-sleeves, Lincoln called Milton's attention to a great cloud rising in the west and north. A vast, slaty-blue, seamless dome, silent, portentous, with edges of silvery frosty light.

"It's going to storm," said Milton. "It always does when we have a south wind and a cloud like that in the west."

When Lincoln set out for home, the sun was still shining, but the edge of the cloud had crept, or more properly slid, across the sun's disk, and its light was growing cold and pale. In fifteen minutes more the wind from the south ceased—there was a moment of breathless pause, and then, borne on the wings of the north wind, the streaming clouds of soft, large flakes of snow drove in a level line over the homeward-bound scholars, sticking to their clothing and faces and melting rapidly. It was not yet cold enough to freeze, though the wind was colder. The growing darkness troubled Lincoln most.

By the time he reached home, the wind was a gale, the snow a vast blinding cloud, filling the air and hiding the road. Darkness came on instantly, and the wind increased in power, as though with the momentum of the snow. Mr. Stewart came home early, yet the breasts of his horses were already sheathed in snow. Other teamsters passed, breasting the storm, and calling cheerily to their horses. One team containing a woman and two men, neighbors living seven miles north, gave up the contest, and turned in at the gate for shelter, confident that they would be able to go on in the morning. In the barn, while rubbing the ice from the horses, the men joked and told stories in a jovial spirit, with the feeling generally that all would be well by daylight. The boys made merry also, singing songs, popping corn, playing games, in defiance of the storm.

But when they went to bed, at ten o'clock, Lincoln felt some vague premonition of a dread disturbance of nature, far beyond any other experience in his short life. The wind howled like ten thousand tigers, and the cold grew more and more intense. The wind seemed to drive in and through the frail tenement; water and food began to freeze within ten feet of the fire.

Lincoln thought the wind at that hour had attained its utmost fury, but when he awoke in the morning, he saw how mistaken he had been. He crept to the fire, appalled by the steady, solemn, implacable clamor of the storm. It was like the roarings of all the lions of Africa, the hissing of a wilderness of serpents, the lashing of great trees. It benumbed his thinking, it appalled his heart beyond any other force he had ever known.

The house shook and snapped, the snow beat against the walls, or swirled and lashed upon the roof, giving rise to strange sounds, now dim and far, now near and all-surrounding; producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach, as though the cabin were a helpless boat, tossing on an angry, limitless sea.

Looking out, there was nothing to be seen but the lashing of the wind and snow. When the men attempted to face it, to go to the rescue of the cattle, they found the air filled with fine, powdery snow, mixed with the dirt caught up from the ploughed fields by a terrific blast, moving ninety miles an hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet, except at long intervals. Lincoln could not see at all when facing the storm. When he stepped into the wind, his face was coated with ice and dirt, as by a dash of mud—a mask which blinded the eyes, and instantly froze to his cheeks. Such was the power of the wind that he could not breathe an instant unprotected. His mouth being once open, it was impossible to draw breath again without turning from the wind.

The day was spent in keeping warm and in feeding the stock at the barn, which Mr. Stewart reached by desperate dashes, during the momentary clearing of the air following some more than usually strong gusts. Lincoln attempted to water the horses from the pump, but the wind blew the water out of the pail. So cold had the wind become that a dipperful, thrown into the air, fell as ice. In the house it became more and more difficult to remain cheerful, notwithstanding the family had fuel and food in abundance.

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour they listened to that prodigious, ferocious uproar. All day

Lincoln and Owen moved restlessly to and fro, asking each other "Won't it ever stop?" To them the storm now seemed too vast, too ungovernable, ever again to be spoken to a calm, even by God Himself. It seemed to Lincoln that no power whatever could control such fury; his imagination was unable to conceive of a force greater than this war of wind or snow.

On the third day the family rose with weariness, and looked into each other's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not even the brave heart of Duncan Stewart, nor the cheery good nature of his wife, could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon the house. Conversation was scanty; nobody laughed that day, but all listened anxiously to the invisible tearing at the shingles, beating against the door, and shrieking around the eaves. The frost upon the windows, nearly half an inch thick in the morning, kept thickening into ice, and the light was dim at midday. The fire melted the snow on the window panes and upon the door, and it ran along the floor, while the keyhole and along every crack, frost formed. The men's faces began to wear a grim, set look, and the women sat with awed faces and downcast eyes full of unshed tears, their sympathies going out to the poor travellers, lost and freezing.

The men got to the poor dumb animals that day to feed them; to water them was impossible. Mr. Stewart went down through the roof of the shed, the door being completely sealed up with solid banks of snow and dirt. One of the guests had a wife and two children left alone in a small cottage six miles farther on, and physical force was necessary to keep him from setting out in face of the deadly tempest. To him



AFTER THE BLIZZARD

the nights seemed weeks, and the days interminable, as they did to the rest, but it would have been death to venture out.

That night, so disturbed had all become, they lay awake listening, waiting, hoping for a change. About midnight Lincoln noticed that the roar was no longer so steady, so relentless, and so high-keyed as before. It began to lull at times, and though it came back to the attack with all its former ferocity, still there was a perceptible weakening. Its fury was becoming spasmodic. One of the men shouted down to Mr. Stewart: "The storm is over," and when the host called back a ringing word of cheer, Lincoln sank into deep sleep in sheer relief.

Oh, the joy with which the children melted the ice on the window panes, and peered out on the familiar landscape, dazzling, peaceful, under the brilliant sun and wide blue sky. Lincoln looked out over the wide plain, ridged with vast drifts; on the far blue line of timber, on the near-by cottages sending up cheerful columns of smoke (as if to tell him the neighbors were alive), and his heart seemed to fill his throat. But the wind was with him still, for so long and continuous had its voice sounded in his ears, that even in the perfect calm his imagination supplied its loss with fainter, fancied roarings.

Out in the barn the horses and cattle, hungry and cold, kicked and bellowed in pain, and when the men dug them out, they ran and raced like mad creatures to start the blood circulating in their numbed and stiffened limbs. Mr. Stewart was forced to tunnel to the barn door, cutting through the hard snow as if it were clay. The drifts were solid, and the dirt mixed

with the snow was spread on the surface in beautiful wavelets, like the sands at the bottom of a lake. The drifts would bear a horse. The guests were able to go home by noon, climbing above the fences, and rattling across the ploughed ground.

And then in the days which followed came grim tales of suffering and heroism. Tales of the finding of stage-coaches with the driver frozen on his seat and all his passengers within; tales of travellers striving to reach home and families. Cattle had starved and frozen in their stalls, and sheep lay buried in heaps beside the fences where they had clustered together to keep warm. These days gave Lincoln a new idea of the prairies. It taught him that however bright and beautiful they might be in summer under skies of June, they could be terrible when the norther was abroad in his wrath. They seemed now as pitiless and destructive as the polar ocean. It seemed as if nothing could live there unhoused. All was at the mercy of that power, the north wind, whom only the Lord Sun could tame.

—HAMLIN GARLAND.

*From "Boy Life on the Prairie" published by
Harper and Brothers by kind permission
of the author.*

The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the woods, and on the deep,
The smile of Heaven lay.
It seemed as if the day were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which shed to earth above the sun
A light of Paradise.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF
LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three ;
" Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
" Play up, play up, O Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play up ' The Brides of Enderby ' ! "

Men say it was a stolen tide—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
But in mine ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall :
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flight of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within my door,
My thread brake off, I raised mine eyes !
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
And dark against day's golden death,
She moved where Lindis wandereth,—
My son's fair wife, Elizabeth.

" Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! " calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Far away I heard her song,
" Cusha ! Cusha ! " all along,

HIGH TIDE ON LINCOLNSHIRE COAST 133

Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
 Faintly came her milking-song.

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,
“For the dews will soon be falling;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot; come up, Lightfoot;
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head;
Come up, Whitefoot; come up, Lightfoot;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking-shed.”

All fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadow might be seen,
Save where full five good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the green;
And lo! the great bell far and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds, where their sedges are,
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
The shepherd lads I heard afar,
 And my son's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kindly message free,
“The Brides of Mavis Enderby.”

Then some looked up into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They said, " And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pirate galleys warping down ;
For ships ashore beyond the Scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town ;
But while the west is red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ' ? "

I looked without, and lo : my son
Came riding down with might and main.
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
" Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! "
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth.)

" The old sea-wall " (he cried) " is down,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder town
Go sailing up the market place."
He shook as one that looks on death :
" God save you, Mother ! " straight he saith ;
" Where is my wife Elizabeth ? "

HIGH TIDE ON LINCOLNSHIRE COAST 135

“ Good son, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere you bells began to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song.”
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, “ Ho, Enderby ! ”
They rang “ The Brides of Enderby ! ”

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
For lo ! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped,
It swept with thunderous noises loud,
Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling banks amain ;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again,
Then banks came down with ruin and rout -
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So far, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet ;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sat that night ;
 The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church-tower, red and high--
 A lurid mark and dread to see ;
 And awsome bells they were to me,
 That in the dark rang " Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roof to roof who fearless rowed ;
 And I—my son was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath :
 " O come in life, or come in death !
 O lost ! my love Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear !
 The waters laid thee at his door
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 The pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass ;
 That ebb swept out the flocks to sea ;
 A fatal ebb and flow, alas !
 To many more than mine and me :
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my son's wife Elizabeth.

HIGH TIDE ON LINCOLNSHIRE COAST 137

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing in its falling,
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot; come up, Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Lightfoot, rise and follow:
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift your head;
Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking-shed."

—JEAN INGELOW:

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publishers.*

THE "AGRA" AND THE PIRATES

At evening the sun set calm and red, and the sea was gorgeous with miles and miles of great, ruby dimples; it was the first glowing smile of southern latitude. The night stole on so soft, so clear, so balmy, all were loth to close their eyes on it; the passengers lingered long on deck, watching overhead a whole heaven of glorious stars most of us have never seen, and never shall see in this world. No belching smoke obscured, no plunging paddles deafened; all was musical; the soft air sighing among the sails; the water bubbling from the ship's bows; the murmurs from little knots of men on deck subdued by the great calm; home seemed near, all danger far; Peace ruled the sea, the sky, the heart; the ship, making a track of white fire on the deep, glided gently yet swiftly homeward, urged by snowy sails piled up like alabaster towers against a violet sky, out of which looked a thousand eyes of holy, tranquil fire. So melted the sweet night away.

Now carmine streaks tinged the eastern sky at the water's edge; and that water blushed; now the streaks turned orange, and the waves below them sparkled. Thence splashes of living gold flew and settled on the ship's white sails, the deck, and the faces; and with no more prologue, being so near the line, up came majestically a huge, fiery, golden sun, and set the sea gleaming liquid topaz.

Instantly the look-out hailed the deck below: "Strange sail! Right ahead."

The strange sail was reported to Captain Dodd,

then dressing in his cabin. He came soon after on deck and hailed the look-out: "Which way is she standing?"

"Can't say, sir. Can't see her move."

Dodd ordered the boatswain to pipe to breakfast; and taking his deck-glass went lightly up the rigging. Thence, through the light haze of a glorious morning, he espied a long, low schooner, lying close under a small island about nine miles distant on the weather-bow; and nearly in the *Agra's* course.

"She is hove-to," said Dodd, very gravely.

At eight o'clock, the stranger lay two miles to windward, and still hove-to.

By this time all eyes were turned upon her, and half a dozen glasses. Everybody, except the captain, delivered an opinion. She was a Greek lying-to for water; she was a Malay coming north with canes, and short of hands; she was a pirate watching the straits.

The captain leaned silent and sombre with his arms on the bulwarks, and watched the suspected craft. He levelled a powerful glass at her and discovered that her side showed seven false ports, and that, though few men appeared on her decks, yet there was a crowd of faces at every porthole. He ordered the course of the *Agra* to be slightly altered, and when the merchant ship entered the straits, she left the schooner about two and a half miles distant to the north-west.

Ah! the stranger's deck swarms black with men. His sham ports fell as if by magic, his guns grinned through the gap like black teeth; his huge foresail rose and filled, and out he came in chase.

The way the pirate dropped the mask, showed his black teeth, and bore up in chase, was terrible; so dilates and bounds the tiger on his unwary prey. There were stout hearts among the officers of the peaceable *Agra*; but danger in a new form shakes the brave; and this was their first pirate; their dismay broke out in ejaculations not loud but deep.

All sail was made and the captain went below to see matters set in order on the gun-deck. Soon he came on deck again, eyed the loftier sails, saw they were drawing well, appointed four midshipmen as staff to convey his orders; gave Bayliss charge of the carronades, Grey of the cutlasses, then beckoned the officers to come round him.

"Gentlemen," said he, confidently, "in crowding sail on this ship I had no hope of escaping that fellow on this tack, but I was, and am, most anxious to gain the open sea, where I can square my yards and run for it, if I see a chance. At present I shall carry on till he comes within range: and then, to keep our canvas from being shot to rags, I shall shorten sail; and to save ship and cargo and all our lives, I shall fight while a plank of her swims. Better be killed in hot blood than walk the plank in cold."

The officers cheered faintly; the captain's dogged resolution stirred up theirs. In a short time the latter gave the order to take in sail and call the crew on deck. While this was being done he went down into his cabin to set his papers in order.

Sail was no sooner shortened, and the crew ranged, than the captain came briskly on deck, saluted, jumped on a carronade, and stood erect. He was not the man to show the crew his forebodings.

"My men, the schooner coming up on our weather quarter is a Portuguese pirate. His character is known; he scuttles all the ships he boards, and murders the crew. We cracked on to get out of the narrows and now we have shortened sail to fight this rascal, and teach him to molest a British ship. I promise, in the company's name, twenty pounds prize-money to every man before the mast if we beat him off; thirty if we sink him, and forty if we tow him astern into a friendly port. Eight guns are clear below, three on the weather side, five on the lee; for, if he knows his business, he will come up on the lee quarter; if he doesn't, that is no fault of yours nor mine. The muskets are all loaded, the cutlasses ground like razors——"

"Hurrah!"

"We have got women to defend——"

"Hurrah!"

"A good ship under our feet, the God of justice overhead, British hearts in our bosoms, and British colors flying—run them up!—over our heads." (The ship's colors flew up to the fore, and the Union Jack to the mizzen peak.) "Now lads, I mean to fight this ship while a plank of her" (stamping on the deck) "swims beneath my foot and—what do you say?"

The reply was a fierce "hurrah!" from a hundred throats, so loud, so deep, so full of volume, it made the ship vibrate, and rang in the creeping-on pirate's ears. Fierce, but cunning, he saw mischief in those shortened sails, and that Union Jack, the terror of his tribe, rising to a British cheer; he lowered his mainsail, and crawled up on the weather quarter. Arrived within a cable's length, he took in his foresail

to reduce his rate of sailing nearly to that of the ship; and the next moment a tongue of flame, and then a gush of smoke issued from his lee bow, and the ball flew screaming like a sea-gull over the *Agra*. He then put his helm up, and fired his other bow-chaser and sent the shot hissing and skipping on the water past the ship. This prologue made the novices wince.

The pirate drew nearer, and fired both guns in succession, hulled the *Agra* amidships, and sent an eighteen-pound ball through her foresail. Most of the faces were pale on the quarter-deck. One was very trying to be shot at, and hit, and with no return. The next double discharge sent one shot to smash through the stern cabin window, and splintered the bulwark with another, wounding a seaman slightly.

"Lie down forward," shouted Dodd. "Bayliss, give him a shot."

The carronade was fired with a tremendous report, but no visible effect. The pirate crept nearer, steering in and out like a snake to avoid the carronades, and firing those two heavy guns alternately into the devoted ship. He hulled the *Agra* now nearly every shot.

The two available carronades replied noisily, and jumped as usual as they sent one thirty-two pound shot clean through the schooner's deck and side; but that was all they did worth speaking of.

"Load them with grape!" cried Dodd; "they are not to be trusted with ball. And all my eighteen-pounders dumb! The coward won't come alongside and give them a chance."

At the next discharge the pirate chipped the mizzen mast, and knocked a sailor into pieces on the fore-castle. Dodd put his helm down ere the smoke

cleared, and got three carronades to bear, heavily laden with grape. Several pirates fell, dead or wounded, on the crowded deck, and some holes appeared in the foresail; this one interchange was quite in favor of the ship.

But the lesson made the enemy more cautious; he crept nearer, but steered so adroitly, now right astern, now on the quarter, that the ship could seldom bring more than one carronade to bear, while he raked her fore and aft with grape and ball. In this alarming situation, Dodd kept as many of the men below as possible; but, for all he could do, four were killed and seven wounded.

Cautious and cruel, the pirate hung on the poor hulking creature's quarters and raked her at point-blank distance. He made her pass a bitter time. And her captain! To see the splintering hull, the parting shrouds, the shivering gear, and hear the shrieks and groans of his wounded; and he unable to reply in kind! The sweat of agony poured down his face. Oh, if he could but reach the open sea, and make a long chase of it; perhaps fall in with aid. Wincing under each heavy blow, he crept doggedly, patiently, on, towards that one visible hope.

At last, when the ship was cloven with shot, and peppered with grape, the channel opened; in five minutes more he could put her dead before the wind.

No. The pirate, on whose side luck had been from the first, got half a broadside to bear at long musket shot, killed a midshipman by Dodd's side, and cut the jib stay; down fell that powerful sail into the open water, and dragged across the ship's forefoot, stopping her way to the open sea she panted for;

the mates groaned ; the crew cheered stoutly, as British tars do in any great disaster ; the pirates yelled with ferocious triumph, like the ruffians they looked.

But most human events, even calamities, have two sides. The *Agra* being brought almost to a stand-still, the pirate forged ahead against his will. Then the three carronades peppered him hotly ; and he hurled an iron shower back with fatal effect. Then at last the long eighteen-pounders on the gun-deck got a word in. The old gunner was not the man to miss a vessel alongside in a quiet sea ; he sent two round shots clean through him ; the third splintered his bulwark, and swept across his deck.

“ His masts ! Fire at his masts ! ” roared Dodd to the gunner ; he then got the jib clear, and made what sail he could without taking all the hands from the guns.

This kept the vessels nearly alongside a few minutes, and the fight was hot as fire. The pirate now for the first time hoisted his flag. It was as black as ink. His crew yelled as it rose : the Britons, instead of quailing, cheered with fierce derision ; the pirate’s wild crew of yellow Malays, black chinless Papuans, and bronzed Portuguese, served their side guns, twelve-pounders, well and with ferocious cries ; the white Britons, grimed with powder, many of them wounded, but none flinching for a moment from the deadly fray, replied with loud undaunted cheers, and deadly hail of grape from the quarter-deck ; while the master-gunner and his mates, loading with a rapidity the mixed races opposed could not rival, hulled the schooner well between wind and water, and then fired

chain shot at her masts, as ordered, and began to play the mischief with her shrouds and rigging.

The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first, he hoisted his mainsail and drew rapidly ahead, with a slight bearing to windward, and dismounted a carronade and staved in the ship's quarterboat, by way of a parting kick.

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him ; they thought they had beaten him off. But Dodd knew better. He was but retiring a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever : he would soon cross the *Agra's* defenceless bows, to rake her fore and aft at pistol-shot distance, or grapple, and board the enfeebled ship two hundred strong.

Dodd flew to the helm, and with his own hands changed the ship's course to give the deck guns one chance, the last, of sinking or disabling the destroyer. As the ship obeyed, and a deck gun bellowed below him, he saw a vessel running out from Long Island, and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid ?

Horror ! A black flag floated from her foremast head. While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this death-blow to hope, Monk fired again, and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and a solemn voice whispered in his ear : " Our ammunition is nearly done ! "

Dodd seized Sharpe's hand, and pointed to the pirate's consort coming up to finish them ; and said, with the calm of a brave man's despair : " Cutlasses ! and die hard ! "

At that moment the master gunner fired his last gun. It sent a chain shot on board the retiring pirate, and

cut the schooner's foremast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently snapped with a loud crack, and came down like a broken tree, with the yard and sail; the latter overlapping the deck and burying itself, black flag and all, in the sea; and there, in one moment, lay the destroyer buffeting and wriggling—like a heron on the water with his long wing broken—an utter cripple.

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer.

"Silence!" roared Dodd, with his trumpet. "All hands make sail!"

He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood out to windward, in hopes to make a good offing, and then put his ship dead before the wind, which was now rising to a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the crippled pirate's bows, within eighty yards, and sore was the temptation to rake him; but his ammunition being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self-command to resist the great temptation. Every eye on board was fixed on the second vessel, and it was soon seen that she sailed much faster than the *Agra*.

On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the merchant vessel, though not so utterly desperate as before the gunner fired his lucky shot, became pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off; if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision with a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck; but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit and unite to destroy her. Add to this the failing ammunition, and the thinned crew! Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help.

The sea was blank.

The bright sun was hidden now ; drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sing, and the sea to rise a little.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us kneel down and pray for wisdom in this sore strait."

He and his officers kneeled on the quarter-deck. When they rose, Dodd stood rapt about a minute ; his great thoughtful eye saw no more the enemy, the sea, nor anything external ; it was turned inward. His officers looked at him in silence.

"Sharpe," said he at last, "there *must* be a way out of them both with such a breeze as this is now ; if we could but see it."

"Ay, *if*," groaned Sharpe.

Dodd mused again.

"About ship !" said he, softly like an absent man.

"Ay ay, sir."

"Steer due north !" said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere.

While the ship was coming about, he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to ensure co-operation in the delicate and dangerous manœuvres that were sure to be at hand.

Captain Dodd was now standing north : one pirate lay on his lee-beam stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck clear of his broken mast and yards. The other, fresh and thirsting for the easy prey, was coming rapidly up.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate gave the ship a broadside, well aimed, but not destructive, the guns being loaded with ball.

Dodd, instead of replying immediately, put his helm hard up and ran under the pirate's stern, and with his five eighteen-pounders raked him fore and aft, then gave him three carronades crammed with grape and canister; the rapid discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke; loud shrieks and groans were heard from the schooner; the smoke cleared; the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jib-boom was cut off and the sail struggling; his foresail looked lace, and many of his crew had been struck down on his deck. Dodd squared his yards and bore away.

The ship rushed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered and all abroad. But not for long; the pirate fired his bow-chasers at the now flying *Agra*, split one of the carronades in two, and made a hole in the foresail; this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, and came after the flying ship, firing his bow-chasers. The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway. The great patient ship ran environed by her foes, one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her—but no reply. Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened: the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward, of the *Agra*, had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant

captain they had lashed, and bullied, and tortured, was a patient, but tremendous man. It was not only to rake the fresh schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring, master-stroke to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other. Without a foresail she could never get out of the way. The pirate crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and yells, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail; while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by an heroic, able villain. Astern the consort thundered; but the *Agra's* response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside, just as they would have steered her into a British harbor.

"Starboard!" said Dodd, in a deep calm voice with a motion of his hand.

"Starboard it is!"

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

"Port!" said Dodd quietly.

"Port it is."

But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot and struck down one of the men at the helm.

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck, and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel from which his mate had fallen.

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant, *she seemed to know*: she reared her lofty figure-head with great awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout, it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the *Agra's* heels just then scourged her deck with grape.

"Port!" said Dodd calmly.

"Port it is."

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail; it flapped; oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her; the Papuans, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered; the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one color now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasps' stings. Crash! the Indiaman's cut-water in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside; down went her masts to leeward like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible shrieking yell; wild

forms leaped off on the *Agra*, and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck—a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of engulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel—and the fearful majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awe-struck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places, the head and the breast!

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe and others rushed to catch him; but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.

They got to the wounded captain and raised him. He revived a little and, the moment he caught sight of Mr. Sharpe, he clutched him, and cried: "Make sail!"

"Oh, Captain," said Sharpe, "let the ship go; it is you we are anxious for now."

At this Dodd lifted up his hands and beat the air impatiently, and cried again in the thin, querulous voice of a wounded man, but eagerly: "Make sail!"

On this, Sharpe gave the command.

While the unwounded hands swarmed into the rigging, the surgeon came aft in all haste, but Dodd declined him till all his men should have been looked to; meantime he had himself carried to the poop, and laid on a mattress, his bleeding head bound tight

with a wet handkerchief, and his pale face turned towards the hostile schooner astern. She had hove to and was picking up the survivors of her blotted-out consort. The group on the *Agra's* quarter-deck wanted her to see what she would do next; flushed with immediate success, the younger officers crowded their ears she would not be game to attack them again; but their fear of the other way: he said, in a weak voice, "I wish he was now reduced: 'They are taking a wet blanket aboard, that crew of ruffians we swamped won't worry any more of us: it all depends on the pirate captain; if he is not drowned, then blow wind, rise sea, or there's trouble ahead' for us."

As soon as the schooner had picked up the last swimmer, she hoisted foresail, mainsail, and jib, with admirable rapidity, and bore down in chase.

The *Agra* had meantime, got a start of more than a mile, and was now running before a stiff breeze, with studding sails aloft and aloft.

In an hour the vessels ran nearly twelve miles, and the pirate had gained half a mile.

At the end of the next hour they were out of sight of land; wind and sea rising, and the pirate only a quarter of a mile astern.

The schooner was now rising and falling on the waves; the ship only nodding, and firm as a rock.

"Blow wind, rise sea!" faltered Dodd.

Another half-hour passed without perceptibly altering the position of the vessels. Then, suddenly, the wounded captain laid aside his glass, after a long examination, and rose unaided to his feet in great excitement, and found his manly voice for a moment; he shook his fist at the now pitching schooner, and

roared: "Good-bye! ye Portuguese lubber; out-fought—out-mancœvred—and out-sailed!"

It was a burst of exultation rare for him; he paid for it by sinking faint and helpless into his friend's arms; and the surgeon, returning soon after, insisted on his being taken to his cabin, and kept quite quiet.

As they were carrying him below, the pirate captain made the same discovery, that the ship was gaining on him; he hauled to the wind directly, and abandoned the chase.

—CHARLES READE.

From "Hard Cash."

THE WATER-LILY

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fibre and dull of hue,
With naught of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near
Saw only the vulgar stem.
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water snake with his lidless eye,—
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honeybee,
The sun and sky and air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
 To sordid life tied down,
 May bloom to heaven, and no man know,
 Seeing the coarse, vile stem below,
 How God hath seen the crown.

—JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

*By kind permission of the
 author.*

THE THREE KINGS

Three kings came riding from far away,
 Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar ;
 Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
 And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
 For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.
 The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
 That all the other stars of the sky
 Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
 And by this they knew that the coming was near
 Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.
 Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
 Three caskets of gold with golden keys ;
 Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
 Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
 Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.
 And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
 Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
 And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
 And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
 With the people they met at some wayside well.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;
And said, " Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away ; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn ;
* Yes, it stopped,—it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the
guar^l,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were
barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet ;
Their gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

--HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE STAGE COACH

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies ; and hares hung dangling their

long ears about the coachman's box,—presents from distant friends for the impending feast.

I had three fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue.

They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sister by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the whole world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and

business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer-time a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole, the present, most probably, of some enamored country lass.

His waistcoat is commonly of some bright color, striped; and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half-way up his legs. All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass.

The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler; his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust in

the pockets of his greatcoat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness.

Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of battenning on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and, above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn sounded at the entrance of a village produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them.

In the meantime, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public-house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped love-letter from some rustic admirer.

As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side

of fresh country faces, and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled groups of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation.

The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the men round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, laboring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

I was roused from a fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach-windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them: he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body

for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest ; all wanted to mount at once ; and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last ; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands ; both talking at once, and overpowering him by questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated : for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach-window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

How beautiful is night !

A dew freshness fills the silent air ;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven ;

In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night !
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home ;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor ;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He paused for naught
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars, his only thought,—
The air how cold and calm and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

Oh, strange indifference ! low and high
 Drownsed over common joys and cares ;
 The earth was still—but knew not why ;
 The world was listening unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world forever !
 To that still moment none would heed
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night :
 A thousand bells ring out and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness—charmed and holy now !
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given ;
 For in that stable lay, newborn,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

—ALFRED DOMETT.

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 publishers.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
 The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
 The arch enchanter's wand !—itself a nothing
 But taking sorcery from the master's hand
 To paralyze the Cæsars and to strike
 The loud earth breathless ! Take away the sword—
 States can be saved without it.

THREE SCENES IN TYROL

THE RESCUE

You are standing on a narrow, thread-like road, which has barely room to draw itself along between the rocky bank of the River Inn, and the base of a frowning buttress of the Solstein, which towers many hundred feet perpendicularly above you. You throw your head far back and look up; and there you have a vision of a plumed hunter, lofty and chivalrous in his bearing, who is bounding heedlessly on after a chamois to the very verge of a precipice. Mark!—he loses his footing—he rolls helplessly from rock to rock! There is a pause in his headlong course. What is it that arrests him? Ah! he puts forth his mighty strength, and clings, hand and foot, with the grip of despair, to a narrow ledge of rock, and there he hangs over the abyss! It is the Emperor Maximilian! The Abbot of Wiltau comes forth from his cell, sees an imperial destiny suspended between heaven and earth, and, crossing himself with awe, bids prayers to be put up for the welfare of a passing soul. Hark! there is a wild cry ringing through the upper air! Ha! Zyps of Zirl, thou hunted and hunting outlaw, art thou out upon the heights at this fearful moment? Watch the hardy mountaineer! He binds his *crampons* on his feet—he is making his perilous way towards his failing Emperor;—now bounding like a hunted chamois; now creeping like an insect; now clinging like a root of ivy; now dropping like a squirrel;—he reaches the fainting monarch just as he relaxes his grasp on the jutting rock. Courage, Kaiser!—there is a hunter's

hand for thee, a hunter's iron-shod foot to guide thee to safety. Look! They'clamber up the face of the rock, on points and ledges where scarce the small hoof of the chamois might find a hold; and the peasant-folk still maintain that an angel came down to their master's rescue. We will, however, refer the marvellous escape to the interposing hand of a pitying Providence. Zyps, the outlaw, becomes Count Hallooer von Hohenfelsen—"Lord of the wild cry of the lofty rock;" and in the old pension-list of the proud house of Hapsburg may still be seen an entry to this effect: that sixteen florins were paid annually to one "Zyps of Zirl." As you look up from the base of the Martinswand, you may, with pains, distinguish a cross, which has been planted on the narrow ledge where the Emperor was rescued by the outlaw.

THE RUN

There is another vision, an imperial one also. The night is dark and wild. Gusty winds come howling down from the mountain passes, driving sheets of blinding rain before them, and whirling them round in hissing eddies. At intervals the clouds are rent asunder, and the moon takes a hurried look at the world below. What does she see? and what can *we* hear? for there are other sounds stirring beside the ravings of the tempest, in that wild cleft of the mountains, which guard Innsbruck, on the Carinthian side. There is a hurried tramp of feet, a crowding and crushing up through the steep and narrow gorge, a mutter of suppressed voices, a fitful glancing of torches, which now flare up bravely enough, now wither in a moment before the derisive laugh of the

storm. At the head of the mêlée there is a litter borne on the shoulders of a set of sure-footed hunters of the hills; and around this litter is clustered a moving constellation of lamps, which are anxiously shielded from the rude wrath of the tempest. A group of stately figures, wrapped in rich military cloaks, with helms glistening in the torchlight, and plumes streaming on the wind, struggle onward beside the litter. And who is this reclining there, his teeth firmly set to imprison the stifled groan of physical anguish? He is but fifty-three years of age, but the lines of premature decay are ploughed deep along brow and cheek, while his yellow locks are silvered and crisped with care. Who can mistake that full, expansive forehead, that aquiline nose, that cold, stern blue eye, and that heavy, obstinate Austrian under-lip, for other than those of the mighty Emperor Charles V.? And can this suffering invalid, flying from foes who are almost on the heels of his attendants, jolted over craggy passes in midnight darkness, buffeted by the tempest, and withered by the sneer of adverse fortune—*can* this be the Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Lord of the Netherland, of Naples, of Lombardy, and proud chief of the golden Western World? Yes, Charles, thou art reading a stern lesson by that fitful torch-light; but thy strong will is yet unbent, and thy stern nature yet unsoftened. And who is the swift "avenger of blood" who is following close as a sleuth-hound on thy track? It is Maurice of Saxony—a match for thee in boldness of daring, and in strength of will. But Charles wins the midnight race; and yet, instead of bowing before Him whose "long-suffering would lead to repentance," he ascribes his escape to the "star of Austria," ever in

the ascendant, and mutters his favorite saying, "Myself, and the lucky moment."

THE RUIN

One more scene: it is the year 1809. Bonaparte has decreed in the secret council chamber, where his own will is his sole adviser, that Tyrol shall be cleared of its troublesome nest of warrior-hunters. Ten thousand French and Bavarian soldiers have penetrated as far as the Upper Innthal, and are boldly pushing on towards Prutz. But the mountain-walls of this profound valley are closing gloomily together, as if they would forbid even the indignant river to force its wild way betwixt them. Is there a path through the frowning gorge other than that rocky way which is fiercely held by the torrent? Yes, there is a narrow road, painfully grooved by the hand of man out of the mountain-side, now running along like a gallery, now drooping down to the brink of the stream. But the glittering array winds on. There is the heavy tread of the foot soldiers, the tramping of the horse, the dull rumble of the guns, the waving and flapping of the colors, and the angry remonstrance of the Inn. But all else is still as a midnight sleep, except indeed when the eagles of the crag, startled from their eyries, raise their shrill cry as they spread their living wings above the gilded eagles of France. Suddenly a voice is heard far up amid the mists of the heights—not the eagle's cry this time—not the freak of a wayward echo—but human words, which say "*Shall we begin?*" Silence! It is a host that holds its breath and listens. Was it a spirit of the upper air

parleying with its kind? If so, it has its answer countersigned across the dark gulf. "*Noch nicht!*" — "*Not yet!*" The whole invading army pause there is a wavering and writhing in the glittering serpent-length of that mighty force which is helplessly uncoiled along the base of the mountain. But hark! the voice of the hills is heard again, and it says: "*Now!*" *Now*, then, descends the wild avalanche of destruction, and all is tumult, dismay, and death. The very crags of the mountain-side, loosened in preparation, come bounding, thundering down. Trunks and roots of pine-trees, gathering speed on their headlong way, are launched down upon the powerless foe, mingled with the deadly hail of the Tyrolese rifles. And this fearful storm descends along the whole line at once. No marvel that two-thirds of all that brilliant invading army are crushed to death along the grooved pathway, or are tumbled, horse and man, into the choked and swollen river. Enough of horrors! Who would willingly linger on the hideous details of such a scene? Sorrowful that man should come, with his evil ambitions and his fierce revenges, to stain and to spoil such wonders of beauty as the hand of the Creator has here moulded. Sorrowful that man, in league with the Serpent, should writhe into such scenes as these, and poison them with the virus of sin.

—TITAN.

Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart ; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend that cometh of hearty counsel. Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.

—SOLOMON.

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS

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
 wi' 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 onward push'd the Cavaliers all stern and un-
dismay'd,

With thousand armèd 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 armèd foe-
men 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 aged
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 ven-
turous 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 else-
where ?
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,

WHERE DO THE BIRDS SLEEP? 177

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.

WHERE DO THE BIRDS SLEEP?

A storm had been raging from the north-east all day. Towards evening the wind strengthened to a gale, and the fine, icy snow swirled and drifted over the frozen fields.

I lay a long time listening to the wild symphony of the winds, thankful for the roof over my head, and wondering how the hungry, homeless creatures out of doors would pass the night. Where do the birds sleep such nights as this? Where in this bitter cold, this darkness and storm, will they make their beds? The lark that broke from the snow at my feet as I crossed the pasture this afternoon—where will it sleep to-night?

The storm grew fiercer; the wind roared through the big pines by the side of the house and swept hoarsely on across the fields; the pines shivered and groaned and their long limbs scraped over the shingles above me as if feeling with frozen fingers for a way in; the windows rattled, the cracks and corners of the old farm-house shrieked, and a long, thin line of snow sited in from beneath the window across the garret floor.

I fancied these sounds of the storm were the voices of freezing birds, crying to be taken in from the cold. Once I thought I heard a thud against the window, a sound heavier than the rattle of the snow. Something seemed to be beating the glass. It might be a bird. I got out of bed to look; but there was only the ghostly face of the snow pressed against the panes, half-way to the window's top. I imagined that I heard the thud again; but while listening, fell asleep and dreamed that my window was frozen fast, and that all the birds in the world were knocking at it, trying to get in out of the night and storm.

The fields lay pure and white and flooded with sunshine when I awoke. Jumping out of bed, I ran to the window, and saw a dark object on the sill outside. I raised the sash, and there, close against the glass, were two quails—frozen stiff in the snow. It was they I heard the night before fluttering at the window. The ground had been covered deep with snow for several days, and at last, driven by hunger and cold from the fields, they saw my light, and sought shelter from the storm and a bed for the night with me.

—DALLAS LORE SHARP.

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Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
evil side;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST

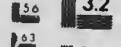
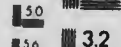
And now let us turn our glance to this great North-West, whither my wandering steps are about to lead me. Fully nine hundred miles as bird would fly, and one thousand two hundred as horse can travel, west of Red River, an immense range of mountains eternally capped with snow rises in rugged masses from a vast stream-scarred plain. They who first beheld these grand guardians of the central prairies named them the *Montagnes des Pochers* (Rocky Mountains),—a fitting title for such vast accumulations of rugged magnificence. From the glaciers and ice-valleys of this great range of mountains, innumerable streams descend into the plains. For a time they wander, as if heedless of direction, through groves and glades and green-spreading declivities; then, assuming greater fixity of purpose, they gather up many a wandering rill and start eastward upon a long journey. At length the many detached streams resolve themselves into two great water systems. Through hundreds of miles these two rivers pursue their parallel courses, now approaching, now opening out from each other.

Suddenly the southern river bends towards the north, and, at a point some six hundred miles from the mountains, pours its volume of water into the northern channel. Then the united river rolls, in vast, majestic curves, steadily towards the north-east, turns once more towards the south, opens out into a great reed-covered marsh, sweeps on into a large cedar-lined lake, and finally, rolling over a rocky ledge, casts its waters



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into the northern end of the great Lake Winnipeg, fully one thousand three hundred miles from the glacier cradle where it took its birth. This river, which has along it every diversity of hill and vale, meadow-land and forest, treeless plain and fertile hillside, is called by the wild tribes who dwell along its glorious shores, the Saskatchewan or "rapid-flowing river." But this Saskatchewan is not the only river which drains the great central region between Red River and the Rocky Mountains. The Assiniboine or "stony river," drains the rolling prairie-lands five hundred miles west from Red River; and many a smaller stream, and rushing, bubbling brook, carries into its devious channel the waters of that vast country which lies between the American boundary line and the pine woods of the Lower Saskatchewan.

So much for the rivers; and now for the land through which they flow. How shall we picture it? how shall we tell the story of that great boundless, solitary waste of verdure? The old, old maps, which the navigators of the sixteenth century formed from the discoveries of Cabot and Cartier, of Verrazano and Hudson, played strange pranks with the geography of the New World. The coast-line, with the estuaries of large rivers, was tolerably accurate; but the centre of America was represented as a vast inland sea, whose shores stretched far into the Polar North—a sea through which lay the much coveted passage to the long-sought treasures of the old realms of Cathay. Well, the geographers of that period erred only in the description of ocean which they placed in the centre of the continent; for an ocean there is—an ocean through which men seek the treasures of Cathay even

in our own times. But the ocean is one of grass, and the shores are the crests of mountain ranges and the dark pine forests of sub-Arctic regions.

The great ocean itself does not present such infinite variety as does this prairie-ocean of which we speak :— in winter, a dazzling surface of purest snow ; in early summer, a vast expanse of grass and pale pink roses ; in autumn, too often a wild sea of raging fire ! No ocean of water in the world can vie with its gorgeous sunsets ; no solitude can equal the loneliness of a night-shadowed prairie : one feels the stillness, and hears the silence : the wail of the prowling wolf makes the voice of solitude audible ; the stars look down through infinite silence upon a silence almost as intense. This ocean has no past ;—time has been naught to it, and men have come and gone, leaving behind them no track, no vestige of their presence. Some French writer, speaking of these prairies, has said that the sense of this utter negation of life, this complete absence of history, has struck him with a loneliness, oppressive and sometimes terrible in its intensity. Perhaps so, but, for my part, the prairies had nothing terrible in their aspect, nothing oppressive in their loneliness. One saw here the world, as it had taken shape and form from the hands of the Creator. Nor did the scene look less beautiful because nature alone tilled the earth, and the unaided sun brought forth the flowers.

October had reached its latest week ; the wild geese and swans had taken their long flight to the south, and their wailing cry no more descended through the darkness ; ice had settled upon the quiet pools and was settling upon the quick-running streams ; the horizon

glowed at night with the red light of moving prairie fires. It was the close of the Indian Summer, and Winter was coming quickly down from his far northern home.

—SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS BUTLER.

From "The Great Lone Land."

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 endeavor ;
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 labor,
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.

ENGLAND SEVEN CENTURIES AGO

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude.

Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discolored light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The elder of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket

with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged.

This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander.

To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was struck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighborhood, and bore even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle.

The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red color, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue.

One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: "Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swine-herd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colors.

To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription: "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

This personage had the same sort of sandals as his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was

red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other ; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned nightcap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar.

It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached ; which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a srip attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to intrust with edge-tools.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanor. That of the serf, or bondsman, was sad and sullen ; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance.

The looks of Wamba, on the other hand indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, and fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependants of the great fœdal nobles.

But to give their conversation in the original would convey but little information to the modern reader, for whose benefit we beg to offer the following translation :

"The curse of St. Withold upon these porkers !" said the swine-herd, after blowing his horn obstreperously, to collect together the scattered herd of swine, which, answering his call with notes equally melodious, made, however, no haste to remove themselves from the luxurious banquet of beech-mast and acorns on which they had fattened, or to forsake the marshy banks of the rivulet, where several of them, half plunged in mud, lay stretched at their ease, altogether regardless of the voice of their keeper.

"The curse of St. Withold upon them and upon me !" said Gurth ; " if the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man. Here, Fangs ! Fangs !" he ejaculated at the top of his voice to a ragged wolfish-looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, which ran limping about as if with the purpose of seconding his master in collecting the refractory grunters ; but which, in fact, from misapprehension of the swine-herd's signals, ignorance of his own duty, or malice prepense, only

drove them hither and thither, and increased the evil which he seemed to design to remedy.

"A mischief draw the teeth of him," said Gurth, "and the mothe, of mischief confound the Ranger of the forest, that cuts the foreclaws of our dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade! Wamba, up and help me, an thou beest a man; take a turn round the back o' the hill to gain the wind on them; and when thou'st got the weathergage, thou mayst drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs."

"Truly," said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, "I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort!" quoth Gurth; "expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the Jester. "But how call you the sow, when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels, like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swine-herd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that too," said Wamba; "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French, and so, when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles. What dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone; "there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speakest but sad truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board; the best and bravest supply our foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either the will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon.—Here, here," he exclaimed again, raising his voice, "so ho! so ho! well done Fangs! thou hast them all before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely, lad."

Gurth had now got his herd before him, and, catching up a long quarterstaff which lay upon the grass beside him, with the aid of Fangs he drove them down one of the long dim vistas which we have endeavored to describe. And Wamba accompanied his companion.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne:
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he;

"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?

For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;

"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

"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.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
Heaven help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the countryman said;
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

HAROLD'S SPEECH TO HIS ARMY 193

" I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HAROLD'S SPEECH TO HIS ARMY

" This day, O friends and Englishmen, sons of our common land—this day ye fight for liberty. The count of the Normans hath, I know, a mighty army ; I disguise not its strength. That army he hath collected together by promising to each man a share in the spoils of England. Already, in his court and his camp, he hath parcelled out the lands of this kingdom ; and fierce are the robbers who fight for the hope of plunder ! But he cannot offer to his greatest chief boons nobler than those I offer to my meanest freeman—liberty, and right, and law, in the soil of his fathers !

" Ye have heard of the miseries endured in the old time under the Dane, but they were slight indeed to those which ye may expect from the Norman. The Dane was kindred to us in language and in law, and who now can tell Saxon from Dane ? But yon men would rule ye in a language ye know not, by a law that claims the crown as the right of the sword, and divides the land among the hirelings of an army. Outscourings of all nations, they come against you ! Ye fight as brothers under the eyes of your fathers and chosen chiefs ; ye fight for the children ye would

guard from eternal bondage ; ye fight for the altars which yon banner now darkens ! Let no man dream of retreat ; every inch of ground that ye yield is the soil of your native land. For me, on this field I peril all. Think that mine eye is upon you wherever ye are. If a line waver or shrink, ye shall hear in the midst the voice of your king. Hold fast to your ranks. Remember, such amongst you as fought with me against Hardrada,—remember that it was not till the Norsemen lost, by rash sallies, their serried array, that our arms prevailed against them. Be warned by their fatal error, break not the form of the battle ; and I tell you on the faith of a soldier who never yet hath left field without victory,—that ye cannot be beaten. While I speak, the winds swell the sails of the Norse ships, bearing home the corpse of Hardrada. Accomplish this day the last triumph of England ; add to these hills a new mount of the conquered dead ! And when, in far times and strange lands, scald and scop shall praise the brave man for some valiant deed wrought in some holy cause, they shall say : ‘ He was brave as those who fought by the side of Harold, and swept from the sword of England the hosts of the haughty Norman.’ ”

—LORD LYTTON.

Britain’s myriad voices call
“ Sons be welded each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul !
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne ! ”
Britons, hold your own !

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

CROSSING THE ST. LAWRENCE

The traveller of to-day who crosses the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Levis, during the winter season, comfortably seated between decks in the powerful screw steamers which occupy only a few minutes in passing from shore to shore, forcing their way through the drifting floes, untroubled by mist or wind-driven snow, can have but a faint idea of what crossing, in the old days, really meant.

The trip was made in heavy canoes, or dugouts, formed of two large trunks solidly joined by a wide and flat keel of polished oak, turned up at both ends, so that the craft could be used as a sledge when needed. The captain sat astern, on a small platform where he commanded the manœuvring, steering with a special paddle; while, at the bow, sometimes standing right on the *pince*—the slender projection of the prow—another fearless fellow explored the passes and watched the false openings. In front of the pilot, a certain space was reserved for the passengers who lay on the flat bottom, wrapped up and covered with buffalo robes, and perfectly protected from the cold, but with hardly the power of moving. The rest of the canoe was crossed with thin planks, equally spaced, which not only strengthened the craft, but also served as seats for the men, who paddled in time, encouraging themselves with voice and gesture.

It was a hard calling; and, as the Canadian winters of those times were much more severe than those of ours, it was sometimes a dangerous one.

Every launching of the canoe—that is, every start

from the shore—gave a thrill to the sturdiest. Down from the top of the batture—(the icy rampart built along the beach by the rising and falling of the tide, and the constant grinding and breaking of the drifting floes)—down from the top of the batture into the dark and whirling waters, the crew hurriedly jumped on board in a desperate entanglement of hands, legs, and arms. It was a matter of a few seconds only, but every heart stood still until the flying start was accomplished.

Enormous lumps of greenish ice block the way: quick! go for them! There they are! Down with the paddle, shoulder the rope, and, forward again on the frozen surface of the river. Farther on, great masses are crammed and heaped up one upon the other. The passage seems impracticable. No matter, hoist up the canoe, and forward once more over the obstacle! A crevice opens before us; it is an abyss perhaps . . . Never mind, drive on at all hazards! The water now freezes and sticks to the sides of the canoe, impeding our advance; not a moment to lose: roll in! roll in, boys! . . . And we are off again!

Now it is different; everything gives way all around. It is no longer water; it is no longer ice. Paddling is impossible; no point of support to heave upon; prisoners in the melting snow and the dissolving ice! . . . Courage, boys! . . . Away, away, all together! . . . Forward, anyhow! . . .

And the struggle might go on for hours, sometimes even for the whole day.

Oh, yes, it was a hard calling, indeed!

—LOUIS FRECHETTE.

*From "Christmas in Canada" by permission
of Morang & Co., Ltd.*

“LAID IN RIGHTEOUSNESS.”

As to-day we look out on the Empire which our fathers bequeathed us, taking it all in all, it stands for righteousness as no other on earth. It stands for the freedom of the soul and the freedom of the body all over the world.

No work ever done for the elevation of humanity can compare with that wrought in India by our race for the uplift of humanity ; and it is the same wherever the standard of Britain waves. In our own day we have seen in Egypt a whole race rising out of the mud and clothed anew in the garments of self-respect. Through Africa, wherever the sway of Britain extends, though yesterday the land reeked with blood, to-day mercy and kindness are healing the woes of men, and millions who knew not when death lurked for them in the bush now sleep in peace under the palms. It was the might of Britain that destroyed the slave trade, and it is nothing except the might of Britain which prevents the slave raider resuming his nefarious traffic, and slavery under the guise of other names being imposed on the natives of Africa. Wherever you go, to the tropics or the Orient, there the great power for righteousness is the British Empire. It does not exploit inferior races for gold ; it is the trustee of the helpless native.

When one thinks of these little islands floating in the western sea, of the power that has gone forth from them to heal and bless, of the vast multitudes to whom the King-Emperor is the symbol of justice and security—his is a poor heart which cannot feel the thrill of gratitude for citizenship in an Empire girdling the whole earth, whose foundations are thus laid in righteousness.

—NORMAN MACLEAN.

From "The Great Discovery" by kind permission of the publishers, James Maclehose and Sons.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles*" ;
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer
meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne !"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.
When he awoke, it was already night,
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and
faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

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

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.

From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ? "
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered with unruffled brow,
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester ; thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! "
Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,

His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

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

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast,
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,

" Art thou the King ? " the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, " I am, I am the King ! "

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,

Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
" I am the King ! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother King of Sicily !
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me ? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin ? "
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene ;
The Emperor, laughing, said, " It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court ! "
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

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

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence to the sea.

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

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

DILAWUR KHAN.

The story of Dilawur Khan, subadar of the Guides is one which kindles many a kindly memory of the rough brave fellows who, under a sprinkling of English officers, upheld British supremacy on the North-West Frontier of India in the early 'fifties.

When Lumsden was raising the Guides he looked about for men "who," as he expressed it, "were accustomed to look after themselves and who were not easily taken aback by any sudden emergency" —men born and bred to the sword, who had faced death a hundred times from childhood upwards, and who had thus instinctively learned to be alert, brave, and self-reliant. To these hardy warriors Lumsden explained the simple doctrine that "they were enlisted for three years, had to do what they were bid, and would receive a certain fixed salary every month for their trouble."

Soldiers of fortune, and dashing, young fellows, from all the countryside flocked to his standard, and so popular was the corps that there were sometimes as many as thirty of these receiving no pay, and maintaining themselves and their horses, while awaiting a vacancy. And great indeed was the excitement when Lumsden, in his bluff, breezy way, would say: "Well, here is a vacancy, and I do not for the life of me know which of you to give it to. Come along down to the rifle range, and shoot it off amongst yourselves; the best shot gets the vacancy." And off they would go to the range, with all their friends and relations to the fifth generation, and all the partizans in the corps of each competitor: shooting for the King's Prize at Bisley is a flat and tame pro-

ceeding in comparison with this. And as each shot was fired the friends of the competitor would yell: "Bravo! Well shot! Another bull's eye! You will win for certain." While rival interests would with equal emphasis discredit the performance: "This bull's eye was certainly an accident. He will miss next time. Bravo! Let us not lose heart!"

The demeanor of the winner on such occasions would make a Master in Lunacy look grave. The happy young fellow would jump into the air, yelling and pirouetting, brandishing a sword, and at frequent intervals letting off a gun, nominally into the air, while most of his friends did likewise, embracing and congratulating him in the intervals. Without taking a seat amongst the Scribes and Pharisees, it is perhaps permissible to notice that such a scene as this is in curious contrast to that to be seen in any German country town when lots are being drawn for conscription. There the youth, who by drawing a lucky number escapes serving his country, is congratulated, fêted, and led in procession round the streets.

One hard and fast rule, however, Lumsden made. He would take no low caste men; he would have naught to say to the washermen, sweepers, and fiddlers of the village; he would take only the highest, which in this land is the fighting caste. His argument was one which still holds good. It is not in reason to expect the classes which for hundreds of years have been hewers of wood and drawers of water, and for hundreds of years have been accustomed to receive the cuffs and kicks of their village superiors, to face readily the fighting classes in the day of battle. The prestige of the soldier would be wanting to them, and prestige counts for as much in the East as elsewhere. Yet holding these views, a brave man was a brave

man to Lumsden, be his birth or caste what it might be. Most English-speaking people have read Rudyard Kipling's poem about Gunga Din the *bhisti* or water-carrier, who by the unanimous verdict of the soldiers was voted the bravest man in the battle. Whether Rudyard Kipling got that incident from the Guides, or not, his poem does not show, but there it actually occurred. The name of the *bhisti* was Juma, and so gallantly did he behave in action at Delhi, calmly carrying water to the wounded and dying under the most tremendous fire, that the soldiers themselves said: "This man is the bravest of the brave, for without arms or protection of any sort he is in the foremost line; if any one deserves the star for valor this man does." And so the highest distinction open to an Indian soldier was bestowed on Juma the *bhisti*; and further, the soldiers petitioned that he should be enlisted and serve in the ranks as a soldier, and no longer be menially employed. Nor was this all: in spite of his low birth, in a country where birth is everything, he rose step by step to be a native officer; and then to crown his glory, in the Afghan War he again won the star for valor, and the clasp which that great distinction carries.

At this time it so happened that the most notorious highwayman and outlaw in the whole of Yusafzai was one Dilawur Khan, a Khuttuk of good family belonging to the village of Jehangira, on the Kabul River near its junction with the Indus. Brought up to the priesthood, his wild and impetuous nature and love of adventure could not brook a life of sedentary ease, and therefore, like many a spirited young fellow, both before and since, he "took to the road." In his case the step was taken, if not actually with the sanction and blessing of his Church, at any rate with

its unofficial consent. For in those days the Sikhs held by force the country of the Faithful, and Hindus fattened on its trade. And it was no great sin, indeed, an active merit, that sons of the Prophet, sword in hand, should spoil the Egyptian, by night or by day, as provided for by Allah.

To recount all the adventures of Dilawur would fill a book, and require a Munchausen to write it; but there was about them all a touch of humor, and sometimes of almost boyish fun, accompanied often by the rough courtesies of the gentlemen of the road, which reminds one of Dick Turpin and other famous exponents of the profession on the highways of England.

Now it so happened that it was at this time one of Lumsden's duties to hunt down and capture Dilawur, who for just and sufficient cause was now an outlaw, with a price on his head of no less than two thousand rupees. Many a time and oft did Lumsden and his men plan and strive, and ride and hide, but no nearer could they get to the capture of Dilawur.

Sitting one evening outside his tent, after yet another unsuccessful attempt, it suddenly occurred to Lumsden that Dilawur must have an astonishingly intimate knowledge of every path, nullah, and pass in the district thus to evade capture, as well as a remarkably efficient intelligence department, to give him timely warning. "Just the man for the Guides," exclaimed Lumsden. "I'll send for him." A polite note was accordingly written inviting Dilawur Khan to come into the Guides' camp, at any time and place that fitted in with his other, and doubtless more important engagements, "to talk matters over." At the same time a free passport was sent which would allow of his reaching the camp unmolested. It speaks volumes for the high estimate which British integrity

had already earned amongst these rough borderland people, that a man with two thousand rupees on his head could accept such an invitation. For the same man to have accepted a similar invitation from the Sikhs, or even from his own countrymen, would have been an act of aimless suicide.

One fine day, therefore, Dilawur strolled into camp, and he and Lumsden began "to talk matters over." After compliments, as the Eastern saying is, Lumsden with much heartiness, and in that free and easy manner which was his own, took Dilawur with the utmost candor into his confidence.

"Look here, Dilawur," said he, "you are a fine fellow, and are living a fine free life of adventure, and I daresay are making a fairly good thing out of it. So far, although I have done my best, I have failed to catch you, but catch you I assuredly shall some day. And what do you suppose I shall do with you when I do catch you? Why, hang you as high as Haman—a gentleman whose history appears in our Good Book. Now, that is a poor ending for a fine soldier like you, and I will make you an offer, take it or leave it. I will enlist you, and as many of your men as come up to my standard, in the Guides, and with decent luck you will soon be a native officer, with good fixed pay, and a pension for your old age, and meanwhile, as much fighting as the greatest glutton can wish for. Well, what do you say?"

Dilawur Khan first stared, thunderstruck at the novelty and unexpectedness of the offer; and then, tickled with the comical side of it, burst into a roar of laughter. It was one of the very best jokes he had ever heard. He, an outlaw, with a price on his head, his sins forgiven, enlisted in the Guides, with the prospect of becoming a native officer! "No,

no," he exclaimed, "that won't do," and, still shaking with laughter, rose to take his leave. And as he walked away he was followed by the hearty and genial voice of Lumsden roaring after him: "Mind, I shall catch you some day, Dilawur, and then I shall hang you, as sure as my name is Lumsden!"

Lumsden, having many other matters on hand, thought nothing more about the matter, till, much to his surprise, one day six weeks later, who should walk calmly into his camp, without passport or safe conduct, or anything save serene confidence in the British officer, but Dilawur Khan.

"I have been thinking of what you said," he began, "and I have come to enlist, and as many of my band as you care to take."

"That's right," said Lumsden, with great affability. "I thought you were a sensible fellow, as well as a brave one. I will take you."

"I have, however, one condition to make," solemnly continued the outlaw.

"Well, what's that?" asked Lumsden, thinking that he was going to drive some desperate bargain.

"I will enlist on one condition," replied Dilawur, "and that is, I must be let off doing the goose-step. I really cannot stand about on one leg, a laughing-stock amongst a lot of recruits."

"Oh, nonsense," laughed Lumsden; "you will have to begin at the beginning, like everyone else. The goose-step is one of the foundations of the British Empire. If a king came into the army he would have to do it. Why, I had to do goose-step myself! Of course you will have to do it."

So with much good-humored laughing and chaffing Dilawur Khan enlisted; and for weeks after one of the sights of Yusafzai, which notable chiefs rode

many a mile to see, was the dreaded Dilawur, the terror of the Border, peacefully balancing himself on one leg, under the careful tuition of a drill-sergeant of the Guides.

Long years afterwards, when he had reached the highest rank open to him, in one of his friendly talks with Lumsden, he said : " Yes, Sahib, when I enlisted I thought you were one of the most unsophisticated persons I had ever come across. All I enlisted for was to learn your tricks and strategy, and how British troops were trained, and how they made their arrangements for war. Directly I had learned these things I had intended walking off whence I came, to use my knowledge against my enemies. But by the kindness of God I soon learned what clean and straight people the English are, dealing fairly by all, and devoid of intrigue and underhand dealing. So I stopped on, and here I am, my beard growing white in the service of the Queen of England."

His early religious education had given Dilawur more than the average insight into the intricacies of Mahomedan doctrine, and being possessed of ready wit, and considerable ability in debate, he was ever anxious to enter into doctrinarian discussion with the priests.

During the Mutiny he did excellent service, making the famous march to Delhi with the Guides, and serving with them throughout the siege and storming of that place. He served also in the many skirmishes which occurred on the frontier during the next twelve years, getting what he had bargained for on joining, plenty of fighting. And then came that call of duty which asked of the staunch old warrior to lay down his life for foreign Queen whose good servant he was.

In 1869 the British Government wanted a man to

go on a special and important mission, a man of infinite resource, well educated, hardy and brave, for he would need to carry his life in his hands for many a long day and many a weary mile. The man selected was Dilawur Khan, and joyfully he undertook the risks and excitement of the service. With him went a comrade, Ahmed Jan, also of the Guides. The two set forth together, and after many hardships and adventures had reached the territory of the Mehtar of Chitral, and were nearing the completion of their task. Seated one day under a tree, making their midday halt and chatting with some fellow travellers, they were suddenly surrounded by the soldiers of the Mehtar and hurried back under close guard to Chitral. Seeing danger ahead Dilawur, before he was searched, managed to drop into the river certain documents and reports of a secret nature, which it was important should not fall into strange hands.

On arrival at Chitral he and his companions were thrown into prison, there to await the Mehtar's pleasure. When eventually they were brought before him, that chieftain, addressing Dilawur, asked, "Who are you and whence come you?" "I am the priest Dilawur," replied the prisoner, "on my way from Bokhara on a religious mission."

"No, you are not," replied the Mehtar; "you are Subadar Dilawur of the Guides, a heretic and an infidel."

"Quite true," answered Dilawur readily; "I was at one time a subadar of the Guides, but I have been many things in my time, and now I am a priest."

"I have reliable information," said the Mehtar, "that you are in the secret employment of the British Government."

"Go to," laughed Dilawur, "what next? I have a

proposal to make. If you doubt that I am a priest, and not an ignorant one, be pleased to call together all your most learned priests and I will discuss doctrine with them, till all are convinced."

"If you will confess and tell me the secrets of the Government," replied the Mehtar, "I will give you a handsome present and take you into my service."

"I have no secrets," said Dilawur, "and I beg of your Highness to allow me to proceed on my way. On my arrival at the camp of the Kaka Sahib near Nowshera I will make a special offering on behalf of your Highness, and extol your generosity."

But the Mehtar evidently had very accurate information regarding Dilawur, and it was the custom of the land to kill all strangers who could not account for themselves, and more especially those who had any connection with the dreaded English. For the Pathan saying is: "First comes one Englishman as a traveller or for hunting; then come two and make a map; then comes an army and takes the country. It is better therefore to kill the first Englishman." Dilawur was consequently sent back to prison, and a meeting of the priests decided that he should be stoned to death as an apostate. "It is the will of God," said this brahmin man when the news was brought to him, and prepared to meet his fate.

But not yet was his time fulfilled. For two months he and his travelling companion were kept in prison, probably to enable the Mehtar to correspond with his agents in Peshawur. The reply received was evidently not in favor of extreme measures, for the strong arm of the British was notoriously far-reaching and serious trouble might ensue if the subadar were killed. The Mehtar therefore decided to release the prisoners, and to give them such assistance as they needed in getting away.

On their way towards India the little party goes as far as the great range of mountains, some twenty-four thousand feet in height, which divide Chitral from Bajaur, and attempted to cross it by the Nuksan Pass, the Pass of Death. For four days and nights they struggled on, through the ever deepening snow and ever increasing cold. Dilawur Khan's comrade, Ahmed Jan, was the first to die; and then, on the fourth night, the brave old soldier himself gave out, and as he was dying he called to him one of the survivors and said: "Should any of you reach India alive, go to the Commissioner of Peshawar and say 'Dilawur Khan of the Guides is dead'; and say also that he died faithful to his salt, and happy to give up his life in the service of the Great Queen."

So he died, and the eternal snows cover as with a soft and kindly sheet the rugged soldier who knew no fear. The serene and majestic silence of the mountain is given to him whose life in the plain below had been one great and joyous fight from the cradle to the grave.

From "The Story of the Guides."

—G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND.

THE MOUNTED POLICE

In the little Crimson Manual it's written plain and clear,
That who would wear the scarlet coat shall say good-
bye to fear;
Shall be a guardian of the right, a sleuth-hound of
the trail;
In the little Crimson Manual there's no such word as
"fail."
It's duty, duty, first and last, the Crimson Manual saith;

The Scarlet Rider makes reply : " It's duty—to the death."

And so they sweep the solitudes, free men of all the earth ;
And so they sentinel the woods, the wilds that know
their worth ;

And so they scour the startled plains, and mock at
hurt and pain,

And read their Crimson Manual, and find their duty plain.
Knights of the lists of unrenow., born of the frontier's
need,

Disdainful of the spoken word, exultant in the deed ;
Unconscious heroes of the waste, proud players of the
game ;

Props of the power behind the throne, upholders of
the name ;

For thus the Great White Chief hath said : " In all
my lands be peace,"

And to maintain his word he gave his West the Scarlet
Police.

—ROBERT W. SERVICE.

*From " Ballads of a Cheechako," by
kind permission of William
Briggs, Toronto.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—

The venturous bark that flings

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread its lustrous coil ;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
 no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn !
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
 that sings :—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
 sea !

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

FRANZ ABT

Many years ago a young composer was sitting in a garden. All around bloomed beautiful roses, and through the gentle evening air the swallows flitted, twittering cheerily. The young composer neither saw the roses nor heard the evening music of the swallows; his heart was full of sadness and his eyes were bent wearily upon the earth before him.

"Why," said the young composer, with a sigh, "should I be doomed to all this bitter disappointment? Learning seems vain, patience is mocked,—fame is as far from me as ever."

The roses heard his complaint. They bent closer to him and whispered: "Listen to us,—listen to us." And the swallows heard him, too, and they flitted nearer him; and they, too, twittered: "Listen to us,—listen to us." But the young composer was in no mood to be beguiled by the whisperings of the roses and the twitterings of the birds; with a heavy heart and sighing bitterly he arose and went his way.

It came to pass that many times after that the young composer came at evening and sat in the garden where the roses bloomed and the swallows twittered; his heart was always full of disappointment, and often he cried out in anguish against the cruelty of fame that it came not to him. And each time the roses bent closer to him, and the swallows flew lower, and there in the garden the sweet flowers and the little birds cried: "Listen to us,—listen to us, and we will help you."

And one evening the young composer, hearing their

gent' pleadings, smiled sadly, and said: "Yes, I will listen to you. What have you to say, pretty roses?"

"Make your songs of us," whispered the roses,—
"make your songs of us."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the composer. "A song of the roses would be very strange indeed! No, sweet flowers,—it is fame I seek, and fame would scorn even the beauty of your blushes and the subtlety of your perfumes."

"You are wrong," twittered the swallows, flying lower. "You are wrong, foolish man. Make a song for the heart,—make a song of the swallows and the roses, and it will be sung forever, and your fame shall never die."

But the composer laughed louder than before; surely there never had been a stranger suggestion than that of the roses and the swallows! Still, in his chamber that night the composer thought of what the swallows had said, and in his dreams he seemed to hear the soft tones of the roses pleading with him. Yes: many times thereafter the composer recalled what the birds and flowers had said, but he never would ask them as he sat in the garden at evening how he could make the heart-song of which they chattered. And the summer sped swiftly by, and one evening when the composer came into the garden the roses were dead, and their leaves lay scattered on the ground. There were no swallows fluttering in the sky, and the nests under the eaves were deserted. Then the composer knew his little friends were beyond recall, and he was oppressed by a feeling of loneliness. The roses and the swallows had grown to be a solace to the

composer, had stolen into his heart all unawares,—now that they were gone, he was filled with sadness.

"I will do as they counselled," said he; "I will make a song of them,—a song of the swallows and the roses. I will forget my greed for fame, while I write in memory of my little friends."

Then the composer made a song of the swallows and the roses, and, while he wrote, it seemed to him that he could hear the twittering of the little birds all around him, and scent the fragrance of the flowers, and his soul was warmed with a warmth he had never felt before, and his tears fell upon his manuscript.

When the world heard the song which the composer had made of the swallows and the roses, it did homage to his genius. Such sentiment, such delicacy, such simplicity, such melody, such heart, such soul,—ah, there was no word of rapturous praise too good for the composer now: fame, the sweetest and most enduring kind of fame, had come to him.

And the swallows and the roses had done it all. Their subtle influences had filled the composer's soul with a great inspiration,—by means like this God loves to speak to the human heart.

"We told you so," whispered the roses when they came again in the spring. "We told you that if you sang of us the world would love your song."

Then the swallows, flying back from the south, twittered: "We told you so; sing the songs the heart loves, and you shall live forever."

"Ah, dear ones," said the composer, softly; "you spoke the truth. He who seeks a fame that is immortal has only to reach and abide in the human heart."

The lesson he learned of the swallows and the roses

he never forgot. It was the inspiration and motive of a long and beautiful life. He left for others that which some called a loftier ambition. He was content to sit among the flowers and hear the twitter of birds and make songs that found an echo in all breasts. Ah, there was such a beautiful simplicity,—such a sweet wisdom in his life! And where'er the swallows flew, and where'er the roses bloomed, he was famed and revered and beloved, and his songs were sung.

Then his hair grew white at last, and his eyes were dim and his steps were slow. A mortal illness came upon him, and he knew that death was nigh.

"The winter has been long," said he, wearily. "Open the window and raise me up that I may see the garden, for it must be that spring is come."

It was indeed spring, but the roses had not yet bloomed. The swallows were chattering in their nests under the eaves or flitting in the mild, warm sky.

"Hear them," he said faintly. "How sweetly they sing. But alas! where are the roses?"

Where are the roses? Heaped over thee, dear singing heart; blooming on thy quiet grave in the Fatherland, and clustered and entwined all in and about thy memory, which with thy songs shall go down from heart to heart to immortality.

—EUGENE FIELD.

*From "The Holy Cross and Other Tales";
copyright, 1893, 1896; published by
Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

ROSABELLE

O, listen, listen, ladies gay !
No laughty 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 ladye, 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 ladye 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 ladye-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 filled by Rosabelle.”

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire 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 caverned Hawthornden.

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

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered 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 wind sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BEOWULF AND THE DRAGON

In olden times there was a band of comrades who had gathered together, in many adventures both by land and sea, a great store of precious things—drinking cups, and armor inlaid with gold, helmets, and coats of mail, with famous swords, wrought by cunning smiths of old and richly ornamented. Now, it came to pass that these men, as the years went on, were slain in battle, till at last one only of them was left alive. This man took the treasure and hid it away. In a tomb he hid it wherein some famous chief of the old time had been buried. Close to the sea was the mound, at the foot of a great cliff. The man laid it open even to the chamber of the dead, and there he stored the precious things, rejoicing his eyes for a while with sight of them. "Hold thou, O earth," he said, "which mighty men have not been able to hold. They have passed away, and I only am left alive. The helmet that has borne many a blow must perish, and the stout coat of mail and the shield that were proof against the bite of the sword must decay, even as the warrior that bore them in the battle." Thus did the last of that brave company lament over his treasures, until the time came when he also was overtaken by death.

It chanced that one of the dragons that haunt the burial places of the dead lighted upon the place and saw the treasure, for it was open to the sky. And the creature took possession of it and guarded it, for such it is their delight to do. For three hundred years he watched it, nor was ever disturbed. But at the

end of the three hundred years, a certain man who had come into ill favor with his lord fled into the wilderness and chanced to come upon this hoard, and he thought to himself: "If I stay here, I perish. I will take, therefore, one of these precious things and therewith will I reconcile myself to my lord." This he did; he took from the hoard a golden tankard and gave it to his lord as a peace offering, and won his favor.

Now all this time the dragon was asleep in an inner chamber of the mound. And when the creature woke, he discovered the deed that had been done. So he issued from the mound and searched diligently every place round about, but no one could he see. Thence once again he went back and examined the hoard, counting over the precious things, till at last he knew for certain that some one had plundered it. Great was his anger, and scarce could he endure to tarry till night before he began to take vengeance for this wrong. But when the darkness fell he went forth and wasted all the land with fire. Night after night he issued forth, carrying desolation with him. He caused houses and farmsteads to blaze up, and spread ruin far and wide. When the day came, he returned to his dwelling place, but every night he went abroad to destroy.

Tidings came to King Beowulf himself that his hall, which the people of the Goths had given him for his own, had been burnt by fire. Great was the wrath in his heart when he heard it, so great that he was well-nigh ready to murmur against God in his heart, though this was not the good King's wont. Now he scorned to go against the destroyer with a

great host of men, nor did he fear the creature for himself. His valor and his strength had borne him safely through many perils by land and sea, nor did he fear that they would fail him now. So he, with only a few chosen comrades, went to the mound, where it stood alone hard by the waves of the sea. The King then bade farewell to each of his followers man by man, and when he had ended his words he said: "Even as I did in the olden time with huge sea monsters, so I would now do with this dragon; I would not use sword or other weapon. But I know not how without these I could hold out against him. Likewise, as I must encounter fire, venomous and deadly, when I grapple with him, so I must also carry shield and coat of mail. Thus will I go prepared, but not one foot's space will I yield to him. On this mound will we fight, and meet such end as He who orders all things shall decree. Do ye, my comrades, abide here in the mountain, with your coats of mail about you, to see which of us twain shall come victorious out of this fray. But to grapple with the monster is not for you or for any man, but for me only. One of these two things must be: either I will carry away this treasure, or death shall take me."

Then he rose up from his place. With helmet on head and clad in coat of mail he went his way among the cliffs till he beheld an arch of rock and beneath it the burial mound, and all the face of the stream was alight with flame. And when Beowulf saw these things, he stood and shouted aloud. Clear as a battle cry was the shout, and it reached to the dragon where he lay in the depth of the mound. And when he heard it, he knew that it was the speech of man, and that

the time for battle was come. So he rose from his place and before him there went a stream of fiery breath, that was, as it were, a defiance of his enemy. Then the King of the Goths swung his shield against his adversary, and drew his sword, a famous weapon that had come to him by inheritance from his ancestors in days gone by. So the two stood over against each other, and there was fear in the heart of both. Steadfast stood the King with his shield before him on the one side, and on the other was the dragon, curved into a bow, in readiness to spring. Quickly he sprang against the King. So mighty was the attack that the shield availed not to keep him away. And when the King swung his great sword and smote the dragon, then the edge was turned upon the bony covering of the beast and wounded him not. Now was Beowulf in a great strait, for fierce beyond measure was the dragon's assault.

Thus it fared with them in their first grapple and in the second also, and the King was sore distressed. And as for his comrades, noble though they were, they stood not behind him, but slunk away into the wood, for they feared for their lives, lest the dragon should slay them with his breath of fire. So they fled, Beowulf's comrades, who by right should have stood by their lord. One only remained faithful and steadfast. He was Wiglaf, a lord from the land of the Swedes. For he remembered how, in days that were past, Beowulf had given him a homestead well furnished and a place among his lords. This was in Wiglaf's heart, nor could he endure to desert his lord; and indeed now for the first time had he been called to stand by him in the battle. Alone he sped through the



THE COMBAT

deadly smoke and fire, and stood by the side of the King, and said: "My lord Beowulf, now is the time for thee to make good thy words, that never, being alive, wouldst thou suffer thy glory to decline. Put out all thy strength, and fight for thy life, and I will give thee such help as I may."

As soon as he had ended these words, the dragon came on again with great fury, all flaming with fire. So fierce was the heat that Wiglaf's shield was consumed, nor could the coat of mail protect him. Under his lord's shield did Wiglaf shelter himself, now that his own was in ashes. Then Beowulf remembered his strength and smote with all his might. Full on the head with a mighty blow he smote the dragon, but Nægling, his sword, flew in splinters, good weapon though it was and famed in story, for the champion's arm was too strong for all swords whatsoever. Let the edge be keen beyond all nature, yet it failed when Beowulf struck with all his strength.

Then for the third time the dragon came on, the fiery monster, in rage beyond all bearing. For a space the King fell back, and the dragon seized his neck, compassing it round with savage teeth, so that the blood of his life gushed out in a great stream.

And now the youth Wiglaf put forth all the valor and strength that were in him to help his kinsman the King. He heeded not the fire, though grievously it scorched his hand, but smote the dragon underneath, where the skin failed somewhat in hardness. He drove the good sword into the monster's body, and straightway the fire began to abate. Then the King recovered himself somewhat and drew his war-knife, and gashed

the dragon in the middle. So these two together subdued the monstrous serpent.

But now Beowulf perceived that a fatal mischief was at work, for the wound began to swell and to grow hot, and he felt the poison of the dragon's teeth in his inward parts. He sat him down upon a stone, and looked at the tomb, with its chamber cunningly wrought. Wiglaf meanwhile fetched water from a stream hard by, and poured it upon his lord to refresh him, and loosened the chain of his helmet. Then, though his wound pressed him sore, and he knew that the number of his days was told, Beowulf spake to his faithful follower: "Now woud I have given my weapons to my son, if God had granted me a son that should have my kingdom after me. But it has pleased Him otherwise. Fifty years have I ruled over this people, nor has any ruler of the nations round about dared to cross my borders with hostile purpose. I have done judgment and justice; I have done no treachery nor sought out strife; the oaths that I have sworn, these I have kept. And now I pray thee, Wiglaf, to go and examine this treasure. For the dragon lies dead, and that which he guarded so long is his no more. Go quickly then, for I would fain see the treasure before I die. With better content shall I depart if I see how great are the riches which I have won."

So Wiglaf made haste to do as his lord had bidden him. Into the chamber he went, clad in his coat of mail. Many precious things did he there behold, great jewels, and vessels of gold, and helmets richly chased, and bracelets. And of all the treasure the most wonderful was a banner of gold, woven by art of magic,

for there came from it a great light, making all things clear to be seen in the chamber. All this treasure, cups and platters, and the great banner itself, did Wiglaf take in his arms, and made haste to return therewith to the King, doubting much whether he should find him yet alive. He lived, indeed, but was at the very point of death. Then Wiglaf sprinkled him again with water, and caused him to revive, so that he spake again with his lips: "Now do I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast suffered me to look upon this treasure with my eyes, aye, and to win such riches for my people before Idie. For surely now my time is come, and I can serve this people no more. Bid my brave warriors, O Wiglaf, to build a lofty cairn for me, hard by the sea, when my body shall have been burnt with fire. Surely it shall be my memorial forever, and whoever comes across the sea shall say, beholding it: 'This is the tomb of Beowulf, King of the Goths.'"

Then the King took the golden collar from off his neck and gave it to Wiglaf; also his helmet he gave, and the crown upon his head, and his coat of mail. "Keep them faithfully," he said, "for, indeed, I am the last of my house. Death has taken all my kinsmen into his keeping, and now I must needs follow them." So spake the old King, and straightway he breathed out his soul.

From "Heroes of Chivalry and Romance"
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—A. J. CHURCH.

Do the duty which lies nearest thee
 Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

ALICE BRAND

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
Where the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in
cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now I must teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."—

"O Richard, if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance,
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

" If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest green.

" And Richard, if our lot be hard
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing ;
On the beech's pride and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill :

" Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen ?
Or who comes here to chase the deer
Beloved of our Elfin Queen ?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green ?

" Up, Urgan, up ! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man ;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

“ Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye ;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.”

’Tis merry, ’tis merry ’n good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing ;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is faggots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
“ I fear not sign,” quoth the grisly elf,
“ That is made with bloody hands.”

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
“ And if there’s blood upon his hand,
’Tis but the blood of deer.”—

“ Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood !
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.”

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
“ And if there’s blood on Richard’s hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

“ And I conjure thee, Demon Elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thy errand here ! ”

" 'Tis merry, 'tis merry in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing :

" And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

" And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

" It was between the night and day,
When the fairy king has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

" But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould—
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
That lady was so brave ;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold ;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dumfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

“The most beloved of English writers,”—what a title that is for a man! Oliver Goldsmith, a wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in fond longing to see the great world, and to achieve a name and a fortune for himself.

After years of dire struggle, of neglect and poverty,—his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there,—he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home,—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast.

His nature is truant; in repose, it longs for change, as, on the journey, it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humor,

—his sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity.

You come, hot and tired, from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind, vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he sits, and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. That sweet story, "The Vicar of Wakefield," has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but, once or twice in our lives, has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain—if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. Think of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delights us still; his song is fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his very weaknesses are beloved and familiar,—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us, to do gentle kindnesses, to succor with sweet charity, to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

What have I done for you,
 England, my England ?
What is there I would not do,
 England, my own ?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on you: bugles blown

Where shall the watchful sun,
 England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own ?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
 To the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England :—
“ Take and break us : we are yours,
 England, my own !
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky :
Death is death ; but we shall die

To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown ! ”

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England :
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England my own !
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
 There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

—W. E. HENLEY.

*By kind permission of Mrs. W. E. Henley
 and of the publisher, Mr. David Nutt.*

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be
 strong, but it is a better thing to be loved of many
 friends.

—EURIPIDES.

CANADA TO ENGLAND

Sang one of England in his island home :

“ Her veins are million, but her heart is one ; ”
And looked from out his wave-bound homeland isle
To us who dwell beyond its western sun.

And we among the northland plains and lakes,
We youthful dwellers on a younger land,
Turn eastward to the wide Atlantic waste,
And feel the clasp of England's outstretched
hand.

For we are they who wandered far from home
To swell the glory of an ancient name :
Who journeyed seaward on an exile long,
Whose fortune's twilight to our island came.

But every keel that cleaves the midway waste
Binds with a silent thread our sea-cleft strands,
Till ocean dwindles and the sea-waste shrinks,
And England mingles with a hundred lands.

And weaving silently all far-off shores,
A thousand singing wires stretch round the earth,
Or sleep still vocal in their ocean depths,
Till all lands die to make one glorious birth.

So we remote compatriots reply,
And feel the world-task only half begun :
“ We are the girders of the aging earth,
Whose veins are million, but whose heart is one.”

—ARTHUR STRINGER.

By kind permission of the author.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON

The passenger pigeon, or, as it is usually named in America, the wild pigeon, moves with great rapidity, propelling itself by quickly repeated flaps of the wings, which it brings more or less near to the body, according to the degree of swiftness which is required. Its great power of flight enables it to pass over an astonishing space in a very short time. This is proved by facts well known in America. Thus, pigeons have been killed in the neighborhood of New York, with their crops full of rice, which they must have collected in the fields of Georgia and Carolina, these districts being the nearest in which they could possibly have procured a supply of that kind of food. As they can digest food entirely in twelve hours, they must, in this case, have travelled between three hundred and four hundred miles in six hours, which shows their speed to be at an average about one mile in a minute. A speed such as this would enable one of these birds, were it so inclined, to visit the European continent in less than three days.

They have also great power of vision, which enables them, as they travel at that swift rate, to inspect the country below, and discover their food readily. This I have also proved to be the case by having observed them, when passing over a sterile part of the country, or one scantily furnished with food suited to them, keep high in the air, so as to enable them to survey hundreds of acres at once. On the contrary, when the land is richly covered with food, they fly low, in order to discover the part most plentifully supplied.

Their body is of a long, oval form, steered by a long, well-plumed tail, and propelled by well-set wings, the muscles of which are large and powerful for the size of the bird. When one is seen gliding through the woods and close to the observer, it passes like a thought, and on trying to see it again, the eye searches in vain ; the bird is gone.

The multitude of wild pigeons in our woods is astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often, and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause, and assure myself that what I am going to relate is fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that too in the company of persons who, like myself, were struck dumb with amazement.

In the autumn of 1817 I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and wishing to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil,



making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken an impossible one, as the birds poured on in countless numbers, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse; and the continued buzz of wings made me drowsy. Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They consequently flew so high that different trials to reach them with a rifle failed; nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their movement through the air when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the centre. In these almost solid masses they descended, and swept close over the earth with the greatest velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys, constantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week or more

the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and of the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will tend to show the astonishing bounty of the great Author of nature in providing for the wants of His creatures. Let us take a column one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate mentioned above of one mile a minute. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.

As soon as the pigeons discover enough food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, viewing the country below. During their flight, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come into view, and then suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight, but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flapping of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder and sweep through the forests

to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing, and so completely has it been cleared that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labor completely lost. As the sun begins to sink beneath the horizon, they depart in a body for the roosting place, which not infrequently is hundreds of miles distant, as has been found by persons who have kept an account of their arrivals and departures.

Let us now inspect their nightly gathering places. I repeatedly visited one of these on the banks of the Green River in Kentucky. It was, as is always the case, in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great size, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and, crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight after the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had already established camps on the borders. Everything proved to me that the number of birds coming to this part of the forest must be almost beyond belief. As the period of their annual approach, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived.

Everything was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of "Here they come!"

The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful and almost terrifying, sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout, to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued the whole night. Towards the approach of the day, the noise in some measure subsided. Long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared.

The howling of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums and pole-cats were seen sneaking off, while eagles and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to enjoy their share of the spoil.

—JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

PART ONE

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty
trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy
seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.
He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of
lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown
doe-skin ;
They fitted with never a wrinkle : his boots were up
to the thigh !
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark
inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all
was locked and barred ;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should
be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black
hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket
creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened ; his face was white
and peaked ;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy
hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's red-lipped daughter ;
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber
say—

“ One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize
to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the
morning light ;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through
the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
 Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should
bar the way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups ; he scarce could reach
her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement ! His face
burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over
his breast ;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight !)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and
galloped away to the West.

PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning ; he did not come at
noon ;
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the
moon
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the
purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old
inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale
instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the
foot of her narrow bed ;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at
their side !
There was death at every window ;
And hell at one dark window ;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road
that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a
sniggering jest ;

They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel
beneath her breast !

" Now keep good watch ! " and they kissed her. She
heard the dead man say—

Look for me by moonlight ;

Watch for me by moonlight ;

*I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the
way !*

She twisted her hands behind her ; but all the knots
held good !

She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with
sweat or blood !

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the
hours crawled by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it ! The trigger at least
was hers !

The tip of one finger touched it ; she strove no more
for the rest !

Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath
her breast,

She would not risk their hearing ; she would not strive
again ;

For the road lay bare in the moonlight ;

Blank and bare in the moonlight ;

And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed
to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot ; tlot-tlot ! Had they heard it ? The horse-
hoofs ringing clear ;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance ? Were they deaf
that they did not hear ?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the
hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding !
The red-coats looked to their priming ! She stood up,
straight and still !

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence ! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing
night !
Nearer he came and nearer ! Her face was like a
light !
Her eyes grew wide for a moment ; she drew one last
deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—
with her death.

He turned ; he spurred to the Westward ; he did not
know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with
her own red blood !
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to
hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died
in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to
the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his
rapier brandished high !
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon ; wine-red
was his velvet coat ;
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the
bunch of lace at his throat.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is
in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy
scas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-
yard ;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is
locked and barred ;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair.*

—ALFRED NOYES.

*By kind permission of
the author and of the publishers,
William Blackwood & Sons.*

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

How the great enterprise—"The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay,"—came to birth in the revival of mercantile activity which followed the restoration of King Charles II.; how Rupert, Prince of England and Bohemia, dashing cavalier and patron of commerce, became its founder; how the powers conferred upon it in that lavish age included, in addition to the "whole, entire and only liberty of Trade and Traffick," the absolute ownership of a third part of North America, with authority to frame laws, administer justice, wage war or make peace therein; how its early servants planted its rule on the edge of the wilderness amid difficulties that would have driven back any but the most determined of men; how through a century and a half of steady progress—of bloody wars with the French, implacable rivalries with other traders, thrilling adventures and vicissitudes innumerable—it drove its purposes to a victorious end, sending out its explorers on journeys that gave a new face to the continent, naming some of the greatest rivers and mountains of the earth, spreading step by step the arteries of its trade and the empire of its flag over thousands of miles, and over thousands of souls; civilizing sometimes, corrupting and degrading often, bartering continually;—all these varied and commanding activities combine to form an episode unrivalled for the romantic and the picturesque in our history.

The general system under which the company carried on its multiform and far-extending business

has been many times described. In the manner in which it adapted means to ends it could have little to learn from the largest enterprise of modern days. The minuteness of the trade and the tremendous distances which it traversed rendered necessary a method of accounting, at once the most elaborate and exact. For organization purposes, the vast dominions of the company were divided into four great departments. These were again divided into districts. Each district had its fixed and permanent trading-posts, as well as a number of temporary or flying stations, the latter frequently the precursors of the former. Here were the vital points of contact between the company and the trade from which it drew its life's blood : here the traders met and bartered with the Indians. Important posts or parties, together with the transportation service, were in the charge of chief clerks ; a lower grade of employees managed the outlying stations. The districts were under the chief traders. In the departments, depôts, and distributing points were presided over by the factors, while over all the chief factor bore rule. An army of postmasters, interpreters, mechanics, guides, canoe-men and apprentices made up the rank and file, though even here degrees were strictly recognized. In general terms, the service was made up of three classes : the servants, the clerks and apprentices, and the officers. The second class sat at the officers' mess and were addressed as gentlemen.

But the officers were the real oligarchy, bound by special covenant to fidelity, and receiving their reward not in salary, but in a share of the company's profits. Subject to the orders of his superior and the regulations

of the company, each officer was supreme in his sphere of duty. The system was military in its absolutism. The chief factor was lord paramount; his word was law, to support and symbolize which the office was enveloped in a halo of dignity. When a chief factor transacted the most ordinary business, his habiliments were elaborate and imposing; when he travelled it was in state, with a retinue by whom he was lifted in and out of his conveyance, his arrivals and departures heralded by the firing of salutes. High above all reigned the governor of the company, a personage scarcely less exalted than the most absolute of sovereigns, owing allegiance to no one save the directorate in London, whose policy, as a matter of necessity, was largely dictated by his advice. Great indeed was the majesty that hedged about a governor of the company. But the show was no greater than the reality, though part of a deliberate plan to overawe the natives and subordinates where rebellion or mutiny would have meant extinction. It succeeded in so far as the immediate object was concerned; but, as examples show, it had sometimes an unhappy effect upon the ruler.

A word may be said as to the treatment accorded by the company to the Indians,—its equals in trade, its benefactors even, but with all the pathetic helplessness of an inferior race. There can be no doubt that the company was, before everything else, a keen trader. It took the Indian as it found him—and it kept him so. To be a hunter and a wanderer was the Indian's nature; he would have been useless to the company had he been otherwise. There was no effort, accordingly, to civilize him,—none, for almost

two centuries, to Christianize him. But he received justice—or what he thought was justice—even kindness, dictated though both were by policy. To gain the Indian's confidence was a necessity of the trade; and the company made sure of this. In two centuries of rule over tribes of every shade of racial difference, ranging from the Eskimos of the Labrador and Arctic coasts, through the Crees, Sioux, and Blackfeet of the interior, to the polyglot chaos of tribes that dwelt along the Pacific Ocean, war was unknown and violence and bloodshed only an occasional incident. Thousands of miles from any force of arms, trade was carried on in scores of factories in perfect trust.

The manner in which intercourse between the trader and the Indian was held had much to do with this result. Respect was always paid to fairness in exchange. Docile as the Indian was, and avid of the goods that made his barren existence happier, this was no difficult task. In other respects an equal discretion was displayed. The relations established were ever those of reserve; familiarity was permitted on no pretext, though firmness was tempered with tact, courtesy and the constant expression of good-will. The frequent intermarriages of traders with native women did much to secure the good feeling of the Indian and to further the interests of the company. That some of the traders were profligate must be admitted; that rum found its way into the trade has been proved; but in these, as in other matters, the law of self-preservation was the constant monitor of the company. In the summing up, history will accord thanks to the company for the fruits of its attitude towards the Indian. Without that preparation of the Indian

mind, the peaceful settlement of the country would have been impossible. When the hour of the fur trade had struck and the settler stood at the gateway of the mountains, he found a native race subdued to the methods of the white man, and ready to play its part in the new order.

Of the life that went on beneath the extraordinary surface of the company's system and policy, who could give even a glimpse in a page? It was a world in itself, so romantic and full of wonders that every fireside has listened to the story of it. Over half a continent it embraced scenes the most varied and sublime on the earth—the forest growth of ages, pathless and impenetrable; the endless prairie, roamed by millions of bison; mountain lands unrivalled for wildness and grandeur; all alike interlaced by one of the most beautiful and majestic chains of waterways in the world, running down into the everlasting sea which bore the company's trade to its ultimate markets. Dotted the wilderness, hundreds of miles apart, were the "forts" or trading-posts of the company, whence it drew sustenance and by which it kept its grasp upon the land. Even these were stamped with individuality. Built, large and small, upon a common plan—a low and quadrangular centre structure surrounded by high palisades, flanked by bastions and defended by six and twelve pounders—they aptly proclaimed the rigor that ruled within. This was no less than martial law, to transgress which was punished with swift and ruthless severity, and from which the only seasons of respite came at Christmas and the New Year, or on the days, many months apart, on which news and letters were brought from

the outside world--sunbursts of joy that made their recurrence the chief solace of an existence unparalleled for monotony and isolation.

The brigades were the agents of this beneficence, the tie that bound the forts together, and constituted the veins and arteries of the system. In summer they came with goods in "York boats,"—nine tripmen to each, and eight boats to the brigade,—or by cart and cayuse over the prairie; in winter they brought only letters and newspapers by sledge and snowshoe, the gaily caparisoned dog trains making forty miles a day over the snow, sheltering under trees and bushes, and covering once a year the entire round of the company's trading-posts. But the real bond of union was the comradeship of the service which laid its spell upon all, the essence of which was its touch upon the aboriginal and the elemental in both wild and human nature. In such a setting, life took on varied forms. The man of mighty will turned all to power, triumphing over difficulties that subdued and appalled others, and rose because he could do nothing else. Others in whom the flame burned less fiercely, adapted themselves to their surroundings and hewed out paths of useful effort. Others were broken utterly, consuming their hearts in the awful toil and loneliness until death or madness came.

—ROBERT HAMILTON COATES and R. E. GOSNELL.

From "Sir James Douglas" in "The Makers of Canada" series by permission of Morang & Co., Ltd.

Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.

UNTRODDEN WAYS

Where close the curving mountains drew
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve, and hue,
Reflected in its placid face,

The ploughman stopped his team, to watch
The train, as swift it thundered by ;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

His glossy horses mildly stand
With wonder in their patient eyes,
As through the tranquil mountain land
The snorting monster onward flies.

The morning freshness is on him,
Just wakened from his balmy dreams ;
The wayfarers, all soiled and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams :—

O for the joyous mountain air !
The long, delightful autumn day
Among the hills !—the ploughman there
Must have perpetual holiday !

And he, as all day long he guides
His steady plough with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some fair, enchanted land ;

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS 259

Where day by day no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind ;
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With plough and furrows left behind !

Even so to each the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon *the page we do not know!*

—AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

*From "Lays of the True North,"
published by The Musson Book
Company, Limited.*

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS

Arthur, so the legend ran, was as a child not aware that he was of royal birth, for he had been brought up by Merlin, a great wizard, and under the protection of a certain Sir Hector, whose son he thought himself to be. When his real father, King Uther, had been dead for many years and Arthur was grown to manhood, the kingdom was in great confusion, for princes were warring against each other, and each thought he should be king. Then Merlin brought all the lords of England together in the great church in London on Christmas morn, before it was dawn, to see if God would not show by some miracle who should be king. And suddenly there was seen in the church, close to the high altar, a great square stone, and in the midst was an anvil of steel a foot high, and therein stuck a fair sword, and on the sword was written in letters of gold, "Whoso

pulleth out this sword from the stone and the anvil is rightful king of England." And when the lords saw the writing, each tried to pluck out the sword, but none could move it. "The man is not yet here," said the Archbishop, "who shall draw forth the sword, but I doubt not that God will make him known to us shortly."

And upon New Year's Day the lords made a tournament; for the Archbishop hoped that he who should be king of England would then reveal himself. And Sir Hector rode to the tournament, and with him Sir Kay, his son, and young Arthur. Kay had left his sword at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur to ride back for it. And when Arthur came to the house, all therein had gone out to see the tournament. Then said Arthur to himself: "I will ride to the church and take the sword that sticketh in the stone, for my brother, Sir Kay, shall not be without a sword this day." And when he came to the church, Arthur alighted, tied his horse to the stile, and grasping the sword by the handle quickly pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way till he came to his brother, Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. As soon as Sir Kay saw the sword he knew well that it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father, Sir Hector, and said: "Lo, here is the sword of the stone. I must be king of this land." And when Sir Hector beheld the sword, he turned to Sir Kay and asked him how he came by it. "Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me." "How got you this sword?" said Sir Hector to Arthur. "Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found no one there, and lest my brother Kay should be swordless, I came to the

church and plucked it from the stone." "Now," said Sir Hector to Arthur, "I understand that you must be king of this land." And therewith Sir Hector kneeled to the earth before him, and so did Sir Kay. Then was King Arthur crowned in the great church by the Archbishop, and he swore to the lords and people to be a true king, and rule justly from thenceforth all the days of his life.

Once, when King Arthur, disguised as a knight-errant and accompanied by Merlin, was seeking adventures, it chanced that in a battle with a strange knight his sword was broken, and as Arthur and Merlin rode on, Arthur said: "I have no sword." "No matter," said Merlin, "hard by is a sword that shall be yours." So they rode till they came to a fair and broad lake, and in the midst of the lake King Arthur saw an arm, clothed in white, that held a fair sword in the hand. "Lo," said Merlin, "yonder is the sword of which I spoke." Thereupon they saw a damsel near by. "What damsel is that?" said Arthur. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin, "and soon shall she come to you." Then came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him. "Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that which the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir King," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and it is named EXCALIBUR, or Cut Steel. Get thee into yonder barge and row thyself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with it, for it is thine." Then King Arthur and Merlin alighted, and tied their horses to two trees, and went into the barge, and when they came to the sword that the hand held,

King Arthur grasped it by the hilt. Then the arm and the hand disappeared under the water. And King Arthur looked upon the sword and liked it well. "Which do you like the better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?" "The sword," said King Arthur. "You are unwise," said Merlin; "the scabbard is worth ten of the sword, for while you have the scabbard upon you, you shall never lose blood even if you are sorely wounded."

Later, it befell on a time that King Arthur said to Merlin: "My barons will let me have no rest, but they will have it that I shall take a wife, and I will take none except by thy counsel and by thy advice." "It is well," said Merlin, "that you should take a wife, for a man of your nobleness should not be without one. Now, is there any fair lady that you love better than another?" "Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenevere, the daughter of King Leodegrance; for this damsel is the gentlest and fairest lady living." So Merlin went to King Leodegrance and told him the desire of Arthur. "That is to me," said King Leodegrance, "the best tidings that I have heard, that so worthy a king will wed my daughter. And I would give him land for a marriage gift, but he hath lands enough and needeth no more. But I shall send him a gift that will please him much more, for I shall send him the Round Table which King Uther, his father, gave me. Around it may sit one hundred knights and fifty, and with it I will send a hundred knights." And so King Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenevere unto King Arthur and the Round Table with the hundred knights.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guene-

vere and the hundred knights with the Round Table, he rejoiced greatly and said: "This lady is exceedingly welcome to me, for I have loved her long, and these knights of the Round Table please me more than great riches." Then King Arthur said to Merlin: "Go thou throughout the land and find me fifty knights of the greatest prowess." Within a short time Merlin found twenty and eight brave knights, but no more could he find.

Then the Archbishop came and blessed the seats at the Round Table, and when all the knights arose to do homage unto King Arthur, the name of each knight was found written on the seat in letters of gold. But on one seat no name was written, and that seat was called the Seat Perilous, "for thereon," said Merlin, "shall no one sit except the bravest and purest of all, and whoever else attempts to sit there shall die. And the seat shall be vacant until he comes."

Thus King Arthur gathered around him a band of noble knights, and added to their number, until all the seats at the Round Table were filled save the Seat Perilous.

The best of all his knights was Sir Lancelot of the Lake, who was said to be the head of all the Christian knights, the courtliest knight that ever bore shield, the trustiest friend that ever bestrode horse, the truest lover of all mortal men, the kindest man that ever struck with sword, the goodliest person ever seen in battle, the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in a hall among ladies, and the sternest knight to his mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.

The noblest and most saintly of King Arthur's knights was Sir Galahad, Sir Lancelot's son, who had

been from childhood trained to a life of purity and of bravery and self-sacrifice. He it was who sat in the Seat Perilous. And with Sir Lancelot and the other knights, King Arthur did great deeds, fighting always for the right and defending the truth, until peace again smiled upon the land, and justice reigned, and the weak and lowly lived under the protection of the strong.

But evil days came again. Many of the Round Table had died in battle or wandered afar in search of adventures, and those who remained quarrelled one with another and broke their vows; even Guenevere no longer loved Arthur, but Lancelot, and fled with him. And Sir Modred, one of Arthur's knights, conspired against him, and the kingdom was in great turmoil, and King Arthur's knights and those of Sir Modred met in a great battle by the sea. There was a terrible slaughter on both sides, and King Arthur slew Sir Modred, but was himself sorely wounded.

Then he spoke to his only surviving knight, Sir Bedivere, and said: "My time cometh fast; therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go down with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee to throw my sword into the water and come again and tell me what thou seest there."

"My lord," said Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and I will quickly bring you word again." So Sir Bedivere departed, and as he went he looked at the noble sword and saw that the hilt was studded thick with precious stones. Then he said to himself: "If I throw this rich sword into the water, no good shall come therefrom, but harm and loss." And so Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. Then he came again to the King, and said he had thrown the



THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

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sword into the water. "What saw'st thou there?" said the King. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds." "Thou hast spoken untruly," said the King; "therefore go thou quickly back again and do my command. As thou art dear to me, spare not the sword, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand, and again he thought it a sin and shame to throw away the noble sword, and so he hid it and returned again, and told the King that he had been to the water and done his command. "What didst thou see there?" said the King. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the water and the waves." "Now hast thou betrayed me twice," said King Arthur. "Who would have thought that thou, who hast been so true to me and art called a noble knight, would have betrayed me for the riches of a sword? Now go quickly again, for thy long tarrying hath put me in great danger of my life, and unless thou dost now as I bid thee, I will slay thee with mine own hands."

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and took it to the water side, and threw it as far into the water as he could, and there came an arm and hand above the water and caught it, and shook it thrice. Then the hand vanished away with the sword beneath the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the King and told him what he saw. "Alas!" said the King, "help me hence, for I fear that I have tarried too long." Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back and so went with him to the water side.

And when they were at the water side, there came a barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them were

three queens, and all had black hoods, and wept when they saw King Arthur. "Now put me into the barge," said the King. And when he had put him softly into the barge, the queens received him there with great mourning, and one of them took King Arthur's head in her lap, and said, "Dear brother, why hast thou tarried so long from me?" And then they rowed away from the land.

Then Sir Bedivere cried: "Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now if thou goest from me and leavest me here alone among thine enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said the King, "and do as well as thou mayest, for I must go unto the isle of Avalon, there to heal me of my wound." And the legend says that from this isle of enchantment King Arthur will some day return again to be King over all England.

—A. J. CHURCH.

*From "Heroes of Chivalry and Romance,"
by kind permission of the publishers,
Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.*

TICONDEROGA

This is the tale of the man
Who heard a word in the night
In the land of the heathery hills,
In the days of the feud and the fight.
By the sides of the rainy sea,
Where never a stranger came,
On the awful lips of the dead,
He heard the outlandish name.

It sang in his sleeping ears,
It hummed in his waking head :
The name—Ticonderoga,
The utterance of the dead.

I. *The Saying of the Name*

On the loch-sides of Appin,
When the mist blew from the sea,
A Stewart stood with a Cameron :
An angry man was he.
The blood beat in his ears,
The blood ran hot to his head,
The mist blew from the sea,
And there was the Cameron dead.
“O, what have I done to my friend,
O, what have I done to mysel’,
That he should be cold and dead,
And I in the danger of all ?
Nothing but danger about me,
Danger behind and before,
Death at wait in the heather
In Appin and Mamore,
Hate at all of the ferries
And death at each of the fords,
Camerons priming gunlocks
And Camerons sharpening swords.”

But this was a man of counsel,
This was a man of a score,
There dwelt no pawkier Stewart
In Appin or Mamore.

He looked on the blowing mist,
He looked on the awful dead,
And there came a smile on his face
And there slipped a thought in his head.

Out over cairn and moss,
Out over scrog and scaur,
He ran as runs the clansman
That bears the cross of war.
His heart beat in his body,
His hair clove to his face,
When he came at last in the gloaming
To the dead man's brother's place.
The east was white with the moon,
The west with the sun was red,
And there, in the house-doorway,
Stood the brother of the dead.

"I have skain a man to my danger,
I have slain a man to my death.
I put my soul in your hands,"
The panting Stewart saith.
"I lay it bare in your hands,
For I know your hands are leal;
And be you my targe and bulwark
From the bullet and the steel."

Then up and spoke the Cameron,
And gave him his hand again:
"There shall never a man in Scotland
Set faith in me in vain;
And whatever man you have slaughtered,
Of whatever name or line,
By my sword and yonder mountain,
I make your quarrel mine.

I bid you in to my fireside,
I share with you house and hall ;
It stands upon my honor
To see you safe from all."

It fell in the time of midnight,
When the fox barked in the den
And the plaids were over the faces
In all the houses of men,
That as the living Cameron
Lay sleepless on his bed,
Out of the night and the other world,
Came in to him the dead.

" My blood is on the heather,
My bones are on the hill ;
There is joy in the home of ravens
That the young shall eat their fill.
My blood is poured in the dust,
My soul is spilled in the air ;
And the man that has undone me
Sleeps in my brother's care."

" I'm wae for your death, my brother,
But if all of my house were dead,
I couldnae withdraw the plighted hand,
Nor break the word once said."

" O, what shall I say to our father,
In the place to which I fare ?
O, what shall I say to our mother,
Who greets to see me there ?

And to all the kindly Camerons
That have lived and died long-syne—
Is this the word you send them,
Fause-hearted brother mine ? ”

“ It’s neither fear nor duty,
It’s neither quick nor dead
Shall gar me withdraw the plighted hand,
Or break the word once said.”

Thrice in the time of midnight,
When the fox barked in the den,
And the plaids were over the faces
In all the houses of men,
Thrice as the living Cameron
Lay sleepless on his bed,
Out of the night and the other world
Came in to him the dead,
And cried to him for vengeance
On the man that laid him low ;
And thrice the living Cameron
Told the dead Cameron, no.

“ Thrice have you seen me, brother,
But now shall see me no more,
Till you meet your angry fathers
Upon the farther shore.
Thrice have I spoken, and now,
Before the cock be heard,
I take my leave forever
With the naming of a word.

It shall sing in your sleeping ears,
It shall hum in your waking head,
The name—Ticonderoga,
And the warning of the dead."

Now when the night was over
And the time of people's fears,
The Cameron walked abroad,
And the word was in his ears,
"Many a name I know,
But never a name like this;
O, where shall I find a skilful man
Shall tell me what it is?"

With many a man he counselled
Of high and low degree,
With the herdsmen on the mountains
And the fishers of the sea.
And he came and went unwearied,
And read the books of yore,
And the runes that were written of old
On stones upon the moor.
And many a name he was told,
But never the name of his fears—
Never, in east or west,
The name that rang in his ears:
Names of men and of clans,
Names for the grass and the tree,
For the smallest tarn in the mountains,
The smallest reef in the sea:
Names for the high and low,
The names of the craig and the flat;
But in all the land of Scotland,
Never a name like tha .

II. The Seeking of the Name

And now there was speech in the south,
And a man of the south that was wise,
A periwig'd lord of London,
Called on the clans to rise.

And the riders rode, and the summons
Came to the western shore,
To the land of the sea and the heather,
To Appin and Mamore.
It called on all to gather
From every scrog and scaur,
That loved their fathers' tartan
And the ancient game of war.
And down the watery valley
And up the windy hill,
Once more, as in the olden,
The pipes were sounding shrill ;
Again in highland sunshine
The naked steel was bright ;
And the lads, once more in tartan,
Went forth again to fight.

“ O, why should i dwell here
With a weird upon my life,
When the clansmen shout for battle
And the war-swords clash in strife ?
I cannae joy at feast,
I cannae sleep in bed,
For the wonder of thé word
And the warning of the dead



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It sings in my sleeping ears,
It hums in my waking head.
The name—Ticonderoga,
The utterance of the dead.

“ Then up, and with the fighting men
To march away from here,
Till the cry of the great war-pipe
Shall drown it in my ear ! ”

Where flew King George's ensign
The plaided soldiers went :
They drew the sword in Germany,
In Flanders pitched the tent.
The bells of foreign cities
Rang far across the plain :
They passed the happy Rhine,
They drank the rapid Main.
Through Asiatic jungles
The Tartans filed their way,
And the neighing of the war-pipes
Struck terror in Cathay.
“ Many a name have I heard,” he thought,
“ In all the tongues of men,
Full many a name both here and there,
Full many both now and then.

“ When I was at home in my father's house
In the land of the naked knee,
Between the eagles that fly in the lift
And the herrings that swim in the sea,

And now that I am a car'ain-man
With a braw cockade in my hat—
Many a name have I heard," he thought,
" But never a name like that."

III. *The Place of the Name*

There fell a war in a woody place,
Lay far across the sea,
A war of the march in the mirk midnight
And the shot from behind the tree,
The shaven head and the painted face,
The silent foot in the wood,
In a land of a strange, outlandish tongue
That was hard to be understood.

It fell about the gloaming
The general stood with his staff,
He stood and he looked east and west
With little mind to laugh.
" Far have I been and much have I seen,
And kent both gain and loss,
But here we have woods on every hand
And a kittle water to cross.
Far have I been and much have I seen,
But never the beat of this ;
And there's one must go down to that waterside
To see how deep it is."

It fell in the dusk of the night
When unco things betide,
The skilly captain, the Cameron,
Went down to that waterside.

Canny and soft the captain went ;
And a man of the woody land,
With the shaven head and the painted face,
Went down at his right hand.
It fell in the quiet night,
There was never a sound to ken ;
But all of the woods to the right and the left
Lay filled with the painted men.
“ Far have I been and much have I seen,
Both as a man and boy,
But never have I set forth a foot
On so perilous an employ.”

It fell in the dusk of the night
When unco things betide,
That he was aware of a captain-man
Drew near to the waterside.
He was aware of his coming
Down in the gloaming alone ;
And he looked in the face of the man
And lo ! the face was his own.

“ This is my weird,” he said,
“ And now I ken the worst ;
For many shali fall the morn,
But I shall fall with the first.
O, you of the Scotland tongue,
You of the painted face,
This is the place of my death ;
Can you tell me the name of the place ? ”

“ Since the Frenchmen have been here
They have called it Sault-Marie ;
But that is a name for priests,
And not for you and me.

It went by another word,"
Quoth he of the shaven head :
" It was called Ticonderoga
In the days of the great dead."

And it fell on the morrow's morning,
In the fiercest of the fight,
That the Cameron bit the dust
As he foretold at night ;
And far from the hills of heather,
Far from the isles of the sea,
He sleeps in the place of the name
As it was doomed to be.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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BY THE FLOSS

A wide plain, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace. On this mighty tide, the black ships, laden with the freshly-scented fir-planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal, are borne along to St. Ogg's. This town shows its aged, fluted, red roofs and the broad gables of its wharves, between the low-wooded hill and the river-brink, tingeing the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun.

Far away, on each hand, stretch the rich pastures,

and the patches of dark earth made ready for the seed of the broad-leaved green crops, or touched already with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown grain. The distant ships seem to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed town, the tributary Ripple flows, with a lively current, into the Floss.

How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets. It seems to me like a living companion, while I wander along the bank, and listen to its low, placid voice, as to the voice of one who is dear and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge; and this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February, it is pleasant to look at it—perhaps the chill, damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast.

The stream is brimful, now, and lies high in this little withy plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outlines of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water, here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreary deafness, which seems to brighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. Now, there is the thunder of the huge covered wagon, coming home with sacks of grain. That honest wagoner is thinking of his dinner's getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour, but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses—the strong, submissive, meek-eyed horses.

See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope towards the bridge, with all the more energy, because they are so near home. Look at their grand shaggy feet, that seem to grasp the firm earth, at the patient strength of their necks, bowed under the heavy collar, at the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hard-earned teed of corn, and see them with their moist necks, freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now, they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered wagon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now I can turn my eyes towards the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel, sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it, too. She has been standing on just the same spot, at the edge of the water, ever since I paused on the bridge; and that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous, because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in the movement.

It is time the little playfellow went in, I think, and there is a very bright fire to tempt her—the red light shines out under the deepening gray of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge. Oh! my arms are really benumbed. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair, and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill, and seeing it as it looked one February afternoon many years ago.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

There came a youth upon the earth,
 Some thousand years ago,
 Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
 Whether to reap, or reap, or sow.
 Upon an empty sea-shell
 He stretched his lyre-cords, and drew
 Music that made men's bosoms swell
 Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.
 Then King Admetus, one who had
 Pure taste by right divine,
 Decreed his singing not too bad
 To hear between the cups of wine.
 And so, well pleased with being soothed
 Into a sweet half-sleep,
 Three times his kingly beard he smoothed
 And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS 281

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw ;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love because of him

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez.

I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep and perform all offices of life in fellowship and company.

He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place than in a crazy vessel under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion; together with pieces

that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments.

Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals. The island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats, he judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore than seeking game with his gun.

He accordingly found great quantities of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflections on his lonely condition.

When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing the face of man, during the interval of craving, his appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew weak, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition.

When he had made this conquest, the vigor of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind! that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude — the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears; but upon the recovery of his temper he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man if he approached them.

But at that time his spirits and life were so high that he could act so regularly and unconcerned that, merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want in case

of sickness was to lame kids when very young, so that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and as he was himself in full vigor, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kittens, who lay about his bed and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which, under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation.

This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from

his aspect and gestures ; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference, with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to help and refresh them.

The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street ; and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him—familiar discourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities, and he that goes further in his desires increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions ; or, to use his own expression : " I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

—RICHARD STEELE.

In youth the habit of system, method, and industry, is as easily formed as others ; and the benefits and enjoyments which result from it, are more than the wealth and honors which they always secure.

—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For tho' from out the bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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God save our gracious King,
Nations and State and King ;
God save the King !
Grant him the Peace divine,
But if his Wars be Thine,
Flash on our fighting line
Victory's wing !

THE HAPPY VALLEY

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has been long disputed whether it was the work of Nature or of human industry.

The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massive that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains, on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl which Nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell, with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees. The banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers. Every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them.

On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures ; on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns ; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together ; the blessings of Nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life ; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of the time.

Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity ; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought capable of adding novelty to luxury.

Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual ; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight and new competitors for imprisonment.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This Child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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 hath 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 colors 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 through 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 forever 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 armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned 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 crack'd 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 seer 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 of 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, LORD TENNYSON.

A TEMPEST AT SEA

After a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and north-west, the wind died away about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The calm continued until about nine o'clock in the evening. The mercury in the barometer fell, in the meantime, at an extraordinary rate; and the captain predicted that we should en-

counter a gale from the south-east. I did not hear the prediction, or I should not have gone to bed. The gale came on, however, at about eleven o'clock; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship.

There was an unusual trampling and shouting, or rather screaming, on deck, and soon after a crash upon the cabin floor, followed by one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard. The passengers, taking the alarm, sprang from their berths, and without stopping to dress, ran about asking questions without waiting for or receiving any answers. Hurrying on my clothes, I found that the shriek proceeded from the second steward, who had, by a lurch of the ship, been thrown in his sleep from his sofa, some six feet to the cabin floor.

By this time I found such of the passengers as could stand, at the doors of the hurricane house, "holding on," and looking out in the utmost consternation. This, I exclaimed mentally, is what I wanted, but I did not expect it so soon. It was still quite dark. Four of the sails were already in ribbons. The winds whistled through the cordage; the rain dashed furiously and in torrents; the noise and spray were scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niagara. And in the midst of all this, the captain with his speaking trumpet, the officers, and the sailors, screaming to each other in efforts to be heard, and mingling their oaths and curses with the angry voice of the tempest,—this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning

of the day, and with the fury of the hurricane, combined to form as much of the *terribly* sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

The passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of danger, and how all this would terminate, were questions which arose in my own mind, although unconscious of fear or trepidation. But to such questions there were no answers, for this knowledge resides only with Him who "guides the storm and directs the whirlwind." We had encountered, however, as yet only the commencement of a gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by the darkness, and by the confusion. It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and even when it was impossible to walk the deck without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet, arms, with mysterious tenacity, to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail. On deck, the officers and men made themselves safe by ropes; but how the gallant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging was equally a matter of wonder and admiration.

However, they had taken in what canvas had not been blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady. At nine o'clock the hurricane had acquired its full force. There was now no more

work to be done. The ship lay to, and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever disaster might occur. The breakfast hour came and passed, unheeded by most of the passengers; though I found my own appetite quite equal to the spare allowance of a fast day.

By this time the sea was rolling up its tremendous waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray in winter overcoat and cork-soled boots, and, in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all around me, and in safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together.

I had often seen paintings of a storm at sea, but here was the original. These imitations are often graphic and faithful, so far as they go. But they are necessarily deficient in accompaniments which painting can not supply, and are therefore feeble and ineffective. You have upon canvas the ship and the sea, but as they come from the artist, so they remain. The universal *motion* of both is thus arrested and made stationary.

There is no subject in which the pencil of the painter acknowledges more its indebtedness to the imagination than in its attempts to delineate the sea storm. But even could the attempt be successful, so far as the eye is concerned, there would still be wanting the rushing of the hurricane, the groaning of the masts and yards, the quick, shrill rattling of the cordage, and the ponderous dashing of the uplifted deep. All these were numbered among the advantages of my position, as, firmly planted, I opened eyes and ears, heart and soul, to the beautiful frightfulness of the tempest around and the ocean above me.

At this time the hurricane was supposed to be at the top of its fury, and it seemed to me quite impossible for winds to blow more violently. Our noble ship had been reduced in the scale of proportion, by this sudden transformation of the elements, into dimensions apparently insignificant. She had become a mere boat to be lifted up and dashed down by the caprice of wave after wave.

The weather, especially along the surface of the sea, was so thick and hazy that you could not see more than a mile in any direction. But within that horizon the spectacle was one of majesty and power. Within that circumference there were mountains and plains, the alternate rising and sinking of which seemed like the action of some volcanic power beneath. You saw immense masses of uplifted waters emerging from the darkness on one side, and rushing and tumbling across the valleys that remained after the passage of their predecessors, until, like them, they rolled away into similar darkness on the other side. These waves were not numerous, nor rapid in their movements; but in massiveness and elevation they were the legitimate offspring of a true tempest.

It was their elevation that imparted the beautifully pale and transparent green to the billows, from the summit of which the toppling white foam spilled itself over and came falling down towards you with the dash of a cataract. Not less magnificent than the waves themselves were the varying dimensions of the valleys that remained between them. You would expect to see these ocean plains enjoying, as it were, a moment of repose, but during the hurricane's frenzy this was not the case. The waters had lost for a moment the onward

motion of the billows, but they were far from being at rest. They preserved the green hues and foamy scarts of the mighty insurgents that had passed over them.

The angry aspect which they presented to the eye that gazed, almost vertically, upon their boiling eddies, wheeling about in swift currents, with surface glowing and hissing as if in contact with heated iron,—all this showed that their depths were not unvisited by the tempest, but that its spirit had descended beneath the billows to heave them up presently in all the rushing, convulsive violence of the general commotion. Both mountain and plain of the infuriated waters were covered with the white foam of the water against which the winds first struck, and which, from high points, was lifted up into spray; but in all other places, was hurled along with the intense rapidity of its motion, until the whole prospect, on the lee side of the ship, seemed one field of drifting snow, dashed along furiously to its dark borders by the howling storm.

In the meantime our ship gathered herself up into the compactness and buoyancy of a duck, and—except the feathers that had been plucked from her wings before she had time to fold her pinions—she rode out the storm without damage, and in triumph. It was not the least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that, furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium against the fury of the one, and her buoyancy in despite of the alternate precipice and avalanche of the other.

True it is, she was made to whistle through her

cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear, to tremble and reel and stagger; still she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its very summit, until, as it rolled onward from beneath her, she descended gently on her pathway, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave. At such a moment it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire—the majesty of God exhibited in the winds and waves, or His goodness and wisdom in enabling His creatures to contend with and overcome the elements even in the fierceness of their anger!

To cast one's eyes abroad in the scene that surrounds me, and to think man should have said to himself: "I will build myself an ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage—nay, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up; and ye winds shall waft me onward!" And yet there we were in the fulness of this fearful experiment!

I had never believed it possible for a vessel to encounter such a hurricane without being dashed or torn to pieces, at least in all her masts and rigging; for I am persuaded that had the same tempest passed as furiously over a town, during the same length of time, it would have left scarcely a house standing. The yielding character of the element in which the vessel is launched is the great secret of safety on such occasions. Hence, when gales occur on the wide ocean there is but little danger, but when they drive you upon breakers on a lee shore, then it is impossible to escape shipwreck.

—ARCHBISHOP JOHN HUGHES.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE

O I was thine, and thou wert mine, and ours the
boundless plain,
Where the winds of the North, my gallant steed,
ruffled thy tawny mane ;
But the summons hath come with roll of drum, and
bugles ringing shrill,
Startling the prairie antelope, the grizzly of the
hill.

'Tis the voice of Empire calling, and the children
gather fast
From every land where the cross bar floats out from
the quivering mast ;
So into the saddle I leap, my own, with bridle swinging
free,
And thy hoofbeats shall answer the trumpets blowing
across the sea.
Then proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of the foe
to-morrow,
For he who dares to stay our course drinks deep of
the Cup of Sorrow.

Thy form hath pressed the meadow's breast, where the
sullen gray wolf hides,
The great red river of the North hath cooled thy
burning sides ;
Together we've slept while the tempest swept the
Rockies' glittering chain ;
And many a day the bronze centaur hath galloped
behind in vain.

But the sweet wild grass of mountain pass, and the
 shimmering summer streams
 Must vanish forevermore, perchance, into the land of
 dreams ;
 For the strong young North hath sent us forth to
 battlefields far away,
 And the trail that ends where Empire trends, is the
 trail we ride to-day.
 But proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of the foe
 to-morrow,
 For he who bars Strathcona's Horse drinks deep of
 the Cup of Sorrow.

—DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.

*By kind permission of Mrs. W. H. Drummond,
 and of the publishers, G. P. Sons.*

 EVENING

From upland slopes I see the cows file by,
 Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,
 By dusking fields and meadows shining pale
 With moon-tipped dandelions. Flickering high,
 A peevish night-hawk in the western sky
 Beats up into the lucent solitudes,
 Or drops with griding wing. The stilly woods
 Grow dark and deep and gloom mysteriously.
 Cool night winds creep, and whisper in mine
 ear.
 The homely cricket gossips at my feet,
 From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear,

Clear and soft-piped, the chanting frogs break sweet
In full Pandean chorus. One by one
Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

On the night of October 12th Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, a cousin of the general's, and Colonel Christie were put in command of 300 militia and 300 regulars respectively. It was their intention to attack the village of Queenston immediately opposite Lewiston. They were confident of victory. Brock's main force was at Fort George, seven miles away. There was a battery at Brown's Point, three miles from Queenston; at Vrooman's Point, a mile from the Heights, a 24-pounder gun was stationed; while at Queenston itself was a force not exceeding 300 men. In the village was Captain Dennis's grenadier company of the 49th Regiment, with Chisholm's company of the 2d York, and Hall's company of the 5th Lincoln militia. Halfway up the mountain there was a redan battery in which was one 18-pounder gun. The crew of this gun had the support of Captain Williams with a light company of the 49th Regiment.

At three o'clock in the morning, in black darkness and a drizzling rain, the first of the thirteen boats that had been loaded with troops pushed out from the Lewiston landing. Across the treacherous, swiftly eddying stream they rowed with muffled oars. Colonel

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Van Rensselaer was in the leading boat. The watchful sentries saw them when they were still in midstream, and, firing upon them, alarmed the troops resting with loaded weapons in the village. In an instant, Captain Dennis and his men had rushed to the shore and poured a volley into the crowded boats. Colonel Van Rensselaer was severely wounded; the advance on Queenston was checked; and a few American soldiers who succeeded in landing were forced to take shelter along the overhanging banks. Colonel Christie's boats were swept down the stream. They completely lost their reckoning, and were forced to return to the Lewiston side and set out once more. Colonel Fenwick was following Van Rensselaer and Christie with a supporting force of regulars. The swift water swept his boat past Queenston, and drove it on the Canadian shore below. A strong firing party was watching it. They poured several volleys into the crowded craft. Fenwick was wounded in the face and partially blinded, and he and his whole force were taken prisoners. A second boat was driven ashore at Vrooman's Point, and the men at the battery there captured its occupants.

The rattle of musketry, when the sentries first saw the approaching boats, warned the United States soldiers at Lewiston that the force attempting to cross was being attacked. Above the village of Lewiston were two 18-pounders, two mortars, and two 6-pounders. To cover the landing of the troops these guns immediately opened fire on Queenston and the heights above it; while the batteries along the Canadian shore, the guns in the village of Queenston, and the guns on the heights poured effective volleys into the crossing boats.

Brock was at Fort George. He had been busy,

until a late hour the previous night, writing despatches. He feared the Upper Canada. He had just written a letter to his brother about the threatened invasion, in which he said: "If I should be beaten, the province is inevitably gone." He went to rest that night expecting battle on the morrow. The distant roar of cannon from Fort Grey above Lewiston on the American side, and from Queenston Heights, warned a sentry at Fort George that a fight was in progress. He at once aroused the general. The battle was on sooner than Brock had anticipated. In a moment he was in his regimentals, and, ordering his good horse Alfred to be brought him, without either attendants or his aides-de-camp, he galloped towards Queenston through the darkness and drizzling mist. As the battle thunder grew in volume, he put spurs to his willing steed.

While the firing at Queenston was being watched by the troops under Captain Cameron at Brown's Point, an officer came galloping towards them with the news that an invasion in force was being attempted. This officer requested that a message should at once be sent to warn Brock of the danger. Young Lieutenant Jarvis was at this time mounted, and he galloped away at full speed with the message. Half way to Fort George he met Brock riding alone, his face grim and stern, his mind oppressed with the fear that Canada might be lost. He was the hope of Canada, and with determined purpose was riding forth on this morning to do all that man could do to save the country. As Jarvis approached Brock, he tried to rein in his steed, but could not. Brock did not stop, but, turning in his saddle, beckoned to Jarvis to follow

him. In a few moments Jarvis was by his side, and, as they galloped along, as the first streaks of light were breaking on the horizon, he gave Brock the message he had received from the officer from Queenston. Brock told Jarvis to hurry at once to Fort George and order General Sheaffe to hasten to Queenston with the whole of the reserve. He gave instructions at the same time that the Indians encamped at Fort George should be thrown out on the right to occupy the wood during the advance of Sheaffe's column. Jarvis left him, and on he galloped. When he reached Brown's Point, he was cheered on his way by the company of York volunteers stationed there, and, as he sped past them, he waved his hand to the lads and ordered their commander, Captain Cameron, to follow after him with all possible speed. Past Vrooman's Point he galloped, giving words of encouragement to the troops there under Captain Heward, and in a few minutes he was at the scene of action. The extensive preparations on the opposite shore and the crowded boats in midstream alarmed him. To get a better view of the situation he at once ascended the hill to the redan battery.

The men under Captain Dennis, Chisholm, and Hall were making a gallant fight against great odds in the village of Queenston. To reinforce them Brock sent down from the Heights Captain Williams with his light company. He was now left at his point of observation by the gun with but eight artillerymen. By this time it was daylight. Suddenly above him on the summit of Queenston Heights a body of some sixty Americans appeared. From that point of vantage they poured several volleys into the redan battery,

and Brock and the crew of the 18-pounder were forced to retreat to the village.

There was a difficult path up the bank of the river to the Heights. It was not thought possible that a body of troops could scale it, and no efforts had been made to guard it. Colonel Van Rensselaer had learned of this path, and had sent Captain Wool, an officer of tried courage, to attempt its ascent with a small force. Wool successfully performed his task, and his action caused the British the most deplorable loss of the war of 1812,—the death of Brock.

As soon as Brock reached Queenston village he found that the battery there and the infantry were keeping the invading force in check, and he determined to put forth a personal effort to recapture the lost gun. He selected two companies of the 49th and one hundred militia; with these he set out on his difficult task. "Follow me, boys!" was his command, as he started for the Heights at a brisk trot. He halted at the foot of the slope to give his troops a short resting spell. He then dismounted, climbed over a high stone wall, and, waving his sword, rushed up the hill at the head of his men. In the meantime, Wool's force had been strengthened, and now a company of fully 400 soldiers was guarding the captured gun. Brock's commanding figure and conspicuous uniform made him an easy target. According to Lieutenant G. S. Jarvis (there were several of this name in Brock's army), who was near Brock when he fell, one of Wool's force stepped in front of his company, took deliberate aim, and shot down the British general. His wound was mortal. His death and the increasing fire from the Heights compelled the British to retire.

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The dying words of great men are always interesting. Tradition has it that Brock, immediately before his death, cried out: "Push on, brave York volunteers!" This probably arose from his command to Captain Cameron, as he passed Brown's Point in the early morning, to bring forward his company. According to Captain Glegg, who wrote to William Brock on the day following the fight, the general as he fell said in a feeble voice: "My fall must not be noticed or impede my brave companions from advancing to victory." However, no man among his followers could fail to have been aware of his fall, and Brock was not one to use senseless words. According to Lieutenant Jarvis, who rushed to his side with the words: "Are you hurt, Sir?" Brock made no reply, but, pressing his hand to his breast, "slowly sank down." His wound was so severe that he was stunned by it, and probably after receiving it uttered no word.

On his death becoming known, the cry went up: "Revenge the General!" That was the slogan used for the remainder of this eventful day. The cry before night reechoed along the frontier from Fort George to Fort Erie, and caused the death of many of the enemy. When the sad news reached Fort Erie, for a moment the gunners there were dumb with sorrow, but with stern faces they returned to their guns and redoubled their fire with destructive effect on the American force at Black Rock. At Fort George the soldiers turned a concentrated fire on Fort Niagara, and in short order compelled the evacuation of that position. Brock was dead, but his spirit lived on for the protection of Canada and nerved the troops to perform valorous deeds during the remainder of the battle

of Queenston Heights. The great victory won on that day was as much his, though he was not present, as it was Sheaffe's, who led the British army to this victory.

His small force, despite their courage, was compelled to retreat, leaving Wool's men in possession of the gun, but they managed to carry Brock's body with them to Queenston, where it rested during the remainder of this day of battle.

After Brock's fall there was a further attempt to recapture the gun. The force from the village of Queenston had been strengthened by two companies of York volunteers from Brown's Point and Vrooman's Point, and a little before ten o'clock Lieutenant Colonel Macdonell led all the men that could be spared against the Americans on the Heights. But they were unsuccessful. Macdonell was mortally wounded and his force was compelled to retreat. This ended the morning battle, save for the struggle that went on between the batteries along the river.

The Americans believed that they had won a decisive victory. Couriers were sent to Albany with tidings of their success and the news of the death of Brock, and of his brilliant aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell. There was great rejoicing in Albany and the city was prematurely illuminated in honor of the victory.

General Van Rensselaer now crossed the river to take in the situation. With Colonel Christie he visited the Heights early in the afternoon, and from the redan battery saw a long line of British redcoats marching towards Queenston. When Brock fled from the gun on the Heights at the break of day, he once

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more had sent word to General Sheaffe to rush forward his troops with all speed. This force was now approaching. Van Rensselaer recognized that his work was not finished for the day, and that he would have to be prepared for another battle. He crossed to Lewiston to bring over more men to the Canadian side, but no amount of coaxing or abuse or blows could induce his followers to risk the passage of the river. Many of the dead and wounded had, in the meantime, been carried across to their camps, and the soldiers who had been in the fight brought fearful stories of the prowess of the "Green Tigers," as the men of the 49th were called from the green facings of their uniforms and their reckless courage in battle.

Meanwhile, a party of Indians under young Brant and Chief Norton, a Scotsman who held this rank among the Indians of the Grand River, had advanced from the lake shore near Fort George, stolen round the Heights, and appeared on the left of the American force. It came in touch with a flanking party of the enemy, and besides inflicting somewhat severe punishment upon them, managed, by their savage cries, to terrify the militia, who lived in the greatest fear of the redskins. The Indians were, however, too small a body to make much permanent impression, and were driven back, and waited in the forest for the arrival of Sheaffe's force.

Sheaffe had under his command 380 men of the 41st and 300 militia. As he approached the Heights he concluded that a frontal attack would be unwise. In Mr. Hamilton's courtyard in the village of Queenston he placed two pieces of artillery in charge of Lieutenant Holcroft, to check the crossing of the foe. Having

arranged this force satisfactorily in this position, he led his troops round the mountain through woods and across fields to the northern side. He thus brought his army to the rear of Queenston Heights, and was in a position to attack the men on the brow of the hill from an unexpected quarter.

The news of the death of Brock and the critical situation at Queenston roused the heroic spirit of the troops all along the Niagara River. An eager body of British soldiers was advancing along the Chippawa road to join General Sheaffe. About 150 Indians had skirted the village of St. David's, and then stealthily moved eastward until they were concealed in a dense forest on the enemy's right front. Thus the Americans on the hill top were completely hemmed in.

Sheaffe was now advancing with a body of slightly fewer than 1,000 men—not including the men in the village—every one of whom was determined to do his best to repel the invaders and avenge the death of Brock.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. The battle was renewed by the force in Queenston opening fire on the river. At the same time the troops on the British left broke from the forest and sharply attacked the enemy's front. Indian guides, who knew the ground on the west of the hill well, led Sheaffe's men right through the thick forest. The main attack was to be made on this flank. As the enemy were not expecting the British at that quarter, they would be taken unawares. On the right were the companies of the 41st Regiment and the flank companies of the Niagara militia with two 3-pounders. The light companies of the 49th Regiment and the companies

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of the York and Lincoln militia were in the centre. It is interesting to note that in this battle a company of negroes, refugee slaves from the United States, played a brave part.

There were now over 600 United States soldiers on the Heights. They had been expecting the main attack from down-stream, and were taken completely by surprise. They now turned and courageously faced the new danger on the left. They saw the encompassing troops approach them. They realized that they had no chance of escape. The river rolled swiftly at their backs, and there were no boats to carry them to their own shore. A force of determined men, almost double their number, was rapidly closing in on them. But they were brave men! Courageous Captain Wool was not with them. He had been severely wounded in the morning battle, and Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott was in command. Under his inspiring influence his men awaited the charge of the oncoming British. They poured a volley into the advancing ranks, but there was no stopping the rush. The Indians, yelling and firing, the British cheering as they charged with fixed bayonets, broke down their ranks. It was save himself who could. The hilltop was already strewn with their dead and dying. They turned their backs on the foe and rushed to the cliff's edge. Some in their terror threw themselves from the dizzy height and were crushed on the boulders beneath. Others safely reached the river side, and, finding there were no boats there, endeavored to escape by swimming. A few succeeded in reaching the opposite shore, but many were drowned in the eddying river.

There was nothing left for the United States officer to do but yield. Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, with a handkerchief on his sword, advanced towards the British force and surrendered all the troops on the Canadian side of the river unconditionally into the hands of the British. Canada for the time being was saved, and Brock was avenged.

About 400 men were surrendered on the Heights, but, when the prisoners captured in the morning and those who had landed at other points along the river, were brought in under the terms of surrender, the total number amounted to about 930. Among them were General Wadsworth, who had command of the militia on the mountain side, and some seventy other officers.

During this day of battle the British lost eleven killed and sixty wounded; the Indians, who, despite their small numbers, had played an essential part in the fight, five killed and nine wounded. It is not easy to estimate the number of casualties among the American troops. According to their own report ninety were killed. The killed and wounded could not have been far short of 300.

The battle of Queenston Heights was a glorious victory, but on account of the death of Brock it was viewed in Upper Canada almost in the light of a disaster.

During the battle Brock's body lay in a house in Queenston. When the firing along the Niagara River ceased, it was taken to Fort George and buried under one of the bastions. By his side was laid to rest his gallant and unselfish aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell. During Brock's burial, at the

request of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, a truly noble soldier and brilliant officer, the American flag at Fort Niagara, opposite Fort George, was flown at half-mast, and minute guns were fired, shot for shot with those of the Canadian mourners.

The Americans viewed Brock's death as "equivalent to a victory." President Madison, in his fourth annual message, remarked: "Our loss at Queenston had been considerable and is to be deeply lamented. The enemy's loss, less ascertained, will be the more felt for it includes among the killed the commanding general."

—THOMAS GUTHRIE MARQUIS.

From "Brock: The Hero of Upper Canada."

A HYMN OF EMPIRE

Lord, by Whose might the Heavens stand,
The Source from Whom they came,
Who holdest nations in Thy hand,
And call'st the stars by name,
Thine ageless forces do not cease
To mould us as of yore—
The chiselling of the arts of peace,
The anvil-strokes of war.

Then bind our realm in brotherhood,
Firm laws and equal rights,
Let each uphold the Empire's good
In freedom that unites .

And make that speech whose thunders roll
Down the broad stream of time
The harbinger from pole to pole
Of love and peace sublime.

Lord, turn the hearts of cowards who prate,
Afraid to dare or spend,
The doctrine of a narrower state
More easy to defend ;
Not this the watchword of our sires,
Who breathed with ocean's breath,
Not this our spirit's ancient fires,
Which naught could quench but death.

Strong are we ? Make us stronger yet ;
Great ? Make us greater far ;
Our feet antarctic oceans fret,
Our crown the polar star :
Round Earth's wild coasts our batteries speak.
Our highway is the main,
We stand as guardian of the weak,
We burst the oppressor's chain.

Great God, uphold us in our task,
Keep pure and clean our rule,
Silence the honeyed words which mask
The wisdom of the fool ;
The pillars of the world are Thine,
Pour down Thy bounteous grace,
And make illustrious and divine
The sceptre of our race.

—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.
By kind permission of the author.

HANDS ALL ROUND

First pledge our Queen this solemn night,

Then drink to England, every guest ;
That man's the best Cosmopolite

Who loves his native country best.
May freedom's oak for ever live

With stronger life from day to day ;
That man's the true Conservative

Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
Hands all round !

God the traitor's hope confound !
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long

To keep our English Empire whole !

To all our noble sons, the strong

New England of the Southern Pole !

To England under Indian skies,

To those dark millions of her realm !

To Canada whom we love and prize,

Whatever statesman hold the helm.

Hands all round !

God the traitor's hope confound !

To this great name of England drink, my friends,

And all her glorious empire, round and round.

To all our statesmen so they be

True leaders of the land's desire !

To both our Houses, may they see

Beyond the borough and the shire !

We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state ;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.
Hands all round !

God the traitor's hope confound !
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and
round.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE YOUNG GEOLOGIST

It was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a thin, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of romance, and of dreaming when broad 'awake ; and, woeful change, I was now going to work in a quarry.

The portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer amongst rocks and woods, a reader of curious books when I could get them, a gleaner of old traditionary stories ; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

The quarry in which I worked lay on the southern

shore of a noble inland bay, with a little clear stream on the one side and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered by a recent frost.

A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed.

Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen, and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen, had to bore into one of the lower strata and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one. It had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion.

We had a few capital shots. The fragments of rock flew in every direction, and an immense mass of clay came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes

its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a grayish yellow.

I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long, dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks, but I had worked, and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening was all my own.

I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onwards through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year.

All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone, on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor

a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas.

From a wooded promontory that stretched halfway across the firth there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble.

A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was purple. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labors, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before.

I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge: for the resemblance was no half-resemblance—it was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times, when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock? I felt as com-

pletely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand.

The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening.

Several large stones came rolling down from the bank of clay in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea or the bed of a river for hundreds of years. There could not, surely, be a more conclusive proof that the bank which they enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. And if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unpleasantness of a life of labor.

The immense masses of clay which we had to clear away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay, the Bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed had been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Firth. I soon found that to be no loser by the change.

Not the united labors of a thousand men for months

than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. We see in one place the Primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende; we find the Secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its limestones.

We discover the still little known but highly interesting fossils of the old red sandstone in one formation; we find beautifully preserved shells and lignites in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock.

In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so, without guide, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gatherings of years.

In the course of the first day's employment I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could have surprised me more.

Was there another such curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar

appearance, for they lay pretty thickly on the shore, and found that there might be. In one of these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all nature's riddles these seemed to me to be at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound.

I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them that there was a part of the shore about two miles farther to the west where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunderbolts. Our employer, on quitting the quarry for the building on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half-holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunderbolts had fallen so thickly, and found it a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and color from the sandstone cliffs above or the rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odor.

The layers into which the beds readily separate are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of fossils. We may

turn over these wonderful leaves one after one, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page.

Shells, twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes are all to be seen. And, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are of a deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment.

I passed on from ledge to ledge, and at length found one of the supposed thunderbolts I had come in quest of, firmly imbedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. A very near relative, who had been a sailor in his time on almost every ocean, and had visited almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these meteoric stones with him from the coast of Java. There was nothing organic in its structure, whereas the stone I had now found was organized very curiously indeed.

It was of a conical form and threadlike texture, the threads radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. In its upper half finely marked veins ran transversely to the point, while the space below was occupied by an internal cone. I learned in time to call this stone a belemnite, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish, long since extinct.

My first year of labor came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased more than in former seasons ; and as I

had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness.

—HUGH MILLER.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through all the land
 The merle and mavis build, and building sing
 Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
 Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King ;
 When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
 The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
 And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
 And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
 Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee ;
 The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
 Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ;
 And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
 Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
 Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said :
 " Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread ! "

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
 Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
 Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
 The village with the cheers of all their fleet ;

Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe ;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds ;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who
said :

" A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society ! "

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill ;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will ;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondac hill ;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of science with its vane of brass,
Came the Professor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass.
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow ;
There never was so wise a man before ;
He seemed the incarnate " Well, I told you so ! "
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound.

Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the
sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng ;
Then thought of fair Aimira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

“ Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets ; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“ The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood :
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
Jargonning like a foreigner at his food ;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood ;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

“ You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scatched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain !
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“ Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who
taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought ?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !
Whose habitations in the tree-top even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

“ Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love !
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“ Think of your woods and orchards without birds !
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams !
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
 Make up for the lost music, when your teams
 Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
 The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

“What! would you rather see the incessant stir
 Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
 And hear the locust and the grasshopper
 Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play!
 Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
 Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
 Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
 Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?”

“You call them thieves and pillagers: but know,
 They are the winged wardens of your farms,
 Who from the corn-fields drive the insidious foe,
 And from your harvests keep a hundred harms:
 Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
 Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
 Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
 And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,
 And mercy to the weak, and reverence
 For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
 Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,
 Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
 The selfsame light, although averted hence,
 When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
 You contradict the very things I teach?”

With this he closed ; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves ;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves ;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed ; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause ;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran,
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their
breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests ;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The summer came, and all the birds were dead ;
The days were like hot coals ; the very ground
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around

The cultivated fields and garden beds
 Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
 No foe to check their march, till they had made
 The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
 Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
 Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun
 down

The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
 Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
 Who shook them off with just a little cry ;
 They were the terror of each favorite walk,
 The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
 Confessed their error, and would not complain,
 For after all, the best thing one can do
 When it is raining, is to let it rain.
 Then they repealed the law, although they knew
 It would not call the dead to life again :
 As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
 Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
 Without the light of his majestic look,
 The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
 The illumined pages of his Doomsday book.
 A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
 While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
 Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue !
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A man should never be ashamed to own he has
been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words,
that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

In 1782 Upper Canada was a wilderness of forest. Here and there had the axe notched the shore with clearances for forts or blockhouses. At Cataract stood the barracks on the site of old Fort Frontenac; Fort Niagara guarded the entrance of the river; Fort Erie protected its blockhouses with palisades; Detroit remained the most important post to the westward. Around these military posts there had been just sufficient cultivation to supply the officers' mess with vegetables, and the table of the privates with the necessary relief from a course of salt pork. But the country had never been thought of as a field for colonization until the British government was compelled to turn its attention to the task of providing homes for the Loyalists who had fled to England from New York with Carleton, or who were trooping into Quebec from the south by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu. When Carleton evacuated New York he took upwards of forty thousand souls, his army and refugee Loyalists, to England. Despite the irritation of Congress at delay and the constant pressure of his own government, the general refused to leave the city until every Loyalist who wished to accompany him had been provided for. The experience of those who were unfortunate enough to be left behind proved that his estimate of the importance of removing the men who had fought, and the women and children who had suffered, for the loyal cause was not extravagant. Disaster and personal loss had often visited those of the conquering party, and the events were too near,

their memory was burned too deeply, to admit of a change of heart, or of mercy after victory. To have left the Loyalists in New York, the great stronghold of the royal cause, would have been to abandon them to the lawlessness of partizan spirit. Many were so abandoned of necessity, throughout the country, and upon the sufferings in mind, body, and estate was the province of Upper Canada founded.

The first refugees arrived before the war had ceased. The men were frequently drafted into the provincial regiments; the women and children were maintained at Machiche, St. Johns, Chambly, Sorel, and other points at which they arrived naturally upon the termination of their journey. This influx continued to 1790, and consisted of those who had suffered more actively for the royal cause. There was at Niagara also a considerable number of refugees who sought the protection of the garrison, and who began the early settlement of the shores of Lake Ontario. After the year 1790 began the immigration of those who were at heart and welcomed the opportunity of settlement again under the British flag, free from the contempt of their republican neighbors and the political servitude in which they lived. Simcoe, by his proclamation of free grants of land, created what would, in these days, be called a "boom," and the morals and principles of some of the settlers looked strangely like those of the ordinary land-grabber and speculator. But every one was a Royalist to his ardent mind.

In the summer of 1782 there were sixteen families comprising ninety-three persons, settled at Niagara. They had two hundred and thirty-six acres under cultivation, and had harvested eleven hundred and seventy

eight bushels of grain and six hundred and thirty of potatoes. The erection of a saw and grist mill upon the farm of Peter Secord, one of these pioneers, was contemplated. These sixteen families were supporting themselves with the assistance of rations granted by the government, and they are the first settlers of Upper Canada.

The first refugee Loyalists arrived in the eastern district in the summer of 1784, and took up land upon the St. Lawrence below Cataract, at that place, and upon the shores of the Bay of Quinté. They were all poorly equipped to gain their subsistence from the forest-covered domain which had been granted them. Soldiers and Loyalists alike had but the clothing upon their backs. When a family had a few chairs or a table, saved somehow from the ruin of their homesteads, guarded and transported with care and labor out of all proportion to the value of the articles, they were affluent amid the general destitution. The pioneer in our day can suffer no such isolation, and cannot endure like hardships. All civilization rushes to help him. He has only to break through the fringe of forest that surrounds him and he finds a storehouse of all the world's goods necessary for him at his command. By his fire he may read of the last month's revolutions, or the triumphs of peace in the uttermost parts of the earth. Whatever he touches in his cabin of rough logs may remind him of his comradeship with all the other producers of the globe, and every kernel of grain that he grows and every spare-rib that he fattens goes to swell the food-wealth of the world. For the pioneers of 1784 it was strife for bare subsistence; they were as isolated as castaways on a desert island who had saved part of the ship's stores and tools.

The government gave them a little flour and pork and a few hoes and axes, and with these they were to dispossess those ancient tenants who had for ages held the land in undisputed possession. They drew lots for their land. The lucky ones obtained the farms near the posts where there was some advantage of water, springs, groves, or so which made the situation desirable. When they were located they began the great work of providing shelter. While the trees were felled and the rude hut was taking shape the family slept under the stars upon the ground, huddled together for warmth or protection from the dew and rain. Blankets they had none; their clothes were tattered, and as the chill nights of September came upon them, thus exposed, they suffered from cold. With dull axes, which they could not sharpen, they made their clearances, and when they were made they had no seed, or but a handful, to sow between the stumps upon the rich loam which was ready to yield them an hundred-fold. Their single implement was the hoe, with which they chopped roots, turned the soil, and covered the little seed. With toil in the clear air they sharpened hunger that could not be assuaged from the small supply of food which they were compelled to hoard against the length of the winter. Their staples were flour and pork, but to these could be added fish that were in such plenty that a hooked stick was all that was required to take them from the streams, and wild fowl that could be captured with the most primitive snare.

They faced all the harshness of life in the wilderness except the hostility of the Indians. These first Upper Canadian settlers never turned their cabins into block houses, never primed their guns and stood alert at the

loopholes "while shrill sprang through the dreaming hamlet on the hill, the war cry of the triumphant Iroquois." The savages who surrounded them were refugees like themselves, allies who had fought with the disbanded regiments and now, side by side, had turned them to the peaceful employments which were alike strange and untoward to the wielders of the tomahawk and the bearers of the rifle. Only upon occasion, and lured by the rum for which they had bartered their treaty presents, did they drive off and kill the precious cattle and frighten the women and children when the men were at the post for rations. The normal attitude of the Indian to the settler was one of friendliness. In his possession he held the wisdom produced by centuries of conflict with the conditions that faced the pioneer. And when the rewards that he might look for were small he taught him to take fish without hooks or bait, to prepare skins without the tanner's vat, to make delicious sugar from the sap of the maple, to snare rabbits, to build canoes. He brought to the cabin door venison and dishes of birch-bark, and pointed out nuts and roots that were edible and nutritious.

The winter of 1785 found these earliest settlers for the most part prepared to withstand its rigors. Their little log huts were reared in the middle of the clearings, supported by immense chimneys of rough stones, which opened in the dwarf interiors fireplaces nearly as large as one side of the enclosure. The chinks in the logs were stuffed with moss and clay, and the stones were cemented by nothing stronger than the snow which they had been gathered. Night and day kept fires roaring on the hearths. The precipitous paths widened in the snow as trees fell under

and the interior of the cabins began to take on an air of rude comfort as, one by one, rough articles of furniture were knocked together by the light of the fire. The enforced stinting of the coarse, wholesome food, the splendid purity of the air, the sweeping ventilation of the little living-room kept clear by the sweet flame of maple and birch, the invigorating labor with axes amongst the resinous pine and the firm-trunked hardwoods gave health and strong sleep, and happy hearts followed.

In the spring when the fall wheat began to show in a shimmer of green rising about the stumps equally over all inequalities of the ground, springing up gladly, renewing itself with a bright joy in the virgin earth, the laborers saw the first of hundreds of springtimes that were to gladden Ontario. These first blades of wheat, making patches of green where the axes had cleft the forest for sunshine and rain, were flags of hope unfurled for the women and children. It ripened, this virgin grain, breast high, strong-headed, crammed with the force of unwearied soil and sweeping sunshine. When hands gathered it, and threshed it, and winnowed it, it was crushed in the hollow scooped in a hardwood stump—a rude mortar. And if the swords of the old soldiers had not actually become ploughshares or their spears pruning-hooks, at least their cannon balls were frequently made into pestles and, suspended by cords from the end of a pole which was balanced like a well-sweep, pounded grain peacefully into coarse and wholesome flour.

And while the grain waxed plump and ripened, the women, with resourceful energy, sought to improve the conditions of life. In most cases they had saved the

seed which produced the first harvest, now they endeavored to clothe their families, learned the Indian tanning, spun thread from the fibres of the basswood bark, and made clothing of deerskin, trousers and smocks and petticoats, that would withstand for years the rough usage of a frontier life. Stockings were unknown; at first the children frequently spent the whole of the winter months indoors for lack of the necessary foot-covering. When it became possible to obtain leather every man was shoe-maker to his own family, and produced amorphous, but comfortable boots. Looking forward to the raising of wool, flax, and hemp, hand-looms were fashioned in the winter and spinning-wheels, and when the materials were at hand the women learned to spin and weave, and linsey-woolsey took the place of buckskin. When the proper materials were not at hand blankets were made from anything that could be found; for instance, "hair picked out of the tanner's vat and a hemp-like weed growing in the yard." A common knife and a little invention filled the housewife's shelves with many a small article that made keeping the house easier—uncouth basswood trenchers, spoons, and two-pronged forks whittled from hard maple, and bowls done out of elm knots. The steady progress of the colony received but one serious check. The "hungry year" came with its dearth and its privation.

After three years of toil some slight degree of comfort had been reached, but in the summer of 1787 disaster fell upon them. The harvest was a failure. During the winter that followed there was dire suffering. They lived upon whatever they could find in the woods. They killed and ate their few cattle, their dogs, their

horses. The government could not cope with such wide and far-reaching destitution, and the people were thrown upon their own resources. The story of the circulation of the beef bones among neighboring families to give flavor to the thin bran soup is familiar. They lived on nuts and roots, on anything from which nourishment could be extracted. When the early summer brought up the grain they boiled the green, half-filled ears and stalks, and as the year drew on distress gradually vanished and comfort and improvement marched on.

Transport and communication were difficult. The lakes and rivers were the natural carriage-ways, and bush-trails, a foot or two wide, blazed at every turn, led from one clearance to another. But despite these obstacles the people were sociable and helpful. Their interests were alike, their sufferings had been similar, and common difficulties drew them together. They passed on the knowledge of small, but to them important discoveries in domestic processes and economies. The invention of one became common property. No man endeavored to conceal his discovery of the best way to extract stumps or mount a potash-kettle, to build a bake oven, or to shape felloes. Every woman gave away her improvements in bread-making, in weaving, and in dyeing. They were like members of one family, and for good-fellowship and economy in labor they joined forces, and in "bees" the men raised barn-timbers and rooftrees, the women gathered around the quilting-frames and the spinning wheels.

After labor there was mirth. The young men fought and wrestled and showed their prowess in many a forgotten game. The women made matches

and handed on the news. There was dancing, good eating, and deep drinking. In the winter there were surprise parties and dances when the company came early and stayed for a day or two. But the weddings were the chief occasions for jollity and good fellowship. Before the year 1784 the ceremony was performed by the officer-in-command at the nearest post, or the adjutant of the regiment; afterwards, until the passage of the Marriage Act, by the justice of the peace for the district. The bride and groom with their attendants, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, followed the trail through the woods. If the journey were long they rested overnight at the house of some neighbor. They made as brave a show as possible, the bride decked out in calico, calamink, or linsey-woolsey, the bridegroom in his homespun. Or maybe each in inherited garments of a more prosperous age, the bride in a white satin that had taken an ivory shade in its wanderings, the bridegroom in a broadcloth coat with brass buttons, knee breeches, and beaver hat. There was a fiddler always to be found, and no wedding was complete and perfect without a dance. Sometimes odd expedients were necessary to supply the ring, and there is record of one faithful pair that were married with the steel ring attached to an old pair of skates.

The chief messengers from the outside world were the itinerant preachers and the Yankee pedlars. They were the newsmongers who brought into the wilds word of the latest happenings, six months old: how Robespierre had cut off his king's head, how Black Dick had beaten the French, how Jay had made a treaty with King George, how the king's son was on

the way to Niagara, how they were to have as a governor of their own the fighting colonel of the Queen's Rangers, how a real French duke was at Kingston in the officers' quarters, how there was to be another war with the States. All the stray news from Albany or Quebec was talked over while the pedlar opened his pack of prints and gee-gaws, or before the preacher turned from these worldly subjects to the one nearest his heart, the welfare of the eternal soul.

They were not greatly troubled with money; they made their own in effect, by trade and barter, or, in fact, by writing on small slips of paper that passed everywhere at their face value until that became indecipherable from soil or friction, when the last holders made fresh copies, and on they went with their message of trust and confidence. The earliest settlers had no means of producing wealth. Their markets were their own simple tables, their exports reached the next concession, or the nearest military post. Their first and chief source of ready money was the sale of potash, a crude product from hardwood ashes. In fact, not many years have passed since the disappearance of the V-shaped ash vat and the cumbrous potash kettle. Their next source of revenue was the provisioning of the troops, and in 1794 agriculture had so developed that the commissariat was in that year partly supplied from the provincial harvest. Then timber became the staple, and the whole of the exports—potash, grain, and pork—were freighted to Montreal on rafts. Cattle at first were scarce and hard to provide for. Some of the earliest settlers had cows and oxen at places in the States, that had to be driven hundreds of miles through the woods over

paths slashed out for their passage. In the first settlement at Oswegatchie (Prescott) for a population of five hundred and ninety-seven there were only six horses, eight oxen and eighteen cows. During the "hungry year" the first cattle were nearly all killed for food, but before long every farmer had his oxen and cows that ranged the woods as nimble as deer and picked up their living in the same fashion.

Saw and grist mills were soon established. First at Niagara, then at Napanee, at Kingston, at York on the Humber, and gradually they were added to as the harvests became greater and the demand for flour and lumber more extensive. Taking the grist to mill was always the most important event of the year. By tedious and dangerous voyages along the lake shore in open boats or scows, the settler took his bags of grain that were precious as gold to him, and returned with his flour, less the toll exacted for grinding, fixed by law at one-twelfth. While he was away the women kept the houses, lying awake at night with the children sleeping around them, shivering at the howling of the wolves. Often were they alarmed by rumors of disaster and loss to the one who had gone forth "bearing his sheaves with him," but who doubtless "came again with rejoicing."

As time went by there grew up those distinctions and degrees which must inevitably develop in society that begins to be settled and secure. Governor Simcoe to the full extent of his power aided these divergences. He thought nothing would contribute so greatly to the solid, four-square loyalty of the province as an aristocracy. This aristocracy he hoped to build out of the

materials at his hand: half-pay officers, many of whom bore names that were honored at home and whose traditions were those of good families and settled ways of life, the few leading merchants and landed proprietors who were the financiers and bankers of the colony. Upon these men fell the honors that Simcoe could recommend or bestow; they were the legislative councillors, the lieutenants of counties, the magistrates. They were the flower of the loyalty of the province, and from them he would have formed an aristocracy with hereditary titles, estates, coats-of-arms, permanent seats in the Legislative Council. From this eminence the people descended in degree through the professional classes, the farmers, the shopkeepers, to the substratum of the land-grabber and speculator, whose loyalty was tainted and whose motives and movements were imagined and observed with suspicion.

Upon even the humblest individual of the early immigration Simcoe desired to place some distinction that might make his stand for a united empire known to posterity.

At Lord Dorchester's instance a minute had been passed by the Executive Council of the province of Quebec on November 9th, 1789, directing the Land Boards of the different districts to register the names of those who had joined the royal standard in America before the Treaty of Separation of 1783. But the Land Boards took but little interest in the matter, and Simcoe found the regulation a dead letter. He revived it by his proclamation dated at York on April 6th, 1796. This instrument directed the magistrates to ascertain under oath and register the names of such

persons as were entitled to special distinction and land grants by reason of their cleaving to the king's cause in a troublous time. The next ensuing Michaelmas quarter sessions was the time set for the registration, and from this date began the designation of "United Empire Loyalist."

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

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CANADA

Out of the clouds on Time's horizon, dawneth the new
Day, spacious and fair :

White-winged over the world it shineth ; wide-
winged over the land and sea.

Spectres and ghosts of battles and hatred flee at the
touch of the morning air :

Throned on the ocean, the new Sun ariseth ; Dark-
ness is over, we wake, and are free.

Ages of ages guarded and tended mountain and
water-fall, river and plain,

Forests, that sighed with the sorrows of God in the
infinite night when the stars looked down,—

Guarded and tended with winter and summer, sword
of lightning and food of rain,

This, our Land, where the twin-born peoples,
youngest of Nations, await their crown.

Now, in the dawn of a Nation's glory, now, in the
passionate youth of Time,
Wide-thrown portals, infinite visions, splendors of
knowledge, dreams from afar,
Seas that toss in their limitless fury, thunder of cataracts,
heights sublime,
Mock us, and dare us, to do and inherit, to mount
up as eagles and grasp at the star.

Blow on us, Breath of the pitiless passion that pulses
and throbs in the heart of the sea!
Smite on us, Wind of the night-hidden Arctic!
Breathe on us, Breath of the languorous South!
Here, where ye gather to conflict and triumph, men
shall have manhood, Man shall be free;
Here hath he shattered the yoke of the tyrant; free
as the winds are the words of his mouth.

Voice of the infinite solitude, speak to us! Speak to
us, Voice of the mountain and plain!
Give us the dreams which the lakes are dreaming—
lakes with bosoms all white in the dawn;
Give us the thoughts of the deep-browed mountains,
thoughts that will make us as gods to reign;
Give us the calm that is pregnant with action—
calm of the hills when night is withdrawn.

Brothers, who crowd to the golden portals—portals
which God has opened wide—
Shake off the dust from your feet as ye enter; gird
up your loins, and pass within;

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Cringing to no man, go in as brothers ; mount up to
kingship, side by side :

Night is behind us, Day is before us, victories wait
us, heights are to win.

God, then, uplift us ! God, then, uphold us ! Great
God, throw wider the bounds of Man's thought !

Gnaws at our heart-strings the hunger for action ;
burns like a desert the thirst in our soul :

Give us the gold of a steadfast endeavor ; give us the
heights which our fathers have sought :

Though we start last in the race of the Nations,
give us the power to be first at the goal.

—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR

Come, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged ; 'tis at a white
heat now ;

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased ; though on
the forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable
mound ;

And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking
round,

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only
bare :

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the
windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black
mound heaves below,
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every
throe ;
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a
glow !
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun
shines not so !
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful
show,
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy
lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before
the foc.
As quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing
monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.
“ Hurrah ! ” they shout, “ leap out—leap out,” bang,
bang, the sledges go ;
Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and
low ;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing
blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders
strow
The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering
fountains flow ;
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every
stroke, pant “ Ho ! ”
Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on
load !
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and
broad ;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous
road ;

The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean
pour'd

From stem to stern, sea after sea—the mainmast by
the board ;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove
at the chains !

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch
sky high,

Then moves his head, as though he said, “ Fear nothing,
here am I ! ”

Swing in your stroke in order, let foot and hand keep
time !

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
chime.

But while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let the
burden be,

“ The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen
we.”

Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their
rustling red.

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon
be sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch
of clay ;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry crafts-
men here,

For the “ Yeo-heave-o,” and the “ Heave-away,”
and the sighing seaman's cheer ;

When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love
and home,
And sobbing sweethearts in a row, wail o'er the ocean
foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was
cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life
like me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the
deep green sea!

O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights
as thou?

The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy
'twere now

To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the
whales,

And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their
scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea
unicorn,

And send him foil'd and bellowing back, for all his
ivory horn;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws
to scorn;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where, 'mid the
Norwegian Isles,

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonish'd shoal

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or haply in a cove,
 And shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some
 Undine's love,
 To find the long-hair'd mermaidens ; or, hard by icy
 lands,
 To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-arm'd fisher of the deep, whose sports can
 equal thine ?
 The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy
 cable line ;
 And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to
 play
 But, shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I
 gave,
 A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but
 understand
 Whose be the white hair by thy side, or who that
 dripping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave that round about
 thee bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their
 ancient friend—
 Oh, couldst thou know w'at heroes glide with larger
 steps round thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap
 within the sea !
 Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant
 strand,
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland—

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church
yard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly
sung
Honor him for their memory whose bones lie gone
among !

—SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE AGE OF COAL

Come with me, in fancy, back to those early ages of the world, thousands, yes millions, of years ago. Stand with me on some low ancient hill, which overlooks the flat and swampy lands that are to become the American continent.

Few heights are yet in sight. The future Rocky Mountains lie still beneath the surface of the sea. The Alleghanies are not yet heaved up above the level surface of the ground, for over them are spread the boggy lands and thick forests of future coal fields. The Mississippi River is not yet in existence, or if in existence, is but an unimportant little stream.

Below us, as we stand, we can see a broad and sluggish body of water, in places widening into shallow lakes. On either side of this stream, vast forests extend in every direction as far as the horizon, bounded on one side by the distant ocean, clothing each hill with their rise, and sending islets of matted trees and shrubs floating down the waters.

Strange forests these are to us. No oaks, no elms, no beeches, no birches, no palms, nor many colored wild flowers are there. The deciduous plants so common in our modern forests are nowhere found; but enormous club mosses are seen, as well as splendid pines and an abundance of ancient trees with waving, frondlike leaves. Here also are graceful tree ferns and countless ferns of lower growth filling up all gaps.

No wild quadrupeds are yet in existence, and the silent forests are enlivened only by the stirring of the breeze among the trees or the occasional hum of monstrous insects. But upon the margin of yonder stream a huge four-footed creature creeps slowly along. He looks much like a gigantic salamander, and his broad, soft feet make deep impressions in the yielding mud.

No sunshine but only a gleam of light can creep through the misty atmosphere. The earth seems clothed in a garment of clouds, and the air is positively reeking with damp warmth, like the air of a hot-house. This explains the luxuriant growth of foliage.

Could we thus stand upon the hilltops and keep watch through the long coal-building ages, we should see generation after generation of forest trees and underwoods living, withering, dying, falling to earth. Slowly a layer of dead and decaying vegetation thus collects, over which the forest flourishes still—tree for tree, and shrub for shrub, springing up in the place of each one that dies.

Then, after a very long time, through the working of mighty underground forces, the broad lands sink a little way—perhaps only a few feet—and the ocean tide rushes in, overwhelming the forests, trees and plants and living creatures, in one dire desolation.

No, not dire, for the ruin is not objectless or needless. It is all a part of the wonderful preparation for the life of man on earth.

Under the waves lie the overwhelmed forests, prostrate trunks and broken stumps in countless numbers overspreading the gathered vegetable remains of centuries before. Upon these the sea builds a protective covering of sand or mud, more or less thick. Here sea creatures come to live, fishes swim hungrily to and fro, and shellfishes die in the mud which, by and by, is to become firm rock with stony animal remains embedded in it.

After a while the land rises again to its former position. There are bare, sandy flats as before, but they do not remain bare. Lichens and hardier plants find a home. The light spores of the ancient forest trees take root and grow, and luxuriant forests, like those of old, spring again into being. Upon river and lake bottoms, and over the low damp lands, rich layers of decaying vegetation again collect. Then once more the land sinks and the ocean tide pours in; and another sandy or muddy stratum is built up on the overflowed lands. Thus the second layer of forest growth is buried like the first, and both lie quietly through the long ages following, hidden from sight, slowly changing in their substance from wood to shining coal.

Thus time after time, the land rose and sank, rose and sank, again and again. Not the whole continent is believed to have risen or sunk at the same time; but here at one period, there at another period, the movements probably went on. The greater part of the vegetable mass decayed slowly; but when the

final ruin of the forest came, whole trunks were snapped off close to the roots and flung down. These are now found in numbers on the tops of the coal layers, the barks being flattened and changed to shining black coal.

How wonderful the tale of those ancient days told to us by these buried forests!

—AGNES GIBERNE.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
 If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
 If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
 And crocus fires are kindled one by one :

Sing, robin, sing!

I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.

I wonder if the spring-tide of this year
 Will bring another spring both lost and dear ;
 If heart and spirit will find out their spring,
 Or if the world alone will bud and sing :

Sing, hope, to me!

Sweet notes, my hope, sweet notes for memory

The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
 The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate ;
 So Spring must dawn again with warmth and bloom,
 Or in this world, or in the world to come :

Sing, voice of Spring!

Till I, too, blossom and rejoice and sing.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

SONG OF THE RIVER

A river went singing a-down to the sea,
A-singing—low—singing—
And the dim rippling river said softly to me,
“ I’m bringing, a-bringing—
While floating along—
A beautiful song
To the shores that are white where the waves are so
weary,
To the beach that is burdened with wrecks that are
dreary.

“ A song sweet and calm
As the peacefulest psalm ;
And the shore that was sad
Will be grateful and glad,
And the weariest wave from its dreariest dream
Will wake to the sound of the song of the stream ;
And the tempests shall cease
And there shall be peace.”
From the fairest of fountains
And farthest of mountains,
From the stillness of snow
Came the stream in its flow.

Down the slopes where the rocks are gray,
Through the vales where the flowers are fair—
Where the sunlight flashed—where the shadows lay
Like stories that cloud a face of care,
The river ran on—and on—and on,
Day and night, and night and day.

Going and going, and never gone,
Longing to flow to the "far away."
Staying and staying, and never still,—
Going and staying, as if one will
Said, "Beautiful river, go to the sea,"
And another will whispered, "Stay with me"—
And the river made answer, soft and low,
"I go and stay—I stay and go."

"But what is the song?" I said at last,
To the passing river that never passed;
And a white, white wave whispered, "List to me,
I'm a note in the song for the beautiful sea,
A song whose grand accents no earth din may sever,
And the river flows on in the same mystic key
That blends in one chord the 'forever and never.'"

—FATHER RYAN.

THE BLACKBIRD

O blackbird! sing me something well:
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat, and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine; the range of lawn and park:
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is, sitting still
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry:
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young:

And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of spring.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE COMING OF THE BIRDS

Spring in our northern climate may fairly be said to extend from the middle of March to the middle of June. At least, the vernal tide continues to rise until the latter date, and it is not till after the summer solstice that the shoots and twigs begin to harden and turn to wood, or the grass to lose any of its freshness and succulency.

It is this period that marks the return of the birds,—one or two of the more hardy or half-domesticated species, like the song sparrow and the bluebird, usually arriving in March, while the rare and more brilliant wood birds bring up the procession in June. But each stage of the advancing season gives prominence to certain species, as to certain flowers. The dandelion tells me when to look for the swallow, the dog-toothed violet when to expect the wood thrush, and when I have found the wake-robin in bloom I know the season is fairly inaugurated. With me this flower is associated, not merely with the awakening of Robin, for he has been awake some weeks, but with the universal awakening and rehabilitation of nature.

Yet the coming and going of birds is more or less a mystery and a surprise. We go out in the morning, and no thrush or vireo is to be heard ; we go out again, and every tree and grove is musical ; yet again, and all is silent. Who saw them come ? Who saw them depart.

This pert little winter wren, for instance, darting in and out the fence, diving under the rubbish here and coming up yards away,—how does he manage with those little circular wings to compass degrees and zones, and arrive always in the nick of time ? Last August I saw him in the remotest wilds of the Adirondacks, impatient and inquisitive as usual ; a few weeks later, on the Potomac, I was greeted by the same hardy busybody. Does he travel by easy stages from bush to bush and from wood to wood ? or has that compact little body force and courage to brave the night and the upper air, and so achieve leagues at one pull ?

And yonder bluebird with the earth tinge on his

breast and the sky tinge on his back,—did he come down out of heaven on that bright March morning when he told us so softly and plaintively that, if we pleased, spring had come? Indeed, there is nothing in the return of the birds more curious and suggestive than in the first appearance, or rumors of the appearance, of this little blue-coat. The bird at first seems a mere wandering voice in the air; one hears its call or carol on some bright March morning, but is uncertain of its source or direction; it falls like a drop of rain when no cloud is visible; one looks and listens, but to no purpose.

The weather changes: perhaps a cold snap with snow comes on, and it may be a week before I hear the note again, see the bird sitting on a stake on the fence, lifting his wing as he calls cheerily to his mate. Its notes now become daily more frequent; the birds multiply, and, flitting from point to point, call the warble more confidently and gleefully. Their boldness increases till one sees them hovering with a saucy, inquiring air about barns and outbuildings, peeping into dovecotes and stable windows, inspecting knot-holes and pump trees, intent only on a place to nest.

They wage war against robins, pick quarrels with swallows, and seem to deliberate for days over the policy of taking forcible possession of one of the mud houses of the latter. But as the season advances they drift more into the background. Schemes of conquest which they at first seemed bent upon are abandoned, and they settle down very quietly in their old quarters in remote stumpy fields.

Not long after the bluebird comes the robin, sometimes in March, but in most of the northern states

April is the month of the robin. In large numbers they scour the fields and groves. You hear their piping in the meadow, in the pasture, on the hillside. Walk in the woods, and the dry leaves rustle with the whirl of their wings, the air is vocal with their cheery call. In excess of joy and vivacity, they run, leap, scream, chase each other through the air, diving and sweeping among the trees with perilous rapidity.

In that free, fascinating half-work and half-play pursuit,—sugar-making,—a pursuit which still lingers in many parts of the country, the robin is one's constant companion. When the day is sunny and the ground bare, you meet him at all points and hear him at all hours. At sunset, on the tops of the tall maples, with look heavenward, and in a spirit of utter abandonment, he carols his simple strain. And sitting thus amid the stark, silent trees, above the wet, cold earth, with the chill of winter still in the air, there is no fitter or sweeter songster in the whole round year. It is in keeping with the scene and the occasion. How round and genuine the notes are, and how eagerly our ears drink them in! The first utterance and the spell of winter is thoroughly broken, and the remembrance of it afar off.

Robin is one of the most native and democratic of our birds; he is one of the family, and seems much nearer to us than those rare, exotic visitants, as the orchard starling, or rose-breasted grosbeak, with their distant, high-bred ways. Hardy, noisy, frolicsome, neighborly and domestic in his habits, strong of wing and bold in spirit, he is the pioneer of the thrush family, and well worthy of the finer artists whose coming he heralds and in a measure prepares us for.

I could wish robin less native and plebeian in one respect,—the building of his nest. Its coarse material and rough masonry are creditable neither to his skill as a workman nor his taste as an artist. I am the more forcibly reminded of his deficiency in this respect from observing yonder humming bird's nest, which is a marvel of fitness and adaptation, a proper setting for this winged gem,—the body of it composed of a white, felt-like substance, probably the down of some plant or the wool of some worm, and toned down in keeping with the branch on which it sits by minute tree lichens, woven together by threads as fine and frail as gossamer.

From robin's good looks and musical turn we might reasonably predict a domicile of him as clean and handsome a nest as the king-bird's, whose harsh jingle, compared with robin's evening melody, is as the clatter of pots and kettles beside the tone of a flute. I love his note and ways better even than those of the orchard starling or the Baltimore oriole; yet his nest, compared with theirs, is a half-subterranean hut contrasted with a Roman villa. There is something courtly and poetical in a pensile nest. Next to a castle in the air is a dwelling suspended to the slender branch of a tall tree, swayed and rocked forever by the wind.

—JOHN BURROUGHS.

*From "Wake-Robin" by kind permission of
Houghton, Mifflin and Company.*

Words only live when worthy to be said.

AS SHIPS, BECALMED AT EVE

As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence join'd anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were fill'd,
And onward each rejoicing steer'd—
Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,
Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd !

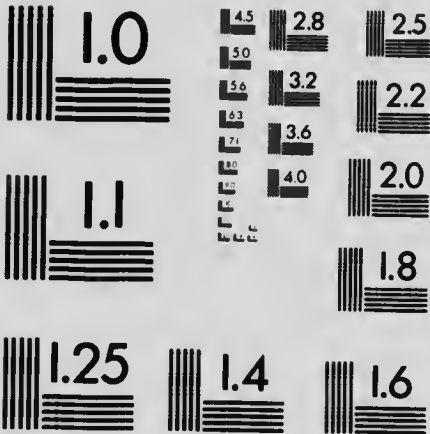
To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.



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One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there.

—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE POETRY OF EARTH IS NEVER DEAD

The poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—JOHN KEATS.

What a noble gift to man are the forests ! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe to their beauty and their utility ! How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads when we turn from the glitter and turmoil of the world of man !

—FENIMORE COOPER.

“GENTLEMEN, THE KING!”

When I was a child and knelt on a big hassock in the rectory pew of a Suffolk church, I used to wonder, while flies droned against the green-tinted diamond-paned windows, and the crowing of roosters came with drowsy sunshine through the open door, whether the dear, sad-faced lady in a widow's cap, whose picture hung in our nursery above the gray rocking-horse, knew that my father was praying for her good health.

I used to wonder, too, whether she ever reflected how at that particular moment, from one end of England to the other, men were breathing her woman's name into the hearing of the King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the only Ruler of princes. How wonderful for that little lady to think of this universal supplication—how humbling, how uplifting! Did she bow her head very, very low, I wondered, as the choric prayer of England rose in the hush of those Sabbath morns from city and town, from village and hamlet—the voice of her great little England approaching the confidence of God on her behalf.

“Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and so replenish her with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that she may alway incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way. Endue her plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant her in health and wealth long to live; strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies; and finally, after this life, she may attain everlasting joy and felicity.”

The innocent wonder of childhood lies far behind me

on the dusty road of life. He who prayed and she for whom he prayed have both out-soared the shadow of our night. Other children play in that Suffolk glebe, a different voice wakes the Sabbath echoes in that village church, and another inhabits the majestic splendor of the throne of England.

Here in Canada, far away in the West, with the croon of the Pacific Ocean in my ears and the scents of a deep, cool, pine forest stealing into the candles through the opening of a tent, I find my wonderment following the ancient trail of a, far-away childhood. Does Edward the Seventh, I asked myself, ever reflect that in all the zones of the world, night after night, year in, year out, at the old familiar call, "Gentlemen, the King!"—men of Shakespeare's blood and Alfred's lineage spring to their feet, as at the sound of a trumpet and the local welkin rings with the anthem of the British? Is he conscious, wheresoever he be at this moment, of the low, strong, rumbling Amen of our anthem, which rolls through the tent as we set down our glasses and resume our chairs—"The King!—God bless him." Every night, in every quarter of the globe, as constant as the stars, as strong as the mountains, this pledge of loyalty, this profession of faith by the clean-hearted British—"The King!—God bless him."

Presently the chairman rises to propose another toast, but my thoughts cling to the ancient trail. I see a vision of Windsor Castle, with the Royal Standard streaming out against a sky of summer turquoise, exactly as it shone for my boyish eyes in a box of bricks. The fragrance of England's may-breathing hedgerows and the deep earthy scents of her glimmering

woods of oak and elm, come to me from the fields of memory. All that makes England demi-Paradise—her rose-hung hedges, her greener woods, her creeping rivers, her April orchards, and her March-blown hills—all this gracious pageantry rises in a green and tender mirage to the eyes of my musing. And as I feel the spell and magic of "this other Eden" I feel also the pomp and splendor of the British throne, I understand how it is that whithersoever I go in Canada, men stand up like soldiers at the toast of the King, and, though but a moment hence they were laughing over a light story, sing with exaltation the anthem of the British: "The King!—God bless him." He is to these dwellers in a far land, these English Esaus, who "tramp free hills and sleep beneath blue sky," the magic name which opens for them the gates of the past, and shows again the pleasant vision of childhood. At the name of the King rises the vision of England, Windsor Castle, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey—all the crowded historic greatness of free and glorious England—this memory, with childhood's picture of the Yeomen of the Guard, Lord Mayor processions, and the swirl of craft under the Thames bridges, leaps in one fond yearning affection to the exiled heart at the toast of the King. All that men learned of England at the knees of their mothers comes like a vision at the call of the King. At that name Esau dreams his dream of home.

How great and good a thing to be the head and fountain of a world-wandering people! What a sublime reflection for a single individual that men and women, scattered across the great globe, and sundered from each other by every sea that rolls beneath the stars,

regard his name as a band binding them in a great communion. To be the captain of the British people—is there higher office on the earth? To feel oneself the symbol and the sigil of a great race marching to wider freedom—is there nobler inspiration under heaven?

How often I have raised my glass in London to the toast of his Majesty, and murmured like a school-boy repeating his lesson the concordant affirmation, "The King!—God bless him." But here, separated by a continent and an ocean from the shores of England, what significance there is in the toast, and what emotion in the voices of those who stand to drink! Here in the Island of Vancouver, all formality slips from the proceeding, and our toast is sacred, like a religious service. We are men seeking to express communion. We are free people uttering the ritual of our unity. The flag which drapes the table enfolds an empire. The name of the King knits us into a common family. With what a proud challenge it rings out: "The King!—the King!" And then, quietly, under the breath, the short emphatic prayer: "God bless him!"

My thoughts go back over the long journey from Quebec to the city of Victoria. Scarce has a day passed but in some city or village we have stood to drink the loyal and ancient toast. Not only in the proud club-houses and hotels of prosperous cities, but in little lake-side hamlets, in new-built prairie towns, and in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. And, not only have we been called upon to drink that toast by the millionaire, the politician, and the university professor, but by broken men, who drift from land to land, from city to city, who drink too deeply

and who live too madly, but in whose tempestuous and all but lawless brains beats still the lilt of England's song: "Gentlemen—the King!" For that moment we are all gentlemen. For that moment Esau wears the European livery of his brother Jacob.

It is thus throughout the vast Dominion of Canada. It is thus in the mighty Empire of India. It is thus in ancient Egypt. It is thus in South Africa. It is thus in Australia. Shore calls to shore the ancient pledge, and the ships that sail between link voice to voice. Hark, how it rings across the world, that cry: "The King!—God bless him!"—from one whole continent, from a hundred peninsulas, from five hundred promontories, from a thousand lakes, from two thousand rivers, from ten thousand islands, and from seventy out of every hundred ships at sea. What pride, what pomp, what honor, what responsibility—to be the inspiration of that prayer.

—HAROLD BEGBIE.

THE TOAD

Old fellow loiterer, whither wouldst thou go?
 The lonely eve is ours,
 When tides of richer fragrance ooze and flow
 From heavy-lidded flowers.

With solemn hampered pace proceeding by
 The dewy garden bed,
 Like some o'd priest in antique finery,
 Stiff cope and jewelled head;

Thy sanctuary lamps are lit at dusk,
Where leafy isles are dim ;
The bat's shrill piccolo, the swinging musk
Blend with the beetle's hymn.

Ay, something paramount and priestly too,
Some cynic mystery,
Lurks in thy dull skin with its dismal hue,
Thy bright ascetic eye ;

Thou seemest the heir of centuries, hatched out
With æons on thy track ;
The dusk of ages compasses about
Thy lean and shrivelled back.

Thy heaving throat, thy sick repulsive glance
Still awes thy foes around ;
The eager hound starts back and looks askance,
And, whining, paws the ground.

Yet thou hast forfeited thy ancient ban,
Thy mystical control ;
We know thee now to be the friend of man,
A simple, homely soul ;

And when we deemed thee curiously wise,
Still chewing venomed paste,
Thou didst but crush the limbs of juicy flies
With calm and critic taste.

By the gray stone half-sunk in mossy mould,
Beside the stiff box-hedge,
Thou slumberest, when the dawn with fingers cold
Plucks at the low cloud's edge.

O royal life ! in some cool cave all day,
Dreaming old dreams, to lie,
Or peering up to see the larkspur sway
Above thee in the sky ;

Or wandering when the sunset airs are cool
Beside the elm-tree's foot,
To splash and sink in some sequestered pool
Amid the cresses' root.

Abhorred, despised, the sad wind o'er thee sings ;
Thou hast no friend to fear,
Yet fashioned in the secret mint of things
And bidden to be here.

Man dreams of loveliness, and bids I be ;
To truth his eye is dim.
Thou wert, because the spirit dreamed of thee
And thou art born of him.

—ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

*By kind permission of the author,
and of the publisher, John Lane.*

THE LOVE OF BOOKS

“ He that loveth a book,” says Isaac Barrow, “ will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes.”

In old days books were rare and dear. Now, on the contrary, it may be said with greater truth than ever that—

“ Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.”

Our ancestors had difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure—not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their heads; when their daily duties are over, the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and can therefore give any leisure they may have to reading and study.

“ If,” says Sir John Herschel, “ I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the

world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man."

Comfort and consolation, refreshment and happiness, may indeed be found in his library by any one "who shall bring the golden key that unlocks its silent door." A library a true fairland, a very palace of delight, a haven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. Rich and poor can enjoy it equally, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage.

We may make a library a true paradise on earth, a garden of Eden without its one drawback; for all is open to us, including the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, for which, as we are told, our first mother sacrificed all the pleasures of Paradise.

—LORD AVEBURY.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

'Twas a balmy summer morning,
 Warm and early,
 Such as only June bestows;
 Everywhere the earth adorning,
 Dews lay pearly
 In the 'ily bell and rose,
 Up from each green-leafy bosk and hollow
 Rose the blackbird's pleasant lay;
 And the soft cuckoo was sure to follow:
 'Twas the dawning of the day!

Through the perfumed air the golden
 Bees flew round me ;
 Bright fish dazzled from the sea,
 Till me dreamt some fairy olden
 Would spellbound me
 In a trance of witcherie.
 Steeds pranced round anon with stateliest housings,
 Like flushed revellers after wine-carousings :
 'Twas the dawning of the day !

Then a strain of song was chanted,
 And the lightly
 Floating sea-nymphs drew near,
 Then again the shore seemed haunted
 By hosts brightly
 Clad and wielding shield and spear :
 Then came battle shouts—an onward rushing
 Swords and chariots, and a phantom fray.
 Then all vanished : the warm skies were blushing
 In the dawning of the day !

Cities girt with glorious gardens,
 Whose immortal
 Habituants in robes of light
 Stood, methought, as angel-wardens
 Nigh each portal,
 Now arose to daze my sight ;
 Eden spread around, revived and blooming,
 When—lo ! as I gazed, all passed away :
 I saw but black rocks and billows looming
 In the dim chill dawn of the day !

—JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

BRUTUS AND ANTONY

SCENE II.—ACT III. *The Forum.**Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.**Cit.* We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reason shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.[*Exit CAS., with some of the Cit.* *BRU. goes into the
Rostrum.*3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !*Bru.* Be patient till the last.Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me
for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor,
that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom,
and awake your senses that you may the better judge.
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar
was no less than his. If then that friend demand
why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer :
Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome
more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die
all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all

free men? As Caesar 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. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CAESAR'S Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Caesar.

4 *Cit.* Caesar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him :—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears !

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious ;
If it were so it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men,)
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for
him !
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.



THE LAST SLEEP OF CAESAR

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will, read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will ; we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;

For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony.

You shall read us the will ; Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar ; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : honorable men !

Cit. The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will !
read the will !

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;--most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember
 The first time ever Caesar put it on.
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—
 Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through ;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made ;
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffled up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Caesar !

3 *Cit.* O woeful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* He will be revenged : revenge ; about,—seek,
—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor
live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there ! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with
him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do't ; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man

That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him ;

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, (poor, poor, dumb
mouths !)

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true:—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Caesar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private harbors, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never! Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Cits., with the Body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavins is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him ;

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[Exit.]

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the
brake,

Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again : all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June :
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
 With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold :
 For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting
 spray

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
 Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs :
 Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
 And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark ! the dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep !
 Marian is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?
 Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
 Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
 Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
 And wake Will Scarlet from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
 With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose
 feather.

The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled
 away

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
 All the heart of England hid in every rose
 Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Hark! the voice of England wakes him as of old
 And shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
 Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
 All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
 Doublets of the Lincoln Green glancing through the
 May

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and
 ash

Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to
 crash,

The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
 And through the crimson dawn the robber band
 goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! all his merry thieves
 Answer as the bugle-note swivens through the leaves,
 Calling as he used to call faint and far away,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

—ALFRED NOYES.

*By kind permission of the
 and of the publishers, Wm
 Blackwood and Sons*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beautiful eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

IN VENICE

Venice lies, as we all know, in a shallow part of the Adriatic, and is built upon three large islands and one hundred and fourteen smaller islands. Instead of streets it has one hundred and fifty canals.

The Grand Canal, nearly two miles long, and as broad as a small river, winds through the city. At one end of it is the railway station, and at the other the hotel to which we are going. When we are all ready—four of us, with our baggage, in each gondola—the two gondoliers, one standing at the stern and the other at the bow, push upon their long oars and send us skimming over the water. We shall not make the whole tour of the Grand Canal, but soon leaving it, we glide into one of the side canals, and thread our way swiftly along, between tall houses riding right out of the water, under bridges, around corners, past churches and open squares filled with busy people—grazing, but never touching, other gondolas going in the opposite direction, until we shoot out into the lower part of the Grand Canal, near its junction with the lagoon, or bay, in which Venice lies.

Tall palaces with their fronts beautifully ornamented, now stand upon our left, and on the opposite bank is a great domed church with beautiful carvings and sculptures, which seem to rise, balloon-like, out of the water. In the open lagoon is a large island with a tall church-spire. Far away are other islands, purple in the distance; vessels sail about with brightly coloured sails, often red and orange; gondolas shoot here, there, and everywhere; and a little farther

down, large ships and steamers lie at anchor. Our gondolas skim around with a sweep, and stop at the steps of the hotel, which come down into the water.

There are few things about Venice that will be more directly interesting to us than the gondolas, which constitute a peculiar and delightful feature of the city. If ordinary rowboats were substituted for gondolas, Venice would lose one of its greatest charms. These boats, which are truly Venetian, and are used nowhere else but here, are very long, narrow, and light. The passengers, of whom there are seldom more than four, sit on softly cushioned seats in the middle of the boat, and the portion occupied by them is generally covered in cold or rainy weather by a little cabin, something like a carriage-top, with windows at the sides and a door in front. In hot weather, when the sun shines, this cabin-top is taken off, and its place supplied by a light awning. Very often, however, neither is needed, and at such times the gondola is most enjoyable.

At the bow of every gondola rises a high steel affair, brightly polished, which looks like an old-fashioned halberd or sword axe; these are placed here principally because it has always been the fashion to have them, and they are also useful in going under bridges: if the ferro, as this handsome steel prow is called, can go under a bridge without touching, the rest of the gondola will do so also.

There is but one color for a gondola, and that is black; this, especially when the black cabin is on, gives it a very sombre appearance. Many people, indeed, liken them to floating hearses, with their black cords, tassels, and cushions. But when their white or bright-colored awnings are up, or when they have neither

canopy nor awning, their appearance is quite cheerful. There is nothing funereal, however, about the gondoliers, of whom there is generally one to each gondola.

It is only when the boat is heavily loaded, or when great speed or style is desired, that there are two of them. The gondolier stands in the stern, as we have so often seen him in pictures, and rests his oar on a crotched projection at the side of the boat ; he leans forward, throwing his weight upon his oar, and thus sends his light craft skimming over the water. As he sways forward and back, sometimes apparently on one foot only, it seems as if he were in danger of tumbling off the narrow end of the boat ; but he never does. Trust him for that. The dexterity with which he steers his craft, always with his oar on one side, is astonishing. He shoots around corners, giving, as he does so, a very peculiar shout to tell other gondoliers that he is coming ; in narrow places he glides by the other boats, or close up to the houses, without ever touching anything ; and when he has a straight course, he pushes on and on, and never seems to be tired.

Gondoliers in the service of private families, and some of those whose boats are for hire, dress in very pretty costumes of white or light-colored sailor clothes, with a broad collar and a red or blue sash ; these, with a straw hat and long floating ribbons, give the gondolier a very gay appearance.

The reason that the gondolas are always black is this : in the early days of Venice the rich people were very extravagant, and each one of them tried to look finer than any one else. Among their other rivalries, they decked out their gondolas in a very gorgeous fashion. In order to check this absurd display, there

was a law passed in the fifteenth century decreeing that every gondola, no matter whether it belonged to a rich man or a poor one, should be entirely black ; and since that time every gondola has been black.

I have said a great deal in regard to gondolas, because they are very important to us, and we shall spend much of our time in them. One of the best things about them is that they are very cheap : the fare for two persons is twenty cents for the first hour, and ten cents for each succeeding hour. If we give the gondolier a little extra change at the end of the long row, he will be very grateful.

One of our first excursions will be a trip along the whole length of the Grand Canal. As we start from the lower end, we soon pass on our right the small but beautiful palace of Cantarini-Fasan, which is said to have been the palace in which Shakespeare chose to lay the scene of Othello's courtship of Desdemona. The palaces which we now see rising up on each side were almost all built in the Middle Ages, and many of them look old and a little shabby, but among them are some very beautiful and peculiar specimens of architecture, their fronts being covered with artistic and graceful ornamentation ; many of the windows, or, rather, clusters of windows, are very picturesque ; and the effect of these long rows of grand old palaces, with their pillars, their carvings, and the varied colors of their fronts, is much more pleasing to us than if they were all fresh and new.

These palaces are directly at the water's edge, and at a couple of yards' distance from their doorways is a row of gaily painted posts, driven into the bottom of the canal. They are intended to protect the gondolas

lying at the broad stone steps from being run into by passing craft. The posts in front of each house are of different color and design, and add very much to the gaiety of the scene.

Before long we come to quite a large bridge, which is one of the three that cross the Grand Canal. We must stop here and land, for this is a bridge of which we all have heard, and we shall wish to walk upon it and see what it looks like. It is the Rialto, where "many a time and oft" old Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" had a disagreeable time of it. It is a queer bridge, high in the middle, with a good many steps at either end. On each side is a row of shops or covered stalls, where fruit, crockery, and small articles are sold. This is a very busy quarter of the city; on one side of the canal is the fish market, and on the other the fruit and vegetable market.

The canal here, and indeed for its whole length, is full of life: large craft move slowly along, the men on board generally pushing them with long poles; now and then a little passenger steamboat, not altogether suited to a city of the Middle Ages, but very quiet and unobtrusive, hurries by, crowded with people; and look where we may, we see a man standing on the thin end of a long black boat, pushing upon an oar, and shouting to another man engaged in the same pursuit.

Passing under a long modern bridge built of iron, we go on until we reach the railway bridge where we came in, and go out upon the broad lagoon, where we look over towards the mainland and see the long line of the beautiful Tyrolese Alps. We return through a number of the smaller canals, the water of which,

unfortunately, is not always very clean ; but we shall not mind that, for we see so much that is novel and curious to us.

In some places, there is a street on one side of the canal with shops, but this is not common ; generally we pass close to the foundations of the tall houses, and when there is an open space we can almost always see a church standing back in it. We continually pass under little bridges ; at one corner we shall see as many as five, close together. These connect small streets and squares, and there are always people on them. If the day is warm we shall see plenty of Venetian boys swimming in the canals, wearing nothing but a pair of light trousers, and they care so little for our approach that we are afraid our gondolas will run over some of them. The urchins are very quick and active, however, and we might as well try to touch a fish as one of them.

I once saw a Venetian girl about sixteen years old, who was sitting upon the steps of a house, teaching her young brother to swim. The little fellow was very small, and she had tied a cord around his waist, one end of which she held in her hand. She would let the child get into the water and paddle away as well as he could. When he seemed tired or when he had gone far enough, she pulled him in. She looked very much as if she were fishing, with a small boy for bait.

We come out into the open water at that part of Venice which lies below the end of the Grand Canal ; but just before we do so we pass between the tall walls of a great palace on the right, and a dark, gloomy building on the left. High above our heads the second stories of these buildings are connected by a covered

bridge, which many of us will easily recognize as the Bridge of Sighs, of which we have read so often and seen so many pictures. The palace is the Palace of the Doges, in which state prisoners used to be tried; and the gloomy building is the prison, into which the condemned came across the Bridge of Sighs, often taking their last view of the world through the little windows in its sides.

As we pass out into the broad waters of the harbor, we turn to the right and have a fine view of the water-front of the Doges' Palace, which is a very handsome and very peculiar building, ornamented somewhat in the Moorish style. The lower part of the front has a yellowish tinge, shaded off into light pink towards the top. We next pass a wide open space, re far back beyond the palace, and at the foot of this are long rows of steps, where great numbers of gondolas are lying crowded together, waiting to be hired. Near by are two columns, one surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice, and the other by a rather curious group representing a saint killing a crocodile. At the other end of this open space we see, rising high above everything else in Venice, the tall and beautiful bell-tower. This is the Piazza San Marco, the great central point of the city.

Crossing a bridge and going through a vaulted passage, we enter the great piazza. This is paved with broad flagstones; and around three sides of it are shops, the best in Venice, where one can buy almost anything a reasonable traveller could desire. There are also a good many cafés, or restaurants, here, and in front of them, out in the piazza, are hundreds of little chairs and tables, at which people sit and

drink coffee. This is a very busy and lively place, and on several evenings in the week a military band plays here, while the people promenade up and down, or sit and listen to the music.

In front of us, stretching across the whole width of the piazza, is the Church of St. Mark, which, at a little distance, looks more like a painted picture than an actual building. The Venetians are very fond of color, and have shown this by the way they have decorated their cathedral; the whole front seems a mass of frescoes, mosaics, windows, and ornaments. Some of the mosaics are very large and artistic, and are bright with red, purple, and gold. In front of the cathedral are three very tall flagstaffs, painted a bright red, which have been standing here over three hundred years.

When we enter the cathedral, we shall find that it is different from any church that we have yet seen. It is decorated in the most magnificent and lavish style, somewhat in the gorgeous fashion of the East. The floor is covered with mosaic work, and the ceilings, walls, columns, and altars are richly adorned with gold and bronze and many-colored marbles, and some of this ornamental work is six or seven hundred years old. On every side we find unexpected and picturesque galleries, recesses with altars, stairways, and columns, and out-of-the-way corners lighted through the stained glass of many-colored windows. There are, in all, about five hundred columns in and about this church.

In front, over the principal entrance, we see the four famous bronze horses of St. Mark's; and if the Venetian children, or even grown people, do not know what a horse is like, all they have to do is to look up

at these high-mettled coursers, which, although rather stiff of limb, have been great travellers, having seen Rome and Constantinople, and even visited Paris.

As we come out again into the piazza, we shall be greatly tempted to stay here, for it is a lively place. We certainly must stop long enough to allow some of our younger companions to feed the pigeons of St. Mark, which, if they see any of us with the little paper cornucopias filled with corn, which are sold here to visitors, will come to us by the hundreds, settling on our heads and shoulders, and crowding about us like a flock of chickens. For more than six hundred years pigeons have been cared for and fed here by the people of Venice; and as these which we see are the direct descendants of the pigeons of the thirteenth century, they belong to very old families indeed.

To the right of the cathedral is the Doges' Palace, and this we shall now visit. We pass under a beautiful double colonnade into a large interior court, where, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, we may see numbers of Venetian girls and women coming to get water from a celebrated well or cistern here. Each girl has two bright copper pails, in which she carries the water, and we shall find it amusing to watch them for a few minutes. There are two finely sculptured bronze cisterns in the yard, but these are not used now. We then go up a grand staircase, and ascend still higher by a stairway called the Scala d'Oro, once used only by nobles of Venice. We now wander through the great halls and rooms where the doges once held their courts and councils. Enormous pictures decorate the walls. One of them, by Tintoretto, is said to be the largest oil-painting in the world. We shall take

a look into the dreadful dungeons of which we read so much in Venetian history, and we shall cross the Bridge of Sighs, although we cannot enter the prison on the other side; the doors there are closed and locked, the building still being used as a prison.

Ever so much more shall we do in Venice. We shall go in gondolas, and see the old dockyards where the ships of the Crusaders were fitted out; we shall visit the Academy of Fine Arts, where we may study some of the finest works of that most celebrated of all Venetians, the painter Titian; we shall take a samboat to the Lido, an island out at sea where the citizens go to bathe and to breathe the sea air; we shall go out upon the broad Giudecca, a wide channel between Venice and one of its suburbs; we shall explore churches and palaces; and, above all, we shall float by daylight and by moonlight, if there happens to be a moon, over the canals, under the bridges, and between the tall and picturesque walls and palaces, which make Venice the strange and delightful city that she is.

—FRANK R. STOCKTON.

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The whole essence of true gentle-breeding lies in the wish and art to be agreeable. Every look, movement, tone, expression, subject of discourse, that may give pain to another is habitually excluded from conversational intercourse.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE SONG-SPARROW

When ploughmen ridge the steamy brown,
And yearning meadows sprout to green
And all the spires and towers of town
Blent soft with wavering mists are seen ;
When quickened woods in freshening hue
Along Mount Royal billowy swell,
When airs caress and May is new,
Oh then my shy bird sings so well !

Because the blood-roots flock in white
And blossomed branches scent the air
And mounds with trillium flags are dight
And myriad dells of violets rare ;
Because such velvet leaves unclose,
And new-born rills all chiming ring,
And blue the dear St. Lawrence flows—
My timid bird is forced to sing.

A joyful flourish lilted clear—
Four notes—then fails the frolic song,
And memories of a vanished year
The wistful cadences prolong :
“ A vanished year—O, heart too sore—
I cannot sing ” : thus ends the lay ;
Long silence, then awakes once more
His song ecstatic of the May !

—EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON

By kind permission of the author.

THE GREEN LINNET

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion !
Thou, linnet ! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
 And this is thy dominion.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover ;
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A brother of the dancing leaves ;
Then flits and from the cottage-eaves
 Pours forth his song in gushes,

As if by that exulting strain
 He mocked and treated with disdain
 The voiceless form he chose to feign
 While juttering in the bushes.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond
 Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain
 —'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FROM DAWN TO DAWN IN THE ALPS

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight ; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away ; and down under their depths, the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers ; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain.

Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below.

Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motion-

less, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks ; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together ; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills ; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey.

And then you will hear the sudden rush of awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go.

And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again ; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood.

And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in

the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter—brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them and the earth to reel under them.

And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of it; watch the white glaciers blaze in their windings about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy,—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell

me who has best delivered this His message unto
men !

—JOHN RUSKIN.

*By kind permission of the publisher,
Mr. George Allan.*

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies ;
The captains and the kings depart :
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away ;
On dune and headland sinks the fire :
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

THE VIGIL

409

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!—Amen.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

By kind permission of the author.

THE VIGIL

England! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.

Now before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth ;
England ! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

Hast thou counted up the cost,
What to foeman, what to friend ?
Glory sought is Honor lost,
How should this be knighthood's end ?
Know'st thou what is Hatred's meed ?
What the surest gain of Greed ?
England ! wilt thou dare to-night
Pray that God defend the Right ?

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England ! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpets call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart ;
" *England ! what thou wert, thou art !* "
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth ! and God defend the Right !

—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

*From " Collected Poems " published by Thomas
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the author.*

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan
From the deep, cool bed of the river :
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flow'd the river ;
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can,
With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf, indeed,
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river !)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notch'd the poor, dry, empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

“ This is the way,” laugh’d the great god Pan,
 (Laugh’d while he sat by the river)
 “ The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed.”
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
 Piercing sweet by the river !
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies reviv’d, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet, half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man .
 The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
 For the reed which grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky ;
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The child is father of the man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,
 To hazards whence no tears can win us ;
 What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away ?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye
 Who watch us stepping by,
 With doubt and dolorous sigh ?
 Can much pondering so hoodwink you !
 Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye ?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
 Though some may not see—
 Dalliers as they be !—
 England's need are we ;
 Her distress would set us ruing :
 Nay. We see well what we are doing,
 Though some may not see !

In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just,
 And that braggarts must
 Surely bite the dust,

March we to the field ungrieving,
 In our heart of heart believing
 Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,
 To hazards whence no tears can win us ;
 Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away.

—THOMAS HARDY.

“ IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF ”

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

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west
died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar
grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me: how can
I help England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
Africa.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun !

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,
Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through years to be !

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

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NOTES

(No explanation is given of words which may be found in any good English Dictionary.)

PAGE 13.—**Medicine.** The magic means used.

PAGE 22.—**Decadence.** Decay.

PAGE 27.—**Defoe.** Daniel Defoe (1661-1731) was the son of James Foe, a butcher. He took part in Monmouth's rebellion against James II, and subsequently became a merchant. He was a most prolific author, but the greater part of his writings are political pamphlets. In addition to *Robinson Crusoe*, he wrote *Memoirs of a Cavalier* and *The History of the Plague of 1665*.

PAGE 29.—**The Round-Up.** The hero of *The Little Knight of the X-Bar-B*, from which the extract in the text is taken, is Jack Devereau, who was kidnapped as a boy of seven and taken to a ranch in Wyoming. The book describes the happenings of his life while there until his restoration to his mother. The men mentioned in the text come into the story in various ways—Bill Buck as the owner of the ranch; Red Burdick as the foreman; Limping Johnny as the cook of the outfit and the sympathetic friend of Jack; Thad Sawyer, Shorty, Broncho Joe, and big Pete as cowboys who had more or less influence on the career of the hero.

PAGE 35.—**Bega.** The author herself says: "The names of the bells in *Bega* are taken from the twentieth chapter of Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*. You will find there a description of old

Crowland Minster at the time of the Norman Conquest, and of its seven famous bells, which had not their like in the English land ; Guthlac, Bartholomew, and Bettelm were the names of the biggest ; Turkeful and Tatwin of the middle ; and Pega and Bega of the smallest. The monks always baptized the bells, a custom which seems to me poetic and beautiful. The use of the names of these bells in the poem is not intended to imply that Crowland Minster is the building referred to. They were chosen simply for their beauty and Saxon quaintness."

PAGE 39.—**To keep Greece free.** The Greek struggle for freedom from the domination of Turkey began in 1821. In this struggle she was strongly assisted by Great Britain. The British fleet took part in the battle of Navarino, by which the naval power of Turkey was shattered and Greek independence assured. **Huguenots.** During the reign of Charles I. See *History of England.* **Belgian people.** In 1832 Great Britain and France by joint action secured the separation of Belgium from Holland, and the acknowledgment of Belgian independence. **The Liberal cause.** From 1830 onwards for some years Spain was devastated by a disastrous civil war. The sympathies of Great Britain were on the side of the Liberals, and thousands of Englishmen took part in the struggle. **Spanish yoke.** Under Canning as premier. See *History of England.* **Garibaldi.** Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807-1882), the Italian patriot, was one of the most powerful men in the conflict which resulted in the establishment of the present kingdom of Italy. **Cavour.** Camillo Benso di Cavour (1810-1861) became prime minister of the kingdom of Sardinia in 1852. He was the first minister of the new kingdom of Italy, which he was chiefly instrumental in establishing.

PAGE 41.—**Jupiter.** The most powerful of the gods of the ancient world. Among the Greeks he was known as Zeus. He and his two brothers, Neptune and Pluto, conspired against their father Saturn and dethroned him. In the division of the kingdom Neptune obtained the rulership of the seas, while Pluto governed the world after death, Jupiter retaining the sovereignty over the heavens and the earth. Both gods and men obeyed his commands. **Olympus.** The ancients fixed the

residence of Jupiter and the other gods upon the top of Olympus, a mountain situated almost in the centre of Greece. The mountain is about a mile and a half high and is covered with trees.

PAGE 42.—**Mighty war.** Almost immediately after Jupiter had succeeded in dethroning Saturn he was compelled to fight for his sovereignty. The giants rebelled against him, and for a time they were so successful that the gods were forced to take refuge in Egypt. However, with the assistance of his son Hercules, Jupiter was finally victorious. **Neptune.** Among the Greeks Neptune was known as Poseidon. **Pluto.** The god of Hades, or the world after death. The kingdom of Pluto was supposed by the Greeks to be situated within the crust of the earth.

PAGE 43.—**Atlas.** One of the Titans, a race of gigantic beings who assisted the giants in their war with the gods. Jupiter was so angry at Atlas that he compelled him to take his stand on a mountain in northern Africa, where he was doomed for ever to support the heavens on his shoulders. He was released from his misery by Perseus, who turned him into stone by showing him the Gorgon's head. See Kingsley's *The Heroes*. **Prometheus.** His story is told in the text. The name means *forethought*. **Epimetheus.** Jupiter afterwards changed Epimetheus into a monkey. The name means *afterthought*.

PAGE 45.—**Hercules.** The most famous of all the Greek heroes, specially renowned for his twelve wonderful labors. See *The Choice of Hercules* on page 160 of *The Third Alexandra Reader*. **Sir Hugh Willoughby.** Hugh Willoughby served in the expedition against Scotland and in 1544 was knighted for his services. He held several important military commands, but after the fall of the Earl of Somerset he turned his thoughts towards the sea. In 1553 he was appointed captain-general of a fleet that was being fitted out to search for a north-eastern passage to China and India. The fleet set sail May 10th, 1553. Some few years later Willoughby's ship and the bodies were found, and with them his journal. The last entries are dated January, 1554. **Sebastian Cabot.** He was a personal friend of Willoughby. See *History of Canada*.

PAGE 46.—**Merchant Venturers.** Merchants who risked their money or goods in the expedition and depended for their profits on the results. **North-Eastern.** It was thought that a passage to China could be found by sailing north of the European and Asiatic continents. **Richard Challoner.** He was the pilot-general of the fleet, which consisted of three ships. **Stephen Borough.** Borough (1525-1584) commanded the *Edward Bonaventure*, a ship of 160 tons, in the expedition. Only this ship returned to tell the story. **Watchet.** Pale or light blue.

PAGE 47.—**Cathay.** The old name for China. **Norroway.** Norway. **Lofoten.** The Lofoden Islands are situated off the north-west coast of Norway. On one of the islands is a mountain about 4,000 feet in height.

PAGE 51.—**The Finding of Gold.** This selection is taken, with some omissions and changes, from Chapter LII of *It is Never too Late to Mend*, published in 1856. It is not necessary to consider the plot of the novel as a whole as the incident related in the text is complete in itself. The story as here related deals with the first discovery of gold in Australia. George Fielding, a young Englishman, had been compelled to emigrate to Australia, but all his efforts had proved failures, and he was now on the verge of ruin. As he was lying ill at his sheep ranch he was found by George Robinson, an ex-convict, who had come from England to search for him. Robinson nursed him through his illness and made up his mind to remain with him. One day the two set out to inspect a sheep pasture some distance from the ranch which George had a chance to lease. When they reached the place, Robinson, who had been during the course of his adventurous life a miner in California, recognized unmistakable signs of the presence of gold. They had, however, been anticipated, and as they were excitedly examining the ground they were suddenly attacked by four ruffians, who had already prospected the creek. In the desperate fight that followed it would have gone hard with the two friends had not Jacky, an Australian native, whose life Fielding had saved, unexpectedly come to their assistance. The ruffians surrendered; one of them, Jem, who had been pierced through the thigh by a spear thrown

by Jacky, begging to join the victors. This was agreed to, and the three others were driven away. Robinson then assumed control and directed the operations that resulted in the discovery of the gold. **Calabash.** The hard shell of the fruit of the calabash tree.

PAGE 56.—**Persephone.** The daughter of Zeus and Demeter, more commonly known as Proserpina. The story of her abduction by Pluto is told in *Proserpina* on page 219 of *The Alexandra Second Reader*. **Demeter.** Demeter, or, as she was known among the Romans, Ceres, was the goddess of agriculture and harvests. It was she who taught the art of agriculture to mankind. Her worship was universal throughout the ancient world.

PAGE 57.—**Coal-black horses.** The chariot of Pluto was drawn by four black horses. **Enna.** A beautiful plain in Sicily, near Mount Etna. It was from Enna that Persephone was carried away by Pluto.

PAGE 58.—**Elysian hill.** Mount Olympus. See page 41. **Hades.** The world after death, the abode of departed spirits. **Tender corn.** "The rain no longer refreshed the drooping flowers, the grain was parched by the ardent rays of the sun, and the grass all perished while Demeter roamed over hill and dale in search for Persephone." **Pomegranate seeds.** The fruit of the pomegranate is about as large as an orange, with a hard rind, containing a large number of seeds, each covered with crimson, acrid pulp.

PAGE 59.—**She will return.** The suffering on earth became so great that prayers rose from the people to Zeus, entreating him to restore Persephone to her mother. Ceres joined in the petitions, so that Zeus was moved to pity and consented to the restoration of Persephone, provided that she had eaten nothing during her stay in the infernal regions. Hermes was sent to bring her back, but just as she was about to ascend to the earth it was discovered that she had eaten six pomegranate seeds. Pluto would not consent to let her go, and Zeus was compelled to decree that for every seed she had eaten she must spend a month each year in Hades. For the remaining six months she was permitted to remain with Demeter. When she was once more in her mother's arms "the

skies became blue and sunny, the grass sprang fresh and green, the flowers bloomed, the birds trilled forth their merry lays, and all was joy and brightness." **Eleusian meads.** The meadows of Eleusis, a town of Greece, where festivals in honor of Demeter were celebrated.

PAGE 71.—**Mjolner.** This hammer was a very wonderful weapon. "With it Thor could burst the hardest metal and shatter the thickest mountain and nothing could withstand its power. But it never could hurt Thor himself; and no matter how far or how hard it was thrown it would always fly back into Thor's own hand. Whenever he so wished the great hammer would become so small that he could put it in his pocket quite out of sight." **Asgard.** The abode of the Asas, or chief gods. The Norseman supposed the universe to be a flat circle, beyond which on all sides was a region of frost and mists. The earth, *Midgard*, was in the centre, surrounded by the ocean. On a high hill above the earth was built the heavenly city of Asgard. **Frost giants.** The giants were the first creatures who came to life when the universe was formed and inhabited the earth before it was given to mankind. They were born among the icebergs, which at that time occupied the centre of space. From the beginning they were the rivals and bitter enemies of the gods, who waged with them a ceaseless struggle. They were looked upon as the personification of all that was ugly and evil. When Ymir, the first giant, had been slain by Odin and his brothers his blood gushed forth with such force and in such a stream that all his children were drowned in it with the exception of Bergelmir and his wife, who escaped and took up their abode in Jotunheim. From them all the giants were descended. The giants kept up their feud with the gods and never lost an opportunity to annoy them. **Thor.** According to Norse mythology Thor was the son of Odin and Frigga, queen of the gods. H. A. Guerber says: "Thor was very remarkable for his great size and strength, and very soon after his birth amazed the assembled gods by playfully lifting and throwing about ten loads of bear skins. Although generally good tempered he occasionally flew into a terrible rage, and, as he was very dangerous under these circumstances, his mother, unable to control him, sent him

away from home and entrusted him to the care of Vinguir (the Winged) and of Hlora (Heat). These foster parents soon managed to control their troublesome charge and brought him up so wisely that all the gods were duly grateful for their kind offices. Having attained his full growth and the age of reason he was admitted in Asgard, among the other gods, where he occupied one of the twelve seats in the great judgment hall." In Norway Thor was worshipped as the highest god, although in the mythology of the other northern countries he occupied the second place. He was recognized in all the countries as the god of thunder. **Jotunheim.** The abode of the giants beyond the ocean, at the very end of the world. **Midgard.** The earth. **Loki.** Loki, the god of fire among the Norsemen, was also regarded as the personification of evil and mischief. At first he was recognized as a divinity and admitted to the councils of the gods, but at last his love of evil led him entirely astray. He lost all love for good and became utterly wicked and malevolent. He was finally expelled from Asgard and chained to a rock by the avenging gods. See Baker's *Stories from Northern Myths*. **Odin's ravens.** When Odin was seated upon his throne in Asgard "two ravens, Hugin (Thought) and Munin (Memory), perched upon his shoulders, and these he sent out into the wide world every morning, anxiously waiting for their return at nightfall, when they whispered into his ears news of all that they had seen and heard, keeping him well informed about everything that happened on earth." Odin was the chief god among the Norse, to whom all the other gods owed obedience.

PAGE 72.—**Freya.** The golden-haired, blue-eyed goddess of love and beauty among the Norse. She was the proud owner of a falcon plumage, which she wore whenever she wished to move quickly from one place to another.

PAGE 74.—**Milk-white goats.** Thor's chariot was drawn by two white he-goats.

PAGE 75.—**Var.** One of the handmaidens of Frigga, the wife of Odin. "She listens to the oaths that men take, and more particularly the truth plighted between man and woman, and punishes those who keep not their promises."

PAGE 76.—**Eleven men.** The incident related took place in 1844 during the pacification of Scinde under Sir Charles Napier. The story is told by Sir William Butler in *Sir Charles Napier* in the *English Men of Action* series (Macmillan): "When Charles Napier stood before the southern cleft, a pass which gave entrance to Truckee, another column under Beatson blocked the northern gate of the stronghold. Although the two passes were only distant from each other in a straight line across the labyrinth some half-dozen miles, they were one or more days' journey asunder by the circuitous route round the flank of the mountain rampart. One column, therefore, knew nothing of the other's proceedings. While waiting thus opposite the northern entrance, Beatson determined to reconnoitre the interior wall of rock. For this purpose, a part of the old Thirteenth was sent up the mountain; the ascent, long and arduous, was all but completed when it was observed from below that the flat top of the rock held a strong force of the enemy, entrenched behind a breastwork of stones. The ascending body of the Thirteenth numbered only sixteen men, the enemy on the summit was over sixty. In vain the officer who made this discovery tried to warn the climbers of the dangers so close above them, but which they could not see; his signs were mistaken by the men for fresh incentives to advance, and they pushed on towards the top instead of retracing their steps to the bottom. As the small party of eleven men gained the summit they were greeted by a matchlock volley from the low breastwork in front, followed by a charge of some seventy Beloochees, sword in hand. The odds were desperate; the Thirteenth men were blown by the steep ascent; the ground on which they stood was a dizzy ledge, faced by the stone breastwork and flanked by tremendous precipices. No man flinched; fighting with desperate valor, they fell on that terrible but glorious stage, in sight of their comrades below who were unable to give them help. Six out of the eleven fell at once; five others, four of them wounded, were pushed over the rocks, rolling down upon their half-dozen comrades who had not yet gained the summit. How hard they fought and died one incident will tell. Private John Maloney, fighting amid a press of enemies, and seeing two comrades, Burke and Rohan, down in the *mêlée*,

discharged two muskets into the breast of a Beloochee and ran another through with his bayonet. The Beloochee had strength and courage to unfix the bayonet, draw it from his body, and stab Maloney with his own weapon before he himself fell dead upon the rock. Maloney, although severely wounded, made good his retreat and brought off his two comrades. So much for the fighting on both sides. Now for the chivalry of those hill-men. When a chief fell bravely in battle it was an old custom among the clans to tie a red or green thread around his right or left wrist, the red cord on the right wrist being the mark of highest valor. Well, when that evening the bodies of the six slain soldiers were found at the foot of the rocks, rolled over from the top by the Beloochee garrison above, each body had a red thread, not on one wrist, but on both."

Napier. Sir Charles Napier (1782-1853), entered the army at the age of eleven and remained in active service until almost the time of his death. His chief exploit was the conquest of Scinde, which added that province to the Indian Empire. **Wondrous work.** Napier had to transport his troops across a wide desert on his march to meet the hill tribes. **Truckee.** "Somewhere in the centre of the cluster of fastnesses there was a kernel fastness called Truckee. It was a famous spot in the robber legends of middle Asia, a kind of circular basin, having a wall of perpendicular rock six hundred feet high all around it, with cleft entrances only at two places, one opening north, the other south.

PAGE 77.—**Eblis.** According to the Mohammedans, Satan, the prince of the Evil Spirits. "When Adam was created, God commanded all the angels to worship him; but Eblis replied: 'Me thou hast created of smokeless fire, and shall I reverence a creature made of dust?' God was very angry at this insolent answer and turned the disobedient angel into a devil, and he became the father of devils." **Allah.** The Arabic name of the Supreme Being. The word means "the adorable." **Ghiznee tiger.** Mahmud of Ghazni, the first of the great Mohammedan conquerors of India. He began to reign in 997, and during the next thirty-three years he spread his dominions from Afghanistan to Persia on the east and to the Ganges on the west. He is said to have invaded India no fewer than seventeen times. **Holy Prophet.** Mohammed, or

Mahomet (570-632), the founder and prophet of the Mohammedan religion. **Secunder's lances.** Secunder was one of the most famous of the northern fighters.

PAGE 79.—**Franks.**—A term applied in the East to the Europeans. **Mehrab Khan.** Mehrab Khan, the ruler of Biluchistan, was besieged, in 1839, in his capital, Khelat, by a British force, with the purpose of punishing him for breach of his treaty with the Indian government. Khelat was carried by storm, the Khan and eight of his chief officers perishing in the assault. Doyle has celebrated the death of the hero in a vigorous ballad entitled *Mehrab Khan*. **Roostum.** One of the ruling princes of Biluchistan. It was on his account that the trouble arose which resulted in the conquest of Scinde.

PAGE 80.—**Brienne.** From 1779 to 1784 Napoleon was a student at the French Military College at Brienne. "While there Napoleon devoted himself to his studies. He showed moroseness of temper, courted solitude, was absorbed in his own pursuits and studies, and was unpopular with his schoolfellows. He gloried in being a Corsican, and declared that he would deliver Corsica from dependence upon France." It should be remembered that Napoleon was a Corsican, his parents being of Italian descent, and that Corsica had only a short time before been conquered by France.

PAGE 84.—**King Louis.** Probably Louis XI. (1423-1483).

PAGE 87.—**General Marbeuf.** Napoleon's father, Carlo Bonaparte, had been one of the most determined opponents of the French occupation of Corsica. He had, however, won the friendship of General Marbeuf, the new French governor, and was protected by him. It was through Marbeuf's influence that the young Napoleon was admitted to the Military College at Brienne.

PAGE 88.—**Hebrides.** Islands off the coast of Scotland.

PAGE 89.—**The Rescue.** This selection is from *Lorna Doone*. The teller of the story is, of course, honest John Ridd, the gigantic west-countryman, whose wooing and winning of Lorna Doone forms the theme of the novel. **Snowed most wonderfully.** The description of the snowstorm in the novel is

matchless of its kind. **Master Stickles.** An officer of the Court of King's Bench and a great friend of John Ridd. **John Fry.** An old servant of the Ridd family.

PAGE 90.—**Chine.** The edge or rim.

PAGE 92.—**Hoggets.** Sheep that have passed their first year.

PAGE 93.—**Lawyer's wig.** When pleading before the English courts, barristers are compelled to wear wigs. **Orpheus.** A musician of Thrace, in Greece, the son of Calliope, one of the Muses. He was presented by Apollo the god of music, with a lyre, upon which he played so beautifully "that even the most rapid rivers ceased to flow, the savage beasts of the forest forgot their wildness, and the mountains moved to listen to his song." He was inconsolable at the death of his wife Eurydice, and followed her to Hades in the effort to persuade Pluto to restore her to earth. Pluto consented on condition that Orpheus would not look back before reaching the upper world. The musician was so anxious to see if Eurydice was following him that he looked back and caught but one glimpse of her before she disappeared from his sight for ever. He was killed by the women of Thrace during a celebration in honour of Bacchus, the god of wine.

PAGE 96.—**Rayleigh.** This selection is adapted from Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*. See *History of England*.

PAGE 102.—**Belshazzar.** Read *Daniel V*.

PAGE 103.—**My father.** Nebuchadnezzar. **Baal.** An ancient divinity worshipped specially by the Phœnicians and Carthaginians. **Persian.** Darius was king over the Persians and the Medes.

PAGE 105.—**De Soto.** One of the early Spanish explorers of North America. He was born about 1500 and served with Pizarro in Peru. In 1538 he led an expedition to Florida, discovered the Mississippi river, and died in Louisiana in 1542 while making his way out of the country.

PAGE 106.—**Rio del Norte.** The Rio Grande del Norte, a river flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. For a large part of its course it forms the boundary between Texas and Mexico.

PAGE 107.—**Crees.** An important Algonquin tribe who formerly had their habitat in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. **Medicine Man.** Certain men among the Indians who professed to have supernatural powers which enabled them to cure diseases, control the weather, drive out evil spirits, and do many other wonderful things.

PAGE 108.—**Fort Kearney.** A small town in Nebraska, about 200 miles from Omaha. **Mustang.** A wild horse of the prairie.

PAGE 114.—**Walden.** This selection is taken from *Walden, or Life in the Woods*. The author, Henry David Thoreau (1817—1862), was eccentric in manners and dress, never went to church, never voted, and never paid his taxes. In 1845 he built a small cabin by the side of Walden Pond near Concord, Massachusetts, and there lived a hermit's life for two years. The book is a record of his experiences during that time.

PAGE 120.—**Chickadee.** The popular name for the black-capped titmouse.

PAGE 122.—**San Stefano.** Sir Henry Newbolt, in his note to this poem, says: "Sir Peter Parker was the son of Admiral Christopher Parker, grandson of Admiral Sir Peter Parker and great-grandson of Admiral Sir William Parker. On his mother's side he was grandson of Admiral Byron and first cousin of Lord Byron, the poet. He was killed in action near Baltimore in 1814 and buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, where may be seen the monument erected to his memory by the officers of the *Menelaus*." The incident related in the text took place on August 13th, 1812. He chased a brig laden with government stores into San Stefano, in the Bay of Orbetello, and cut her out from under the batteries. **St. Helen's.** One of the Scilly Islands, off the coast of Cornwall. **Menelaus.** The *Menelaus* carried but 38 guns. **Monte Cristo.** An island in the Mediterranean, about 25 miles south of Elba.

PAGE 123.—**Orbetello Bay.** A bay on the west coast of Italy.

PAGE 132.—**Boston.** A seaport on the coast of Lincolnshire. It has a population of about 16,000. **The Brides of Enderby.** This tune, "which Miss Ingelow only imagined, was subsequently composed and is now well known at Boston." **Stolen**

Tide. The disaster of 1571 at Boston and vicinity was caused by "a violent tempest, with rain, wind, and high tide combining."

Pied. Many-coloured.

PAGE 134.—**Mablethorpe.** A small village on the coast of Lincolnshire.

PAGE 135.—**Eygre.** A bore, a sudden rising of the tide.

PAGE 138.—**The "Agra."** This selection is taken from Charles Reade's *Hard Cash*. The incident is complete in itself.

PAGE 154.—**The Three Kings.** Read *Matthew* ii, 1-16. The bodies of the three kings are supposed to have been buried in Cologne Cathedral. **The Prophecy.** See *Mical*, v, 2. **Almond-trees.** The blossoms of the almond-tree are a beautiful white.

PAGE 155.—**Herod the Great.** Herod (72 B.C.—3 B.C.) was appointed king of Judæa about 40 B.C. His reign was disgraced by many cruelties.

PAGE 156.—**The Paraclete.** The Holy Spirit. **The Angel, etc.** See *Luke* i, 33.

PAGE 157.—**Bucephalus.** The celebrated horse of Alexander the Great. His head resembled that of a bull, hence the name. He was 30 years of age when he died, and Alexander built a city in his honor.

PAGE 162.—**Apollo.** The god of music and poetry among the ancients, known to the Greeks as Phœbus. **Pallas.** Pallas Athene, the Minerva of the Romans, was the goddess of wisdom among the Greeks. **Jove.** Jupiter, the king of the gods. See page 41. **Mars.** The god of war among the Romans, worshipped by the Greeks as Ares. **A paltry province.** Judæa.

PAGE 164.—**Tyrol.** A province of the Austrian empire bordering on Switzerland. **River Inn.** A small river of Tyrol flowing into the Danube. **Maximilian.** Maximilian I (1459-1519) became emperor of Germany in 1493. He was extremely fond of hunting and fishing. **Wiltau.** A small town in Tyrol, where there is a monastery. **Crampons.** Irons bound on the shoes for the purpose of mountain climbing.

PAGE 165.—**Hapsburg.** The imperial house of Austria. **Innsbruck.** The capital of Tyrol, situated on the Inn. **Carinthian side.** Carinthia lies to the east of Tyrol.

PAGE 166.—**Charles V.** Charles (1500-1558) was king of Spain and emperor of Germany. In 1555 he abdicated in favor of his son Philip. See *History of England*. **Maurice of Saxony.** Maurice (1521-1553) succeeded his father as duke and elector of Saxony in 1541. The incident in the text took place in 1552. Charles lost over 3,000 men in the struggle. **Star of Austria.** Charles was the grandson of Maximilian I, and as such was Archduke of Austria.

PAGE 167.—**The Ruin.** In 1809 the Bavarians, assisted by the French, endeavored to subdue the Tyrolese. The mountaineers rose under Andreas Hofer and defied their oppressors. The incident in the text took place in the pass of Brixen. **Innthal.** The valley of the Inn. **Gilded eagles.** Napoleon had adopted as his standard the imperial Roman eagle.

PAGE 169.—**The island.** The incident related took place during the campaign in Alsace in 1697. The Scottish company, under the command of Captain John Foster, was composed of Lowland gentlemen who had left Scotland after the death of Dundee at Killiecrankie in 1689. See *History of England*. **Mareschal.** The Marquis de Sell.

PAGE 170.—**Duguesclin.** Bertrand Duguesclin (1314-1380), Constable of France, distinguished himself during the French-English wars of his time.

PAGE 171.—**Dundee.** John Græme of Claverhouse, Marquis of Dundee (1643-1689), was one of the most devoted adherents of the Stuart Kings. He was killed in the hour of victory at Killiecrankie. **The Pass.** The pass of Killiecrankie along the banks of the Garry.

PAGE 172.—**Græme.** Dundee.

PAGE 174.—**Clav·rhouse.** Dundee.

PAGE 180.—**Cabot, etc.** See *History of Canada*.

PAGE 184.—**Druidical superstition.** There are many remains in England which are supposed to have been at one time the temples of the Druids, the priests of the early Britons.

PAGE 188.—**St. Withold.** Both the saint and the curse appear to have originated with the author.

PAGE 189.—**Ranger.** Guardian or keeper of the forests under the Normans.

PAGE 190.—**St. Dunstan.** The celebrated Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury, who was after his death made one of the saints of the Church.

PAGE 193.—**Harold's Speech.** This speech, taken from Lord Lytton's *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*, is supposed to have been addressed to his soldiers immediately before the battle of Hastings.

PAGE 197.—**Though yesterday.** A reference to the Boer War.

PAGE 198.—**King Robert.** The poem has no historical foundation, but is founded on an old romance. **St John's Eve.** The evening of June 23rd, usually celebrated during the Middle Ages with great rejoicings. **The Magnificat.** The song of the Virgin Mary, so-called from the word with which it commences in the Latin version of *The Bible*. See *Luke*, i. **Deposuit, etc.** See *Luke*, i, 52.

PAGE 199.—**Seneschal.** Steward.

PAGE 201.—**Saturnian reign.** Saturn was an ancient Roman divinity, the father of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, by whom he was dethroned. The Roman poets celebrated his reign as the "golden age" on earth. **Enceladus.** One of the giants who rebelled against Jupiter. He was imprisoned under Mount *Ætna*, the flames of which were supposed to proceed from his breath. The reference means that the volcano was now quiet.

PAGE 202.—**Holy Thursday.** The day before Good Friday. **Saint Peter's Square.** The space in front of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome.

PAGE 203.—**Holy Week.** The week before Easter. **Salerno.** A city in south-western Italy.

PAGE 204.—**Palermo.** The capital of Sicily. The city is fortified by walls. **Angelus.** The call to prayer rung at morning, at noon, and in the evening. It is so-called from the first word of the *Annunciation*: "The angel of the Lord announced to Mary," etc.

PAGE 205.—**The Guides.** "In 1846 Lumsden was charged with the formation of a corps of guides for frontier service. He was given a free hand in the recruiting, training and equipment of this force. He chose men from the most warlike tribes of the border, men notorious for desperate deeds. The equipment of the guides

includes the adoption of the khaki uniform, which Lumsden was the first to introduce into the Indian army." **Lumsden.** Lieut.-General Sir Harry Lumsden (1821-1896) was one of the most distinguished of the British soldiers in India. He served with distinction in numerous campaigns, but his greatest service to the Empire was undoubtedly the formation of the Corps of Guides.

PAGE 208.—**The Prophet.** Mohammed, the founder of the Mohammedan religion. **Allah.** The Mohammedan name of God.

PAGE 214.—**The Mounted Police.** The Royal North-West Mounted Police was organized in 1873 for the purpose of preserving law and order in the new territory recently acquired by the Dominion of Canada.

PAGE 215.—**The Chambered Nautilus.** A species of shell fish found in the Pacific Ocean. **Siren.** Fabulous beings who were supposed to live on an island in the Mediterranean. They sang a most enchanting song which lured the sailor who heard it overboard and caused his death in an effort to reach the land. **Sea-maids.** Mermaids.

PAGE 216.—**Irised.** The rainbow was named for Iris, the messenger of Juno, the queen of the gods. **Triton.** One of the sea-gods who was supposed to cause the roar of the sea by blowing upon a shell.

PAGE 221.—**Castle Ravensheuch.** On the Firth of Forth. **Inch.** Island. **Sea-mews.** Gulls. **Water-Sprite.** A spirit who lived beneath the water and who was supposed by his cries to foretell disaster. **Seer.** One gifted with the power of foretelling events. **The Ring.** A military sport known as "tilting at the ring."

PAGE 222.—**Roslin.** The ancestral seat of the family of St. Clair. **Panoply.** Armor. **Sacristy.** The vestry where the sacred vessels were kept. **Altar's pale.** The enclosure of the altar. **Candle, etc.** With the full funeral service of the church.

PAGE 223.—**Beowulf.** The oldest English epic, dating from the 6th century. It received its name from its hero, Beowulf, who delivered Hrothgar, King of Denmark, from a horrible monster named Grendel. The incident in the text is the last adventure of the hero.

PAGE 231.—**Mavis and merle.** The throistle and the black-bird. **Glaive.** Sword. **Darkling.** In the dark.

PAGE 232.—**Pall and vair.** Rich cloth and fur. **Elfin King.** The king of the fairies. **Woned.** Lived.

PAGE 233.—**Kindly.** Of a kinsman.

PAGE 234.—**Wist I.** If I knew.

PAGE 235.—**Dunfermline.** The abbey of the Grey Friars in Dunfermline, about 15 miles from Edinburgh. **Goldsmith.** Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774) is best known by his *Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Deserted Village*, and *The Traveller*. **Auburn.** The scene of *The Deserted Village* is laid in the supposed village of Auburn.

PAGE 238.—**The Pit.** Where dwell the powers of evil. **The Ancient Sword.** See *Judges*, viii, 20.

PAGE 239.—**Her veins, etc.** From *Last Words to The Colonies* by the English poet, William Watson.

PAGE 240.—**The Passenger Pigeon.** The bird is now extinct.

PAGE 252.—**The Hudson's Bay Company.** See *History of Canada*.

PAGE 259.—**King Arthur.** The stories of King Arthur and his knights are very numerous and it is impossible to reconcile the one with the other. The story in the text is based on the popular version.

PAGE 267.—**Ticonderoga.** The hero of this legend was really a Campbell, not a Cameron.

PAGE 268.—**Pawkier.** More cunning.

PAGE 272.—**Tarn.** Lake.

PAGE 273.—**A man of the south.** William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. **Scrog and Scaur.** Thicket and hill-side.

PAGE 275.—**Braw.** Handsome. **Kittle.** Hard, difficult.

PAGE 276.—**Ken.** Know, recognise. **Gloaming.** Twilight.

PAGE 277.—**By the Floss.** The selection in the text is the introductory chapter of George Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss*.

PAGE 280.—**Admetus.** A king of Phœria in Thessaly. He treated with great kindness Apollo, who had taken refuge in his kingdom. Admetus was one of the great heroes of antiquity.

A Youth. This was Apollo, the god of music among the ancients

He had aroused the anger of his father, Jupiter, and was banished from Olympus. Apollo took refuge with Admetus and remained with him as a shepherd for nine years, until recalled by Jupiter.

PAGE 282.—**Alexander Selkirk.** Selkirk (1676-1721) is best known to us by the story founded upon his adventures, *Robinson Crusoe*.

PAGE 288.—**The Happy Valley.** This selection is taken from Samuel Johnson's *Rasselas*. The scene is laid in Abyssinia, of which country Rasselas was prince.

PAGE 291.—**The Lady of Shalott.** This story was afterwards developed by Tennyson in *Lancelot and Elaine* in his *Idylls of the King. Camelot.* The capital of King Arthur's dominions. See page 259.

PAGE 293.—**Ambling pad.** An easy riding pony.

PAGE 294.—**Greaves.** Armour for the lower part of the leg. **Galaxy.** The Milky Way. **Baldric.** A belt hung over the shoulder and beneath the arm.

PAGE 304.—**Strathcona's Horse.** This poem was written in honor of the regiment of mounted men raised in Western Canada by Lord Strathcona, for service during the Boer War. The name is still retained by one of the Canadian regiments.

PAGE 306.—**Pandean.** Pertaining to the god Pan. See page 411. **Brock.** Sir Isaac Brock (1769-1812) is familiarly known as the hero of Upper Canada. The reason for this title is given in the text. See *History of Canada* for the setting of the incident.

PAGE 320.—**Young Geologist.** Hugh Miller (1802-1856) was a celebrated geologist. He began life as a stone-cutter, was subsequently a bank-accountant, and finally editor of a paper. He killed himself during a fit of temporary insanity.

PAGE 328.—**Merle and mavis.** See page 231. **Saxon Cædmon.** See *Cædmon* on page 86 of *The Alexander Third Reader*. **Holy Writ.** See *Psalms*, lxxxiv, 3; *Matthew*, x, 31; and *Luke*, xii, 7. **The ravens.** See *Psalms*, cxlvii, 9. **The Sound.** Long Island Sound. Killingworth is about ten miles inland.

PAGE 329.—**Cassandra.** The daughter of Priam, king of Troy. She was endowed with the gift of prophecy, but was fated never to be believed. She foretold the disasters that befell Troy, but was only laughed at for her pains.

PAGE 330.—**Edwards.** Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), an American theologian, who wrote *Essay on Freedom of the Will*.
Bombazine. A fine twilled fabric of silk and worsted.

PAGE 331.—**Plato.** A celebrated Greek philosopher (429 B.C. -347 B.C.). He wrote the *Republic*, in which he pictures an ideal state. In this book he advocated a very strict control over poets, thus anticipating the critics of our times. **Troubadours.** The lyric poets of Southern France and Italy during the Middle Ages.
David, etc. See *I. Samuel*, xvi, 14-23.

PAGE 332.—**Madrigals.** Simple songs.

PAGE 333.—**Roundelay.** A short, lively rural song. **Field-fares.** Thrushes.

PAGE 334.—**St. Bartholomew.** The massacre of the Huguenots took place at Paris on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. Almost 30,000 persons are said to have been slain.

PAGE 335.—**Herod.** See *Acts*, xii, 21. See also page 155.
Doomsday Book. The book instituted by William the Conqueror, in which was entered full information regarding each person in the kingdom.

PAGE 336.—**Canticles.** Little Songs.

PAGE 337.—**United Empire Loyalists.** See *History of Canada* for setting of this selection. **Fled to England.** In July, 1778, Carleton retired from the governorship of Canada and returned to England. In April, 1782, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America, and at once took up his headquarters at New York. On November 29th, 1783, after the conclusion of peace with the Colonists, he withdrew from New York, taking with him those Loyalists who wished to accompany him.

PAGE 338.—**French Revolution.** One of the leading figures of the French Revolution was Maximilien Robespierre. It was chiefly through his efforts that Louis XVI. was brought to the block. The guillotine was first used on January 21st, 1793. On July 28th of

the next year Robespierre himself suffered a similar fate. **Black Dick.** On June 1st, 1794, Viscount Howe obtained a great victory over the French fleet off Ushant, dismantling ten and capturing seven vessels. Howe was familiarly known in the Navy as "Black Dick," not on account of his dark complexion, but by reason of a mezzotint portrait of himself which hung in his cabin. **Jay.** On November 19th, 1794, John Jay, first chief justice of the United States, who had been sent on a special mission for the purpose, concluded a treaty with the British Government which provided for the settlement of a number of disputed questions between the two countries. **The king's son.** During the summer of 1792, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, the son of George III. and the father of Queen Victoria, visited Fort Niagara. At this time he was stationed at Fort Quebec with his regiment, the 7th Fusiliers.

PAGE 346.—**Fighting Colonel.** Governor Simcoe had distinguished himself during the Revolutionary War as colonel of the Queen's Rangers, a corps composed of Loyalists from Connecticut and New York. **French Duke.** The Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who had fled from France to escape the Reign of Terror, was for some time in Upper Canada during Simcoe's governorship. **Another War.** Until the conclusion of Jay's treaty the possibility of another war between Great Britain and the United States was always present. The disputes between the two countries were mostly over the continued occupation by Great Britain of the Western territory that had been ceded to the United States.

PAGE 349.—**Quarter Sessions.** The quarterly meetings of the magistrates for the administration of justice.

PAGE 352.—**Vulcan.** The god of blacksmiths among the Romans. He was known to the Greeks as Hephaistes. **Candent.** Glowing with white heat. **Swinking.** Toiling. **Bower.** The anchor carried at the bow of the ship.

PAGE 354.—**Sea-unicorn.** The narwhal. **Kraken.** A fabulous monster supposed to live in the sea near the coast of Norway.

PAGE 355.—**Undine.** A Water-nymph. *Undine* by Fouqué tells the story of a nymph who was changed for the child of a fisherman. **Cerulean.** Sky-blue.

PAGE 369.—**A child.** Harold Begbie, the author of this selection, is the son of a clergyman of the Anglican church.

PAGE 371.—**English Esaus.** See *Genesis*, xxvii. *seq.*

PAGE 375.—**Isaac Barrow.** An English clergyman and mathematician (1630-1667). He was the tutor of Sir Isaac Newton.

PAGE 376.—**Sailors of Ulysses.** When on his way home from Troy, Ulysses obtained from the king of the winds a gift of all the contrary winds which would meet him on his journey. These were shut up in a bag, and the sailors, thinking that the bag contained treasure, opened it while Ulysses slept. The winds immediately rushed out, with disastrous results. **Herschel.** Sir John Herschel (1792-1871) was a celebrated English philosopher and astronomer.

PAGE 379.—**Brutus and Antony.** The story contained in this selection should be read in some good *Ancient History*. **Censure.** Judge.

PAGE 382.—**The Lupercal.** A festival at Rome in honor of the god Pan. See page 411.

PAGE 386.—**The Nervii.** The most warlike of the Belgic tribes, whose subjugation was one of Cæsar's greatest triumphs. **Pompey.** The great opponent of Cæsar, but who had formerly been associated with him in his plans. See *Ancient History*.

PAGE 389.—**Sherwood.** A celebrated forest in England which stretched in an unbroken line for 30 miles. It was the favorite lurking-place of Robin Hood. **Robin Hood.** The famous English outlaw, the hero of many early English ballads.

PAGE 390.—**Marian.** Robin Hood's earliest playmate, and subsequently his wife. **Laverock.** The skylark. **Oberon.** The king of the Fairies. **Friar Tuck.** A member of Robin Hood's band, to which he acted as chaplain. **Will Scarlet.** Will Gamewell, Robin Hood's cousin and chief lieutenant. He was so called Will Scarlet from the color of the mantle he wore on the occasion of his first visit to Sherwood. **Little John.** John Little. His name was reversed on account of his gigantic size. **Quarter-staff.** A stout oak stick used as a weapon by the yeomen.

PAGE 391.—**Lincoln Green.** A green cloth much worn by the yeomen of this period.

PAGE 395.—**Othello.** See Shakespeare's *Othello*.

PAGE 398.—**Doges.** The rulers of Venice were so called. **Lion of St. Mark.** A conventional, winged figure of a lion standing on the top of a pillar. Mark became the patron saint of Venice after the removal of his relics from Alexandria to the city about 828. **Bell-tower.** This tower fell down some years ago, but has since been rebuilt.

PAGE 399.—**Bronze horses.** These colossal bronze horses were brought to Venice by one of the doges in 1204, after the fall of Constantinople. They were removed to Paris by Napoleon in 1797, but were restored in 1815.

PAGE 400.—**Tintoretto.** Giacomo Tintoretto (1518-1594) was one of the most famous of the Venetian painters. His *Paradise* in the Council Hall of the Doges' Palace is 75 feet in length. He painted it in little more than six years.

PAGE 401.—**Titian.** Tiziano Vecellio (1477-1576) is perhaps the greatest of all portrait painters.

PAGE 405.—**Atlantis.** A mythical city supposed to have been buried beneath the waves of the Atlantic.

PAGE 408.—**Recessional.** This poem was written on the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897. "The prayer of the poem is that the British people in their exultation at the display of the tremendous strength of the Imperial resources in men and armaments may not be led to put their trust in these and forget God, the Author of their sovereignty and the Source of their power. The Recessional is the hymn sung by the choir as they retire from the chancel at the close of the service. **Palm and pine.** Dominion over peoples both in the tropical and in the temperate latitudes. **Still stands.** See *Psalms*, li, 17. **Dune.** A sand hill on the coast. **Nineveh and Tyre.** Two powerful states of the East in past ages, but whose glory has long since departed.

PAGE 409.—**Reeking tube, etc.** Cannon and explosives. **The Vigil.** The night before the candidate for knighthood took his vows, he was compelled to watch his arms by himself before the altar in a church. This would give him a long opportunity for communing with himself and for close heart-searching. See *Frontispiece*.

PAGE 410.—**Ruth.** Pity. **Gordon.** Charles George Gordon

(1833-1885), a celebrated and much loved British soldier, who with his death at Khartoum just before the expedition that had been sent to his aid reached the place. **Outram.** Sir James Outram (1803-1863) was one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny.

PAGE 411.—**Pan.** Among the Greeks Pan was worshipped as the god of shepherds. He is represented as having the upper part of his body that of a man and the lower part that of a goat. He is said to have been led to invent the pipe by hearing the wind moaning among the reeds. **Ban.** Destruction.

PAGE 414.—**Milton.** John Milton (1608-1674), the author of *Paradise Lost*, is one of the greatest of English poets. He wrote much in favor of the liberty of the people.

PAGE 415.—**Cape Saint Vincent.** At the south-west point of Portugal. Off the cape, in 1797, Sir John Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, won a glorious victory over the Spanish Fleet. **Cadiz Bay.** On the south-west coast of Spain. The town was sacked by the Earl of Essex in 1596. **Trafalgar.** Off Trafalgar, in 1805, Nelson defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain. **Gibraltar.** Captured by the English in 1704. **Jove's Planet.** The planet Jupiter, named after Jupiter or Jove, among the Romans the king of the Gods. *See page 41.*



