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MADAME LE BRUN'S PORTRAIT
OF COUNT D'ESPAGNAC
IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

CHOSEN FROM THE LIFE AND
LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

By ARTHUR MEE



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TO
MARJORIE AND HER MOTHER

The poems by Sir Edmund Gosse are quoted from his works published by Heinemann ; those of Sir Henry Newbolt from John Murray's edition of Poems New and Old ; the poem by Hilton Young from his *Muse at Sea*, published by Sidgwick & Jackson ; and the epitaph by Hilaire Belloc from Duckworth's edition. The Editor here thanks all those Authors and Publishers to whose courtesy he is indebted.

A Beautiful Thing

It is probably true that nothing we know so stirs the heart and kindles the mind as the sight or the thought of a beautiful thing.

Life, in sunshine or rain, is beautiful. We look out upon the world on a summer's day and see this age-old Earth with its youth renewed, and we think it like a dream. We walk through a wood when the red leaves are falling, and we think it all a miracle. We look out across the fields when they are white with snow, and are thrilled at the sight of all this majesty. And then awakes the joy of spring, when all the Earth comes leaping up, and the wonder is too great for words. Perhaps, after all, the world is just a dream, God's dream.

We see in the changing beauty of the Earth the everlasting weaving of that living garment of God of which the greatest German spoke. It was another great German who taught us to look on beauty as the reflection of the Infinite, and it was a Frenchman, teaching us to place beauty among the great virtues, who declared that the Beautiful gives us the highest revelation of God that we are allowed to see.

And so it is that there is something in us all that loves the Beautiful. Wrought into the heart of a beautiful thing is the spirit of Truth itself. The more we love beauty the more beautiful we are. The loveliness of a country girl is centuries old, said Richard Jefferies, and Wordsworth has shown us how, when Nature makes a lady of her own, even the beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face. That is not the beauty born in Bond Street, bought in sixpenny boxes at a chemist's ; it is the beauty of which we can cry :

*O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.*

It is the beauty of which Socrates was thinking in that prayer so long ago : " I pray Thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within." He was not fair to outward view, but was ever life more beautiful than his ?

Everywhere around us beauty lies, spreading itself about the Earth, working its way into human life, sinking for ever into the hearts of men. All through the year, all round the world, all down the ages we find it. Oft we have travelled in this realm of gold ; some of us have been travelling through it ten years, twenty years, fifty years, and the farther we go, the older we grow, the more beautiful is Life's Garden. Here, in these pages, are some of its fruits.

To none of us are the fruits the same. We find our own. It would not be possible to collect a thousand things that all would think of equal beauty. We like different things, and beauty has a thousand ways of appealing. Even those who love books most of all love them in different ways. To some the words are beautiful, with the sound of music in them ; to some it is the spirit that appeals. To some it is the vision the words bring up before us, the memory of something they stir in our hearts. But to all of us beauty comes, in some subtle way that we understand but cannot explain.

This is no ordered anthology ; it is not claimed for this book that it contains the most beautiful things that can be found. Most of those who come to it will miss things that they love to read. It must be so. Some of the loveliest poems are too long for such a volume as this ; some old friends are so easily found elsewhere that they may be left out to make room for something less widely known ; and in any case the field is so wide that we needs must harvest where we will, bringing our own sheaves with us.

No apology is made for this Miscellany of Beauty which can be opened anywhere and read at any minute. It is not arranged in those easy groups to which we might turn as fancy tempts us ; it is arranged so that we can find what we want from the index, but so that, instead of turning to set groups to find old friends, we may wander as we will and learn to love new things by coming upon them unawares. In these pages are poems that will never die, thoughts that have come to us down the centuries, words that fill the air with music when they are said aloud, pictures we all love to see, gems of craftsmanship from artists who love beauty and have served it well, sculptures that adorn the galleries of the world. And, so that this book, with a range as wide as the mind, may strike a chord as deep as the heart, here also we find beauty revealed in acts and deeds showing life at its sweetest and rarest and best.

Truly the world is a beautiful place, and life is a beautiful thing. Even the gospel of beauty according to Bond Street is not preached only in its chemists' shops. There is a deeper sense of beauty in this rich and narrow way, for, passing by the other day, a man was thrilled to see that Bond Street is learning where beauty lies too deep for tears to wash away. The sixpenny packets of the beauty doctors were in the chemist's window, but across the way was a blaze of colour grown from a packet of marigold seeds, a pennyworth of fire and gold for twelve-and-six.

We live and learn, and there is hope when the beauty of the cottage garden comes to Bond Street. We gather what fruits we will as we wander through Life's Garden. You will like your own best ; here are some of mine.

A. M.

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While He Listened to the Lark

THERE is a very old legend of a monk who had wandered into the fields, and a lark began to sing. He had never heard a lark before, and he stood there entranced until the bird and its song had become part of the heavens. Then he went back to the monastery and found there a doorkeeper whom he did not know and who did not know him. Other monks came, and they were all strangers to him. He told them he was Father Anselm, but that was no help. Finally they looked through the books of the monastery, and these revealed that there had been a Father Anselm there a hundred years before.

Time had been blotted out while he listened to the lark.

J. M. Barrie

Fight On

FIGHT on, my men, says Sir Andrew Barton,
I am hurt, but I am not slain ;
I'll lie me down and bleed awhile,
And then I'll rise and fight again.
Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew says,
And never flinch before the foe ;
And stand fast by St. Andrew's Crosse
Until you hear my whistle blow.

They never heard his whistle blow,
Which made their hearts wax sore adread :
Then Horsely said, Aboard, my lord,
For well I know Sir Andrew's dead.

An old ballad

The Proud Boast of Galileo

GALILEO, first of all men to see the heavens by telescope, was modest and unassuming. Of self-praise so much is recorded of him that when his sight was decaying beyond all hope of recovery he used to comfort himself by saying that *of all the sons of Adam none had seen so much as he.*

Fahie's Life of Galileo

On Trafalgar Morning

NOW, gentlemen, let us do something today which the world may talk of hereafter. *Admiral Collingwood on October 21, 1805*

The Prayer of the House of Commons

ALMIGHTY GOD, by whom alone kings reign and princes decree justice, and from whom alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding :

We, Thine unworthy servants, here gathered together in Thy name, do most humbly beseech Thee to send down the heavenly wisdom from above, to direct and guide us in all our consultations :

And grant that, we having Thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be the glory of Thy blessed name, the maintenance of true religion and justice, and the safety, honour, and happiness of the King, the public welfare, peace, and tranquillity of the realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same in true Christian love and charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Prayer with which every sitting of Parliament opens

A Little Child of Rome

TO thee, O Fronto my father, and to thee, O Flocilla my mother, I commend this child, the little Erotion, my joy and my delight, that she may not be terrified at the dark shades.

She would just have passed the cold of a sixth winter had she lived but six days longer. Between protectors so venerable may she sport and play, and with lisping speech babble my name.

Let no rude turf cover her tender bones, and press not heavy on her, O Earth, for she pressed but lightly on thee.

Epitaph by Marcus Martial, Roman poet of the First Century

Three Things from Old Persia

THREE things the ancient Persians taught their children from the age of five years to the age of twenty :

To manage a horse well,

To shoot dexterously with the bow,

To speak the truth.

The Old Lady of Ecclefechan

A VISITOR to Carlyle's house at Ecclefechan was deeply interested in the letters there. As he left the house he said to the old lady caretaker that he could have spent hours and hours in reading them.

"Yes," said the old lady, "I don't know much about Carlyle's books, but many a half-hour have I spent reading these letters when I should have been working. I have not so much time now, so when I come up here to dust *I just leave my specs downstairs.*"

From the Children's Newspaper

*My Friends Forsake Me Like
a Memory Lost*

I AM ! yet what I am who cares, or knows ?
 My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
 I am the self-consumer of my woes ;
 They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
 Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
 And yet I am—I live—though I am tossed
 Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
 Into the living sea of waking dream,
 Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
 And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
 Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.
 I long for scenes where man has never trod,
 For scenes where woman never smiled or wept,
 There to abide with my Creator, God,
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie,
 The grass below ; above, the vaulted sky.

John Clare, the labourer's son who died in an asylum

Piping Down the Valleys Wild

P I PING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me :
Pipe a song about a lamb.
 So I piped with merry cheer,
Piper, pipe that song again ;
 So I piped ; he wept to hear.
Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.
Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read.
 So he vanished from my sight ;
 And I plucked a hollow reed,
 And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake

Man Begins to Wonder Why

IT was not long after man had risen from his first low state, and the chief wants of his body were supplied, that he would begin to act the man still more by thinking, and then would hear some voice within telling him that eating and drinking were not the chief ends for which life had been given him.

He saw around him the world with its great silent hills and green valleys ; its rugged ridges of purple-tinted mountains, and miles of barren flat ; its trees and fragrant flowers ; the graceful forms of man, the soaring bird, the swift deer and kingly lion ; the big, ungainly-shaped mammoth ; the wide scene beaming with the colours which came forth at the bidding touch of the sunlight, or bathed in the shadows cast by passing clouds. He saw the sun rise and travel to the west, carrying the light away ; the moon at regular times growing from sickle-shape to full round orb ; then each night the stars, few or many, bursting out like sparks struck off the wheels of the Sun-God's chariot, or like the glittering sprays of water cast by a ship as she ploughs the sea.

His ears listened to the different sounds of Nature ; the music of the flowing river ; the roar of the never-silent sea ; the rustle of the leaves as they were swept by the unseen fingers of the breeze ; the patter of the rain as it dropped from the great black clouds ; the rumble of the thunder as it followed the spear-like flashes of light sent from the rolling clouds : these and a hundred other sounds, now harsh, now sweet, made him ask, *What does it all mean ? Where and what am I ? Whence came I ? Whence came all that I see and hear and touch ?*

Man's first feeling was one of simple wonder ; his second feeling the wish to find out the cause of things, what it was that made them as they were. All around him was Nature, great, mighty, beautiful ; was it not all alive, for did it not all move ? He knew that he himself moved or stood still as he chose, that his choice was ruled by certain reasons, and that only when he willed to do anything was it done. Something within governed all that he did. Nature was not still ; the river flowed, the clouds drifted, the leaves trembled, the earth shook : sun, moon, and stars stayed not : these, then, must be moved by something within them.

Thus began a belief in spirits dwelling in everything : in sun, tree, waterfall, flame, beast, bird, and serpent. *Edward Clodd*

All Their Music Lost

ALAS for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them !
Oliver Wendell Holmes

The Thing Hid Inside a Man

ONCE upon a time, or rather at the birth of Time, when the gods were so new that they had no names, and Man was still damp from the clay of the pit whence he had been digged, Man claimed that he, too, was in some sort a god.

The gods weighed his evidence, and decided that Man's claim was good.

Having conceded Man's claim, the legend goes that they came by stealth and stole away this godhead, with intent to hide it where Man should never find it again. But this was not so easy. If they hid it anywhere on Earth the gods foresaw that Man would leave no stone unturned till he had recovered it. If they concealed it among themselves they feared Man might batter his way up even to the skies.

And while they were all thus at a stand, the wisest of the gods said, "I know. Give it to me!" He closed his hand upon the tiny, unstable light of Man's stolen godhead, and when that great hand opened again the light was gone. "All is well," said Brahm. "I have hidden it where Man will never dream of looking for it. I have hidden it inside Man himself."

Rudyard Kipling

Serene Will be Our Days

SERENE will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

Wordsworth

The Growing Boy Among His Wonders

FAST (almost too fast for the wistful curiosity of the parents, studious of the witchcraft of curls and dimples and broken words), the little talker grows to a boy.

He walks daily among wonders; fire, light, darkness, the moon, the stars, the furniture of the house, the faces that claim his kisses, are all in turn absorbing.

The blowing rose is a new event; the garden full of flowers is Eden over again to the small Adam; the rain, the ice, the frost, make epochs in his life. What a holiday is the first snow in which Twoshoes can be trusted abroad!

Emerson

The Elements That Have Made Us

TIME, and the ocean, and some fostering star,
In high cabal have made us what we are.

William Watson on the British Race

An Old Friend

OH! when the friends we used to know
 Have been a-lost for years ; and when
 Some happy day do come to show
 Their faces to our eyes again,
 Do make us look behind, John,
 Do bring old times to mind, John,
 Do make hearts feel, if they be steel,
 All warm, and soft, and kind, John.
 When we do lose, all gay and young,
 A voice that used to call one's name,
 And after years again his tongue
 Do sound upon our ears the same,
 Do kindle love anew, John,
 Do wet one's eyes wi' dew, John,
 As we do shake, for friendship's sake,
 His fist and find it true, John.
 What tender thoughts do touch one's soul
 When we do see a mead or hill
 Where we did work, or play, or stroll,
 An' talk with faces that be still ;
 Tis touching for to trace, John,
 Old times through every place, John ;
 But that can't touch one's heart so much
 As some old long-lost face, John.

William Barnes put into English

The Rider's Prayer

A SHORT life in the saddle, Lord,
 Not a long life by the fire.

Louise Imogen Guiney

Bede Passes at Ascension-Tide

SO until Ascension-tide he worked with his pupils to conclude his translation of St. John's Gospel into the English tongue : but the Tuesday before Ascension-tide his sickness increased upon him.

Nevertheless, he taught and bade his scholars work, saying cheerfully, *Write with speed now, for I cannot tell how long I may last.*

The day broke (that is, Wednesday), and about the third hour the scribe said, *There is yet a chapter wanting : it is hard for thee to continue vexing thyself.*

That is easily done, said he ; *take thy pen again and write quickly*, and joyfully he dictated until the evening at the ninth hour.

Dear Master, said the boy, *there is yet one sentence to be written.* He answered, *Write it quickly.*

Soon after the boy said, *It is finished now.*

Thou hast well said, It is finished. Raise my head in thy arms, and turn my face toward the holy spot where I was wont to pray, for I desire to sit facing it and call upon my Father.

So they held him up on the pavement, and he chanted, *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.* Then, as he named the Holy Spirit, his spirit took leave, and departed to the Heavenly Kingdom. *Cuthbert, writing in the Seventh Century*

If All the World were Made for Me

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung :
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain ;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred, how sad twould be
Were this world only made for me.

A Daughter of George the Third

The Chimney Sweep of Arundel

IN one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since, under a ducal canopy, encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven, folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius, was discovered by chance, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber ; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicate invitemment to repose ; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Charles Lamb

What Have We Done Today ?

WE shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today ?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today ?

Nixon Waterman

The Last Words of a Roman

LIVEA, remember our happy married life.
Augustus Caesar, dying

Sweet Evening Bells

THOSE evening bells, those evening bells !
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime !
 Those joyous hours are passed away,
 And many a heart that then was gay
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.
 And so twill be when I am gone,
 That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Thomas Moore

Said the Robin to the Sparrow

SAID the Robin to the Sparrow :
 I should really like to know
 Why these anxious human beings
 Rush about and worry so !

Said the Sparrow to the Robin :
 Friend, I think that it must be
 That they have no Heavenly Father
 Such as cares for you and me.

Elizabeth Cheney

The Guardian Angel

EVERY evening after dinner a little boy in Paris says Good-Night very sweetly to everybody in the drawing-room before the nurse takes him to bed.

Then, when Grandpa thinks little Jacques should be in bed, the old man quietly disappears. He has gone to the child's bedroom ; he sits by the bed and holds the small hand till sleep comes over the little man.

A few evenings ago things did not happen as usual. Grandpa left his friends with his " See you again presently," but the time passed on and on, and the old man did not come back.

Fearing that something was wrong with the child, the mother rose to go upstairs, when the door suddenly opened and a little figure in white stood out against the darkness.

It was Jacques in his long white robe. Whatever could have happened ?

But nobody was afraid, for the little man put his finger to his lips. *Hush !* he murmured softly ; *Grandpa is asleep !*

Suzanne Vêran

Better than Kingdoms

IF any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.

Lord Macaulay in a letter to a girl

A Little Old Lady Sleeps at a Window

A FEW years before Waterloo a little old lady sat in a little room at Hampstead, writing. She was Anna Letitia Barbauld, and this was what she wrote :

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! We've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps twill cost a sigh, a tear.

Then steal away, give little warning ;
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good-Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-Morning.

A few years after Waterloo Mrs. Barbauld sat one day by a window alone in her room writing again, and this is what she wrote :

Who are you ?

Do you not know me ? Have you not expected me ?

Where do you carry me ?

Come with me and you shall know.

The way is dark.

Yes ; but it is well trodden.

Then she stopped, and in an hour they found her asleep. She had gone the dark way that all mankind must go.

The Things That Made Him Glow

PARTY politics leave me cold. But the countryside of England and the literature of Europe make me glow. *George Wyndham*

Bring Your Hearts Together

KEEP your tents separate and bring your hearts together.

Arab Proverb

It May Not be Our Lot to Wield

IT may not be our lot to wield
 The sickle in the ripened field ;
 Not ours to hear, on summer eves,
 The reaper's song among the sheaves.
 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
 In unison with God's great thought,
 The near and future blend in one,
 And whatsoe'er is willed is done.
 And were this life the utmost span,
 The only end and aim of man,
 Better the toil of fields like these
 Than waking dream and slothful ease.
 But life, though falling like our grain,
 Like that revives and springs again ;
 And, early called, how blest are they
 Who wait in heaven their harvest day.

John Greenleaf Whittier

*Let Others Crowd the**Giddy Court*

LET others crowd the giddy Court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that Nature yields
 Are dearer far to me.

Robert Tannahill

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Cowper

The Darkness and the Dawn

WHEN Adam and Eve were driven out of the garden of Eden they wandered over the face of the earth. The sun began to set, and they looked with fear at the lessening of the light, and felt a horror like death steal over their hearts. The light of heaven grew paler, and the wretched ones clasped each other in an agony of despair. Then all grew dark. The luckless ones fell on the earth, silent, and thought that God had withdrawn from them the light for ever ; and they spent the night in tears. But a beam of light began to rise over the eastern hills, after many hours of darkness, and the golden sun came back and dried the tears of Adam and Eve, and then they cried out with joy and said, *Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning ; this is a law that God hath laid upon Nature.*

From the Talmud

John O'Dwyer of the Glen

HEARKEN to me, and I will tell you who has died.
 O, it is John O'Dwyer of the glen. Therefore let us talk
 no more of his hunting, for his horses, his beagles, and the swift
 hounds which he loved are thrust deep beneath the clay, and none
 knoweth whither the soul has fled which dwelt within his breast.

Lament for an officer of Waterford in 1651

She Liked It Not

HE first deceased ; she for a little tried
 To live without him, liked it not, and died.

Sir Henry Wotton

Mercy

AS SOLDIER of one army, meeting a soldier of an opposing army in
 heaven, was surprised at his old enemy's presence there, and
 asked him how it had come about. The other answered :

Between the saddle and the ground

I mercy sought and mercy found.

Old Story

As Much Beauty as Could Live

WOULDST thou hear what man can say
 In a little ? Reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie

As much beauty as could die ;

Which in life did harbour give

To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,

Leave it buried in this vault.

Epitaph by Ben Jonson

In Short Measures Life May Perfect Be

IT is not growing like a tree

In bulk, doth make Man better be ;

Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,

To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night,

It was the plant and flower of Light !

In small proportions we just beauties see ;

And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson

Our Everlasting Influence on Mankind

THE boisterous old notion of hero-worship, which has been preached by so eloquent a voice in our age, is after all now seen to be a half-truth, and to contain the less edifying and the less profitable half of the truth. The world will never be able to spare its hero, and the man with the rare and inexplicable gift of genius will always be as commanding a figure as he has ever been. What we see every day with increasing clearness is that not only the well-being of the many, but the chances of the exceptional genius, moral or intellectual, in the gifted few, are highest in a society where the average interest, curiosity, capacity, are all highest.

The moral of this for you and for me is plain. We cannot, like Beethoven or Handel, lift the soul by the magic of divine melody into the seventh heaven of ineffable vision and hope incommensurable; we cannot, like Newton, weigh the far-off stars in a balance, and measure the heavings of the eternal flood; we cannot, like Voltaire, scorch up what is cruel and false by a word as a flame, nor, like Milton or Burke, awaken men's hearts with the note of an organ-trumpet; we cannot, like the great saints of the churches and the great sages of the schools, add to those acquisitions of spiritual beauty and intellectual mastery which have, one by one and little by little, raised man from being no higher than the brute to be only a little lower than the angels. But what we can do (the humblest of us) is, by diligently using our own minds and diligently seeking to extend our own opportunities to others, to help to swell that common tide, on the force and the set of whose currents depends the prosperous voyaging of humanity.

When our names are blotted out, and our place knows us no more, the energy of each social service will remain, and so too, let us not forget, will each social disservice remain, like the unending stream of one of Nature's forces. The thought that this is so may well lighten the poor perplexities of our daily life, and even soothe the pang of its calamities; it lifts us from our feet as on wings, opening a larger meaning to our private toil and a higher purpose to our public endeavour; it makes the morning as we awake to it welcome, and the evening like a soft garment as it wraps us about; it nerves our arm with boldness against oppression and injustice, and strengthens our voice with deeper accents against falsehood, while we are yet in the full noon of our days: yes, and perhaps it will shed some ray of consolation when our eyes are growing dim to it all, and we go down to the Valley of the Dark Shadow.

John Morley

The Heavens Opened

I SAW the Heavens opened, and the Great White God sitting on the Throne. *Handel describing how he wrote the Hallelujah Chorus*

The Knight Without Fear and Without Reproach

FOR two hours he made vigorous charges on the Spaniards, and compelled them to rejoin the body of their army, and then he returned with his men-at-arms with as calm an air and as composed a step as if he had been walking in a garden.

About ten o'clock in the morning a stone struck Bayard and completely fractured his spine. He changed colour and cried out, "Have pity on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy," and nearly fell. His men wished him to withdraw from the fray, but he would not. "It is all over," he said to them; "I do not wish in my last moments to turn my back to the enemy for the first time in my life." They placed him at the foot of a tree, so that he might have his face towards the foe. His servants were bathed in tears at his side.

Bayard consoled them himself. "It is God's will to take me," he said. "He has kept me in this world long enough, and shown me more goodness than I have deserved." Then he begged them to go lest they should be made prisoners, which would be another grief for him.

But at that moment the Marquis of Pescara, the commander of the Spanish Army, arrived near him, and with tears in his eyes said to him: "Would to God, Lord Bayard, that I might have given all the blood I could lose without dying to have taken you prisoner in good health. Since I have held arms I have never known your like."

The Lord of Pescara had his own tent and bed brought immediately, had it spread close by the dying man, and himself helped him to lie upon it, kissing his hands the while. He gave him a guard, so that he should be neither crowded nor pressed upon, nor annoyed in any way. All the Spanish Army hastened, both small and great, to come and admire the expiring hero. As soon as he was dead the guard that the Marquis of Pescara had given him bore him into the nearest church, where services were said over him for two days, after which they gave his body to his gentlemen and his servants, with passports, to transport it to France.

All writers, while Bayard was living or since his death, have agreed to praise him for all the virtues that can adorn humanity, and which were all assembled in him—piety, charity, modesty, generosity, valour, greatness of mind in danger, goodness in victory, disinterestedness, the talent of obeying and commanding; also justice in his advice, fertility in expedients, fidelity to his king, his country, and his duty. He had all these, and his virtues cannot be better expressed than by the surname his own age decreed to him, of *The Knight without fear and without reproach*.

*From the manuscripts of Chevalier Bayard's
loyal servant, written in the Fifteenth Century*

Nothing so Beautiful Now

THERE is nothing so beautiful now
 As it used to be,
 Something has gone from the grass,
 And the flower, and the tree,
 Something, O thou who art gone !
 That faded with thee,
 And there's nothing so beautiful now
 As it used to be.
 Youth, with its faith in the world,
 And its dreams divine,
 Youth, that is filled with delight
 As the grape with wine,
 Youth, like the moon from the night
 Has gone from me,
 And there's nothing so beautiful now
 As it used to be.
 A glory has passed from the sky,
 And a joy from the earth ;
 There are tears in the music that once
 Spake only of mirth ;
 I know there is death in the world
 Under all that I see,
 And there's nothing so beautiful now
 As it used to be.

*Arthur St John Adcock**The Four Words of Salvation*

NO gospel founded on hate will ever seize the hearts of our people.
 There are four words of salvation for this country and the
 whole world—and they are *Faith, Hope, Love, Work*.

No Government in this country that has not faith in the people,
 hope in the future, love of its fellow men, and that will not work
 and work and work, will bring this country into better days.

*Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister**The Two Laws*

TWO opposing laws seem to me to be in contest—the one a law of
 blood and death, forcing the nations to be always ready for
 battle ; the other a law of peace, work, and health, whose only aim
 is to deliver man from the calamities which beset him.

The one seeks violent conquests ; the other the relief of mankind.
 The one places a single life above all victories ; the other sacrifices
 hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual.

Which law will prevail God only knows, but of this we may
 be sure—that science will obey the law of humanity, and will always
 labour to enlarge the frontiers of life.

Pasteur

When All is Done and Said

WHEN all is done and said,
 In the end thus shall you find :
 He most of all doth bathe in bliss
 That hath a quiet mind.

Thomas, Lord Vaux

The Dying Man and His Ship

I HAVE written to Lloyd's about Mr. Chalmers's family. He left a mother and several sisters, whose chief dependence was on what this worthy man and valuable officer saved for them from his pay. He stood close to me when he received his death. A great shot almost divided his body ; he laid his head upon my shoulder, and told me he was slain. I supported him till two men carried him off. He could say nothing to me but to bless me ; but as they carried him down he wished he could but live to read the account of the action in a newspaper. He lay in the cockpit, among the wounded, until the Santa Anna struck ; and, joining in the cheer which they gave her, expired with it on his lips.

*Admiral Collingwood,
 writing after Trafalgar*

Glory to Thee, My God, this Night

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
 Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done,
 That with the world, myself, and Thee
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below,
 Praise Him above Angelic Host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken

Hide-and-Seek

IT was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past-three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping,
And the boy no more could he ;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his little sound right knee,
And he guessed where she was hiding
In guesses One, Two, Three.

" You are in the china-closet,"
He would cry and laugh with glee ;
It wasn't the china-closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

" You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key."
And she said, " You are warmer and warmer,
But you are not quite right," said she.

' It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be,
So it must be in the clothes-press, Grandma,"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee ;
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple-tree,
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee ;
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past-three.

Henry Cuyler Bunner



PAUL MANSHIP'S BRONZE FIGURE OF A DANCER



HOUNDS IN LEASH, BY HARRY BATES



THE WONDERFUL HORSE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHAMPS ELYSEES IN PARIS



FATHER AND SON ON HORSEBACK, RECOVERED FROM THE RUINS OF POMPEII
AND NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT NAPLES

At the Top of the Hill

THERE is an old couple in our village who are past work. The married daughter has made shift to take her mother and the parish half-crown, but there is neither room nor food for the father, and he must go. If husband and wife went together they would be separated at the workhouse door.

The parting had to come; it came yesterday. I saw them stumbling lamely down the road on their last journey together, walking side by side without touch or speech, seeing and heeding nothing but a blank future. As they passed me the old man said gruffly, *Tis far eno'; better be gettin' back*; but the woman shook her head, and they breasted the hill together.

At the top they paused, shook hands, and separated; one went on, the other turned back; and as the old woman limped blindly by I turned away, for there are sights a man dare not look upon. She passed, and I heard a child's shrill voice say, *I come to look for you, Gran*; and I thanked God that there need be no utter loneliness in the world while it holds a little child.

Michael Fairless

As But a Few Days

JACOB served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her. . . .

Genesis

Joseph Makes Himself Known to His Brethren

THEN Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, *Cause every man to go out from me*. And there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.

He wept aloud; and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. Joseph said unto his brethren: *I am Joseph: doth my father yet live?* And his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled at his presence.

Joseph said unto his brethren, *Come near to me, I pray you*; and they came near. And he said:

I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.

Now be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance.

So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God; and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt; come down unto me, tarry not, and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and shalt be near unto me, thou, and

thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast; and there will I nourish thee, lest thou and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.

Ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept; and he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them.

And they went up out of Egypt and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, *Joseph is yet alive, and he is Governor over all the land of Egypt.*

And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not; and they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them. When he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him the spirit of their father revived; and Israel said, *It is enough. Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die.* *From the Bible*

England's Lovely Things

I LOVE England for its physical and spiritual tranquillity, because it has no scented gardens, or wandering fakirs, or terrorist lamas, none of the elements that create them—no goblin more malicious than Puck, a land where there is little cruelty and violence, and less unkindness than elsewhere, where all the trees open and shed their leaves at the same time, and the people are all of one colour and have no bitterness in their hearts. *Edmund Candler*

On How to Behave

NEVER seem wiser, nor more learned, than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show you have one.

If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.

Lord Chesterfield to his son

The Old World Ever Young

YOU learn lessons from the rocks and hills themselves, instead of from books about them—that this world is, like the other worlds, floating with it in the great star-filled spaces, very, very old and ever-changing, so old that men make all sorts of guesses about its birthday; and that, unlike us who become wrinkled and grey, this dear old world keeps ever fresh and ever beautiful, brightened by the smiling sunlight of God playing over its face.

It is enough for us to know that the Good Being who made the world put man on it at the best and fittest time, and that He makes nothing in vain, whether it be rock, tree, flower, fish, bird, beast, or man. *Edward Clodd*

Safe in Her Simplicity

YON cottager who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store ;
 Content though mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 Has little understanding, and no wit,
 Receives no praise ; but, though her lot be such
 (Toilsome and indigent), she renders much ;
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true :
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
 And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.
 Oh, happy peasant ! Oh, unhappy bard !
 His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward ;
 He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
 She never heard of half a mile from home :
 He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
 She safe in the simplicity of hers.

*William Cowper**The Little Light*

GOD make my life a little light,
 Within the world to glow ;
 A little flame that burneth bright
 Wherever I may go.

*M. Betham Edwards**On Robin's Grave*

A little cross
 To tell my loss ;
 A little bed
 To rest my head ;
 A little tear is all I crave
 Upon my very little grave.

I strew thy bed
 Who loved thy lays
 The tear I shed,
 The cross I raise,
 With nothing more upon it than
 Here lies the little friend of man.

*George Darley**God Does Not Despair*

EVERY child comes into the world with the message that God does
 not yet despair of man.

Rabindranath Tagore

It Grows Dark, Boys

IT grows dark, boys. You may go.
A schoolmaster's last words

The Twenties and the Forties

THE Indian Red Jacket, when the young braves were boasting of their deeds, would reprove them gently by saying :
But the sixties have all the twenties and forties in them.

*A Conversation Between Horatio Nelson and
 Francis Drake on Trafalgar Day, 1914*

COME, tumble up, Lord Nelson, the British Fleet's a-looming !
 Come, show a leg, Lord Nelson, the guns they are a-booming !
 Tis a longish line of battle—such as we d.d. never see ;
 An' tis not the same old round-shot as was fired by you an' me !
What seest thou, Sir Francis ?—Strange things I see appearing !
What hearest thou, Sir Francis ?—Strange sounds I do be hearing !
 They are fighting in the heavens ; they're at war beneath the sea ;
 Ay, their ways are mighty different from the ways o' you an' me !
Seest thou nought else, Sir Francis ?—I see great lights a-seeking !
Hearst thou nought else, Sir Francis ?—I hear thin wires a-speaking !
 Three leagues that shot hath carried ! God, that such could ever be !
 There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson—they ha' done wi' you
 an' me !

Look thou again, Sir Francis !—I see the flags a-flapping !
Hearken once more, Sir Francis !—I hear the sticks a-tapping !
Tis a sight that calls me thither !—Tis a sound that bids me Come !
Tis the old Trafalgar signal !—Tis the beating of my drum !
Art thou ready, good Sir Francis ? See, they wait upon the quay !
 Praise be to God, Lord Nelson, they ha' thought of you an' me !
Dudley Clark

Sir Francis Drake Throws His Sins Overboard

ON January 9, 1579, his ship, having a large wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on a dangerous shoal, and struck twice on it ; knocking twice at the door of death, which, no doubt, had opened the third time. Here they stuck, from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on ; and water too much, and yet too little to sail in.

Had God, who, as the wise man saith, holdeth the winds in His fist, but opened His little finger and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away ; but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they, conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship was, first, to ease it of the burden of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves, by fasting, under the

hand of God. Afterwards they received the communion, dining with Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with Him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar, and packs of spices, making a caudle of the sea round about.

Then they betook themselves to their prayers, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed ; and it pleased God that the wind, changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, and rising by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again, for which they returned unfeigned thanks to Almighty God.

Thomas Fuller, writing in the Seventeenth Century

Sir Francis Drake Yields up His Spirit

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE died of the flux which had grown upon him eight days before his death, and yielded up his spirit like a Christian to his Creator, quietly in his cabin.

Captain Savile, who was on the ship

As the dawn of his last day broke . . . he rose from his bed and clothed hurriedly, calling like a dying Viking for his arms. . . . They led him back to bed, and there at last, as quiet as a sleepy child, the sea-king died. Enclosed in a leaden coffin the body was carried a league to sea, and there, in sight of the spot where his first victory had been celebrated, amidst a lament of trumpets and the thunder of cannon, the sea received her own again. *Sir Julian Corbett*

Captain Drake

WE see how great spirits, having mounted to the highest pitch of performance, afterwards strain and break their credits in striving to go beyond it. God oftentimes leaves the brightest men in an eclipse, to show that they do but borrow their lustre from His reflexion.

We will not justify all the actions of any man, though of a tamer profession than a sea-captain ; for the main, we say that this our captain was a religious man towards God and his houses, generally sparing churches where he came, chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, and merciful to those that were under him, hating nothing so much as idleness : and, therefore, lest his soul should rust in peace, at spare hours he brought fresh water to Plymouth.

Careful he was for posterity (though men of his profession have as well an ebb of riot as a float of fortune), and providently raised a worshipful family. In a word : should those that speak against him fast till they fetch their bread where he did his, they would have a good stomach to eat it.

Thomas Fuller, writing after the death of Drake

*The Sun Himself Cannot Forget
His Fellow Traveller*

SIR DRAKE, whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou didst compass round,
And whom both Poles of Heaven once saw,
Which North and South do bound :
The Stars above would make thee known,
If men here silent were ;
The Sun himself cannot forget
His fellow Traveller.

*A Seventeenth Century Epigram,
written by John Owen*

Our Best Beloved of All the Brave

OUR best beloved of all the brave
That ever for freedom fought,
And all his wonders of the wave
For fatherland were wrought !
He was the manner of man to show
How victories may be won ;
So swift you scarcely saw the blow ;
You looked—the deed was done.
You should have seen him as he trod
The deck, our joy and pride !
You should have seen him, like a god
Of storm, his war-horse ride !
You should have seen him as he stood
Fighting for his good land,
With all the iron of soul and blood
Turned to a sword in hand.
Oh, he could do the deeds that set
Old fighters' hearts afire ;
The edge of every spirit whet,
And every arm inspire.
Yet I have seen upon his face,
The tears that, as they roll,
Show what a light of saintly grace
May clothe a sailor's soul.

Gerald Massey on Nelson

I Wish I Had

I'VE often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.

Jonathan Swift

The Two Friends

WHEN the nearest of the English ships was distant about a mile from the Royal Sovereign, while she was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood, *See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action. How I envy him!* On the other hand, Admiral Collingwood, well knowing his commander and friend, observed, *What would Nelson give to be here!*

From the story of Trafalgar

Our Dear Admiral Nelson is Dead

HONOURED FATHER, This comes to tell you I am alive and hearty except three fingers. How they got knocked overboard I do not know, but off they are. We have taken a rare parcel of ships, but the wind is so rough we cannot bring them home.

Our dear Admiral Nelson is killed. I never sat eyes on him, but all the men in our ship who have seen him have done nothing but cry since he was killed. God bless you! chaps that fought like wolves sit down and cry like girls. I am still in the Royal Sovereign, but Admiral Collingwood has left her. He is in a frigate that he may be here and there and everywhere. He is as bold as a lion, for all he can cry: I saw his tears with my own eyes when the boat hailed and said my lord was dead.

A letter from the lower deck at Trafalgar

The Twenty-first of October

THE cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth.

It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself, being certain that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful, "For (said he) you can do nothing for me."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself.

As often as a ship struck the crew of the Victory hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?"

Hardy answered there was no fear of that.

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied so great that he wished he was dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts.

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?"

said Nelson ; and, being informed, he replied, " God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him, for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said : " I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain : " Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner," and after a short pause : " Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult ; but he was distinctly heard to say, *Thank God I have done my duty!* These words he had repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words he uttered.

Robert Southey

A Hero to His Valet

I ENTERED Admiral Collingwood's cabin about daylight on the morning of Trafalgar, and found him already up and dressing. He asked if I had seen the French fleet, and on my replying that I had not he told me to look out at them, adding that in a very short time we should see a great deal more of them. I then observed a crowd of ships to leeward, but I could not help looking with still greater interest at the Admiral, who during all this time was shaving himself with a composure that quite astonished me.

The Admiral spoke to me about the middle of the action of Trafalgar, and again for five minutes immediately after its close ; and on neither occasion could I observe the slightest change from his ordinary manner. This made an impression on me which will never be effaced, for I wondered how a person whose mind was occupied by such a variety of most important concerns could, with the utmost ease and equanimity, inquire kindly after my welfare, and talk of common matters as if nothing of any consequence were taking place.

Admiral Collingwood's servant Smith

The Angel of Death

THE Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land ; you may almost hear the beating of his wings.

There is no one, as when the firstborn were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on ; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor.

John Bright during the Crimean War

Give Me the Money Spent in War

GIVE me the money that has been spent in war, and I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole Earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.

Charles Sumner

Ah, My Sweet Home, Jerusalem

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

Thy ways are made of precious stones,
 Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
 Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
 Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 With carbuncles do shine ;
 Thy very streets are paved with gold,
 Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
 Thy windows crystal-clear,
 Thy tiles are made of beaten gold :
 O God, that I were there !

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
 Would God I were in thee !
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see !
Old English Song

In After Days

IN after days, when grasses high
 O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claim to honoured dust,
 I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky ;
 I shall not hear the night wind sigh ;
 I shall be mute, as all men must
 In after days !

But yet, now living, fain would I
 That some one then should testify,
 Saying, *He held his pen in trust*
To Art, not serving shame or lust.
 Will none ? Then let my memory die
 In after days !

Austin Dobson

Better to Watch than to Sleep

IT is better to watch in the public Square than to sleep
 in the Temple. *Masterlinck*

To a Skylark

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know ;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.
From Shelley's Ode to a Skylark

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Your Thoughts When You are Gone

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory :
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on. *Shelley*

I Would not be a King

I would not be a king—enough
Of woe it is to love ;
The path to power is steep and rough,
And tempests reign above.
I would not climb the imperial throne ;
Tis built on ice which fortune's sun
Thaws in the height of noon.
Then farewell, king ; yet were I one,
Care would not come so soon,
Would he and I were far away
Keeping flocks on Himalay. *Shelley*

Shelley Alone

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone :
As the wood when leaves are shed,
As the night when sleep is fled,
As the heart when joy is dead,
I am left alone, alone. *Shelley*

Twenty Years Hence

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow,
 If not quite dim, yet rather so,
 Yet yours from others they shall know
 Twenty years hence.
 Twenty years hence, though it may hap
 That I be called to take a nap
 In a cool cell where thunder clap
 Was never heard,
 There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
 A not too-sadly sighed *Alas* ;
 And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
 That winged word.
 Walter Savage Landor

A Salute for the Soil of Liberty

ON April 29, 1726, an order arrived for Voltaire's release from the Bastille, on the understanding that he would quit Paris and not return, without permission from the King, within fifty leagues of the city. He came to England, and on the voyage became the prey of melancholy thoughts. But on landing he soon recovered his cheerfulness, and, throwing himself in a transport of joy on the earth, he reverently saluted it.

Told in the Life of Voltaire

Egypt's Might is Tumbled Down

EGYPT'S might is tumbled down
Down a-down the deeps of thought ;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
Venice pride is nought.

But the dreams their children dreamed
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing as they deemed,
These remain.

Mary Coleridge

What Hast Thou Done on Earth ?

GOD will not seek thy race,
Nor will He ask thy birth :
Alone He will demand of thee
What hast thou done on Earth ?

A Persian saying

There is a Lady Sweet and Kind

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind ;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range
Her country, so my love doth change :
But change she earth or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

*From Thomas Ford's collection
of songs published in 1607*

What the Angels Will Ask

WHEN God made the Earth it shook to and fro till He put mountains on it to keep it firm. Then the angels asked, O God, is there anything in Thy creation stronger than these mountains ?

And God replied, *Iron is stronger than the mountains, for it breaks them.*

And is there anything in Thy creation stronger than iron ?

Yes, fire is stronger than iron, for it melts it.

Is there anything stronger than fire ?

Yes, water, for it quenches fire.

Is there anything stronger than water ?

Yes, wind, for it puts water in motion.

O our Sustainer, is there anything stronger than wind ?

Yes, a good man giving alms. If he give it with his right hand and conceal it from his left he overcomes all things. Every good act is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face, your putting a wanderer in the right road, your giving water to the thirsty, is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done to his fellow-men. When he dies people will ask, What property has he left behind him ? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him ?

A sermon ascribed to Mahomet

When a Pure Man Dies

WHEN a pure man dies there comes to meet him the figure of a shining maiden. To her speaks the soul of the pure man, asking, "What maiden art thou ?" She answers: "I am, O youth, thy good thoughts, words, and works, thy good law, the law of thine own body. Thou hast made the pleasant yet pleasanter to me, the fair yet fairer, the desirable yet more desirable."

From an old Persian document

The Lament of the Irish Emigrant

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side
 On a bright May morning long ago,
 When first you were my bride ;
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high ;
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.
 The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day is bright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again ;

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep listening for the words
 You never more will speak.
 'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near,
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.
 I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But, O, they love the better still
 The few our Father sends !
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessing and my pride :
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.
 I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary kind and true !
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to.
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there,
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair !
 And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies ;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride. *Lady Dufferin*

The Greek Grown Old

I DEEM the Englishman as a Greek grown old :
 Deep waters crossed, and many a watch-fire cold.
E. B. Osborn

When Fifty Years are Passed

WHEN fifty years are passed, and nations keep
 The jubilee of peace, none will remain
 Of all who, near life's sunset-hour and sleep,
 Looked, old and weary, on the battle-plain.
Edward Shillito

A Walk in Westminster Abbey

WHEN I am in a serious humour I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations, but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones.

When I look upon tombs of the great every emotion of envy dies in me. When I read the epitaphs of the beautiful every inordinate desire goes out. When I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone my heart melts with compassion. When I see the tombs of the parents themselves I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Joseph Addison, buried in the Abbey

The Morning Gate

HER suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise! *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*

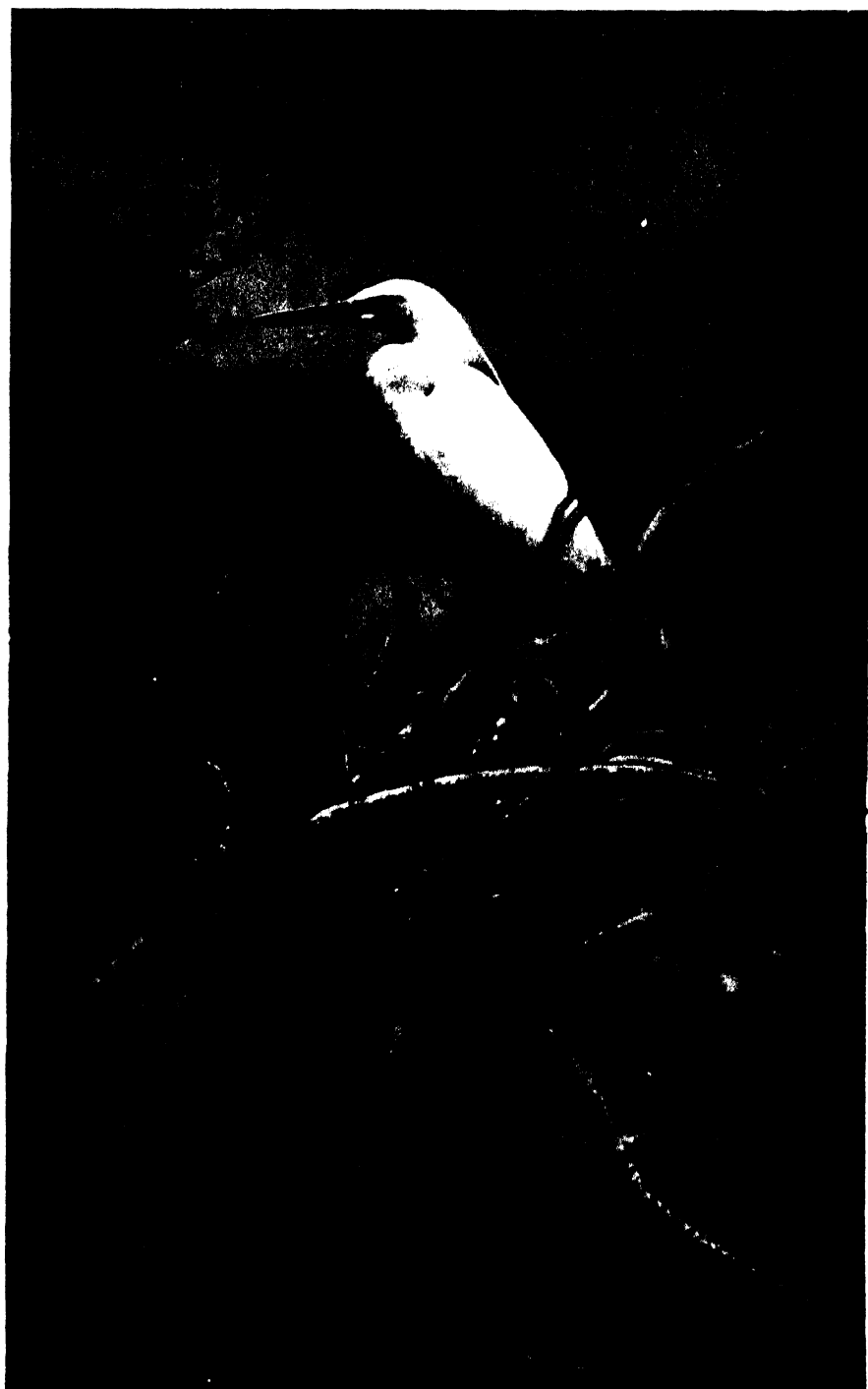
To Win the Heart

THE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury,
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie;
And tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

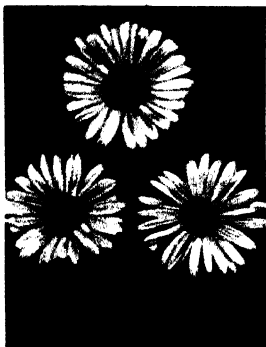
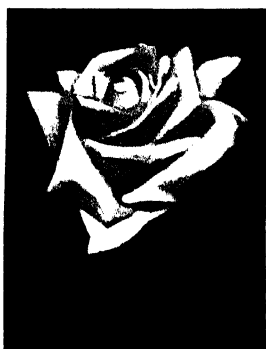
Lady Elizabeth Carew

Defeat is Great

DID we not think Victory great?
So indeed it is!
But now it seems to me,
When it cannot be helped,
That Defeat is great. *Walt Whitman*



THE LITTLE EGRET



A LITTLE GARDEN OF FLOWERS

When the Wind Blew

MY mind lets go a thousand things,
 Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
 And yet recalls the very hour
 (Twas noon by yonder village tower.
 And on the last blue moon in May)
 The wind came briskly up this way,
 Crisping the brook beside the road ;
 Then, pausing here, set down its load
 Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
 Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

*Where We are Right and Where
 We are Wrong*

WHEN I am dead, what I have felt so long
 My soul shall know in clearer, purer light :
 That where I loathed and hated I was wrong :
 That where I loved and pitied I was right.

Arthur Guiterman

That's the Way for Billy and Me

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the grey trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and o'er the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
 Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
 Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
 Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
 There to track the homeward bee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
 Where the shadow falls the deepest,
 Where the clustering nuts fall free,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg

Think on These Things

FINALLY, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Paul

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Her Seed is Sown About the World

HER seed is sown about the world. The seas
 For her have pathed their waters. She is known
 In swamps that steam about the burning zone,
 And dreaded in the last white lands that freeze.

And she is very small and very green
 And full of little lanes all dense with flowers
 That wind along and lose themselves between
 Mossed farms, and parks, and fields of quiet sheep.
 And in the hamlets, where her stalwarts sleep,
 Low bells chime out from old elm-hidden towers.

England, by Geoffrey Howard

The Happy Man

*The King was sick, and the doctors prescribed for his
 cure that he should sleep in the shirt of a happy man.*

WIDE o'er the realm the couriers rode,
 And fast their horses ran ;
 And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
 But they found no Happy Man.

At last they came to a village gate,
 A beggar lay whistling there ;
 He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
 On the grass in the soft June air.

" This is our man," the courier said :

" Our luck has led us aright ;

I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
 For the loan of your shirt tonight."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
 And laughed till his face was black ;

" I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,

" But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the King the reports came in
 Of his unsuccessful spies,
 And the sad panorama of human woes
 Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life
 And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
 He opened his windows and let the air
 Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
 In his own appointed way ;

And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
 And the King was well and gay.

From The Enchanted Shirt, by John Hay

God and His Englishman

LORDS and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof you are and whereof ye are the governors—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to.

Is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts?

By all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself. What does He, then, but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen?

Milton

Madame Roland says Good-bye to an Old Friend

WHEN Madame Roland lay waiting for death in the French Revolution a gaoler brought in a friend to say Good-bye. They were left alone, and the friend begged Madame Roland to hasten to change clothes with her and escape, while she would die in her stead. Madame Roland ought to live, said her friend, for the sake of her child and her husband, for the sake of the service she could do to France with her splendid mind, and for the sake of her influence on the best men of her time. Far more valuable to the world was the life of Madame Roland than that of the unknown friend before her.

Madame Roland, her eyes filled with tears, smiled into the eyes of her old school friend Henriette Cannet, and refused to accept her sacrifice. A day or two later she walked calmly to the guillotine, with those words on her lips that ever since have rung around the world: *O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!*

From My Magazine

Madame Roland's Farewell

FAREWELL, my dear child, my worthy husband, my faithful servant, and my good friends; farewell, thou sun, whose resplendent beams used to shed serenity over my soul while they recalled it to the skies; farewell, ye solitary fields whose sight has so often called forth soft emotions; and you, ye rustic inhabitants, who were wont to bless my presence, whom I attended in sickness, whose toil I lightened, and whose penury I relieved, farewell; farewell peaceful retreats, where I have enriched my mind with moral truths, and learnt in the stillness of meditation to govern my passions and to despise the vanity of the world.

*Written while waiting for death
in the French Revolution*

A Mother's Good-bye to Her Child

I do not know, my little friend, if I shall be allowed to see or to write to you again. *Remember your mother.* These few words are the best I can say to you.

You have seen me happy through the consciousness of having done my duty and of having been helpful to those who suffer. There is no other way of living. You have seen me resigned in misfortune and captivity because I have no remorse, but the memory and joy which good deeds leave behind them. These are the only things that help one to bear the evils of life and the vicissitudes of fate.

Perhaps (and I hope so) you are not destined for such experiences as mine, but there are others against which you have no means of defending yourself. A regular and busy life is the chief guard against all perils, and necessity, as well as wisdom, will cause you to work seriously.

Be worthy of your parents: they leave you a fine example, and if you know how to profit by it you will not have lived in vain.

Good-bye, dear child, you whom I have nourished and whom I should like to fill with all my thoughts. A time will come when you will be able to realise how hard it is for me at this moment not to be able to see your sweet face. I press you to my breast. Good-bye, my Eudora. *Madame Roland to her little daughter, written in her last hours in the prison cell*

December 25

GOD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

No Great Man can be Without This Thing

NO Mirabeau, Napoleon, Burns, Cromwell, no man adequate to do anything, but is first of all in right earnest about it; what I call a sincere man.

I should say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. A little man may have it; it is competent to all men that God has made; but a Great Man cannot be without it. *Carlyle*

To Make Some Nook a Little Better

TO make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God: to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed—it is work for a God. *Carlyle*

The Great Man and the Little Dog

O H, I forgot to tell you I have got a little dog. Mr. C. has accepted it with amiability ! To be sure, when he comes down gloomy in the morning, or comes in wearied from his walk, the infatuated little beast dances round him on its hind legs, as I ought to do and can't, and he feels flattered and surprised by such capers to his honour and glory. . . .

. . . I have lost my little companion of eleven years : my little Nero is dead ! His patience and gentleness and loving struggle to do all his little bits of duties up to the last hour of his life was very touching to see. Mr. C. himself was in tears at the poor little thing's end ; and his own heart was (as he phrased it) unexpectedly and distractedly torn to pieces with it.

From two letters of Mrs. Carlyle

Carlyle's Lament for His Wife

S HE wrapped me round like a cloak, to keep all the hard and cold world off me. When I came home sick with mankind, there she was on the sofa, always with a cheerful story of something or somebody, and I never knew that she, poor darling, had been fighting with bitter pains all day.

To think that little dog should have been the instrument to take the light of life away from me ! What would it be for me now to have the fame of Trismegistus, without her to be glad at it ?

She never had a mean thought or word from the day I first saw her, looking like a flower out of the window of her mother's old brick house, my Jeanie, my queen. *Carlyle to Lord Houghton*

Four Ducks on a Pond

FOUR ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond ;
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing ;
What a little thing
To remember for years,
To remember with tears !

William Allingham

The Heart that Forgives

THE heart that forgives an injury is like the perforated shell of a mussel, which closes its wound with a pearl. *Jean Paul Richter*

The Light of Ages

ALL splendid deeds are caught into the sky
And set to light the Ages.

Sir Joshua's Last Word to the Academy

I WAS present when Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered his last lecture at the Royal Academy. On entering the room I found that a semi-circle of chairs was reserved for persons of distinction, being labelled *Mr. Burke*, *Mr. Boswell*, and I, with other young men, was forced to station myself a good way off. . . . Sir Joshua concluded the lecture by saying, with great emotion :

I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michael Angelo.

As he descended from the rostrum Burke took his hand, and said :

*The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.*
Samuel Rogers

If No One Ever Marries Me

IF no one ever marries me,
And I don't see why they should
(For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good),
If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much ;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage
And a little rabbit hutch.
I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony of my own,
And a little lamb quite neat and clean
That I can take to town ;
And when I'm getting really old,
At twenty-eight or nine,
I shall buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine.

Laurence Alma Tadema

He Who Knows

HE who knows not and knows not that he knows
Not is a fool : shun him.
He who knows not and knows that he knows not
is ignorant : teach him.
He who knows and knows not that he knows is
asleep : wake him.
He who knows and knows that he knows is a wise
man : follow him.

Old Saying

Poor Man's Pride

GENTLEMEN, I am poor, very poor ; but your king is not
rich enough to buy me.

General Joseph Reed

A Hundred Years of Stars and Violets

A COUNTRY girl walks, and the very earth smiles beneath her feet. Something comes with her that is more than mortal—witness the yearning welcome that stretches towards her from all. As the sunshine lights up the aspect of things, so her presence sweetens the very flowers like dew.

A hundred and fifty years at the least, more probably twice that, have passed away, while from all enchanted things of earth and air this preciousness has been drawn.

From the south wind that breathed a century and a half ago over the green wheat; from the perfume of the growing grasses waving over honey-laden clover and laughing veronica, hiding the greenfinches, baffling the bee; from rose-loved hedges, woodbine, and cornflower azure blue, where yellowing wheat-stalks crowd up under the shadow of green firs.

All the devious brooklet's sweetness, where the iris stays the sunlight; all the wild woods hold of beauty; all the broad hill's thyme and freedom, thrice a hundred years repeated. A hundred years of cowslips, bluebells, violets; purple spring and golden autumn; sunshine, shower, and dewy mornings; the night immortal, all the rhythm of Time unrolling.

Who shall preserve a record of the petals that fell from the roses a century ago? The swallows to the housetop three hundred times—think a moment of that! Thence she sprang, and the world yearns toward her beauty as to flowers that are past. The loveliness of seventeen is centuries old.

Richard Jefferies

The Unseen Friend

WHEN I look back I have no doubt that Providence guided us, not only across those snowfields, but across the storm-white sea.

I know that during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia it seemed to me often that we were four, not three. I said nothing to my companions, but afterwards Worsley said to me, *Boss, I had a curious feeling on that march that there was another person with us.*

Shackleton, after one of his journeys

The One Good Thing from Pole to Pole

THE one good thing from Pole to Pole
Is called simplicity of soul. *Colwyn Phillips*

The Maker of England

BEYOND doubt the Almighty Maker made this England, and has been, and for ever is, miraculously present here. *Carlyle*

*The Tree that Looks
at God all Day*

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast ;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair ;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain ;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer

The Singers

SINCE singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing.
William Byrd

*If all the Good People
Were Clever*

IF all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.
But alas it is seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should ;
The good are so hard on the clever,
The clever so rude to the good !

Elizabeth Wordsworth

The Palace Doors

GOVERN the lips as they were palace doors, the king within.
Sir Edwin Arnold

The Possessor of the Earth

I COULD there sit quietly, and, looking on the waters, see fishes
leaping at flies of several shapes and colours. Looking on the
hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves. Looking
down the meadows, I could see here a boy gathering lilies and lady-
smocks, and there a girl cropping columbines and cowslips, all to
make garlands suitable to this present month of May.

As I thus sate, joying in mine own happy condition, I did thank-
fully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the
Earth.

Isaak Walton



A GROUP FROM THE SINGING GALLERY OF DONATELLO

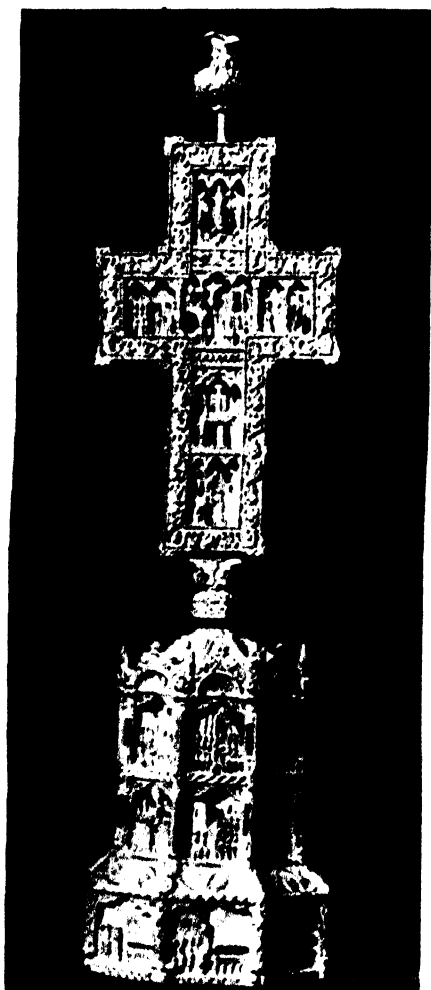


A GROUP FROM THE SINGING GALLERY OF LUCA DELLA ROBbia

TWO BEAUTIFUL THINGS FROM THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF FLORENCE



A RELIQUARY IN A CHURCH AT ORVIETO



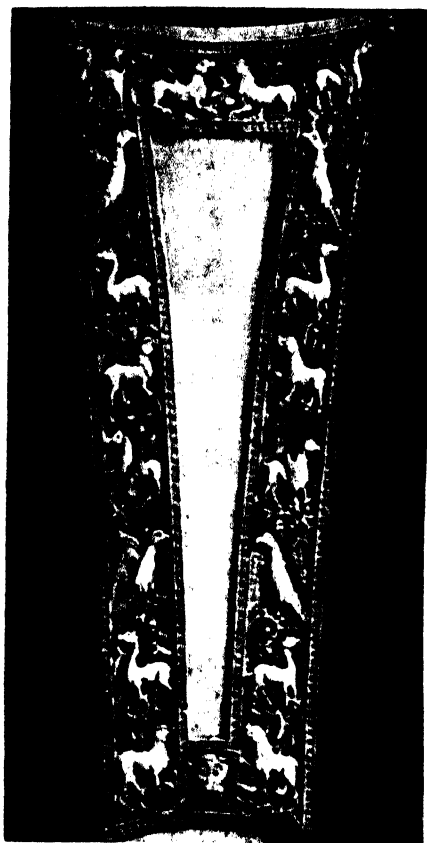
WOODEN CROSS IN A PALACE AT PIENZA



BELLEROPHON AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM



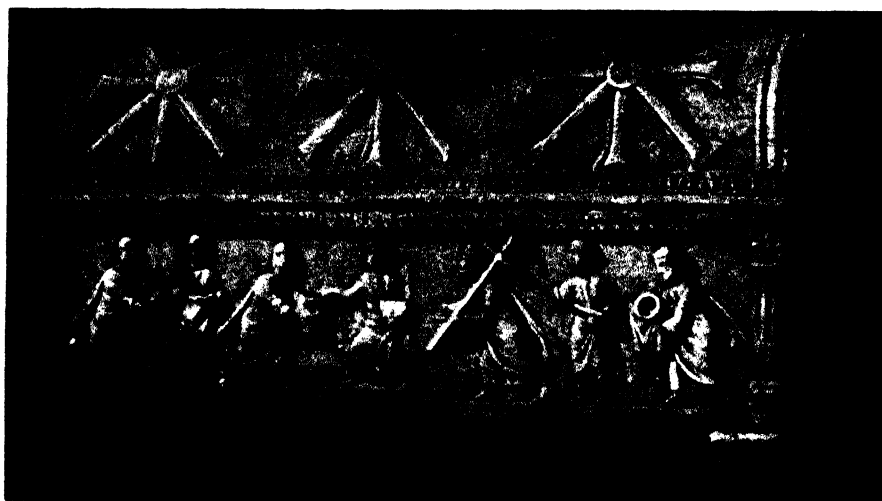
A CHINESE HORSE, A THOUSAND YEARS OLD



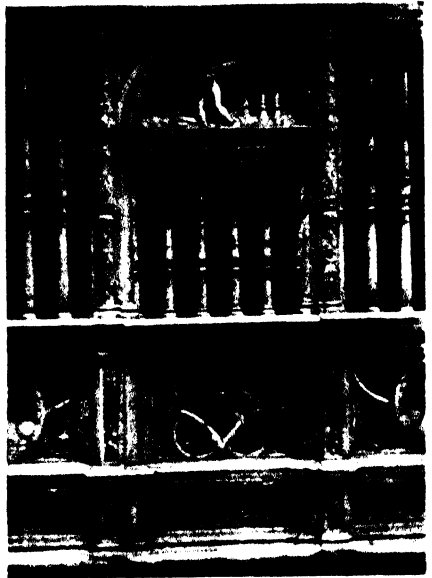
THE ARM OF A SPANISH CROSS OF
THE TWELFTH CENTURY



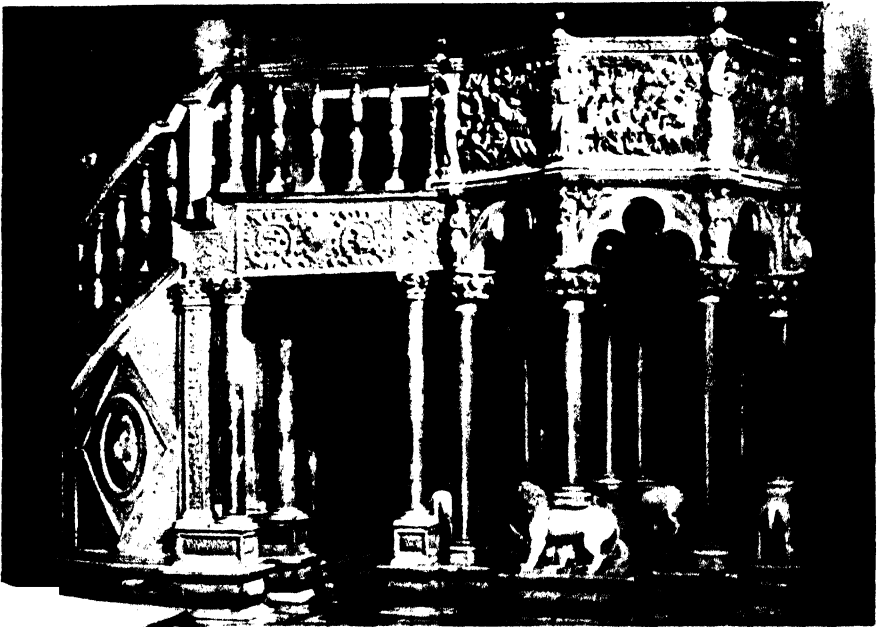
A WONDERFUL ROMAN COLUMN IN A
CHURCH AT SOUVIGNY



A RARE OLD CHEST IN A CHURCH IN RAVENNA



TWO PIECES FROM THE WONDERFUL CATHEDRAL OF EVREUX IN FRANCE



THE PULPIT OF SIENA CATHEDRAL. BY NICOLAS PISANO AND HIS PUPILS

The Tale the Poet Tells

THE poet doth not only show you the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it ; nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass farther. He cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you ; with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner.

Sir Philip Sidney

Philip Sidney's Advice from His Father

BE courteous of behaviour and affable to all men ; there is nothing that winneth so much, with so little cost.

Seldom drink wine, yet sometimes do ; lest, being forced on a sudden to drink, it should inflame you.

Delight to be cleanly ; it shall make you graceful in each company.

Let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words, for a wound given by a word is harder to be cured than that given by a sword.

Above all things tell no untruth, not even in trifles, for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar.

Your mother and I send you our blessing, and Almighty God grant you His, nourish you with His fear, guide you with His grace, and make you a good servant to your prince and country.

From a letter to Sir Philip Sidney at school

The Soldier's Prayer

LORD, I shall be very busy this day. I may forget Thee, but do not Thou forget me. *Sir Jacob Astley before the Battle of Edgehill*

The Little Lamb

O UR little lamb He lent awhile,
Pure as Himself from stain ;
Then said, *My kingdom is of such,*
And called it home again.

F. T. Palgrave

The Best Hope of Earth

FELLOW citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress will be remembered in spite of ourselves. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth.

Abraham Lincoln to Congress in 1862

I Want it Said of Me

DIE when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

Abraham Lincoln

Three Hundred Thousand More

WE are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's shore.

We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.

We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before :

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern sky,

Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry.

And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy veil aside,

And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride.

And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour :

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,

You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line ;

And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,

And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs.

And farewell groups stand weeping at every cottage door :

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

Addressed to Abraham Lincoln by

John S. Gibbons in the Civil War

Abraham Lincoln's Letter to a Mother

DEAR MADAM,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming ; but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln's Promise to His Maker

ON the fifth day after the Battle of Antietam Abraham Lincoln called his Cabinet together. "When the rebel army was at Frederick," he is related to have said, "I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation. I said nothing to anyone, but I made the promise to myself and (here he hesitated a little) to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise."

Then he read his draft, and told them just how he came to his decision. In his great perplexity he had gone on his knees before the Battle of Antietam, and, like a child, he had promised that if a victory was given which drove the enemy out of Maryland he would consider it as an indication that it was his duty to move forward. It might be thought strange, he said, that he had in this way submitted the disposal of matters, when the way was not clear to his mind what he should do; but God had decided this question in favour of the slaves.

Told in Lord Charnwood's Life of Lincoln

With Malice Toward None and Charity for All

FONDLY do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, *The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.*

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Abraham Lincoln towards the end of the Civil War

Lincoln at Gettysburg

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether

fitting and proper that we should do this ; but, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the Earth. *Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg*

The Dust of Lincoln

THIS dust was once the man,
Gentle, plain, just, and resolute, under whose cautious hand,
Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,
Was saved the Union of these States. *Walt Whitman*

O Captain, My Captain

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! Our fearful trip is done ;
The ship has weathered every rack,
The prize we sought is won ;
The port is near, the bells I hear,
The people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel,
The vessel grim and daring ;
But O heart ! heart ! heart !
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! Rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung,
For you the bugle trills :
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths,
For you the shores a-crowding ;
For you they call, the swaying mass,
Their eager faces turning ;
Here, Captain ! dear father !
This arm beneath your head ;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm,
 He has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchored safe and sound
 Its voyage closed and done;
 From fearful trip the victor ship
 Comes in with object won:
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman on the death of Lincoln

The Illimitable Beauty of the World

EVERY sort of beauty has been lavished on our allotted home; beauties to enrapture every sense, beauties to satisfy every taste; forms the noblest and the loveliest, colours the most gorgeous and the most delicate, odours the sweetest and subtlest, harmonies the most soothing and the most stirring: the sunny glories of the day; the pale Elysian grace of moonlight; the lake, the mountain, the primeval forest, and the boundless ocean; silent pinnacles of snow in one hemisphere, the marvels of tropical luxuriance in another; the serenity of sunsets; the sublimity of storms; everything is bestowed in boundless profusion on the scene of our existence; we can conceive or desire nothing more exquisite or perfect than what is round us every hour: and our perceptions are so framed as to be consciously alive to all.

The provision made for our sensuous enjoyment is in overflowing abundance; so is that for the other elements of our complex nature. Who that has revelled in the opening ecstasies of a young imagination, or the rich marvels of the world of thought, does not confess that the intelligence has been dowered at least with as profuse a beneficence as the senses? Who that has truly tasted and fathomed human love in its dawning and crowning joys has not thanked God for a felicity which indeed passeth understanding? If we had set our fancy to picture a Creator occupied solely in devising delight for children whom He loved, we could not conceive one single element of bliss which is not here.

W. R. Greg

Next to the Almighty

THOUGH all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the Earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple. Whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies nor stratagems to make her victorious. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

Milton

I Live for Those Who Love Me

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too ;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake ;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake ;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine ;
To feel there is a union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

George Linnaeus Banks

Holy of Holies

SHE had within her being a Holy of Holies where she sat alone and where the presence of her dearest was forbidden. In the long, dark nights of the Lossiemouth late autumn and winter, with the moan of the sea passing over the land like the cry of toiling creation, the call of the night bird flying overhead, and the mass of stars shining above her, she would retire within herself and go out silently to the shore or the moors in quest of something which haunts life like a dim vision of a strange beauty or a confused echo of a far-away melody. *Margaret MacDonald, by Ramsay MacDonald*

Margaret MacDonald's Way

THEY thought a great deal of Margaret MacDonald in the party she was helping to build up—the party that was to grow, when her life of toil was over, until, with the man she loved at the head of it, it was to shape the nation's destinies. In those early days, before it could be dreamed that her husband would become Prime Minister, her eloquence was heard on platforms up and down the land, and once, when it was announced in a village in Scotland that she was to speak, all the other speakers were suddenly nervous and begged to be let off. Somebody told this to Mrs. MacDonald on the way from the station, and she smiled. "It will be all right," she said. "They won't be afraid of me. I will stumble and stammer, and they will sympathise and help me out." *And so she did.*

*From My Magazine**At the End of the Day*

WHEN the last hour came, and her husband asked her if she desired to speak with anyone of what was to come, she said: *That would be a waste of time. I have always been ready. Let us praise God together for what has been. He has been very good to me in giving me my work, my friends, and my faith. At the end of the day I go gladly to Him for rest and shelter.*

*Written of Margaret MacDonald**Like a Strong Man After Sleep*

METHINKS I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.

*Milton**What God Thinks of Us*

REPUTATION is what men and women think of us. Character is what God and the angels know of us.

Thomas Paine

How God Does His Work

A CENTURY ago men were following with bated breath the march of Napoleon, and waiting with feverish impatience for news of the wars. And all the while, in their own homes, babies were being born.

But who could think about babies? Everybody was thinking about battles.

In one year, midway between Trafalgar and Waterloo, there stole into the world a host of heroes. Gladstone was born in Liverpool, Tennyson at the Somersby Rectory, and Oliver Wendell Holmes in Massachusetts; and the very same day of that same year Charles Darwin made his debut at Shrewsbury, and Abraham Lincoln drew his first breath in old Kentucky. Music was enriched by the advent of Felix Mendelssohn at Hamburg.

But nobody thought of babies; everybody was thinking of battles. Yet which of the battles of 1809 mattered more than the babies of 1809? We fancy that God can only manage His world with big battalions, when all the while He is doing it by beautiful babies. When a wrong wants righting, or a truth wants preaching, or a continent wants opening, God sends a baby into the world to do it.

F. W. Boreham

Where Thou Goest I Will Go

NAOMI said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them, and they lifted up their voice, and wept.

And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people. And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? Turn again, my daughters, go your way; for I am too old. It grieveth me much for your sakes that the hand of the Lord is gone out against me.

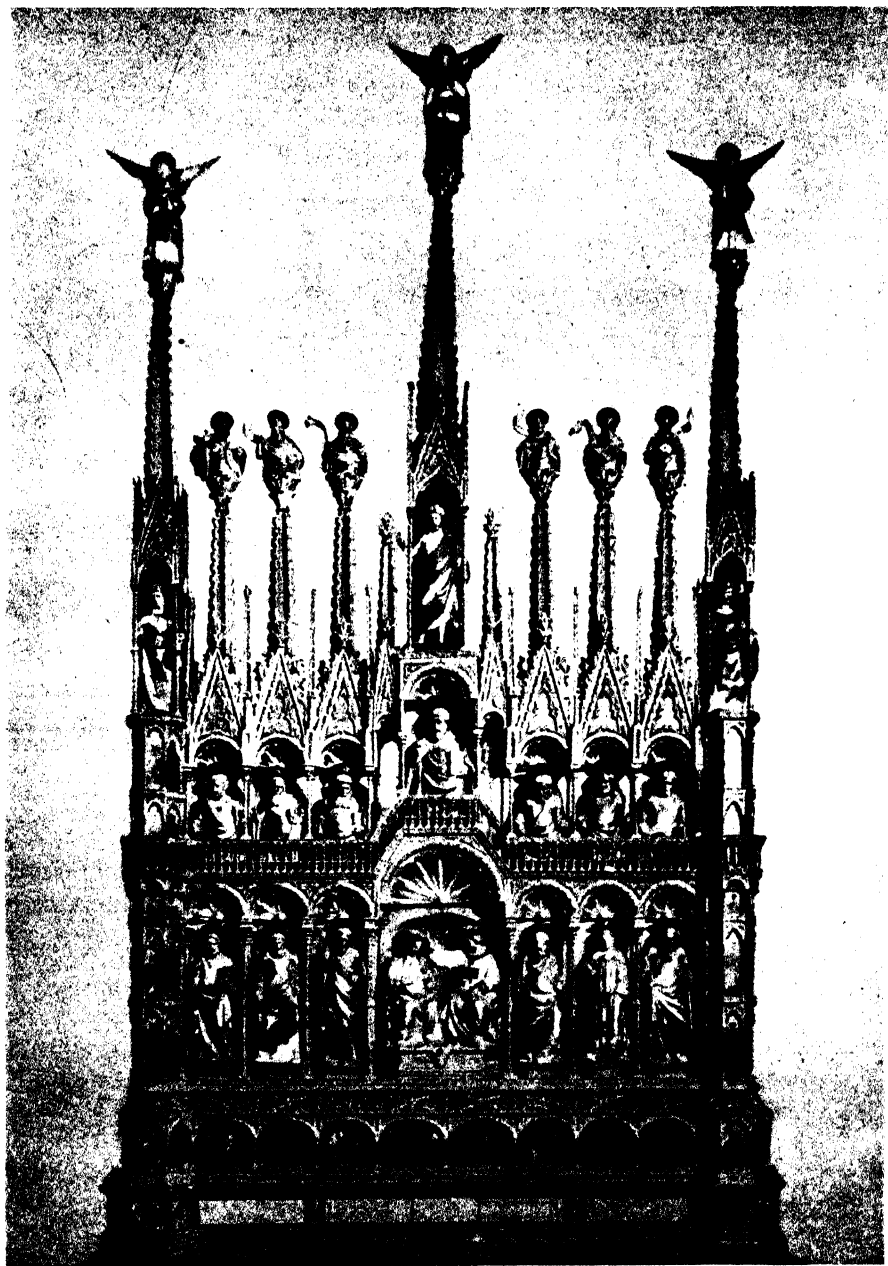
And they lifted up their voice, and wept again; and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her, and said: *Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.*

When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her she left speaking unto her, so they went until they came to Bethlehem.

From the Bible



PHARAOH AS HE WAS—THE STATUE OF RAMESES THE SECOND, NOW IN TURIN



AN ALTAR-PIECE FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. PETRONIA IN BOLOGNA

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 today ?
 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.

Wordsworth

The Bricklayers

MOST of us have felt that, if we could not go on building or worshipping in the old churches, we could never be content until we had contributed a brick or two to the new. *H. W. Massingham*

If Every Man Would Mend a Man

IF every man would mend a man,
 Then all mankind were mended.

If I Were King

IF I were a king, he said,
 And you were just a lowly beggar maid,
 With my strong hand I'd lift you to my side
 And crown you queen ; and in the great king's bride
 Men would not know,
 Or would forget, the beggar maid.

*If I were queen, she said,
 And you, a careless, wandering minstrel, strayed
 To my fair court, I'd set you on the throne,
 And being there, the greatest king e'er known,
 I would kneel down
 And serve you as your maid.*

Elizabeth Bisland

There's Nae Luck about the House

AND are you sure the news is true ?
 And are you sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door ?

Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a' ;

There's little pleasure in the house

When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside ;

Put on the muckle pot ;

Gi'e little Kate her button gown,

And Jock his Sunday coat ;

And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw ;

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

For he's been lang awa'.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,

His breath like caller air ;

His very foot has music in't,

As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again ?

And will I hear him speak ?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,

In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a' ;

There's little pleasure in the house

When our gudeman's awa'. W. J. Mickle

Professor Huxley Waits for His Little Boy

As he sat alone that December night, waiting for the event that was to bring him so much happiness and so much sorrow, he made a last entry in his journal, full of hope and resolution. In the blank space below follows a note of four years later, when "the ground seemed cut from under his feet," yet written with restraint and without bitterness.

New Year's Day, 1857

In 1860 I may fairly look forward to fifteen or twenty years, and I think it will be possible in that time to give a new and healthier direction to science.

To smite all humbugs, however big ; to give a nobler tone to science ; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for everything but lying ; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognised as mine or not, so long as it is done : are these my aims ? 1860 will show.

*Wilt shape a noble life ? Then cast
No backward glances to the past.
And what if something still be lost ?
Act as new-born in all thou dost.
What each day wills, that shalt thou ask ;
Each day will tell its proper task ;
What others do, that shalt thou prize,
In thine own work thy guerdon lies.
This above all : hate none. The rest—
Leave it to God. He knoweth best.*

Half-past ten at night

Waiting for my child. I seem to fancy it the pledge that all these things shall be.

Born five minutes before twelve. Thank God.

September 20, 1860

And the same child, our Noel, our firstborn, after being for nearly four years our delight and our joy, was carried off by scarlet fever in forty-eight hours. This day week he and I had a great romp together. On Friday his restless head, with its bright blue eyes and tangled golden hair, tossed all day upon his pillow. On Saturday night I carried him here into my study, and laid his cold still body here where I write. Here, too, on Sunday night came his mother and I to that holy leave-taking.

My boy is gone, but, in a higher and a better sense than was in my mind when I wrote four years ago what stands above, I feel that my fancy has been fulfilled. I say heartily and without bitterness, Amen, so let it be.

From the Life of Professor Huxley

A Spray of Western Pine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Bret Harte, on hearing
 of the death of Dickens*

Pilgrims

GOD did not make men perfect. He made them pilgrims after perfection.

Henry Ward Beecher

The Light of the Eternal Morning

THE rising of the sun was noble in the cold and warmth of it ; peeping down the spread of light he raised his shoulder heavily over the edge of grey mountain and wavering length of upland.

Then the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened mountains, stately with depth of awe and memory of tempests. Autumn's mellow hand was on them, as they owned already, touched with gold and red and olive ; and their joy towards the sun was less to a bridegroom than to a father.

Yet before the floating impress of the woods could clear itself, suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness. Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching furrow. Every flower and bud and bird had a fluttering sense of them.

So, perhaps, shall break upon us the light of the eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither hill and valley, nor great unvintaged ocean ; when glory shall not scare happiness, neither happiness envy glory, but all things shall arise and shine in the light of the Father's countenance.

R. D. Blackmore

In the Hour of Death

IN the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb,
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name,
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead,
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small,
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

*R. D. Blackmore, to whom it came in a
dream of a friend's funeral*

Charlotte Brontë's Creed

LIFE appears to me to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are one and all burdened with faults in this world, but the time will come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us and only the spark will remain, the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature. Whence it came, it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory.

It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes Eternity a rest, a home; not a terror and an abyss. With this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end.

Charlotte Brontë

No Coward Soul is Mine

NO coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.
 O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity!
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!
 Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,
 To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by Thine infinity;
 So surely anchored on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.
 With wide-embracing love
 Thy spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.
 Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.
 There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void;
 Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
 And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Emily Brontë

Take the Thanks of a Boy

GOD who created me
 Nimble and light of limb,
 In three elements free,
 To run, to ride, to swim ;
 Not when the sense is dim,
 But now from the heart of joy,
 I would remember Him :
 Take the thanks of a boy.

H. C. Beeching

Life is Sweet, Brother

LIFE is sweet, brother.
Do you think so ?

Think so ! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things ;
 sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things ; there's likewise a
 wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother ; who would wish
 to die ?

I would wish to die. . . .

You talk like a gorgio, which is the same as talking like a fool.
 Wish to die, indeed ! A Romany Chal would wish to live for ever !

In sickness, Jasper ?

There's the sun and the stars, brother.

In blindness, Jasper ?

There's the wind on the heath, brother ; if I could only feel that
 I would gladly live for ever.

George Borrow

Vespers

O BLACKBIRD, what a boy you are !
 How you do go it !
 Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star ;
 How you do blow it !
 And can she hear you, blackbird boy, so far ?
 Or is it wasted breath ?
 Good Lord ! *She is so bright*
Tonight !

The blackbird saith. *T. E. Brown*

The One Thing We Take Away

CHARACTER is the one thing we make in this world and take with
 us into the next.

The Two Worlds

THERE are two worlds : the world we can measure with line and
 rule, and the world we feel with our hearts and imagination.

Leigh Hunt

The Divinity that is Within Us

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable.

For the world, I count it not an inn but a hospital, and a place not to live but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I can cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. . . . Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us—something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the Sun.

Sir Thomas Browne on himself in Religio Medici

Friend and Foe

EVERY man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep.
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Richard Barnfield

The Impressive Simple Things of Life

IN China letters are respected not merely to a degree but in a sense which must seem, I think, to you unintelligible and overstrained. But there is a reason for it.

Our poets and literary men have taught their successors, for long generations, to look for good not in wealth, not in power, not in miscellaneous activity, but in a trained, a choice, an exquisite appreciation of the most simple and universal relations of life. To feel, and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in Nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself a sufficient end.

A rose in a moonlit garden, the shadow of trees on the turf, almond bloom, scent of pine, the wine-cup, and the guitar—these and the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides for ever away, with its freight

of music and light, into the shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale—to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call literature.

This we have ; this you cannot give us ; but this you may so easily take away. Amid the roar of the looms it cannot be heard ; it cannot be seen in the smoke of factories : it is killed by the wear and the whirl of Western life.

And when I look at your business men, the men whom you most admire ; when I see them hour after hour, day after day, year after year, toiling in the mill of their forced and undelighted labours ; when I see them importing the anxieties of the day into their scant and grudging leisure, and wearing themselves out less by toil than by carking and illiberal cares, I reflect with satisfaction on the simpler routine of our ancient industry, and prize, above all your new and dangerous routes, the beaten track, so familiar to our accustomed feet that we have leisure, even while we pace it, to turn our gaze up to the eternal stars.

*Letters from John Chinaman,
by G. Lowes Dickinson*

A Word

A WORD is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

Emily Dickinson

The Most Agreeable of All Companions

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness ; one who loves life and understands the use of it ; obliging, alike at all hours ; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Lessing

A Brave Man Dying

I WOULD not change my joy for the empire of the world. All things in my former life have been vain, vain, vain.

Sir Philip Sidney, dying

Last Words to a Brother

LOVE my memory, cherish my friends, but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of the Creator, in me beholding the end of this world, with all her vanities.

Sir Philip Sidney's last words to his brother

The Inspired Pirate

AT our first arrivall, after the ships rode at anker, our General Frobisher, with such company as could well be spared from the ships, in marching order entred the lande, having special care by exhortations that at our entrance therinto wee should all with one voyce, kneeling upon our knees, chiefly thanke God for our safe arrivall, secondly beseech Him that it would please His divine Majestie long to continue our Queene, for whom he, and all the rest of our company in this order tooke possession of the countrey; and thirdly that, by our Christian studie and endeavour those barbarous people, trained up in Paganisme and infidelitie, might be reduced to the knowledge of true religion and to the hope of salvation in Christ our Redeemer.

From an old record, by Master Dionise Settle

As Faithful a Man as this World Had

HE was of a middle stature, slender and well-proportioned, his complexion fair, his hair softer than the finest silk, curling into loose great rings; his eyes full of life and vigour. His teeth were white as purest ivory. He had the most amiable countenance, which carried in it something of magnanimity and majesty mixed with sweetness that bespoke love and awe in all that saw him.

He was quick in his pace, nimble and active and graceful in all his motions; he was apt for any bodily exercise, and any that he did became him. He could dance admirably well, he had skill in fencing such as became a gentleman. He had a great love of music, and played masterfully on the viol; he shot excellently in bows and guns. He had great judgment in all liberal arts.

He took much pleasure in improvement of grounds, in planting groves and walks and fruit-trees, in opening springs and making fish-ponds. He was wonderfully neat, cleanly, and genteel in his habit, and he left off very early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest habit appeared very much a gentleman. His conversation was very pleasant, for he was naturally cheerful, had a ready wit and apprehension; he was eager in everything he did, earnest in dispute, but very rational, so that he was seldom overcome.

Everything it was necessary for him to do he did with delight, free and unconstrained. He hated ceremonious compliment, but yet had a natural civility and complaisance to all people. He was of a tender constitution, but through the vivacity of his spirit could undergo labours, watching, and journeys, as well as any stronger. There was a life of spirit and power in him that is not to be found in any copy drawn from him.

His faith being established in the truth, he was full of love to God and all his saints. He was forgetful of nothing but injuries. His soul ever reigned as king in the internal throne, and never was captive to his sense. He was as excellent in justice as in wisdom;

nor could the greatest advantage, or the greatest danger, or the dearest interest or friend in the world, prevail on him to pervert justice even to his enemy.

He was as kind a father, as dear a brother, as good a master, and as faithful a friend as the world had. He never disdained the meanest, nor flattered the greatest; he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest. He was as careful to avoid the appearances of evil as evil itself. He was as free from avarice as from ambition and pride. Never had any man a more contented and thankful heart for the estate that God had given him.

His whole life was the rule of temperance in meat, drink, apparel, pleasure, and all those things that may be lawfully enjoyed. He delighted in all good conversation; scurrilous talk he abhorred, and, though he took pleasure in wit and mirth, yet that which was mixed with impurity he never would endure.

From the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, by his Wife

The Eagles Have Flown

WOE, woe to our land! for Rome is no more;
 Her legions have left us, and we are alone;
 Her galleys are fading away from our shore.
 All hope has gone with them. *The eagles have flown!*
 Where is our bulwark, our sword, and our shield?
 (List, O ye gods, to our pitiful moan!)
 We know not to war, and no weapons we wield;
 Who, who shall defend us? *The eagles have flown!*
 They taught us to labour, to build, and to plough,
 To fashion the clay and to quarry the stone.
 Vain, vain all our learning to succour us now!
 The foe is upon us. *The eagles have flown!*
 They come from the north, they come from the east;
 Swift o'er the ocean their long ships are blown.
 They come to the slaughter, as wolves to a feast;
 They rend us in pieces. *The eagles have flown!*
 Our roof-trees they burn, our kinsfolk they slay;
 From battle we flee, our feebleness known;
 We perish by night, and we perish by day.
 Say, what shall the end be? *The eagles have flown!*
 They drive us like sheep to the pitiless wave;
 Back by the sea on the beach we are thrown.
 O Rome! in thy mercy, send hither and save!
 Alas, all is over! *The eagles have flown!*

Edward Shirley

The Poor Rich Man

THOUGH a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is poorer.

The City Lost and Found

N EARLY seventeen centuries had rolled away when the city of Pompeii was disinterred from its silent tomb, a ' vivid with undimmed hues ; its walls fresh as if painted yesterday—not a hue faded on the rich mosaic of its floors ; in its forum the half-finished columns as left by the workman's hand ; in its gardens the sacrificial tripod ; in its halls the chest of treasure ; in its theatres the counter of admission ; in its saloons the furniture and the lamp ; in its triclinia the fragments of the last feast ; in its cubicula the perfumes and the rouge of faded beauty, and everywhere the bones and skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that minute yet gorgeous machine of luxury and of life !

Viewing the various witnesses of a social system which has passed from the world for ever, a stranger, from that remote and barbarian Isle which the Imperial Roman shivered when he named, paused amid the delights of the soft Campania and composed this history.

Bulwer Lytton in The Last Days of Pompeii

A Love-letter from Pompeii

A RT thou Phoebus Apollo in the body of Hercules ? Indeed thou art a god to me. Thy beauty and strength have blotted from my eyes all other men. I am young, and the suitors I despise say that I am beautiful. I will await thee, beloved one, near the Temple of Isis.

A love-letter on an ivory tablet 1800 years old

Andrew Rykman's Prayer

P ARDON, Lord, the lips that dare
Shape in words a mortal's prayer !

Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine ;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace ;
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on ;
If a b'nder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do ;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant.

John Greenleaf Whittier

The Final Conquest

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate :
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
 The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds :
 Upon death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds !
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb ;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

*James Shirley**To See Florence Nightingale Pass By*

WHAT a comfort it was to see Florence Nightingale pass by ! She would speak to one and nod to another ; she could not do it to all, you know, for we were lying there by hundreds, but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content.

*A soldier's letter from the Crimea**Where He Would Go*

WHEN the Lady of the Lamp reached home she took with her a little Russian orphan boy, who came as a wounded prisoner to her hospital. She arranged for his education, and one day one of his teachers asked him where he would go to when he died if he was a good boy. To Miss Nightingale, he answered.

*From My Magazine**Caedmon Sings*

THERE was in the monastery a certain brother, marked in a special manner by the grace of God, for he was wont to make songs of piety and religion, so that whatever was expounded to him out of Scripture he turned ere long into verse expressive of much sweetness and penitence in English, which was his native language.

By his songs the minds of many were often fired with contempt of the world, and desire of the heavenly life. Others of the English nation after him attempted to compose religious poems, but none could equal him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, neither was he taught by man, but by God's grace he received the free gift of song, for which reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem. Having lived in the secular habit till he was well

advanced in years, he had never learned anything of versifying ; and for this reason sometimes at a banquet, when it was agreed to make merry by singing in turn, if he saw the harp come towards him he would rise up from table and go out and return home.

Once, having done so, and gone out of the house where the banquet was to the stable, where he had to take care of the cattle that night, he there composed himself to rest at the proper time. Thereupon One stood by him in his sleep, and, saluting him and calling him by his name, said : *Caedmon, sing me something.* But he answered, *I cannot sing, and for this cause I left the banquet and retired hither, because I could not sing.* Then he who talked to him replied, *Nevertheless, thou must sing to me.*

What must I sing ? he asked.

Sing the beginning of Creation, said the other.

Having received this answer, he straightway began to sing verses to the praise of God, the Creator, which he had never heard, the purport whereof was after this manner :

Now must we praise the Maker of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and His counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory ; how He, being the Eternal God, became the Author of all wondrous works, who, being the Almighty Guardian of the human race, first created heaven for the sons of men to be the covering of their dwelling-place, and next the earth.

This is the sense but not the order of the words as he sang them in his sleep, for verses, though never so well composed, cannot be literally translated out of one language into another without loss of their beauty and loftiness. Awaking from his sleep, he remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added more after the same manner, in words which worthily expressed the praise of God.

Bede, writing in the Seventh Century

The King of Heaven

RIGHT is it that we praise the King of Heaven, the Lord of Hosts, and love Him with all our hearts. For He is great in power, the source of all created things, the Lord Almighty. Never hath He known beginning, neither cometh an end of His eternal glory. Ever in majesty He reigneth over celestial thrones ; in righteousness and strength He keepeth the courts of heaven.

The opening of Caedmon's Creation

Lost

LOST, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone for ever.

Horace Mann

Suddenly Comes a Little Bird

WHAT came before life, and what comes after, all is mystery. The life of each man—that is all that each man knows.

The King and his chief captains and ministers are sitting in council on a dark winter's day ; rain and snow without, and a bright fire within. Suddenly comes a little bird ; a sparrow flies in at one door, tarries a moment in the light of the fire on the hearth, and then flies out at the other door into the winter darkness whence it came. Whence, none can say ; whither, no man knows ; and so is the life of man.

What is before us, what lies after, we know not. If this new doctrine will tell us anything of these mysteries, the before and after, let us follow it. *An aged man at the Council of Northumbria, considering the new doctrine of Christianity*

I Sometimes Think That Never Blows so Red

I SOMETIMES think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.
And this reviving herb whose tender green
Hedges the river-lip on which we lean—
Ah ! lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen.
Yon rising moon that looks for us again,
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane ;
How oft hereafter, rising, look for us
Through this same garden, and for one in vain !

*Edward Fitzgerald's translation of
the Persian poet Omar Khayyám*

The Moving Finger

THE Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on : nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

Omar Khayyám

*The Worldly Hope Men Set
Their Hearts Upon*

THE Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers ; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two, is gone.

Omar Khayyám

An Old Friend's Good-bye

POOR Gainsborough lay dying. He thought of the small rivalries and misunderstandings which had kept him and Reynolds apart, and he sent begging Reynolds to visit him. Reynolds went, and many a tear has been shed over the reconciliation of these two splendid men. Gainsborough bravely talked of getting better, and had some of his pictures brought to his bedside to show his friend. But his words began to fail, and his last utterance to Reynolds was : *We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company.*

From My Magazine

Linnaeus and Dillenius

PROCEEDING to Oxford, Linnaeus paid his respects to the celebrated Dillenius, justly considered one of the first botanists of the time. This learned man was not disposed to regard Linnaeus favourably ; he had read a sheet of the *Genera Plantarum*, and, conceiving it to be written in opposition to him, was irate. Pointing to the young Swede, he said, "Sec, this is the young man who confounds all botany."

Linnaeus almost despaired of gaining the friendship of this learned man, and obtaining from him the plants he wanted. At length he went to take leave of Dillenius, and, in parting, said, "I have but one request to make to you : will you tell me why you called me, the other day, the person who confounds all botany ?" Unable to evade so direct a question, Dillenius took him to his library, and showed him the sheet of his genera which he had obtained. It was marked with notes of query. "What signify these marks ?" said Linnaeus. "They signify all the false genera of plants in your book," answered the other. This challenge led to an explanation, in which Linnaeus proved his accuracy in every instance.

The result was an entire change on the part of Dillenius, who detained Linnaeus with him a month, and found so much satisfaction in his company that he kept him in close converse, scarce leaving him an hour to himself. At last he parted from him with tears in his eyes, after making him the offer to stay and share his salary, which would have sufficed for them both.

Martin Duncan's Life of Linnaeus

When She Comes

SHE comes not when Noon is on the roses :
 Too bright is Day.
 She comes not to the Soul till it reposes
 From work and play.
 But when Night is on the hills, and the great voices
 Roll in from sea,
 By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight
 She comes to me.

Herbert Trench



THE FISHERMEN BY THE LAKE, BY J. BERGMANN
From a photograph by F. Bruckmann



THE AVENUE AT MIDDELHARNIS, BY MEINDERT HOBBEEMA
 THE INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY OF THE TREES



RED MEN ON HORSES, BY N. J. H. BAIRD



MOTHER AND SON, BY HENRY W. B. DAVIS

Green Fields of England

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er
 Across this watery waste we fare,
 One image at our hearts we bear,
 Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
 Past where the waves' last confines be
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast,
 If but in thee my lot lie cast,
 The past shall seem a nothing past
 To thee, dear home, if won at last ;
 Dear home in England, won at last.

Arthur Hugh Clough

Where Lies the Land ?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from ? *Away,*
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace !
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from ? *Away,*
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Arthur Hugh Clough

It Fortifies My Soul to Know

IT fortifies my soul to know
 That, though I perish, Truth is so ;
 That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
 I steadier step when I recall
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Arthur Hugh Clough

Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain ;
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
 In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly !
 But westward, look, the land is bright !

Arthur Hugh Clough

Remember the Soul of Geoffrey Chaucer

GREAT thanks, laud, and honour ought to be given unto the clerks, poets, and historiographers that have written many noble books of wisdom, among whom and before all other we ought to give a singular laud unto that noble and great philosopher Geoffrey Chaucer, who for his ornate writing in our tongue may well have the name of a laureate poet. For before he by his labour embellished, ornated, and made fair our English, this realm had rude speech.

Among all other of his books I purpose to imprint, by the grace of God, the Canterbury Tales, in which I find many a noble history of every estate and degree, first rehearsing the conditions and array of each of them, and after their tales, which be of nobleness, wisdom, gentleness, mirth, and also of very holiness and virtue.

I did print a certain number of them, which anon were sold to many and diverse gentlemen, of whom one came to me and said that this book was not according, in many places, unto the book that Geoffrey Chaucer had made. To whom I answered that I had made it according to my copy, and by me was nothing added or minished. Then he said he knew a book which his father had and much loved that was very true, and according to his own first book by him made. And he said more, if I would imprint it again he would get me the same book for a copy, howbeit he wist well that his father would not gladly part from it. To him I said in case that he could get me such a book, true and correct, I would endeavour me to imprint it again to satisfy the author, whereas before by ignorance I erred in hurting and defaming his book in divers places.

And he full gently got of his father the said book and delivered it to me, by which I corrected my book, as hereafter along by the aid of Almighty God shall follow, whom I humbly beseech to give me grace to achieve and accomplish, to his laud, honour, and glory, and that all ye that shall in this book read or hear, will of your charity, among your deeds of mercy, remember the soul of Geoffrey Chaucer, the first maker of this book.

William Caxton, introducing his first edition of Chaucer

Chaucer's Company on the Road to Canterbury

The next seven passages are put into modern English from Chaucer's descriptions of seven of the Pilgrims who rode with him from the Tabard Inn at Southwark to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, five hundred years ago. They are taken from the Canterbury Tales.

A Very Perfect Gentle Knight

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,
Who from the hour on which he first began
To ride out, vowed himself to chivalry,
Honour and truth, freedom and courtesy.
In his lord's war right worthy had he shone,
And thereto ridden—none had farther gone,
In Christian and in heathen land no less,
And ever honoured for his worthiness.
Though thus at all times honoured he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a maid ;
He never yet a word discourteous said
In all his life to any mortal wight :
He was a very perfect gentle knight.

The Gentle Prioress

THERE was, likewise, a Nun, a Prioress,
That of her smiling was full simple and coy.
Her greatest oath was but *By Saint Eloy* ;
And she was namèd Madame Eglentine.
Right well she sang the services divine,
Entuned in her nose with accent sweet ;
And French she spake full properly and neat.
(The French of Stratford-at-the-Bow, I mean,
For French of Paris knew she not, I ween.)
At table she was scrupulous withal ;
No morsel from her lips did she let fall.
She was so tender and so piteous,
She would shed tears if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were hurt or dead.
She had some small hounds, which she always fed
With roasted meat, and milk, and fine white bread ;
But sore wept she if one of them were dead.

The Poor Parson

A good man of religion did I see,
And a poor Parson of a town was he :
But rich he was of holy thought and work.
He also was a learned man, a clerk,
And truly would Christ's holy gospel preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.

Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
And patient when adversity was sent ;
Such had he often proved, and loth was he
To curse for tythes and ransack poverty ;
But rather would he give, there is no doubt,
Unto his poor parishioners about
Of his own substance, and his offerings too.

His wants were humble, and his needs but few.
Wide was his parish (houses far asunder).
But he neglected nought for rain or thunder,
In sickness and in grief to visit all
The farthest in his parish, great and small ;
Always on foot, and in his hand a stave.
This noble example to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught :
Out of the Gospel he that lesson caught.

He let not out his benefice for hire,
Leaving his flock encumbered in the mire
While he ran up to London, to St. Paul's,
To seek a well-paid chantery for souls,
Or with a loving friend his pastime hold ;
But dwelt at home and tended well his fold,
So that to foil the wolf he was right wary ;
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary,
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full piteous ;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught ;
A lore benignant he discreetly taught.

To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
And good example was his business.
But if that any one were obstinate,
Whether he were of high or low estate,
Him would he sharply check with altered mien :
A better parson there was nowhere seen.
He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense ;
But Jesu's lore, which owns no pride or pelf,
He taught—but first he followed it himself.

The Healthy Ploughman

A PLOUGHMAN hale, his brother, with him rode,
Who of manure had spread full many a load.
A right good, constant, labouring man was he,
Living in peace and perfect charity.
O'er all the world to God he gave his heart
At all times, whether for his gain or smart ;
And next his neighbour as himself he held.
He threshed, made dykes, he planted, or he felled
For Jesus' sake, in aid of each poor wight,
And without hire, when it lay in his might.

The Clerk from Oxford

A CLERK there was, from Oxford, in the press,
Who in pure logic placed his happiness.
His horse was lean as any garden rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake ;
But hollow looked, and sober, and ill fed.
His uppermost short cloak was a bare thread,
For he had got no benefice as yet,
Nor for a worldly office was he fit.
For he had rather have at his bed's head
Some twenty volumes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than richest robes, fiddle, or psaltery.
But though a true philosopher was he,
Yet had he little gold beneath his key ;
But every farthing that his friends e'er lent,
In books and learning was it always spent ;
And busily he prayed for the sweet souls
Of those who gave him wherewith for the schools.
He bent on study his chief care and heed.
Not a word spake he more than there was need,
And this was said with form and gravest stress,
And short and quick, full of sententiousness.
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

The Doctor of Physic

A DOCTOR of Physic rode with us along ;
There was none like him in this wide world's throng.
He knew the cause of every malady,
Were it of cold, or hot, or moist, or dry,
And how engendered (what the humours were) ;
He was a very perfect practiser.
The cause once known, and root of the disease,
Anon he placed the sick man at his ease.

The Wife from Bath

THERE was from Bath a good Wife and a witty ;
 But she was somewhat deaf, and that was pity.
 In the cloth trade such crowds unto her went,
 She beat the looms of Ypres and of Ghent.
 She was a worthy woman to the core :
 Five husbands had she brought from the church door ;
 Not reckoning other company in youth :
 But there's no need to tell this now, in sooth.

Chaucer's Farewell to His Book

NOW preye I to them alle that hearken to this litel tretis that if
 there be anything in it that lyketh them, that thereof they
 thanken oure lord Jesus Christ, of whom proceedeth al wit and al
 goodnesse.

And if ther be anything that displese them, I preye them also
 that they impute it to the fault of myn uncunning, and not to my
 wil, that wolde ful fain have seyde bettre if I hadde had cunning.
 For our booke saith : " Al that is writen is writen for oure doctrine " ;
 and that is myn intende.

Wherefore I beseech you mekely, for the mercy of God, that ye
 preye for me, that Christ have mercy on me and forgive my giltes.

The Warbler

DAN Chaucer, the first warbler whose sweet breath
 Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth
 With sounds that echo still. *Tennyson*

Up in Heaven

THERE is no place where Earth's sorrows
 Are more felt than up in Heaven,
 There is no place where Earth's failings
 Have such kindly judgment given.

F. W. Faber

The Name the Angels Know

IN a London cemetery there were two funerals. The first little
 coffin was followed by a solitary mourner, a rather lost-looking
 woman, evidently the mother. There were no flowers on this coffin,
 while the other was covered with wreaths and bunches of flowers,
 and followed by several mourners. At the graveside one of them,
 evidently the father, took a wreath and a large bunch of lilies from
 his own child's coffin and laid them upon the other.

I do not know his name, but I think the angels do.

G. E. Gordon

*We are not Bound to Make the
World go Right*

I AM glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do with cheerful heart
The work that God appoints. *Jean Ingelow*

Two Things

LIFE is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone :
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

Adam Lindsay Gordon

Our Little Hour

OUR little hour ! How swift it flies
When poppies flare and lilies smile ;
How soon the fleeting minute dies
Leaving us but a little while
To dream our dreams, to sing our song,
To pick the fruit, to pluck the flower,
The gods, they do not give us long :
One little hour.
Our little hour ! How short it is
When Love with dew-eyed loveliness
Raises her lips for ours to kiss
And dies within our first caress.
Youth flickers out like wind-blown flame,
Sweet of today tomorrow sour ;
For Time and Death, relentless, claim
Our little hour.
Our little hour ! How short a time
To wage our wars, to fan our hates,
To take our fill of armoured crime ;
To troop our banners, storm the gates.
Blood on the sword, our eyes blood-red,
Blind in our puny reign of power ;
Do we forget how soon is sped
Our little hour ?
Our little hour ! How soon it dies,
How short a time to tell our beads,
To chant our feeble Litanies ;
To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.
The altar lights grow pale and dim,
The bells hang silent in the tower :
So passes with our dying hymn
Our little hour. *Leslie Coulson*

The Golden Chain

LETting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky.
Dryden on a poor parson

The Three

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of Nature could no farther go :
 To make a third, she joined the former two.

John Dryden

Nelson's Prayer Before Trafalgar

MAY the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it ; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen.

*Found on his table on board the Victory
 after the battle ; now in the British Museum.*

If England Should Sink Beneath the Waves

IF tomorrow a vast wave from the Atlantic should sink England for ever below the level of the ocean, and destroy the last remnant of her population and the last of her cities and fields, yet in her spirit she would still survive in that great power oversea whose seed she planted, whose growth she nourished, and whose chief claim to the respect of mankind will always be in upholding those ideas of law, government, and morality its people inherited from the little island lying like an emerald in the stormy seas.

From this point of view the foundation of Jamestown becomes the greatest of all events in the modern history of the Anglo-Saxon race, and one of the very greatest in the history of the world.

From this point of view also the conditions prevailing in colonial Virginia, the foremost and most powerful of all of the English dependencies of that day, become of supreme interest ; for from these conditions was to spring the spirit of one of the greatest nationalities ; and from these conditions was to arrive a permanent guarantee that, whatever might be the fate of England, the Anglo-Saxon conception of social order, political freedom, individual liberty, and private morality, should not perish from the Earth.

P. A. Bruce

My Own Shall Come to Me

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
 Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea ;
 I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
 For lo ! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
 For what avails this eager pace ?
 I stand amid the eternal ways,
 And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
 The friends I seek are seeking me ;
 No wind can drive my bark astray,
 Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone ?
 I wait with joy the coming years ;
 My heart shall reap when it has sown,
 And gather up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky ;
 The tidal wave comes to the sea ;
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

The waters know their own, and draw
 The brook that springs in yonder heights ;
 So flows the good with equal law
 Unto the soul of pure delights.

John Burroughs

A Poet to His Friend

FRIEND, if all these verses die :
 Soon will you and soon will I :
 But if any word should live,
 Then that word to you I give.

A dedication by Herbert Asquith

Pretty Sally

OF all the girls that are so smart
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Henry Carey

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep

Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep ;
 And if I die before I wake,
 I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.

The Village Schoolmaster

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

From Oliver Goldsmith's Deserted Village

*We Weave Ourselves the Lives**We Live*

WE weave ourselves the joy or fear
 Of which the coming life is made ;
 And fill our future atmosphere
 With sunshine or with shade.
 The tissues of the life to be
 We weave with colours all our own ;
 And in the Field of Destiny
 We reap as we have sown.

The Lament of Poor John Clare

AND has the Spring's all-glorious eye
 A No lesson to the mind ?
 The birds that cleave the golden sky,
 Things to the earth resigned,
 Wild flowers that dance to every wind,
 Do they no memory leave behind ?

Aye, flowers ! The very name of flowers,
 That bloom in wood and glen,
 Brings spring to me in Winter's hours,
 And childhood's dreams again.
 The primrose on the woodland lea
 Was more than gold and lands to me.

The violets by the woodland side
 Are thick as they could thrive ;
 I've talked to them with childish pride
 As things that were alive.
 I find them now in my distress :
 They seem as sweet, yet valueless.

The cowslips on the meadow lea,
 How have I run for them !
 I looked with wild and childish glee
 Upon each golden gem ;
 And when they bowed their heads so shy
 I laughed, and thought they danced for joy.

The brook that mirrored clear the sky,
 Full well I know the spot ;
 The mouse-ear looked with bright blue eye,
 And said " Forget-me-not."
 And from the brook I turned away,
 But heard it many an after day.

But seasons now have naught to say,
 The flowers no news to bring ;
 Alone I live from day to day,
 Flowers deck the bier of Spring ;
 And birds upon the bush or tree
 All sing a different tale to me.

*Written by John Clare, the
 forsaken poet, in an asylum*

If Righteousness Should Perish

IF righteousness should perish it would not be worth while for
 men to live on the Earth. *Immanuel Kant*

The Glory Beyond All

KNOWLEDGE is power, the people cry,
 Grave men the lure repeat :
 After some rarer thing I sigh,
 That makes the pulses beat.

Old truths, new facts, they preach aloud.
 Their tones like wisdom fall :
 One sunbeam glancing on a cloud
 Hints things beyond them all.

George MacDonald

The House of Life is Yours

OH, was I born too soon, my dear,
 Or were you born too late,
 That I am going out the door
 while you come in the gate ?
 For you the garden blooms galore,
 the castle is *en fête* ;
 You are the coming guest, my dear ;
 for me the horses wait.

Then walk with me an hour, my dear,
 and pluck the reddest rose
 Amid the white and crimson store
 with which your garden glows.
 A single rose—I ask no more
 of what your love bestows ;
 It is enough to give, my dear,
 a flower to him who goes.

The House of Life is yours, my dear,
 for many and many a day ;
 But I must ride the lonely shore,
 the road to Far Away.
 So bring the stirrup-cup and pour
 a brimming draught, I pray ;
 And when you take the road, my dear,
 I'll meet you on the way.

Henry Van Dyke

Time Is

Too Slow for those who Wait,
 Too Swift for those who Fear,
 Too Long for those who Grieve,
 Too Short for those who Rejoice ;
 But for those who Love
 Time is not.

Henry Van Dyke

The Man of Life Upright

THE man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds
 Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude
 Nor sorrow discontent :

That man needs neither towers
 Nor armour for defence,
 Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings,
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The Earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage.

Thomas Campion

He Walked in Glory on the Hills

HE walked in glory on the hills ;
 We dalesmen envied from afar
 The heights and rose-lit pinnacles
 Which placed him nigh the evening star.

Upon the peaks they found him dead ;
 And now we wonder if he sighed
 For our low grass beneath his head,
 For our rude huts, before he died.

William Canton

If God Offered Me All Truth

IF God held in His right hand all truth, and in His left the ever-living desire for truth—although with the condition that I should remain in error for ever—and if He said to me, *Choose*, I should humbly bow before His left hand, and say, *Father, give ; pure truth is for Thee alone.*

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing

A Sailor Remembers His Wedding Day

THIS day, my love, is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish you many happy returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I can enjoy.

After this life of labour, to retire to peace and quietness is all I look for in the world. Even the rattling of that old wagon that used to pass our door at six o'clock in a winter's morning had its charms.

The fact is, whenever I think how I am to be happy again my thoughts carry me back to Morpeth, where, out of the fuss and parade of the world, surrounded by those I love most dearly and who love me, I enjoyed as much happiness as my nature is capable of. Many things that I see in the world give me a distaste to the finery of it.

Have you read—but, what I am more interested about, is your sister with you, and is she well and happy? Tell her (God bless her!) I wish I were with you, that we might have a good laugh. God bless me! I have scarcely laughed these three years.

How do the dear girls go on? Their education and the cultivation of the sense God has given them are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of everything that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart.

I am persuaded that the generality of the people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper and the fashion to go to church; but I would have my girls gain such knowledge of the works of Creation that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind.

Tell me how do the trees which I planted thrive? Is there shade under the three oaks for a comfortable summer seat? Do the poplars grow at the walk, and does the wall of the terrace stand firm? My bankers tell me that all my money in their hands is exhausted by fees on the peerage, and that I am in their debt, which is a new epoch in my life, for it is the first time I was ever in debt since I was a Midshipman.

Admiral Collingwood to his wife

The Best Things

LIFE's best things gather round its close,
To light it from the door.

George MacDonald

The Priceless Gift

I WOULD not change my invincible love of reading for all the treasures of India.

Edward Gibbon

Nothing Sweeter

SURELY there is nought sweeter than a man's own country and his parents, even though he dwell far off in a rich home, in a strange land, away from them that begat him. *Homer's Odyssey*

The Loss that no Man can Restore

THE loss of gold is much,
The loss of time is more ;
The loss of honour such a loss
As no man can restore.

Old Rhyme

William Blake Bursts out into Singing

HE said he was going to that country he had all his life wished to see, hoping for salvation through Jesus. Just before he died his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven. In truth he died like a saint.

From a letter of the time

He Who Hurts the Little Wren

HE who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.

William Blake

Dost Thou Know Who Made Thee ?

LITTLE lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice ?

Little lamb, who made thee ?

Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;

Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;

He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb.

He is meek and He is mild,

He became a little child.

I a child, and thou a lamb,

We are callèd by His name ;

Little lamb, God bless thee !

Little lamb, God bless thee !

William Blake

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Did God Smile His Work to See ?

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night !
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the ardour of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire,
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand forged thy dread feet ?

What the hammer, what the chain,
 In what furnace was thy brain ?
 Did God smile His work to see ?
 Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

William Blake

Till We Have Built Jerusalem

AND did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountains green ?
 And was the holy lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
 Bring me my arrows of desire !
 Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold !
 Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake

It Draweth Nigh

KILL not the moth or butterfly,
 For the Last Judgment draweth nigh.
William Blake



SUPPER-TIME, BY ALBERT LYNCH



MADAME LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER,
BY MADAME LE BRUN



MISS LINLEY AND HER BROTHER
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH



MISS GIBSON CARMICHAEL, BY RAEBURN



A BOY SITS DREAMING, BY LAWRENCE

William Blake Goes Away

His picture *The Ancient of Days* was such a favourite with Blake that three days before his death he sat up in bed and tinted it with his choicest colours. He touched and retouched it, held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, *There ! that will do ! I cannot mend it !*

He saw his wife in tears ; she felt this was to be the last of his works. "Stay, Kate !" cried Blake, "keep just as you are. I will draw your portrait, for you have been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness.

He lay chanting songs, and lamented that he could no longer commit these inspirations to paper. "Kate," he said, "I am a changing man ; I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you rose, too, and sat beside me ; now this can be no longer."

He died on August 12, and his wife, who sat watching him, did not perceive when he ceased breathing. *Allan Cunningham's
Life of Blake*

He Made a World His Own

THEY win who never near the goal ;
They run who halt on wounded feet ;
Art hath its martyrs like the soul,
Its victors in defeat.

This seer's ambition soared too far ;
He sank, on pinions backward blown ;
But, though he touched nor sun nor star,
He made a world his own.

Edmund Gosse on William Blake

The Morning Star

THOU wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled ;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

From Plato, translated by Shelley

Across the Fields of Yesterday

ACROSS the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play,
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within ;
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

Thomas S. Jones

David's Lament for Jonathan

DAVID lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan :

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places : how are the mighty fallen !

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings, for there the shield of the mighty is cast away, the shield of Saul.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided : they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put ornaments of gold on your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle ! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me ; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished !

From the Bible

David's Lament for Absalom

DAVID sat between the two gates ; and the watchman went up to the roof and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold a man running alone. The watchman cried, and told the king ; and the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

And, behold, Cushie came, and said, Tidings, my lord the king, for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe ? And Cushie answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept ; and as he went he said, *O my son Absalom ! my son, my son Absalom ! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !*

It was told Joab, *Behold, the king weepeth and mourneth for Absalom ;* and the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people, for the people heard how the king was grieved for his son. And the people gat them by stealth into the city, as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle.

But the king covered his face, and cried with a loud voice, *O my son Absalom ! O Absalom, my son, my son !* *From the Bible*

A Soldier's Dream of Peace

IT is impossible to express with what a heavy heart I parted with you when I was by the water's side.

I could have given my life to have come back, though I knew my own weakness so much that I durst not, for I knew I should have exposed myself to the company. I did for a great while, with a perspective glass, look upon the cliffs in hopes I might have had one sight of you. We are now out of sight of Margate, and I have neither soul nor spirits, but I do at this moment suffer so much that nothing but being with you can recompense it.

The greatest ease I now have is sometimes sitting for an hour in my chair alone, and thinking of the happiness I may yet have of living quietly with you.

*Marlborough to his wife
on going to the wars*

Francis of Assisi Praises God

THE end was fast approaching. Two days before his death he asked to be stripped of all his clothes, and to be put on the ground that he might die in the arms of my Lady Poverty.

It was on the night of October 3, 1226, that he breathed his last, praising God to the end. With his songs were mingled those of the little birds he loved so well, for we are told that a great multitude of larks came above the roof of the house wherein he lay, and, flying a little way off, made a circle round the roof, and by their sweet singing seemed to be praising the Lord along with him.

From an old record

Pepys says Farewell to His Diary

THUS ends all that, I doubt, I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hands; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear.

And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave, for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me.

*Pepys, threatened with blindness,
gives up writing his Journal*

Why Baby Smiles

SOME, wondering what motives to mirth infants meet with in their silent and solitary smiles, have resolved, how truly I know not, that then they converse with angels.

Thomas Fuller

The Croaker We Have Always With Us

THERE are croakers in every country, always boding its ruin.

Such an one there lived in Philadelphia ; a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look, and a very grave manner of speaking. This gentleman stopped me one day at my door and asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing-house.

Being answered, he said he was sorry for me, because it was an expensive undertaking, and the expense would be lost ; for Philadelphia was a sinking place, the people already half bankrupts, or near being so. Then he gave me such a detail of misfortunes now existing, or that were soon to exist, that he left me half melancholy.

This person continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim it in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction ; and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for one as he might have bought it for when he first began croaking.

Benjamin Franklin

The Little Dumb Boy

THE great and eloquent Charles James Fox was at dinner, with many famous men and women of the time. There were Talleyrand and Sheridan, and some of the most brilliant talkers of that day. There was also a son of Fox, a dumb boy the image of his father. To him Fox gave almost all his attention, conversing with him by the fingers, and their eyes glistened as they looked at each other.

How strange it was, remarked Talleyrand to Samuel Rogers, to dine with the finest orator in Europe (the greatest debater the world ever saw, as Edmund Burke said) and to see him talk only with his fingers !

A beautiful picture it was, and pathetic to think that the poor dumb boy was soon to die, when he was but fifteen.

From a diary

Hyacinths

IF of thy mortal goods thou art bereft,
And from thy slender store two loaves alone are left,
Sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

Sadi, Persian poet of the 12th century

We Live in Deeds

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 : he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Philip James Bailey

A Power is Passing from the Earth

Loud is the Vale ; this inland depth
 In peace is roaring like the sea ;
 Yon star upon the mountain-top
 Is listening quietly.

A power is passing from the earth
 To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;
 But when the mighty pass away
 What is it more than this,

That man who is from God sent forth
 Doth yet again to God return ?
 Such ebb and flow must ever be,
 Then wherefore should we mourn ?

Wordsworth when Fox was dying

The Wonderful Woman

UNDERNEATH this sable herse
 Lies the subject of all verse :
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Countess of Pembroke, probably by Ben Jonson

When God has Told You what You Ought to Do

JEANNE : Be happy.

Agnes : How ? how ?

Jeanne : By passing resolutely through unhappiness. It must be done.

Agnes : I will throw myself on the pavement, and pray until no star is in the heavens. Oh ! I will so pray, so weep.

Jeanne : Unless you save the tears of others, in vain you shed your own.

Agnes : Again I ask you, what can I do ?

Jeanne : *When God has told you what you ought to do, he has already told you what you can.*

*Conversation imagined by Walter Savage Landor between
 Jeanne D'Arc and Agnes Sorel, of the King's Court*

I Shall only Last a Year

I SHALL only last a year : use me as long as you can.

Joan of Arc

A Girl in White Walks through Rouen

ALL the afternoon and evening the news was flying, and the people of the countryside flocking to Rouen to see the tragedy—all, at least, who could prove their English sympathies and count upon admission. The press grew thicker and thicker in the streets, the excitement grew higher and higher. And now a thing was noticeable again which had been noticeable more than once before, that there was pity for Joan in the hearts of many of these people. Whenever she had been in great danger it had manifested itself, and now it was apparent again, manifest in a pathetic dumb sorrow which was visible in many faces.

Early the next morning Martin Ladvenu and another Friar were sent to Joan to prepare her for death; and Manchon and I went with them—a hard service for me. We tramped through the dim corridors, winding this way and that, and piercing ever deeper and deeper into that vast heart of stone, and at last we stood before Joan. But she did not know it. She sat with her hands in her lap and her head bowed, thinking, and her face was very sad.

We stood silent awhile, but she was still unconscious of us, still deep in her sad musings and far away. Then Martin Ladvenu said softly: *Joan.*

She looked up then, with a little start and a wan smile, and said: "Speak. Have you a message for me?"

"Yes, my poor child. Try to bear it. Do you think you can bear it?"

"Yes" (very softly), and her head drooped again.

I am come to prepare you for death.

A faint shiver trembled through her wasted body. There was a pause. In the stillness we could hear our breathings. Then she said, still in that low voice: "When will it be?"

The muffled notes of a tolling bell floated to our ears out of the distance.

Now. The time is at hand.

That slight shiver passed again.

"It is so soon! Ah, it is so soon!"

There was a long silence. The distant throbbings of the bell pulsed through it, and we stood motionless and listening. But it was broken at last.

"What death is it?"

By fire!

"Oh, I knew it, I knew it!" She sprang wildly to her feet, and wound her hands in her hair, and began to writhe and sob, oh,

so piteously, and mourn and grieve and lament, and turn to first one and then another of us, and search our faces beseechingly, as hoping she might find help and friendliness there, poor thing—she that had never denied these to any creature.

“ Oh, cruel, cruel, to treat me so ! And must my body, that has never been defiled, be consumed today and turned to ashes ? Ah, sooner would I that my head were cut off seven times than suffer this woeful death. I had the promise of the Church’s prison when I submitted, and if I had but been there, and not left here in the hands of my enemies, this miserable fate had not befallen me. Oh, I appeal to God, the Great Judge, against the injustice which has been done me.”

There was none there that could endure it. They turned away, with the tears running down their faces.

At nine o’clock the Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France, went forth in the grace of her innocence and her youth to lay down her life for the country she loved with such devotion, and for the king that had abandoned her. She sat in the cart that is used only for felons.

She looked girlishly fair and sweet and saintly in her long white robe, and when a gush of sunlight flooded her as she emerged from the gloom of the prison, and was yet for a moment still framed in the arch of the sombre gate, the massed multitudes of poor folk murmured *A vision ! a vision !* and sank to their knees praying, and many of the women weeping ; and the moving invocation for the dying rose again, and was taken up and borne along, a majestic wave of sound, which accompanied the doomed, solacing and blessing her, all the sorrowful way to the place of death.

And it was so all the way ; thousands upon thousands massed upon their knees, and stretching far down the distances, thick-sown with the faint yellow candle-flames, like a field starred with golden flowers.

The secular judge who should have delivered judgment and pronounced sentence was himself so disturbed that he forgot his duty ; he only said, to the guards, “ Take her,” and to the executioner, “ Do your duty.”

Joan asked for a cross. None was able to furnish one. But an English soldier broke a stick in two and crossed the pieces and tied them together, and this cross he gave her, moved to it by the good heart that was in him ; and she kissed it and put it in her bosom.

At last a mercifully swift tide of flame burst upward, and none saw that face any more, and the voice was still.

Yes, she was gone from us : *Joan of Arc !* What little words they are, to tell of a rich world made empty and poor !

Put into the mouth of an imaginary witness by Mark Twain

A Light Gone from the World

I WISH I could put in words something of the image the name of Faraday always suggests to my mind. Kindliness and unselfishness of disposition; clearness and singleness of purpose; brevity, simplicity, and directness; sympathy with his audience or his friend; perfect natural tact and good taste; thorough cultivation—all these he had, each to a rare degree.

But all these combined made only a part of Faraday's charm. He had an indescribable quality of quickness and life. Something of the light of his genius irradiated his presence with a certain bright intelligence, and gave a singular charm to his manner which was felt by every one, from the deepest philosopher to the simplest child who ever had the privilege of seeing him.

That light is now gone from us. While thankful for having seen and felt it, we cannot but mourn our loss, and feel that, whatever good things, whatever brightness, may be in store for us, that light we can never see again.

Lord Kelvin

*The Glory that was Greece, the
Grandeur that was Rome*

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land! *Edgar Allan Poe*

The Oath of Youth

I WILL not disgrace my sacred weapons nor desert the comrade by my side. I will fight for things holy and things secular, whether I am alone or with others. I will hand on my Fatherland greater and better than I found it. I will hearken to the magistrates and obey the laws. I will not destroy or disobey the constitution. I will honour the temples and the religion of my fathers.

The Oath of Youth in Ancient Greece

Watch and Pray

FORGET not liberality among you, for God seeth that which ye do. Carefully observe the appointed prayers, and be assiduous therein. But if ye be in any danger, pray on foot or on horseback, and when ye are safe remember God, how he hath taught you what as yet ye knew not.

The Koran

The Earthly Paradise

GOD hath provided your habitations for you ; and tents of the skins of cattle, which ye find light to be removed on the day of your departure to new quarters, and easy to be pitched on the day of your sitting down therein ; and of their wool and their fur and their hair hath he supplied you with furniture and household stuff for a season.

And God hath provided for you of that which he hath created to shield you from the sun ; he hath also provided you places of retreat in the mountains ; and hath given you garments to defend you from the heat, and coats of mail to defend you in your wars.

Thus doth he accomplish his favour towards you, that you may resign yourselves unto him.

The Koran

Out of the Ether

WHEN the story of our age is written no page in the book of these days will be so dramatic and impressive as that which tells how the news of great events was first flashed through the ether.

Out of the depths of space came the news that the Titanic had gone down. Out of the stillness of the air came the news that Captain Scott was dead. Out of the silence above us, like something falling from the skies, there came one day, to the men on a great battleship, these glorious words :

*They sleep in peace amid the eternal snows,
Their goal achieved, their duty nobly done ;
And over those whose victor's crown is won,
The loud, shrill requiem of the tempest blows.*

Truly a wonderful thing, yet with a simple explanation. It happened that the Admiralty was experimenting with long-distance messages, and that all kinds of messages were being sent to the battleship New Zealand, on her way down the West Coast of Africa. In the midst of these experiments came the news that Captain Scott and his party had perished, and the operator making the experiments was inspired to send this verse. Inspiration is the only word for such an act, and there is something thrilling in the thought of this flash from a poet's soul coming suddenly to a ship out of nowhere. We live in famous and immortal times. Good is it in these days to be alive.

From the Children's Newspaper

The Beautiful Annabel Lee

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee ;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea ;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee ;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me ;
Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe

*For Men May Come and
Men May Go*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.
 I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter by my cresses ;
 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

The Brook, by Tennyson

Tis Well, Tis Something

TIS well, tis something, we may stand
 Where he in English earth is laid,
 And from his ashes may be made
 The violet of his native land.

Tennyson

Tis Better to have Loved and Lost

THIS truth came borne with bier and pall,
 I felt it when I sorrowed most,
 Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson

Break ! Break ! Break !

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 Oh, well for the sailor lad
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

Tennyson

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how :
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear ;
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth
And in thy wisdom make me wise.
Opening lines of In Memoriam, by Tennyson

Some Day

FOR I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
 Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be ;
 Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;
 Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;
 Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
 With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-
 storm ;
 Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
 In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.
 There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
 And the kindly Earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

*Tennyson**As Through the Land We Went*

As through the land at eve we went,
 And plucked the ripened ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 O we fell out, I know not why,
 And kissed again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
 That all the more endears
 When we fall out with those we love
 And kiss again with tears !

For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 O there above the little grave,
 We kissed again with tears.

*Tennyson**Till Crowds be Sane and Crowns be Just*

O STATESMEN, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne.
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

Tennyson



A FLUTE-PLAYER AT THE GATE OF TUNIS



THE RIDERS OF THE DESERT



THE ARAB AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN

Sir Galahad

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

These Three

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Tennyson

Ring Out, Wild Bells

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :
 The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson

That Good shall Fall at Last to All

OH, yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete ;
 That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.
 Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

From Tennyson's In Memoriam

Beauty that Does Not Fade Away

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires :
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.
 But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires :
 Where these are not I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

Thomas Carew

When the Sun Set, where were They ?

A KING sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships by thousands lay below,
 And men in nations—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day,
 And when the sun set where were they ?

Lord Byron's Isles of Greece

Knowing and Behaving

EDUCATION does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave.

John Ruskin

The Answer Splendid

THE magistrate : What do you do for a living ?

The mother : *I stay at home to look after my thirteen children.*

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men

LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies ; leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions ; such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing ; rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations : all these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished, as though they had never been ; and are become as though they had never been born ; and their children after them. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace ; but their name liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom and the congregation will show forth their praise.

From the Apocrypha

Let the Counsel of Thine Own Heart Stand

LET the counsel of thine own heart stand, for there is no man more faithful unto thee than it. For a man's mind is sometime wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower.

From the Apocrypha

Every Day brings a Ship

EVERY day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word ;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.

Emerson

I Catch the Comfort of the Golden Years

O FACES that look forward, eyes that spell
 The future time for signs, what see ye there ?
 On what far gleams of portent do ye dwell ?
 Whither, with lips like quivering leaves and hair
 Back-blowing in the whirlwind, do ye stare
 So steadfast and so still ? Oh, speak and tell !
 Is the soul safe ? Shall the sick world be well ?
 Will morning glimmer soon, and all be fair ?
 O faces, ye are pale, and somewhat sad,
 And in your eyes there swim the fatal tears ;
 But on your brows the dawn gleams cold and hoar.
 I, too, gaze forward, and my heart grows glad ;
 I catch the comfort of the golden years :
 I see the soul is safe for evermore.

*Robert Buchanan**The City Fair Shall Rise*

C OMFORT, O free and true !
 Soon shall there rise for you
 A City fairer far than all ye plan ;
 Built on a rock of strength
 It shall arise at length,
 Stately and fair and vast, the City meet for Man !
 Towering to yonder skies
 Shall the fair City rise,
 Dim in the dawning of a day more pure ;
 House, mart, and street, and square,
 Yea, and a Fane for prayer,
 Fair, and yet built by hands ; strong, for it shall endure.
 Now, while days come and go,
 Doth the fair City grow,
 Surely its stones are laid in sun and moon.
 Wise men and pure prepare
 Ever this City fair.
 Comfort, O ye that weep ; it shall arise full soon.

*Robert Buchanan**The Selkirk Grace*

S OME hae meat and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it ;
 But we hae meat and we can eat,
 And sae the Lord be thankit.

Robert Burns

Until the Evening Comes

O LORD, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, until the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over, and our work is done.

A Prayer 400 years old

The Errors of the Wise

DELIVER me, O Lord, from the errors of wise men, yea, and of good men.

Robert Leighton

The Fisherman's Prayer

O GOD, be good to me ;
The sea is so wide
And my boat is so small.

A Little Child's Prayer

PRAY God make all bad people good, and all good people nice.

The Little Prayer of an Architect

THIS house I built on Earth below,
But Life is but a fleeting show ;
I trust it has to me been given
Meanwhile to build a house in heaven.

Peace Without and Peace Within

O BELOVED Pan, and all ye gods whose dwelling is in this place, grant me to be beautiful in soul, and that all I possess of outward things be at peace with them within.

A Prayer from the Pagan World

Robin in the Rain

THE Nightingale sings till his mating's done,
And then he flies away ;
The Skylark sings to the summer sun,
The Thrush to the dawn of day ;
The Blackcap sings in the leafy lane,
But Robin Redbreast sings in the rain.

F. C. Gould

As Life Goes By

WHAT seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and grace and tenderness of it ; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge (grand as knowledge is), but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends ; the cosy talk by the fireside ; the sight of flowers and the sound of music.

John Richard Green

The Tiller of the Fields

YOU watch figures in the fields, digging and delving with spade or pick. You see one of them from time to time straightening his loins, and wiping his face with the back of his hand. Is that the gay lively labour in which some people would have you believe? Yet it is there that for me you must seek true humanity and great poetry. They say that I deny the charm of the country; I find in it far more than charms—I find infinite splendours. I see in it, just as they do, the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. I see clearly enough the sun as he spreads his splendour amid the clouds. None the less do I see on the plain, all smoking, the horses at the plough. I see in some stony corner a man all worn out, whose *han han* have been heard since daybreak, trying to straighten himself a moment to get breath. *Jean François Millet, painter of The Angelus*

I Know a Rose is Overhead

THE Rose aloft in sunny air,
 Beloved alike by bird and bee,
 Takes for the dark Root little care
 That toils below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower:
 "Pride of the Summer, garden queen,
 Why livest thou thy little hour?"
 And the Rose answered, "I am seen."

I put my question to the Root.
 "I mine the Earth content," it said,
 "A hidden miner underfoot:
I know a Rose is overhead."

*John James Piatt**They Glide Upon Their
Endless Way*

THEY glide upon their endless way,
 For ever calm, for ever bright,
 No blind hurry, no delay,
 Mark the Daughters of the Night;
 They follow in the track of Day,
 In divine delight.

Shine on, sweet orbèd souls, for aye,
 For ever calm, for ever bright:
 We ask not whither lies your way,
 Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
 Be still a dream throughout the day,
 A blessing through the night!

Bryan Waller Procter

Touch Us Gently, Gentle Time

TOUCH us gently, Time !
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently, as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream.
 Humble voyagers are we,
 Husband, wife, and children three
 (One is lost—an angel, fled
 To the azure overhead).

Touch us gently, Time !
 We've not proud nor soaring wings ;
 Our ambition, our content
 Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we
 O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
 Seeking only some calm clime.
 Touch us gently, gentle Time !

Bryan Waller Procter

The Quiet Mind is Richer than a Crown

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content ;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown :
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown :
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss. *Robert Greene*

In After Years

OH, earlier shall the rosebuds blow
 In after years—those happier years,
 And children weep, when we lie low,
 Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

William Johnson Cory

The Storm has Gone over Me

THE storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks
 which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped
 of all my honours ; I am torn up by the roots and lie prostrate on
 the earth. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate.
 Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself if I would give a peck of
 refuse of wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world.

Edmund Burke after the death of his son

A Little Place to Sleep In

I WOULD rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country
 churchyard than in the tomb of all the Capulets. *Edmund Burke*

The Love of the People

OUR hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply the more friends you will have ; the more ardently they love liberty the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain ; they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that bond which originally made and must still preserve the unity of the Empire.

Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, your instructions and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of the mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the Empire.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England ? Do you imagine that it is the Land Tax Act which raises your revenue, that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army, or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline ? No ; surely no ! 'It is the love of the people ; it is their attachment to their Government from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. *Edmund Burke*

Never

NEVER, no never, did Nature say one thing and wisdom say another. *Edmund Burke*

The Captive Set Free

WITH warmest gratitude I address your lordship to return you thanks for the release of my favourite Anselmo.

The motives I have for being attached to that boy are of a nature not easily to be forgotten. He was born of one of our slaves on the very day that I myself gave birth to my last child. On that day my husband freed Anselmo's father and mother, together with their babe.

It was a day of joy celebrated by us every year, till cruel fate snatched away my little girl, who was the being to whom I bore the greatest affection in this world, and whose loss I shall never cease to deplore. Anselmo was brought up as the plaything of my darling ; she loved him excessively, and I have the weakness to see in that boy a kind of shadow of my lost angel. By this you may conceive, my lord, the present which you have made me, and how greatly I value the humane sentiments contained in your kind letter.

I shall conclude by requesting that you will remember that my husband is Lord Chief Justice of the kingdom of Guatemala, and that in him you will always find a person ready to receive and obey your lordship's orders.

I pray God to grant you, my lord, a long and prosperous life.

*A Spanish lady's letter to Admiral Collingwood,
who had set a captive free in Algeciras in 1807*

Abide with Me

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide .
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see :
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !
I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me !
I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness :
Where is Death's sting ? Where, Grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.
Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes !
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows flee :
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

*Written by Rev. H. F. Lyte after preaching
his last sermon, knowing he was soon to die*

Flower by the Dusty Road

S AID a traveller by the way
Pausing, "What hast thou to say,
Flower by the dusty road,
That would ease a mortal's load?"

Traveller, hearken unto me !
I will tell thee how to see
Beauties in the Earth and Sky
Hidden from the careless eye.
I will tell thee how to hear
Nature's music wild and clear :

Thou shalt see the dawn unfold
Artistries of rose and gold,
And the sunbeams on the sea
Dancing with the wind for glee.
The red lilies of the moors
Shall be torches on the floors,
Where the field-lark lifts his cry
To rejoice the passer-by
In a wide world rimmed with blue,
Lovely as when time was new.
And thereafter thou shalt fare
Light of foot and free from care.

With the many-wintered Sun
Shall thy hardy course be run,
And the bright new Moon shall be
A lamp to thy felicity.
When green-mantled spring shall come
Past thy door with flute and drum,
And when over wood and swamp
Autumn trails her scarlet pomp,
No misgiving shalt thou know,
Passing glad to rise and go.

What the secret, what the clue
The wayfarer must pursue ?
Only one thing he must have
Who would share these transports brave :
Love within his heart must dwell
Like a bubbling roadside well.

*Then the traveller set his pack
Once more on his dusty back,
And trudged on for many a mile
Fronting fortune with a smile.*

Bliss Carman

Clime of the Unforgotten Brave

CLIME of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty !

These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame :
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.

Byron's Appeal to Greece

Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
 stored ;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damp ;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
His day is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat :
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! Be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me :
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free !
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe

The Schoolmaster is Abroad

LET the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age.
 There is another personage, less imposing in the eyes of some,
 perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to
 him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

Lord Brougham

The Thing that is Worth All We Have

BOSWELL: People go through the world very well and carry on the business of life to good advantage without learning.

Johnson: Why, sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts who were the first sailors.

Johnson then called to the boy: What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts who were the first sailors?

Sir, said the boy, I would give what I have.

Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare.

From Boswell's Life of Johnson

Content With Little

WHO with a little cannot be content
Endures an everlasting punishment.

Robert Herrick

In the Dark Night

IAM going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me. This loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with colour, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, *I am better now*. Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

Robert G. Ingersoll at his brother's grave

The Land We Love the Most

LORD ! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless ;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and Thee ;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend ;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend !
John Reynell Wreford

The Beginnings of Things

EVERY instrument of man's culture bears traces of its development from simpler forms—spear and knife-blade from the sharp-edged flint flake ; the saw from the jagged-edged flake ; the match-lock from the crossbow ; the woven fabric from the twisted grass ; the plough from the stag's antlers or the tree branch ; the mill from pounding stones ; the ship from the dug-out trunk ; the oar from the hands and feet as primitive paddles ; the house from the sun-baked clay hut, or modelled after the Tartar tent ; the pyramid from the earth-mound or heap of burial stones ; all art from imitation—the alphabet from picture writing ; sculpture and painting from the rude scratchings on bone and horn ; string instruments from the twang of the hunter's bow ; wind instruments from the blast of his horn, in the words of Lucretius, "the blowing into hollow stalks from the whistling of the zephyr through reeds" ; melody and dance from the impassioned chant of the savage ; time-worked arithmetic from primitive perception of more or less ; counting and measuring from using fingers, toes, and other parts of the body ; geometry from early perception of space ; all science from crude guesses about the causes and properties of things, as from the illusions of the alchemist and astrologer, which made attainment of the truth more possible to the chemist and astronomer ; and so on through the whole range of man's intellectual development.

Edward Clodd

How Sleep the Brave

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

William Collins

A Gentleman Calls

DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS, the famous American bishop, was greatly beloved by children. To one family of little people he was especially attached.

One day when he called to see them a strange maid opening the door did not know the doctor, and merely took a message to the nursery to say that a gentleman had come to see the children. At once they were told to leave their games and to "come and be tidied up to go downstairs."

Protests were of no avail. The faces of the little rebels were washed, their hair was brushed, stiffly-starched frocks were thrust on to stiffly-resisting bodies, and they finally descended, in great indignation, to see this unknown gentleman who was responsible for all the trouble. The eldest of the party opened the drawing-room door, and then came a glorious change. As they caught sight of their beloved bishop they cried, in tones of mingled scorn and ecstasy, "*Gentleman indeed ! Why, it's Dr. Brooks !*" and rushed into his arms.

From the Children's Newspaper

Lift up Your Little White Hands for Me

I PRAY you all little babes, all little children, learn gladly this little treatise and commend it diligently unto your memories, trusting of this beginning that ye shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come at last to be great clerks. And lift up your little white hands for me, who prayeth for you to God, to whom be all honour, and imperial majesty and glory. Amen.

John Colet, schoolmaster of Milton and Dean of St Paul's

So Live

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled :
 So live that, sinking to thy life's last sleep,
 Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.

Translated by Sir William Jones from the Persian

She Could Make a Desert Bloom

WAKE, ye nightingales, oh, wake !
 Can ye, idlers, sleep so long ?
 Quickly this dull silence break ;
 Burst enraptured into song :
 Shake your plumes, your eyes uncloze,
 No pretext for more repose.
 Tell me not that Winter drear
 Still delays your promised tale,
 That no blossoms yet appear,
 Save the snowdrop in the dale :
 Tell me not the woods are bare ;
 Vain excuse ! prepare ! prepare !
 View the hillocks, view the meads ;
 All are verdant, all are gay ;
 Julia comes, and with her leads
 Health, and Youth, and blooming May.
 When she smiles fresh roses blow ;
 Where she treads fresh lilies grow.
 Hail ! ye groves of Bagley, hail !
 Fear no more the chilling air :
 Can your beauties ever fail ?
 Julia has pronounced you fair.
 She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
 She could make a desert bloom.

Sir William Jones

On a Cross in Antarctica

HEREABOUTS died a very
 gallant gentleman
 Captain L. E. G. Oates
 (Inniskilling Dragoons),
 Who, on their return from the Pole
 in March 1912, willingly
 walked to his death
 in a blizzard to try and save
 his comrades beset by hardship.
*Epitaph written by Surgeon-
 Commander E. L. Atkinson*

For His Cradle and His Throne

STILL to the lowly soul
 He doth Himself impart,
 And for His cradle and His Throne
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

John Keble

No Fuss

LET there be no fuss about me ; let me be buried
 with the men. *Sir Henry Lawrence, dying*

A Lament for Sir Thomas More

EVERY man bewaileth the death of Thomas More, even they who are not of his faith, so great was his affability and courtesy to all mankind, so excellent his nature.

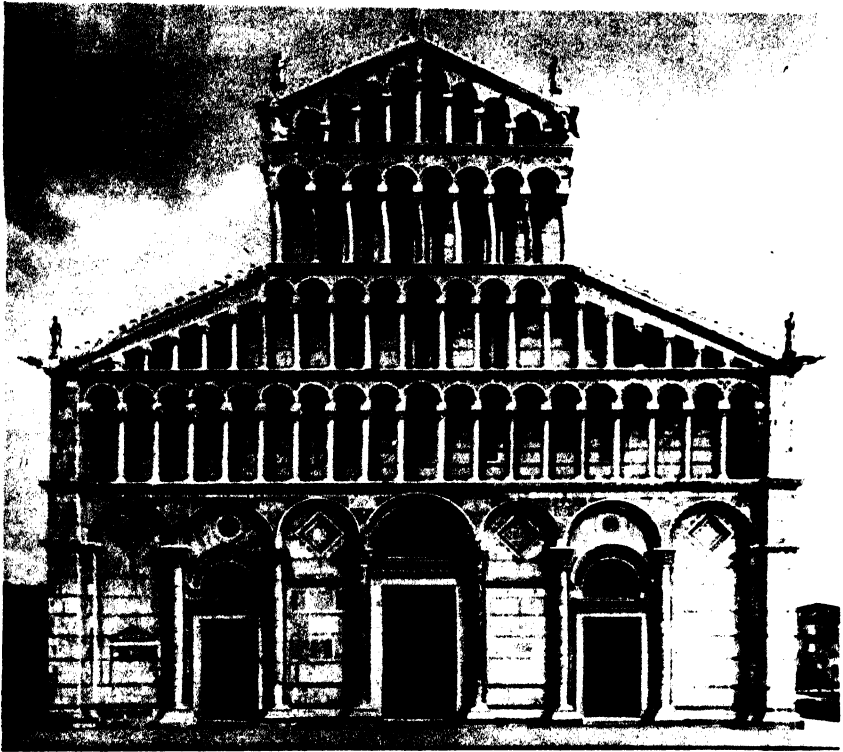
Whom did he ever send away from him without gifts, or to whom did he not seek to do a good turn ? Many shew favour to their own countrymen only, but More's bounty to all has so engraven him in the hearts of men that all lament his death as though he were their father or their brother. I have beheld tears flow for him from eyes that have never seen his face or received any benefit from him ; yea, while I write these lines tears gush from mine own eyes, whether I will or no. How many hearts hath that axe wounded which destroyed the life of Thomas More !

Erasmus

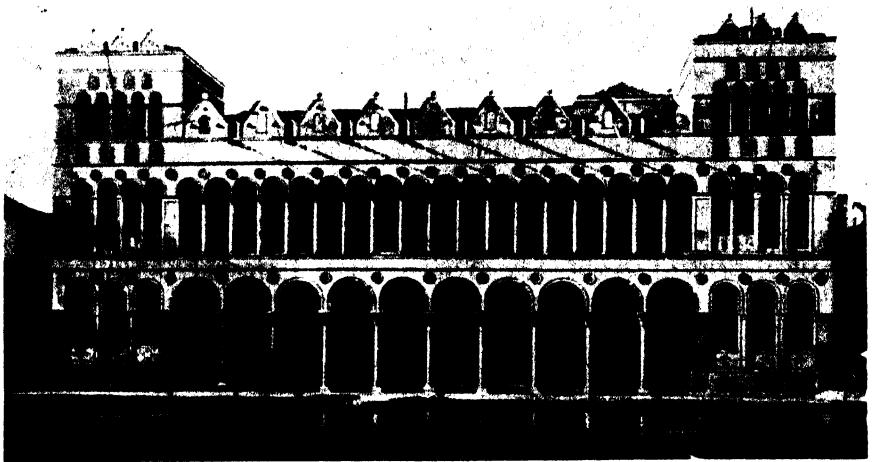
Except the Love of God

ALL things that are on Earth shall wholly pass away,
 Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.
 The forms of men shall be as they had never been,
 The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green ;
 The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
 And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening long ;
 The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
 And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills.
 The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,
 The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of the rocks,
 And the strong and fearless bear in the trodden dust shall lie ;
 And the dolphin of the sea and the mighty whale shall die.
 And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no more,
 And they shall bow to Death who ruled from shore to shore ;
 And the great globe itself, so the holy writings tell,
 And the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell,
 Shall melt with fervent heat—they shall all pass away,
 Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.

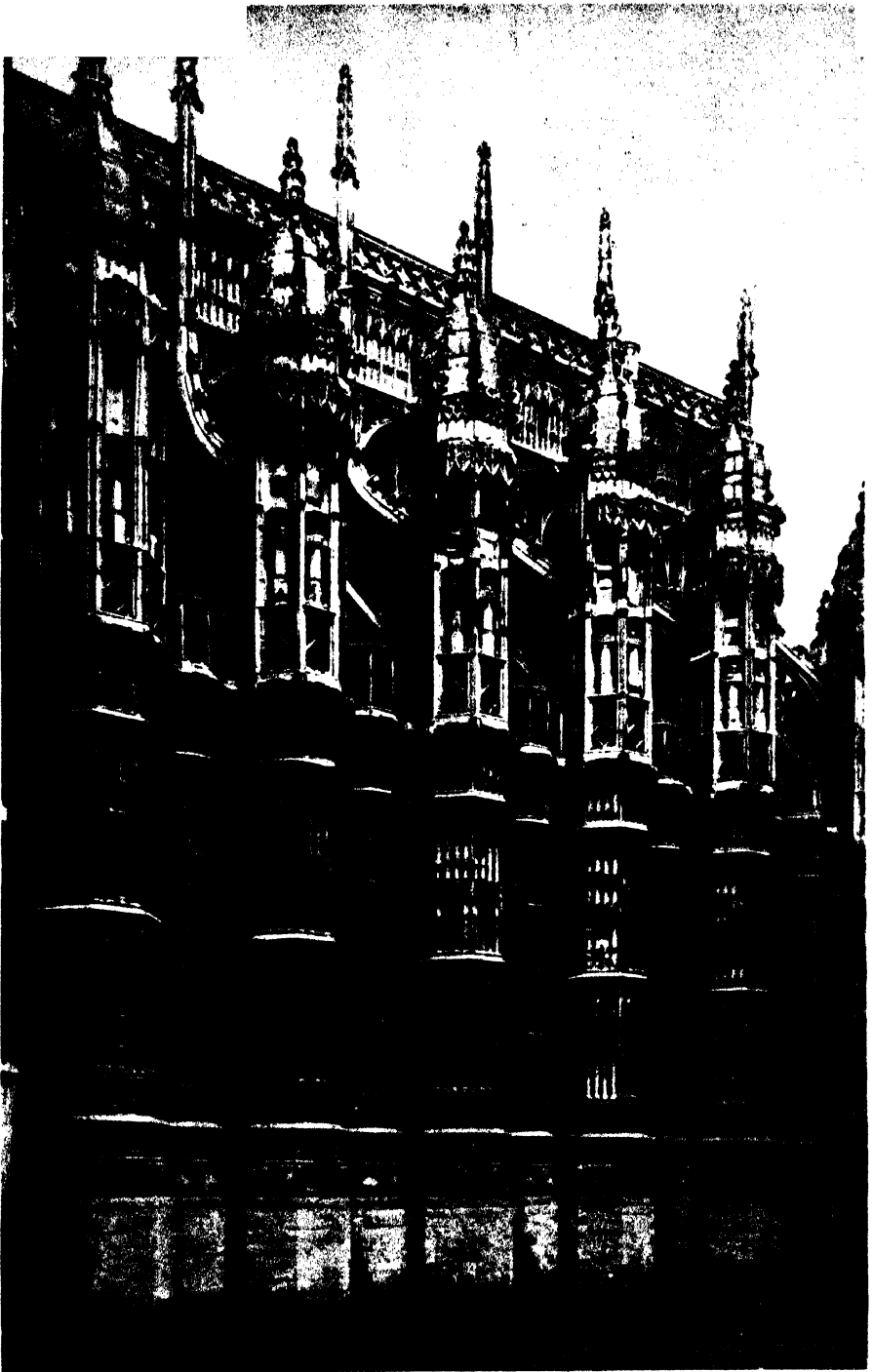
William Cullen Bryant



THE CATHEDRAL OF PISA



A PALACE ON THE GRAND CANAL IN VENICE



HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL AT WESTMINSTER

The Innumerable Caravan

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

William Cullen Bryant

Alfred's Prayer

LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, shaper and ruler of all creatures, I pray Thee for Thy great mercy, and for the token of the holy rood, and for the maidenhood of St. Mary, and for the obedience of St. Michael, and for all the love of Thy holy saints and their worthiness, that Thou guide me better than I have done towards Thee.

Guide me to Thy will to the need of my soul better than I can myself. Stedfast my mind towards Thy will and to my soul's need. Strengthen me against the temptations of the devil, and put far from me every unrighteousness. Shield me against my foes, seen and unseen ; and teach me to do Thy will, that I may inwardly love Thee before all things with a clean mind and clean body. For Thou art my maker and my redeemer, my help, my comfort, my trust, and my hope. Praise and glory be to Thee now, ever and ever, world without end. Amen.

King Alfred

King Alfred Introduces His Book

KING ALFRED was the translator of this book, and turned it from Latin into English as it is now done.

Sometimes he set down word for word, sometimes meaning for meaning, as he could translate most plainly and clearly in spite of the various and manifold worldly cares which often occupied him in mind and body. These cares, which in his days came on the kingship he had undertaken, are very hard for us to number ; and yet, when he had learned this book and turned it from Latin into the English tongue, he then wrought it afterwards in verse, as it is now done.

And now he begs, and for God's sake prays every one whom it may please to read the book, that he pray for him, and that he blame not him if he understood it more rightly than the king could. For every one, according to the measure of his understanding and leisure, must speak what he speaketh and do what he doeth.

From the Introduction to his Consolations of Philosophy

What Alfred Wished to Leave Behind

REASON! indeed thou knowest that neither greed nor the power of this earthly kingdom was ever very pleasing to me, neither yearned I at all exceedingly after this earthly kingdom.

But yet indeed I wished for material for the work which it was bidden me to do, so that I might guide and order with honour and fitness the power with which I was trusted. Indeed thou knowest that no man can show forth any craft, can order or guide any power, without tools or material. This is, then, the material of a king and his tools, wherewith to rule—that he have his land fully manned, that he have prayer-men, and army-men, and workmen. Indeed thou knowest that without these tools no king can show forth his craft. This also is his material, that he have, with the tools, means of living for the three classes—land to dwell upon, and gifts, and weapons, and meat, and ale, and clothes, and what else the three classes need.

And this is the reason I wished for material wherewith to order my power, that my skill and power should not be forgotten and hidden away, for every work and every power shall soon grow very old and be passed over silently, if it be without wisdom; because whatsoever is done through foolishness no one can ever call work.

Now would I say briefly that I have wished to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to men who should come after me my memory in good deeds.

Alfred

Truth Will Rise Again

TRUTH, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

W. C. Bryant

Sound, Sound the Clarion

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Thomas Osbert Mordaunt

The Rain is Over and Gone

RISE up, my love, my fair one, and come away, for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

The Song of Solomon

My Dear and Only Love

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword ;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before ;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

Marquis of Montrose

The Everlasting Fatherhood of God

WE gain in trustfulness by even a slight knowledge of the religions which are at this day the hope and stay of hundreds of millions of our fellow creatures. We learn therefrom how very near to His children the All-Father has always been ; near now, near in the days that are gone ; that there never was a time when He dwelt apart from men, caring not whether they were vile or holy, but that all age and place and human life is sacred with His presence.

We shall see that wherever any religion exists which has struck its roots deep down into the life of a people there must be some truth in it which has nurtured them, and which is worth the seeking. Remember that where ignorance is there is darkness ; but that where knowledge dwells light abides ; and as knowledge of God, which comes from the study of man and his dwelling-place, the world, "grows from more to more," sunnier views of Him make glad the heart, chasing away the false ideas about Him that frightened poor, timid, tender souls.

Edward Clodd

Citizens All

CITIZENS of the world are some ;
And others of the world to come.

A Beautiful Woman

WHO can find a virtuous woman ? Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchant's ships : she bringeth her food from afar.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good ; her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor ; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry ; her clothing is silk and purple.

She maketh fine linen, and selleth it ; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Solomon

Solomon Asks for Wisdom

THE Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night and said, *Ask what I shall give thee.* And Solomon said :

O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of my father, and I am but a little child ; I know not how to go out or come in. Thy servant is in the midst of the people, a great people that cannot be numbered for multitude. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad ; for who is able to judge so great a people ?

From the Bible

Beyond His Reach

WHEN a man injures me I strive to lift up my soul so high that his offence cannot reach me.

Descartes

She is More Precious than Rubies

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding, for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *Solomon*

There is a Road in Flanders

THERE is a road in Flanders
That runs a quiet way,
And few there were that found it;
And yet, at dusk of day,
There were some feet that sought it,
And loved its dust and loam,
The feel of it beneath them,
Men glad of going home.
A little road and quiet,
Not built for great affairs,
The sort of road for children,
All sweet with evening airs.
So many now have found it,
That knew so few before,
But never the feet of home-glad men,
Or children any more.

David Morton

The Daughter of John Evelyn

MY daughter Mary, in the nineteenth year of her age, was taken with the small-pox, and there was soon found no hope of her recovery. A great affliction to me, but God's holy will be done.

She received the blessed sacrament, after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind.

She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction; and not to ours only, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons.

The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises, she had read and digested a considerable deal of history and of places.

The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment. She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough-bass on the harpsichord.

The sweetness of her voice and management of it added such an agreeableness to her countenance, without any constraint or concern, that when she sung it was as charming to the eye as to the ear; this I rather note because it was a universal remark.

What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour? Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of everybody.

She never played at cards without extreme importunity. No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and, as she read, so she writ, with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, that some letters of her have astonished me.

Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole days, for, as I said, she had read abundance of history, and all the best poets; all the best romances and modern poems. She could compose happily, and put in pretty symbols.

But all these are vain trifles to the virtues that adorned her soul. She was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleased as when she was with me. She was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety.

O dear, sweet, and desirable child, how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctance of a tender parent! Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled; nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! To the grave shall we both carry thy memory. *From the Diary of John Evelyn*

A Dog's Grave

THOU who passest on the path, if haply thou dost mark this monument, laugh not, I pray thee, though it is a dog's grave. Tears fell for me, and the dust was heaped above me by a master's hand, who likewise engraved these words on my tomb.

From a Dog's Grave in Old Greece

The Milkmaid

WHAT a dainty life the milkmaid leads,
 When over the flowery meads
 She dabbles in the dew
 And sings to her cow,
 And feels not the pain
 Of love or disdain !
 She sleeps in the night, though she toils in the day,
 And merrily passeth her time away.

Old Rhyme by Thomas Nabbes

A Fair Country Maid

A FAIR and happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face physic out of countenance.

All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. Though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocency. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil her complexion ; she rises with her dame's cock.

The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. She makes her hand hard with labour and her heart soft with pity ; and when winter's evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune.

She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill. She bestows her year's wages at next fair ; and in choosing her garments counts no bravery in the world like decency. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill because she means none ; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers.

Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have flowers upon her winding-sheet. *Sir Thomas Overbury*

When Sorrow Walked with Me

I WALKED a mile with Pleasure.
 She chatted all the way,
 But left me none the wiser
 For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
 And ne'er a word said she ;
 But, oh, the things I learned from her
 When Sorrow walked with me !

Robert Hamilton

The Precious Stone in the Abbey

† SIN EVA IAH1 MEHI HIZMONY DROT ZHI †

BENEATH THIS STONE RESTS THE BODY
 OF A BRITISH WARRIOR
 UNKNOWN BY NAME OR RANK
 BROUGHT FROM FRANCE TO LIE AMONG
 THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF THE LAND
 AND BURIED HERE ON ARMISTICE DAY
 11 NOV. 1920. IN THE PRESENCE OF
 HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V
 HIS MINISTERS OF STATE
 THE CHIEFS OF HIS FORCES
 AND A VAST CONCOURSE OF THE NATION
 THUS ARE COMMEMORATED THE MANY
 MULTITUDES WHO DURING THE GREAT
 WAR OF 1914-1918 GAVE THE MOST THAT
 MAN CAN GIVE LIFE ITSELF
 FOR GOD
 FOR KING AND COUNTRY
 FOR LOVED ONES HOME AND EMPIRE
 FOR THE SACRED CAUSE OF JUSTICE AND
 THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD
 THEY BURIED HIM AMONG THE KINGS BECAUSE HE
 HAD DONE GOOD TOWARD GOD AND TOWARD
 HIS HOUSE

† IN CHRIST SHALL ALL BE MADE ALIVE †

*The stone under which the Unknown
 Warrior sleeps in Westminster Abbey*

The Dreamers of Dreams

WE are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth :
For each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation :
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible seeming.
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising ;
They had no Divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going ;
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And therefore today is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling,
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith which their fathers resisted ;

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

And, scorning the dream of tomorrow,
Are bringing to pass, as they may,
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless, and sorrowless, we,
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing,
Oh, men ! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning,
And the suns that are not yet high,
And, out of the infinite morning,
Intrepid you hear us cry,
How, spite of your human scorning,
Again God's future draws nigh,
And again goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail ! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore,
Bring us hither your suns and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore.
You shall teach us your songs, new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before ;
Yea, in spite of a dreamer that slumbers,
And a singer that sings no more.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

Renew My Will from Day to Day

RENEW my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done. *Charlotte Elliott*

To the Memory of Penelope Boothby

SHE was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all in this frail bark, and the wreck was total. *Epitaph in Ashbourne Church*

Deare Childe

JANE LISTER, deare childe.
Epitaph in Westminster Cloisters

I Shall Not Want

THE Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. *Psalm 23*

God is Our Refuge and Strength

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea ;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. *From Psalm 46*

If I Forget Thee, O Jerusalem

BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song ; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. *From Psalm 137*

These Death Cannot Take

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead.

They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.

I wept as I remembered how often you and I

Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,

A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake ;

For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

A friend's farewell tribute to a Greek poet, translated from Callimachus by William Johnson Cory

The Judge Who Never Leaves His Seat

NEVER stifle Conscience, for when it speaks you are in the path of danger ; only when you are safe is it silent, yet none the less watchful, unsleeping. Never try to displace that judge who never leaves his seat, but sits moment by moment weighing every thought and act in his balance.

Edward Clodd

Kathleen Mavourneen

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN, the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill ;
The lark from her bright wing the light dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen, what, slumbering still ?

Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever ?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must part ?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever ;
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers !
The blue mountains glow with the sun's golden light ;
Ah ! where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers ?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part :
It may be for years, and it may be for ever ;
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
Louise Macartney Crawford

Soon, Lovely England . . .

GREY walls, broad fields, fresh voices, rippling weir,
I know you well : ten faces, for each face .
That passes smiling, haunt this hallowed place,
And nothing not thrice noted greets me here.
Soft watery winds, wide twilight skies and clear,
Refresh my spirit at its founts of grace,
And a strange sorrow masters me, to pace
These willowed paths, in this autumnal year.
*Soon, lovely England, soon thy secular dreams,
Thy lisping comrades, shall be thine no more.
A world's loosed troubles flood thy gated streams
And drown, methinks, thy towers ; and the tears start
As if an iron hand had clutched my heart,
And knowledge is a pang, like love of yore.*

*Written at Cambridge in the year before the
Great War, by George Santayana, Spanish poet*

The Boyish Master of the World

THE Englishman's heart is perhaps capricious or silent; it is seldom designing or mean. It is easier for him to break opposition than to circumvent it. What governs the Englishman is his inner atmosphere, the weather in his soul.

Instinctively the Englishman is no missionary, no conqueror. He prefers the country to the town, and home to foreign parts. He is rather glad and relieved if only natives will remain natives and strangers strangers, and at a comfortable distance from himself.

Yet outwardly he is most hospitable, and accepts almost anybody for the time being; he travels and conquers without a settled design, because he has the instinct of exploration. His adventures are all external; they change him so little that he is not afraid of them.

He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle among all the deliriums of mankind.

Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls, and fanatics manage to supplant him.

George Santayana

Like a Departing Sovereign

BEFORE my departure Sir Edward Grey received me at his house. He was deeply moved. He told me he would always be prepared to mediate.

The arrangements for our departure were perfectly dignified and calm. The King sent his equerry to express his regrets at my departure, and that he could not see me himself. Princess Louise wrote to me that the whole family were sorry we were leaving. Mrs. Asquith and other friends came to the Embassy to take leave.

A special train took us to Harwich, where a guard of honour was drawn up for me. *I was treated like a departing Sovereign.*

Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London in 1914

Crowing Lustily

A MOTHER, driven from Liège by the German Army, tramped all the way across Belgium with her children. For a hundred and forty miles she carried her baby, seeking in vain for a place of rest. For days she never slept under a roof nor ate a full meal; but at last she reached Ostend and safety. She looked haggard and in pain, but her baby was crowing lustily. One could not but wonder at the wonderful sacrifices the mother had made to shield the little life.

From a War Correspondent

America Can Do No Other

WE are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions to power.

We are glad, now that we see facts with no veil of false pretence about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world, for the liberation of its peoples, the rights of nations great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon trusted foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquests and no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, and no material compensation for sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind, and shall be satisfied when these rights are secure as fact and the freedom of nations can make them.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives, our fortunes, everything we are, everything we have, with the pride of those who know the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and might for the principles that gave her birth, and the happiness and peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

Woodrow Wilson on America's entry into the Great War

The Day Will Come

WHEN I was in Italy a little limping group of wounded soldiers sought an interview with me, and with touching simplicity they presented me with a petition in favour of the League of Nations. It was a simple request that I should lend all the influence I might have to relieve future generations of the sacrifices they had been obliged to make.

That appeal has remained in my mind as I have ridden along the streets in European capitals and heard the cries for the League of Nations from the lips of people who had no particular notion of how it was to be done, but whose hearts said that something must come out of this.

As we drove along country roads old women would come out and hold flowers to us because they believed we were the messengers of friendship and hope.

It is inconceivable that we should disappoint them, and we shall not. The day will come when men will look back with swelling hearts and rising pride that they should have been privileged to make the sacrifice for men of every kind everywhere. God give us the strength and vision to do it. *Woodrow Wilson after the Great War*

The Peace from the Hills of Bethlehem

CHRISTENDOM celebrates the birth of an Era which gave mankind a divine message of peace and those principles which have been foundation-stones of modern progress and civilisation. Today it is heralded abroad that we have entered upon a new Era of Peace, of higher standards, international and national.

It is not a new Era, but the old Era which was brought in by the birth of Jesus, perfected by His teachings and consecrated by His death—the old Era to which we return after a time of madness, of agony, and of evil.

Clothed in the ancient peace proclaimed nineteen centuries ago on the hills of Bethlehem, the world, with conscience awakened by the fiery ordeal through which it has passed, should find renewed hope that Christian principles will triumph, and become the dominant new force of men and nations.

A New Year Message from White House to the American Embassy in London in the time of President Wilson

If the English are Beaten

IN 1917 an Englishman, having been forbidden by his doctors to go on fighting, joined a caravan travelling down the pilgrim route through the mountain ranges of Persia to the Mesopotamian frontier.

His companions were men of all conditions and ages: merchants, rustics, turbaned tribesmen, muleteers, camel drivers, mullahs, and lesser dignitaries of Islam.

Huddled together they talked freely among themselves as the long day waned. One night, under a cold moon, some of the younger pilgrims were expressing their views on the fortunes of the war, which was going badly for us.

"The British will be beaten all to nothing, and the Turk will be free," said one, to which an old man replied:

"If the Turk is beaten there is an end of all courage in the world."

"Do not forget (said another) that if the German is beaten that is an end of all science."

A third said: "But if the English are beaten there is an end of all justice."

Upon which an old mullah put his hand above his head and said:

In that case, my brother, God will not allow the English to be beaten.
Countess of Oxford

The Things He Loved

HE loved birds, and green places, and the wind upon the heath, and saw the brightness of the skirts of God.

On the grave of W. H. Hudson

Every Man's Gifts from God

WE hold these truths to be self-evident : that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

From the American Constitution

The Peace They Will Not Break

SOONER shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain.

On the great statue of Jesus in the Andes

The Land of the Leal

I'M wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'

To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And oh ! we grudged her sair

To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, Jean,
Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.

Oh ! dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh ! haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day it's wearin' thro', Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

Lady Caroline Nairne



FRANZ HALS'S PICTURE OF A LITTLE CHILD AND HER NURSE

From a photograph by F. Bruckmann



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The Auld House

O H, the auld house, the auld house,
 What though the rooms were wee ?
 Oh ! kind hearts were dwelling there,
 And bairnies full o' glee ;
 The wild rose and the jessamine
 Still hang upon the wall,
 How many cherished memories
 Do they, sweet flowers, recall ?

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
 The bluebells sweetly blaw,
 The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
 But the auld house is awa'.
 The auld house, the auld house,
 Deserted though ye be,
 There ne'er can be a new house
 Will seem sae fair to me.

Lady Caroline Nairne

The Wonderful Chance

L IFE is a very wonderful chance. Out of the enormous stores of vital energy contained in the cosmos it is our luck to have drawn the winning ticket and to find ourselves human beings, instead of, perhaps, wolves in the forest or worms underground.

After seventy years I still think myself thrice fortunate to have been born. I find just as much to interest and astonish me in life as when I first opened my eyes on the Ionian fort in the peaceful island of Corfu. The Gordons never lifted a finger against the inhabitants. It is a tradition of the regiment that they taught those islanders to play cricket. They still keep it up, and when any British ship casts anchor out goes a challenge to play a friendly game.

General Sir Ian Hamilton

The Humming-Bird

W ITHIN my honeysuckle vine
 A humming-bird has made her nest.
 A whirring toy, a fancied flash,
 Tis thus I know my guest.

Yet she has dreamed of motherhood,
 This mite unreal as fay and gnome,
 This sipper of small honey-dews,
 Dreamed and prepared her home !

Anita Fitch

An Englishman's House is His Castle

THE poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail ; its roof may shake ; the wind may blow through it ; the storms may enter. But the King of England cannot enter ; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.

Earl of Chatham

To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence

I WHO am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone :
I was a poet ; I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you ; you will understand.
James Elroy Flecker

And Soon Comes Setting of the Sun

SO little done, so little done,
And soon comes setting of the Sun.
So little said, so little said,
And blue skies deepening to red.
So short a time to backward gaze :
The sky is filled with purple haze.
So short a time to look afar :
The veil has fallen from a star.
Farewell, brief day, adown the dark
Float dewy memories, and hark !
To you and me fair angels call
Beyond the moonlit, dreamland wall ;
And thou with Time and I with sleep
A happy, holy tryst shall keep.

Harry Fowler

Finis

MAN's Life. Man is a glas : Life is a water that's weakly walled about : Sin brings death : Death breakes the glas : so runnes the water out. Finis. *On a stone in a Dorset churchyard*

Charles Kingsley's Farewell to a Friend

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey.
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark that hails the dawn or breezy down,
To win yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song. *Charles Kingsley*

*The World Goes Up and the
World Goes Down*

THE world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain ;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day,
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.
Charles Kingsley

We Two

OH ! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze ;
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees.

Oh ! that we two were dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,
Watching the white mist steaming
Over river and mead and town.

Oh ! that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God !
Charles Kingsley

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

When all the World is Young, Lad

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green ;
 And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen ;
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away ;
 Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown ;
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down,
 Creep home, and take your place there,
 The spent and maimed among ;
 God grant you find one face there
 You loved when all was young.

Charles Kingsley

Far Among the Lonely Hills

FAR among the lonely hills
 As I lay beside my sheep,
 Rest came down upon my soul,
 From the everlasting deep.

Changeless march the stars above,
 Changeless morn succeeds to even ;
 And the everlasting hills
 Changeless watch the changeless heaven.

See the rivers, how they run,
 Changeless to a changeless sea ;
 All around is forethought sure,
 Fixèd will and stern decree.

Can the sailor move the main ?
 Will the potter heed the clay ?
 Mortal ! where the Spirit drives,
 Thither must the wheels obey.

Neither ask, nor fret, nor strive ;
 Where thy path is thou shalt go.
 He who made the stream of time
 Wafts thee down to weal or woe.

Charles Kingsley

The Mother Brings Her Child to God

DEEP in the warm vale the village is sleeping,
 Sleeping the firs on the bleak rock above ;
 Nought wakes, save grateful hearts, silently creeping
 Up to their Lord in the might of their love.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I bring Thee,
 Odour, and light, and the magic of gold ;
 Feet which must follow Thee, lips which must sing Thee,
 Limbs which must ache for Thee ere they grow old.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I tender,
 Life of mine own life, the fruit of my love ;
 Take him, yet leave him me, till I shall render
 Count of the precious charge, kneeling above.

Charles Kingsley

A Last Word

AND now, readers, farewell. I have shown you New Foes under an Old Face—your own likenesses in toga and tunic, instead of coat and bonnet. One word before we part. The same devil who tempted these old Egyptians tempts you. The same God who would have saved these old Egyptians, if they had willed, will save you, if you will. Their sins are yours, their errors yours, their doom yours, their deliverance yours. There is nothing new under the sun. The thing which has been, it is that which shall be. Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone at Hypatia.

Charles Kingsley's last words in Hypatia

Charles Kingsley's Voice

SOMEBODY has been recalling an experience in which "a great voice echoes down the years."

There was a house-warming party, and, during a pause in conversation, while most of those present were watching, a very little boy threading his way among the legs of the throng of visitors, everybody was startled by hearing a voice say : "There's one thing I consider more beautiful than anything else in the world."

Everybody else stopped talking, wondering what the lovely thing could be, so that in the silence you could have heard a pin drop ; and then the silence was broken by that same voice saying *My wife's eyes !*

As everybody turned to look at her the poor lady seemed ready to drop, but we have no doubt she forgave her admiring husband. He was Charles Kingsley.

From the Children's Newspaper

*Thou Wilt not Drift Away**Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*

THEY drift away. Ah, God! they drift for ever.
 I watch the stream sweep onward to the sea,
 Like some old battered buoy upon a roaring river,
 Round whom the tide-waifs hang—then drift to sea.

I watch them drift, the old familiar faces,
 Who fished and rode with me, by stream and wold,
 Till ghosts, not men, fill old beloved places,
 And, ah, the land is rank with churchyard mould.

I watch them drift—the youthful aspirations,
 Shores, landmarks, beacons, drift alike.

Yet overhead the boundless arch of heaven
 Still fades to night, still blazes into day.

Ah, God! My God! Thou wilt not drift away!
Charles Kingsley, unfinished

In the Presence of Eternal Laws

TO live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws
 —that is what keeps a man patient when the world
 ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world
 praises him. *Balzac*

Through the Tears

WE look from out the shadows
 On through the future years,
 For the soul would have no rainbow
 Had the eyes no tears.

While Nations Pass

ONLY a man harrowing clods
 In a slow, silent walk,
 With an old horse that stumbles and nods
 Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch grass;
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by:
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die.

Thomas Hardy

*Her Voice was Like the
Song of Birds*

HER voice was like the song of birds ;
Her eyes were like the stars ;
Her little waving hands were like
Bird's wings that beat the bars.

And when those waving hands were still
(Her soul had fled away),
The music faded from the air,
And colour from the day.

Richard Watson Gilder

It is a Beauteous Evening

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity.
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea :
Listen ! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

Wordsworth

Earth Has Not Anything More Fair

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Wordsworth

A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;
 I had no human fears :
 She seemed a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
 She neither hears nor sees ;
 Rolled round in Earth's diurnal course
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

Wordsworth

The Daily Teachers

LOVE had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Wordsworth

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

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

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

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

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

Wordsworth

My Heart Leaps Up

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.

Wordsworth

She Was a Phantom of Delight

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

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

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

Wordsworth

When We Stoop

WISDOM is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar. *Wordsworth*

The Little Things

THAT best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. *Wordsworth*

*Thy Thoughts and Feelings
Shall Not Die*

DEAR child of Nature, let them rail !
There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt see
Thy own delightful days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
As if thy heritage were joy,
And pleasure were thy trade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave ;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

*Wordsworth to a girl reproved for
taking long walks in the country*

Too Soon

Is life a boon ?
If so, it must befall
That Death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon.

W. S. Gilbert

Would that My Father had Taught Me

WOULD that my father had taught me the craft of a keeper
of sheep,
For so in the shade of the elm tree, or under the rocks on the steep,
Piping on reeds I had sat, and had lulled my sorrow to sleep.

Moschus

The Fool's Prayer

THE royal feast was done ; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried : " Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer ! "

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before ;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
His pleading voice arose : *O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !*

*No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool ;
The rod must heal the sin ; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !*

*Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay ;
Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.*

*These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.*

*The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung !
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung !*

*Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all ;
But for our blunders—O, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.*

*Earth bears no balsam for mistakes ;
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will ; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !*

The room was hushed ; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

Rowland Sill

The Proud and the Mean

GO with mean people and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch and the world is a proud place. Emerson

Alexander at the Tomb of Cyrus

HAVING found the tomb of Cyrus broken open, Alexander put the author of that sacrilege to death, though a native of Pella, and a person of distinction.

After he had read the inscription, which was in the Persian language, Alexander ordered it to be inscribed also in Greek. It was as follows :

O Man ! Whosoever thou art, and whencesoever thou comest (for come I know thou wilt), I am Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire. Envy me not the little earth that covers my body. Plutarch

A Word for a Conqueror

I DARE say Alexander the Great was somewhat staggered in his plans of conquest by Parmenio's way of putting things.

After you have conquered Persia what will you do ?

Then I shall conquer India.

After you have conquered India what will you do ?

Conquer Scythia.

And after you have conquered Scythia what will you do ?

Sit down and rest.

Well, said Parmenio to the conqueror, why not sit down and rest now ? A. K. H. Boyd

What He Repented Of

REMEMBER what Simonides said—that he never repented that he had held his tongue, but often that he had spoken. Plutarch

Your Country Has the Right to Demand

YOUR country has the right to demand of you not merely the laying down of your life (which some have called the supreme sacrifice) but a sacrifice far more difficult—that you shall, at all costs to yourself, develop the individual within you, and make the utmost of him, training every instinct, every innate faculty, until in any sphere, Art, Literature, Politics, Religion, you can make to your State and your fellow-men the contribution of the best and soundest judgment and the best and greatest achievement. A Greek Orator

The Proud Boast of Pericles

WHEN he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit and his power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which, as their chief commander and conqueror of their enemies, he had set up for the honour of the city.

They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were unable to understand or mind what they said, but had now lost his consciousness. He had listened, however, all the while, and attended to all, and, speaking out among them, said he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and, at the same time, should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all. *For (said he) no Athenian ever wore mourning because of me.*

From Plutarch's Lives

The Tired Man and the Just

COMING together from all parts of Athens, they banished Aristides the Just. Everyone taking a sherd (a piece of earthenware), wrote upon it the citizen's name he would have banished. It is reported that, as they were writing the names, an illiterate clownish fellow, giving Aristides his sherd, supposing him a common citizen, begged him to write *Aristides* upon it. He, being surprised, asked if Aristides had ever done him any injury, "None at all," said he, "neither know I the man, but I am tired of hearing him everywhere called the Just." Aristides, hearing this, is said to have made no reply, but returned the sherd with his own name inscribed.

From Plutarch's Lives

For Good or For Evil

YOU may put poison in an earthen pitcher, and the pitcher be washed out, and none the worse. But you can take nothing into the soul that does not indelibly infect it, whether for good or for evil.

Socrates

The Two Ways

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

Socrates at the end of his trial

The Last Refuge of Truth

IF truth were banished from the Earth it should find refuge in the bosom of kings.

King John of France, refusing to break his word and escape from captivity

The Wisest, Justest, and Best of Men

WHAT is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience!

When we heard that we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail; and then he lay on his back according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel, and he said No.

He felt them himself and said: "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin when he uncovered his face and said (they were his last words): "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius. Will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito. "Is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question. But in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him. His eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

From the Life of Socrates

To a Good Man No Evil Thing Can Happen

EITHER death is a state of nothingness, or, as men say, there is a change of the soul from this world to another. Now, if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, then to die is gain, for eternity is only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, where, as men say, all the dead are, what good can be greater than this?

If, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, that pilgrimage will be worth the making. What would not a man give if he could converse with Orpheus and Homer? Nay; if this be true, let me die again and again.

I shall have a wonderful interest in the place where I can converse with the heroes of old. I shall be able to continue my search into knowledge; I shall find out who is wise and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition, or Odysseus, or numberless others? What infinite delight would there be in asking them questions, for in that world they do not put a man to death for this—certainly not.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that to a good man no evil thing can happen.

Socrates to his Judges

I Brought Honey Bees to Babylon

THOUSANDS of years have passed since the tomb closed over the body of Shamash-resch-usur, a Governor in Babylon, the city of sun-dried bricks enriched with enamels and gold and precious gems, with towering sculptures of marble and granite and rock carried from afar.

Its kings are dust, its peoples scattered, its gorgeous cities one with the ruins of the plain, yet its civilisation rules us still. Babylon was the cradle of astronomy, and the face of every watch and clock in the world is divided into twelve parts because Babylon adopted that system of dividing time.

What has all this to do with old Shamash? Well, Shamash had a dramatic sense of the majesty and splendour of little things. The Babylonian records tell of the triumphs of the sword in the hand of one ruler and another; tell of victories won, of cities seized and lands possessed, of multitudes slain or led away captive. Shamash must have had his military triumphs, but he preferred other things.

The time came when he had to think of death, of the day when he must write for posterity the tale of his glory. Upon what grounds did he claim the gratitude of the world? Not for his military conquests, but because of his introduction of bees!

The story has been found on a tablet he caused to be inscribed, and here are his very words:

Bees which collect honey, which no man had seen since the time of my fathers and forefathers, I brought down from the mountains, and I put them in the garden. They collect honey and wax.

Only the peace and tranquillity which he gave to Babylon permitted the collecting and establishing of bees there. He believed that the world would marvel at this achievement, and that in days to come, as he says, the elders of the land would ask with wondering admiration:

Is it true that Shamash-resch-usur, Governor of Sukhi, brought honey bees into the land of Sukhi?

Is not that delightful? We have lost the secret of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which were one of the seven wonders of the world; we know nothing of the men who built the giant altars in the colossal temples of Nebuchadnezzar; but Shamash, who gave honey and wax and fertile fruit-trees to his land, speaks to us across the centuries. Perhaps Babylon might be an empire still had all her rulers had as innocent and benevolent a record as he. Peace to the ashes of rare Shamash!

Ernest A. Bryant

The Eyes and Ears

FIELDS have eyes, and woods have ears.
Old Saying

The Lame Old Man Who Praised God

WHEN a man has such things to think on, and sees the Sun, the Moon, and stars, and enjoys Earth and Sun, he is not solitary or even helpless.

What else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God ? If then I were a nightingale, I would do the nightingale's part ; if I were a swan, I would do as a swan. But now I am a rational creature and I ought to praise God. This is my work ; I do it, nor will I desert my post so long as I am allowed to keep it ; and I exhort you to join in this same song.

Epictetus the Slave

The Fountain of Life

SOME have said that bees possess a share of the divine mind, and draw the breath of heaven ; for they think that the deity moves through all lands and open spaces of the sea, and deep of heaven ; that hence flocks, herds, men, every kind of wild beast, each one at birth, derive the delicate spirit of life ; and so, in course, all things are restored to this fountain, and thither return again by dissolution ; and there is no room for death, but each flies up into the place of a star, and climbs the height of heaven.

Virgil

A Captive's Appeal to Caesar

IF I had been betrayed and captured when the war began, neither my fortune nor your glory would have been so notable ; I might have been put to death without attracting attention. But now, if you were to spare my life, I should be an example of Roman clemency for all ages.

The captive Caractacus to Claudius Caesar, who set him free

The Valour of a Dying Man

I WELL remember the first news at Cambridge of the death of Lord Palmerston, and how every student in the streets and halls that day spoke sadly of the event. We all felt that a type of some of the best qualities of English manhood had been lost to our country.

Mr. Ashley says that he was himself a witness of an incident of the last weeks of Lord Palmerston's life which he thought most characteristic of the man. There were some high railings immediately opposite the front door, and Lord Palmerston, coming out of the house without his hat, went straight up to them, after casting a look all round to see that no one was looking. He climbed deliberately over the top rail down to the ground on the other side, turned round, climbed back again, and went indoors.

It was clear that he had come out to test his strength, and to find out for himself in a practical way how far he was gaining or losing ground.

From the Duke of Argyll's Life of Lord Palmerston



PEACE RIDING WITH WINGS AND HORSES OVER LONDON—THE LOVELY QUADRIGA BY ADRIAN JONES, LOOKING DOWN ON HYDE PARK CORNER



THE TRIUMPH OF THE REPUBLIC, BY JULES DALOU, LOOKING DOWN ON ONE OF THE SQUARES IN PARIS



THE COLUMNS THAT HAVE STOOD LOOKING DOWN ON ATHENS FOR OVER
TWO THOUSAND YEARS



THE MEMORIAL TEMPLE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC
AT WASHINGTON

The Choice of Peace

IT was at first my wish to destroy the Roman name, and erect in its place a Gothic Empire, taking to myself the title and powers of Caesar Augustus ; but when experience taught me that the untameable barbarism of the Goths would not suffer them to live beneath the sway of law, and that the abolition of the institutions on which the State rested would involve the ruin of the State itself, I chose the glory of renewing and maintaining by Gothic strength the fame of Rome, desiring to go down to posterity as the restorer of that which it was beyond my power to replace. Wherefore I avoid war, and strive after peace.

Athaulf, successor of Alaric the Goth, in the Fourth Century

The Price of Freedom

SOLDIERS, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle and death ; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun ; no lodgings, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watchposts. and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries : those who love freedom and their country may follow me.

Garibaldi to his soldiers

Be of Good Cheer, Master Ridley

BE of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out.

Hugh Latimer in the fire

The Minstrel to His Harp

DEAR harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine !
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine ;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at thy lay, tis thy glory alone ;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

Thomas Moore

O Then Remember Me

Go where glory awaits thee ;
 But, while Fame elates thee,
 O still remember me !

When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 O then remember me !

Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee ;
 All the joys that bless thee
 Sweeter far may be ;

But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 O then remember me !

Thomas Moore

All Things Fair and Bright

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Thomas Moore

*The Harp that Once through
Tara's Halls*

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells ;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks
 To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore

On Time's Eventful Sea

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
Then, murmuring, subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea ;
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity. *Thomas Moore*

Oft in the Stilly Night

OFt in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore

It Will Not Pass

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew.

Thomas Moore

A Soldier of Liberation

I KNOW not if I deserve that a laurel-wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame; and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a sword, for I was a brave soldier in the Liberation War of humanity.

Heinrich Heine

A Happy New Year

I AM writing these lines in the last hours of the year. The New Year is at the door. I am sending my sorrowful good wishes across the Rhine.

I wish for the stupid a little understanding, and for the understanding a little poetry. I wish the most beautiful clothes for the women and much money for the men. I wish a heart for the rich and a little bread for the poor. But, above all, I wish that we may blackguard each other as little as possible during the New Year.

Heine nearly 100 years ago

Nothing is Here for Tears

NOTHING is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Milton in Samson Agonistes

Lead, Kindly Light

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal Newman

The Morning of the Birth of Christ

IT was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around ;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord Himself bespake and bid them go.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row :
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below :
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringèd noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.
 Such music (as tis said)
 Before was never made
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.
 Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.
 For if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long
 Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold ;
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.
 Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
 And Heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.
 But see ! the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heaven's youngest teemèd star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.
Written by Milton at twenty-one

Milton on His Blindness

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless (though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide),
Doth God exact day labour, light denied ?
 I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, *God doth not need*
Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best
Bear His mild yoke they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait. Milton

*Milton, Thou Shouldst be Living
at This Hour*

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

*Wordsworth**Stay Us in This Felicitie*

○ THOU, who of Thy own free grace didst build up this Britannick
 Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter
 islands about her, stay us in this felicitie. Milton

The Line Between the Two

IN men whom men condemn as ill
 I find so much of goodness still ;
 In men whom men pronounce divine
 I find so much of sin and blot,
 I hesitate to draw a line
 Between the two, where God has not.

Joaquin Miller

Know You What it is to be a Child ?

KNOW you what it is to be a child ? It is to be something very different from the man of today.

It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism, it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief. It is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear. It is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness and nothing into everything—for each child has his fairy godmother in his own soul. It is to live in a nutshell and count yourself king of the infinite space ; it is

*To see a world in a grain of sand,
Heaven in a wild flower,
To hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.*

Francis Thompson

Go, Lovely Rose

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied.
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

Edmund Waller

The Living Garment of God

At the whirring loom of Time unawed
I weave the living garment of God.
Goethe's Faust

I Would Be True

I WOULD be true, for there are those who trust me ;
I would be pure, for there are those who care ;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer ;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

Howard A. Waller

Fate

WHAT personalities you will encounter in life, and have for a chief interest in life, is nearly as much a matter of chance as the drift of a grain of pollen in the pine forest.

In other schoolrooms and nurseries, in slum living-rooms, perhaps, or workhouse wards or palaces, round the other side of the Earth, in Canada or Russia or China, other little creatures are trying their small limbs, clutching at things about them with infantile hands, who some day will come into your life with a power and magic monstrous and irrational and irresistible. They will break the limits of your concentrating self, call you out to the service of beauty and the service of the race, sound you to your highest and your lowest, give you your chance to be godlike or ignoble.

These unknowns are the substance of your fate. You will love them, hate them, serve them, struggle with them, and in that interaction the vital force in you and the substance of your days will be spent.

And who they may chance to be, and their peculiar quality and effect, is haphazard, utterly beyond designing. *H. G. Wells*

May Nothing Evil Cross This Door

MAY nothing evil cross this door
And may ill-fortune never pry
About these windows ; may the roar
And rains go by.

Strengthened by faith these rafters will
Withstand the battering of the storm ;
This hearth, though all the world grow chill,
Will keep us warm.

Peace shall walk softly through these rooms
Touching our lips with holy wine,
Till every casual corner blooms
Into a shrine.

Laughter shall drown the raucous shout ;
And though these sheltering walls are thin,
May they be strong to keep hate out
And hold love in. *Louis Untermeyer*

Mysterious Night

MYSTERIOUS night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet, neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! Creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,
 Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !
*Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?*

Blanco White

I Once Knew All the Birds that Came

I ONCE knew all the birds that came
 And nested in our orchard trees ;
 For every flower I had a name,
 My friends were woodchucks, toads, and bees.
 I knew where thrived in yonder glen
 What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe :
 Oh, I was very learned then ;
 But that was very long ago.

I knew a spot upon the hill
 Where checker-berries could be found ;
 I knew the rushes near the mill
 Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound !
 I knew the wood (the very tree)
 Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
 And all the woods and crows knew me ;
 But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
 Of whatsoe'er the fates decree ;
 Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
 I tell you what my wish should be :
 I'd wish to be a boy again,
 Back with the friends I used to know ;
 For I was, oh, so happy then ;
 But that was very long ago !

Eugene Field

A Prayer to England

ALL that a man might ask thou hast given me, England,
Birthright and happy childhood's long heartsease,
And love whose range is deep beyond all sounding,
And wider than all seas :
A heart to front the world and find God in it,
Eyes blind enow but not too blind to see
The lovely things behind the dross and darkness,
And lovelier things to be ;
And friends whose loyalty time nor death shall weaken,
And quenchless hope and laughter's golden store—
All that a man might ask thou hast given me, England,
Yet grant thou one thing more :
*That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,
Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,
England, for thee to die.*

R. E. Vernède, just before he died for England

Little Boy Blue

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands ;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair ;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.
“ Now, don't you go till I come,” he said,
“ And don't you make any noise ! ”
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys ;
And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue :
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true !
Faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face ;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.
Eugene Field on the death of his little boy

Pittypat and Tippytoe

ALL day long they come and go,
 Pittypat and Tippytoe ;
 Footprints up and down the hall,
 Playthings scattered on the floor,
 Finger-marks along the wall,
 Tell-tale smudges on the door :
 By these presents you shall know
 Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe,
 Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth ;
 For (I much regret to say)
 Tippytoe and Pittypat
 Sometimes interrupt their play
 With an internecine spat ;
 Fie, for shame to quarrel so,
 Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Oh, the thousand worrying things
 Every day recurrent brings !
 Hands to scrub and hair to brush,
 Search for playthings gone amiss ;
 Many a wee complaint to hush,
 Many a little bump to kiss ;
 Life seems one vain, fleeting show
 To Pittypat and Tippytoe !

But when comes this thought to me :
Some there are that childless be,
 Stealing to their little beds
 With a love I cannot speak,
 Tenderly I stroke their heads,
 Fondly kiss each velvet cheek.
 God help those who do not know
 A Pittypat and Tippytoe !

On the floor and down the hall,
 Rudely smutched upon the wall,
 There are proofs in every kind
 Of the havoc they have wrought ;
 And upon my heart you'd find
 Just such trademarks, if you sought :
 Oh, how glad I am tis so,
 Pittypat and Tippytoe ! *Eugene Field*

The Rock-a-By Lady

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By Street
Comes stealing, comes creeping ;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet ;
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping !

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet ?
They'll come to you sleeping ;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing, comes creeping. *Eugene Field*

The Holy Grail

HIGH-BROW House was furnished well,
With many a goblet fair ;
So when they brought the Holy Grail
There was never a space to spare.

Simple Cottage was clear and clean,
With room to store at will ;
So there they laid the Holy Grail,
And there you'll find it still.
Arthur Conan Doyle

And We Follow, Ever Follow

THERE'S a banner in our van,
And we follow as we can,
For at times we scarce can see it,
And at times it flutters high.
But however it be flown,
Still we know it is our own,
And we follow, ever follow,
Where we see the banner fly.

In the struggle and the strife,
In the weariness of life,
The banner-man may stumble,
He may falter in the fight.
But if one should fail or slip,
There are other hands to grip,
And it's forward, ever forward,
From the darkness to the light.
Arthur Conan Doyle

A Prayer for the Fight

GREAT Guide, I ask you still,
Wherefore I ?

But if it be Thy will

That I try,

Trace my pathway among men,

Show me how to strike, and when,

Take me to the fight—and then

Oh, be nigh !

Arthur Conan Doyle

What is the Good of It ?

WHAT is the good of all that starry firmament and the revolving planets, of all Creation's labour and travail up to now, if it is not to enable a man to live in freedom, in happiness, and in activity among his surroundings ?

Goethe

My Never-failing Friends are They

MY days among the Dead are past ;

Around me I behold,

Where'er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old :

My never-failing friends are they,

With whom I converse day by day.

Southey

On Some Better Star

AND often, Margaret,

I gaze at night into the boundless sky,

And think that I shall there be born again,

The exalted native of some better star ;

And like the rude American I hope

To find in heaven the things I loved on earth.

Southey

Close Thine Eyes and Sleep Secure

CLOSE thine eyes and sleep secure,

Thy soul is safe, thy body sure ;

He that guards thee, He that keeps,

Never slumbers, never sleeps.

A quiet conscience in the breast

Has only peace, has only rest.

The music and the mirth of kings

Are out of tune unless she sings.

Then close thine eyes and sleep secure.

Said to be by Charles Stuart

My Soul, There is a Country

MY soul, there is a country
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a wingèd sentry,
 All skilful in the wars.
 There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious Friend,
 And (O my soul, awake !)
 Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake.
 If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.
 Leave, then, thy foolish ranges,
 For none can thee secure
 But One who never changes,
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan

Under the Cherry Tree

IN the hum of the market there is money, but under the cherry
 tree there is rest.

Japanese Proverb

These Things Shall Be

THESE things shall be ! A loftier race
 Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
 With flame of freedom in their souls
 And light of knowledge in their eyes.
 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
 To spill no drop of blood, but dare
 All that may plant man's lordship firm
 On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
 Nation with nation, land with land,
 Inarmed shall live as comrades free ;
 In every heart and brain shall throb
 The pulse of one fraternity.
 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
 And mightier music thrill the skies,
 And every life shall be a song,
 When all the earth is paradise.

John Addington Symonds

The Poet

HE fills the world with his singing,
 High notes of the heavenly morn,
 For ever and ever ringing
 As age after age is born.

And then he is still, and we know not
 Whither his thoughts have fled ;
 Only the clear notes flow not,
 And we say the singer is dead.

But the nightingales that he cherished,
 They carol and cannot die ;
 Though the man whom we loved hath perished,
 His melody throbs for aye.

John Addington Symonds

If All My Ships Came Home from Sea

IF all the ships I have at sea
 Should come a-sailing home to me,
 Ah, well ! The harbour could not hold
 So many ships as there would be
 If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea
 And brought their precious freight to me,
 Ah, well ! I should have wealth as great
 As any king who sits in state ;
 So rich the treasures that would be
 In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
 Should come a-sailing home to me,
 Ah, well ! The storm-clouds then might frown,
 For if the others all went down,
 Still rich and proud and glad I'd be,
 If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea
 And all the others came to me,
 Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
 With glory, honours, riches, gold,
 The poorest soul on earth I'd be
 If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm ! O winds, blow free !

Blow all my ships safe home to me !
 But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
 To never more come sailing back,
 Send any—all that skim the sea,
 But bring my love-ship home to me.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox



ONE OF THE THREE WISE MEN—FROM GOZZOLI'S PAINTING ON THE WALLS OF THE
RICCARDI PALACE IN FLORENCE



AN ANGEL, BY FRA ANGELICO

And Now My Life is Done

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares ;
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain ;
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares ;
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain ;
 The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun ;
 And now I live, and now my life is done !

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung ;
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green ;
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young ;
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen ;
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun ;
 And now I live, and now my life is done !

*Chidiack Tichborne, written in the Tower
 the night before he was beheaded*

He, Having Nothing, Yet Hath All

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend :

*This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.*

Sir Henry Wotton

The Sweet Things of this World

ONE passage in your letter a little displeased me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are always brimful of.

You say that "this world to you seems drained of all its sweets!" At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of sugar, but I am afraid you meant more.

O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the Earth. The Sun and Moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements, have all a sweetness by turns.

Good humour and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything. *Charles Lamb to Robert Lloyd*

The Little Fellow of the Dawn

I LIKE to meet a sweep—not a grown sweeper, but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek, such as come forth with the dawn, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the lark in their aerial ascents.

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks, poor blots, innocent blacknesses. I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption, and from their little pulpits, the tops of chimneys, in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation, to see a chit no bigger than one's self enter into what seemed the jaws of death, to pursue him in imagination as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, to shudder with the idea that "now, surely, he must be lost for ever!" to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight, and then (O fullness of delight!) running out of doors to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel!

I seem to remember having been told that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush to indicate which way the wind blew.

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him twopence.

Charles Lamb

Our Gracious Dwelling-place

I AM in love with this green earth ; the face of town and country ; the unspeakable rural solitudes ; and the sweet security of streets.
Charles Lamb

The Good Old Times

I WAS pointing out to my cousin last evening some of those *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china which we were for the first time using, and could not help remarking how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort, when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor, but there was a middle state [so she was pleased to ramble on] in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury—and oh, how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the for and against, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame, it grew so threadbare, and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late; and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper—for he was setting bedwards—lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures; and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome; and when you presented it to me; and when we were exploring the perfectness of it—*collating* you called it; and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen (or sixteen shillings was it?) which you had lavished on the old folio? Now you can afford to

buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

“When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Leonardo, was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but walk into Colnaghi’s and buy a wilderness of Leonardos; yet do you?”

From Charles Lamb’s Essay on Old China

O, He was Good, if E’er a Good Man Lived

TO a good Man of most dear memory
 This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart
 From the great city where he first drew breath,
 Was reared and taught; and humbly earned his bread,
 To the strict labours of the merchant’s desk
 By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks
 Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,
 His spirit, but the recompense was high;
 Firm Independence, Bounty’s rightful sire;
 Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air;
 And when the precious hours of leisure came,
 Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet
 With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart:
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
 And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love
 Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears,
 And as round mountain tops the lightning plays,
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy.
 Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
 The vivid flashes of his spoken words.
 From the most gentle creature nursed in fields
 Had been derived the name he bore—a name
 Wherever Christian altars have been raised,
 Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;
 And if in him meekness at times gave way,
 Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
 Many and strange, that hung about his life;
 Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
 A soul by resignation sanctified:
 And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
 That innocence belongs not to our kind,
 A power that never ceased to abide in him,
 Charity, mid the multitude of sins
 That she can cover, left not his exposed
 To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.
 O, he was good, if e’er a good Man lived!

Wordsworth’s epitaph on Charles Lamb

Time, Like an Ever-rolling Stream

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast
 And our eternal home !

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or Earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising Sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last
 And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts

Mankind Wars not with the Dead

MANKIND wars not with the dead. It is a trait of human nature
 for which I love it.

Charles Lamb

To Stand Upon the Hill of Truth

IT is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tossed upon the sea ; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below ; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below—so always that the prospect be with pity and not with swelling and pride.

Francis Bacon

After Some Time Has Passed Over

MY name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own country after some time has passed over.

From the will of Francis Bacon

A Grandmother's Tale

His fame shall never pass away !
 Beside the cottage hearth the hind
 No other theme shall list to find
 For many and many a distant day.
 When winter nights their gloom begin
 And winter embers ruddy glow,
 Round some old gossip closing in,
 They'll beg a tale of long ago.
 "For all," they'll say, "he wrought us ill,
 His glorious name shall ne'er grow dim,
 The people love, yes, love him still,
 So, Grandmother, a tale of him,
 A tale of him ! "

One day past here I saw him ride,
 A caravan of kings behind ;
 The time I well can call to mind,
 I hadn't then been long a bride,
 I gazed out from the open door,
 Slowly his charger came this way ;
 A little hat I think he wore,
 Yes, and his riding coat was grey.
 I shook all over as quite near,
 Close to this very door he drew :
 "Good-day," he cried, "good-day, my dear !"
 What, Grandmother, he spoke to you,
 He spoke to you ?

The following year I chanced to be
 In Paris ; every street was gay.
 He'd gone to Notre Dame to pray,
 And passed again quite close to me !
 The sun shone out in all its pride,
 With triumph every bosom swelled ;
 "Ah, what a glorious scene !" they cried,
 "Never has France the like beheld !"
 A smile his features seemed to wear
 As on the crowds his glance he threw,
 For he'd an heir, at last, an heir !
 Ah, Grandmother, what times for you,
 What times for you !

Then came for France that dreadful day
 When foes swept over all the land ;
 Undaunted he alone made stand,
 As though to keep the world at bay !

One winter's night, as this might be,
 I heard a knocking at the door ;
 I opened it ; great heavens ! twas he !
 A couple in his wake—no more ;
 Then sinking down upon a seat :
 Ay, twas upon this very chair,
 He gasped : " Defeat ! Ah, God, defeat ! "
What, Grandmother, he sat down there,
He sat down there ?

He called for food ; I quickly brought
 The best I happened to have by ;
 Then, when his dripping clothes were dry,
 He seemed to doze awhile, methought.
 Seeing me weeping when he woke,
 " Courage," he cried, " there's still a chance ;
 I go to Paris ; one bold stroke,
 And Paris shall deliver France ! "
 He went ; the glass I'd seen him hold,
 The glass to which his lips he'd set,
 I've treasured since like gold, like gold !
What, Grandmother, you have it yet,
You have it yet ?

'Tis there. But all, alas ! was o'er ;
 He, whom the Pope himself had crowned,
 The mighty hero world-renowned,
 Died prisoner on a far-off shore.
 For long we none believed the tale,
 They said that he would reappear,
 Across the seas again would sail,
 To fill the universe with fear !
 But when we found that he was dead,
 When all the shameful truth we knew,
 The bitter, bitter tears I shed !
Ah, Grandmother, God comfort you,
God comfort you !
Pierre Jean de Béranger

Guard Well Thy Thoughts

GUARD well thy thoughts,
 For thoughts are heard in Heaven.

Of Such is the Kingdom

THERE were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray ; and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, *Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.* *Saint Matthew*

Be Nothing, the Almighty Said

No, no, my friends, my wants are few ;
 Elsewhere with your good things make free ;
 Courts may be well enough for you,
 But spread no royal snare for me.
 All that I ask is Love's caress,
 Blithe comrades, and a crust of bread ;
 Bending my lowly cot to bless,
Be nothing, the Almighty said.

Splendour would but embarrass me,
 Who idly sing from day to day ;
 Were Fortune's crumbs my share to be,
 " I've never earned them," I should say.
 On honest labour's humble board
 More fitly far they would be spread ;
 At least my wallet's amply stored !
Be nothing, the Almighty said.

One day, upwafted in a dream,
 From heaven I gazed down on the world ;
 There, all in one vast living stream,
 Were monarchs, nations, armies swirled.
 I heard a shout, twas Victory's strain ;
 One name from realm to realm was sped :
 Ye great, and thus your glories wane !
Be nothing, the Almighty said.

Your graves will be superb, no doubt,
 Mine but a nameless mound of grass ;
 Crape-covered crowds will see you out,
 I in a pauper's hearse shall pass.
 Yet to us all doom is but doom,
 Your glow is quenched, my glimmer fled ;
 The only difference is the tomb !
Be nothing, the Almighty said.

Then let me be myself once more,
 To pomp I make my last salute ;
 Behind your grandly gilded door
 I've left my hobnails and my flute !
 Though Freedom, to us both so sweet,
 Your painted halls need never tread,
 I'll pipe her praises in the street :
Be nothing, the Almighty said.
Pierre Jean de Béranger

The Handsomest of All

JUPITER issued a proclamation to all the beasts of the forest, and proclaimed a royal reward to the one whose offspring should be deemed the handsomest.

The monkey came with the rest, and presented, with all a mother's tenderness, a flat-nosed, ill-featured young monkey as a candidate for the promised reward. A general laugh saluted her on the presentation of her son, but she resolutely said :

I know not whether Jupiter will allot the prize to my son, but this I do know : that he is at least in the eyes of me, his mother, the dearest, handsomest, and most beautiful of all. From the Fables of Aesop

The Animal League of Nations

THE beasts of the field and forest had a lion as their king. He was neither wrathful, cruel, nor tyrannical, but just and gentle as a king could be. He made during his reign a royal proclamation for a general assembly of all the beasts and birds, and drew up conditions for a universal league, in which the wolf and the lamb, the panther and the kid, the tiger and the stag, the dog and the hare, should live together in perfect peace and amity.

The hare said :

Oh, how I have longed to see this day in which the weak shall take their place with impunity by the side of the strong. Aesop

Life is Still Sweet

AN old man carrying faggots into the city for sale, being wearied with his long journey, sat down by the wayside and, throwing down his load, besought Death to come.

Death, appearing immediately in answer to his summons, asked for what reason he had called him. The old man replied : " That, lifting up the load, you may place it again upon my shoulders."

Aesop

Cromwell's Place in History

IT is time for us to regard him as he really was, with all his physical and moral audacity, with all his tenderness and spiritual yearnings, in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time.

This, in the most enduring sense, is Cromwell's place in history. He stands there not to be implicitly followed as a model, but to hold up a mirror to ourselves, wherein we may see alike our weakness and our strength.

Samuel Rawson Gardiner

Cromwell Dies in the Midst of His Glory

IN the midst of his glory the hand of death was falling on the Protector. He had long been weary of his task.

God knows (he had burst out to Parliament a year before) I would have been glad to live under my woodside and to have kept a flock of sheep rather than have undertaken this Government.

And now he had been struck down in the midst of his triumphs. "Do you think I shall die?" he burst out to the physicians around him. "I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people."

A storm which tore roofs from houses and levelled trees in every forest seemed a fitting prelude to the passing of his mighty spirit. Three days later, on September 8, the day which had witnessed his victories at Worcester and Dunbar, Cromwell quietly breathed his last.

John Richard Green

The Night before Dunbar

THE small town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old castle now much honey-combed, on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Firth of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean.

Landward as you look from the town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath hills, the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of twenty thousand strong, in spirits as of men chasing; Oliver's, about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

The attack shall begin tomorrow before dawn. And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night, being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet, the second of September; the harvest moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray, and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!

Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula long memorable. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we, and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Thomas Carlyle

George Fox Calls on Oliver Cromwell

I WAS moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector. I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to give to Oliver Cromwell, which he did.

After some time Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed. When I came in, I was moved to say : *Peace be in this house*, and I bid him keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from Him, that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth, and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately.

As I spoke he would several times say it was very good, and it was truth. I told him that all Christendom (so called) had the scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the scriptures, nor one with another.

Many more words I had with him, but, people coming in, I drew a little back, and as I was turning he caught me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said : " Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together we should be nearer one to the other," adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him if he did he wronged his own soul, and I bid him hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in His counsel and obey it, and if he did so that would keep him from hardness of heart ; but if he did not hear God's voice his heart would be hardened. And he said it was true.

Then I went out, and when Captain Drury came out after me he told me his lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine ; and I asked them what they brought me hither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat a bit of his bread, nor drink a sup of his drink. When he heard this he said : *Now I see there is a people risen and come up that I cannot win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places ; but all other sects and people I can.* It was told him again that we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him.

From the writings of George Fox

Never Beaten

I RAISED such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did ; and from that day forward I must say to you they were never beaten. *Oliver Cromwell*

Blessed are They

BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
 Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,
 for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children
 of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake,
 for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. *Jesus*

Consider the Lilies of the Field

TAKE no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall
 drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the
 life more than the meat, and the body than raiment ? Behold the
 fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather
 into barns ; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not
 much better than they ?

And why take ye thought for raiment ? Consider the lilies of
 the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin, and
 yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed
 like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the
 field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he
 not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith ?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat ? or What
 shall we drink ? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed ? for your
 heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of all these things. But
 seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these
 things shall be added unto you. *Jesus*

Come Unto Me

COME unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will
 give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for
 I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your
 souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. *Jesus*

The Bridge

JESUS, on whom be peace, has said : The world is merely a bridge ;
 ye are to pass over it, and not to build your dwellings on it.

Old inscription on a mosque near Agra

The Son of Man upon His Throne

WHEN the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was a-hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me. I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a-hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, for I was a-hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a-hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. *Jesus*

In Your Patience Possess Your Souls

TAKE heed that ye be not deceived, for many shall come in my name, saying, *I am Christ, and the time draweth near*: go ye not therefore after them. When ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified, for these things must first come to pass; but the end is not by and by.

Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven. Before all these they shall lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, before kings and rulers, for my name's sake. Ye shall be betrayed, both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolks, and friends; some of you shall they cause to be put to death; and ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.

But there shall not a hair of your head perish. In your patience possess ye your souls. *Jesus*

Teeth Like Pearls

NO story outside the Bible shows a more sensitive appreciation of the spirit of Jesus than that told by the Moslem poet Nizami. In the gutter of the market-place of an Eastern town lay a dead dog, to the disgust of the passers-by.

"How loathsome!" said one, and turned his head.

"Pah! How he stinks!" said another, and held his nose as he passed.

"Look at his protruding ribs!" said a third.

"He has not enough whole skin on his carcase to make even a shoe-string!" said a fourth.

"No wonder he came to a bad end!" said a fifth.

Then a gentle, rebuking voice broke in on the chorus of calumny, saying, *Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of its teeth.* And the people drew away, whispering, "Surely that must be Jesus, for who else would say a good word for a dead dog?"

Told on ancient tablets

The Youth Who Did Not Grow Old

WHEN I think of Scott I remember the strange Alpine story of the youth who fell down a glacier and was lost, and of how a scientific companion, one of several who accompanied him, all young, computed that the body would again appear at a certain date and place many years afterwards. When that time came round some of the survivors returned to the glacier to see if the prediction would be fulfilled; all old men now; and the body reappeared as young as on the day he left them. So Scott and his comrades emerge out of the white immensities, always young.

J. M. Barrie

Thank God Three Times Daily

WE should thank our Creator three times daily for courage. This courage is a proof of our immortality, greater even than gardens "when the eve is cool." Pray for it. Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered. Be not merely courageous, but light-hearted and gay.

J. M. Barrie

The Travelling Stars

THE stars must have great faith in God
To travel through His vasty night.

Thomas Curtis Clark

Like Mother's

THE God to whom little boys say their prayers has a face very like their mother's!

J. M. Barrie

May Roses Shade the Place

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of death,
 And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
 This but a light'ning is, truce ta'en to breath,
 For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred cares and courtly toils,
 Alexis, when thou shalt hear wandering Fame
 Tell Death hath triumphed o'er my mortal spoils,
 And that on earth I am but a sad name ;
 If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
 By all that bliss, those joys, Heaven here us gave,
 I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
 To grave this short remembrance on my grave :

*Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
 The murmuring Esk ; may roses shade the place !*

William Drummond to Sir William Alexander

*To the Memory of the Most Excellent Lady,
 Jane, Countess of Perth*

THIS beauty, which pale death in dust did turn,
 And closed so soon within a coffin sad,
 Did pass like lightning, like to thunder burn :
 So little life so much of worth it had !
 Heavens but to show their might here made it shine,
 And when admired, then in the world's disdain,
 O tears ! O grief ! did call it back again,
 Lest earth should vaunt she kept what was divine.
 What can we hope for more, what more enjoy,
 Since fairest things thus soonest have their end ;
 And, as on bodies shadows do attend,
 Since all our bliss is followed with annoy ?
 She is not dead, she lives where she did love,
 Her memory on earth, her soul above.

William Drummond of Hawthornden

What Sweet Delight a Quiet Life Affords

DEAR wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
 Where from the vulgar I estrangèd live,
 Contented more with what your shades me give
 Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace !
 What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
 And what it is to be of bondage free,
 Far from the madding worldling's harsh discords,
 Sweet flowery place, I first did learn of thee :
 Ah ! If I were mine own, your dear resorts
 I would not change with princes' stately courts.

William Drummond of Hawthornden

My Brother Lies Near Nazareth

MY brother, who played football
 And drove a butcher's cart,
 Lies buried close to Nazareth,
 A bullet through his heart.

A bolder lad lived never,
 And yet, by day and night,
 He mothered me in everything
 That makes a boy go right.

One day, when dark was falling,
 And we struck home to tea,
 "Young Dick," he said, "you've got to grow
 A better man than me."

No other word he uttered ;
 And I shall never know
 What secret worked within his heart
 And made his voice so low.

As I look back to boyhood,
 One thing alone I see :
 A gallant lad, with flashing eyes,
 Who took great pains with me.

Harold Begbie

I Mean to be There

O I mean to be there
 When the tide's at the flood,
 When there's strength in my arm
 And there's youth in my blood ;
 O I mean to be there
 When the ship's at the quay,
 When Life has a berth
 And adventures for me.

Janet Begbie

If I Fall

IF I fall
 I hinder all ;
 If I rise
 To the skies
 I shall help to drag the load
 One step farther on the road,
 On the common road we climb,
 Dead and living for all time.

Janet Begbie

A Dedication

IN vain you asked me for a song :
 My love was idle all too long.
 Now you can never ask again ;
 I bring you all my songs—in vain.

Janet Begbie

Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be ;
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best ;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.
 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar

The Blind Mother and Her Boy

OUTSIDE a bungalow in India, squatting on the verandah, pulling mechanically at a rope which worked the fanning punka inside, a blind woman spent hour after hour, day after day, year after year.

She could live on a handful of rice. She had no wish for fine clothes. But her son, whose face she could never see, was everything in the world to her. All the money she earned by pulling the punka this blind woman spent on her boy.

A day came when the boy, after four years in a university, hastened to his village with the tremendous news that he had been offered a Government appointment. She said to him: "If you accept it you will break my heart." He was astonished.

She told him she had dedicated him to God. She wanted him to teach the outcaste people of India the love of the Father of us all.

That boy is now a famous man in many lands. He is Swami Doss. He began as a mission teacher; he has revitalised Christianity in the youth of Southern India; he has "created a new leadership of men who fight the battle of the villagers against debt, slavery, disease, and drunkenness." He is helping to bring light to the land of his blind mother. *From the Children's Newspaper*

The Scout

ONCE round a tuckshop window, hands in his pockets, he hung,
 Or ran to a row round the corner, or ran from the bell he had
 rung,
 Or gaped at a game of football, or chivvied a harmless cat,
 This king in a shirt and knickers, with his pole and his cowboy hat !
 But a trumpet sang from the meadows, and the city rang with a shout,
 And the boy leapt into his boyhood with the magical name of Scout ;
 Suddenly braced his body, suddenly found his soul,
 And vaulted to Eldorado at the end of a hefty pole.

There came to him men of glory who spoke of a goodly game,
 Who told of a life in the open and the pride of a gallant fame,
 And he gave them his soul and body to discipline, shape, and train,
 And they taught him the works of God and the use of a Cockney
 brain.

From end to end of the kingdom, from shore to shore of the coast,
 Strong in their steadied thousands up rises a martial host.
 And the foe, when he comes, shall be rattled and riven and put to rout
 By the flower of tomorrow's army—the lad who has learned to scout.

They have taught him the march and the double that conquer
 stiffness and stitch,
 To fend for himself in rations and cook a pot in a ditch,
 To patch a hole in his knickers, to nurse his speed for a burst,
 To like what is good and wholesome, and to love his country first
 Proud of his wind and muscle, proud of his corps and kit,
 He goes in the pluck of a body that is perfectly strung and fit.
 Quick in the uptake, nippy, and learned in the hunter's lore,
 The Handy Man of the ocean has a brother at last ashore.

Here's to the youth of England, boys of the young brigade,
 Who march in their shirts and knickers, gallant and unafraid.
 Glory to these young lions, whelps of the ancient breed,
 Mustering brisk and radiant in the shadow of England's need.
 Many a mighty hero who made our England great
 Smiles from the field of heaven, blessing this Fifth Estate.
 Here is the great assurance, here is the certain sign :
 The heirs have claimed from the future their place in the nation's line.
Harold Begbie

The Little Yellow Thing in the Distance

IT was said of Leigh Hunt by one who knew him that he was
 probably the only man in the world who, if he saw something
 yellow in the distance and thought it was a buttercup, would be
 disappointed if he found it was only a guinea. *Told in a diary*

Jenny Kissed Me

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.

Leigh Hunt, referring to Mrs Carlyle

One Who Loved His Fellow Men

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
What writest thou ? The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, *The names of those who love the Lord.*
And is mine one ? said Abou. *Nay, not so,*
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said, *I pray thee, then,*
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

Written on the day Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison

WHAT though, for showing truth to flattered state,
 Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
 In his immortal spirit, been as free
 As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
 Minion of grandeur ! think you he did wait ?
 Think you he nought but prison walls did see,
 Till, so unwilling, thou unturnedst the key ?
 Ah, no ! far happier, nobler was his fate !
 In Spenser's halls he strayed, and bowers fair,
 Culling enchanted flowers ; and he flew
 With daring Milton through the fields of air :
 To regions of his own his genius true
 Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
 When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew ?

Keats

The Hand of Walter Scott

I DINED one day with a party, gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday or care of the morrow. After an hour or more I observed a shadow come over the aspect of my friend, and feared he was unwell.

"No," said he; "I shall be well if you will let me sit where you are, but there is a hand at the window in sight of me here which won't let me fill my glass. It fascinates my eye. It never stops. Page after page is finished and thrown down on that heap of manuscript; and still it goes on unwearied, and so it will be until candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night."

"Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, perhaps," said I.

"No, boys," said our host; "I know whose hand it is. It is Walter Scott's."

*From a letter written by a young
man dining opposite Scott's house*

Washington Irving Calls to See Sir Walter Scott

THE lord of the castle made his appearance, and I knew him at once by the likeness of him that had been published. By his side jogged a large iron-grey deerhound, of most grave demeanour, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception.

As we sallied forth every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. In front of the house we were joined by a superannuated greyhound who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was greeted by Scott as an old friend. He would frequently pause in his conversation to notice his dogs.

As the old deerhound Maida jogged along at a little distance ahead of us the young dogs would leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust, giving a glance at us as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense."

Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

Washington Irving

The Ruler

IN peace Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets dances on the green.
 Love rules the Court, the Camp, the Grove,
 And men below, and saints above. *Scott*

Jock of Hazeldean

WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye shall be his bride :
 And ye shall be his bride, ladie,
 Sae comely to be seen :
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale ;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington
 And lord of Langley-dale ;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen :
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair,
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
 And you the foremost o' them a'
 Shall ride our forest-queen :
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmered fair ;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride
 And dame and knight are there :
 They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
 The ladie was not seen !
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean. *Scott*

Now is the Stately Column Broke

NOW is the stately column broke,
 The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill.

Scott on the death of Pitt

The Companion of Our Pleasures and Our Toils

THE Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit.

He forgets neither friend nor foe ; remembers with accuracy both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence but no share of man's falsehood.

You may bribe an assassin to slay a man, or a witness to take his life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.

Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the Man

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

Sir Walter Scott

They All are Belonging to Thee

O H, hush thee, my baby ! thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
 The woods and the glens from the towers which we see
 They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.
 Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows !
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
 Oh, hush thee, my baby ! the time soon will come
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
 Then hush thee, my darling ! take rest while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood and waking with day.

Sir Walter Scott

Phyllis Passes By

IN yon hollow Damon lies,
 Lost in slumber deep.
*(Hush, hush, ye shepherd girls,
 Break not his sleep.)*

Phyllis passes tiptoe by ;
 Whither is she hieing ?
*(Peep, peep, ye shepherd girls,
 He for her is dying.)*

Now she pauses, now she bends,
 Ah, she kissed him purely.
*(Look away, ye shepherd girls,
 Frown, frown demurely.)*

See he clips her in his arms,
 She who was the proudest.
*(Laugh, laugh, ye shepherd girls,
 Laugh, laugh your loudest.)*
W. C. Monkhouse

To Tony, Aged Three

THERE was a man once loved green fields like you,
 He drew his knowledge from the wild bird's songs ;
 And he had praise for every beauteous thing,
 And he had pity for all piteous wrongs. . . .

A lover of earth's forest of her hills,
 And brother to her sunlight, to her rain ;
 Man with a boy's fresh wonder, he was great
 With greatness all too simple to explain.

He was a dreamer and a poet, and brave
 To face and hold what he alone found true.

He was a comrade of the old, a friend
 To every little laughing child like you.

.
 And when across the peaceful English land,
 Unhurt by war, the light is growing dim,
 And you remember by your shadowed bed
 All those—the brave—you must remember him.

And know it was for you who bear his name
 And such as you that all his joy he gave,
 His love of quiet fields, his youth, his life,
 To win that heritage of peace you have.

Marjorie Wilson

The Poet to His Nurse

FOR the long nights you lay awake
 And watched for my unworthy sake :
 For your most comfortable hand
 That led me through the uneven land :
 For all the story-books you read :
 For all the pains you comforted :
 For all you pitied, all you bore,
 In sad and happy days of yore :—
 My second mother, my first wife,
 The angel of my infant life,—
 From the sick child, now well and old,
 Take, nurse, the little book you hold !

And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
 May find as dear a nurse at need,
 And every child who lists my rhyme,
 In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
 May hear it in as kind a voice
 As made my childish days rejoice !

*Dedication of A Child's Garden of Verses,
 by Robert Louis Stevenson to his Nurse*

*To a Friend on the Death of
 His Friend*

THOUGH he that, ever kind and true,
 Kept stoutly step by step with you,
 Your whole, long, lusty lifetime through,
 Be gone a while before ;
 Yet, doubt not, soon the season shall restore
 Your friend to you.

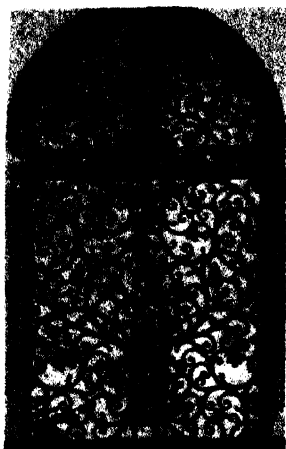
He is not dead, this friend ; not dead,
 But on some road, which mortals tread,
 Got some few trifling steps ahead,
 And nearer to the end :
 So that you, too, once past the bend,
 Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
 You fancy dead.

Push gaily on, brave heart ; the while
 You travel forward mile by mile
 He loiters, with a backward smile,
 Till you can overtake ;
 And strains his eyes to search his wake
 Or, whistling as he sees you through the brake,
 Waits on a stile.

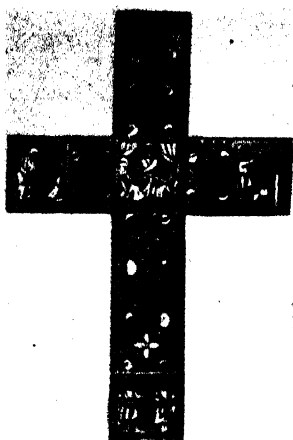
Said to be by Robert Louis Stevenson



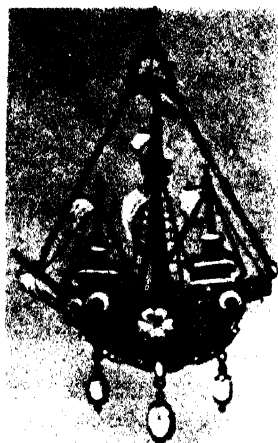
MARCUS AURELIUS IN HIS CHARIOT—FROM THE MUSEUM ON THE CAPITOL IN ROME



AN IRON GATE FROM ITALY
FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD



AN ENAMELLED CROSS OF
THE TWELFTH CENTURY



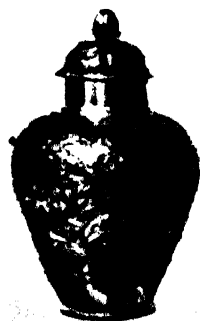
A PENDANT FROM VENICE
FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD



HORSEMEN ON A
GREEK VASE



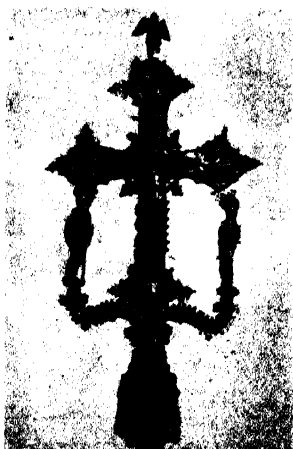
AN ENGLISH CUP MADE
IN THE YEAR 1500



AN OLD ENGLISH VASE
IN SILVER GILT



A FLOWER-STAND IN
SEVRES PORCELAIN



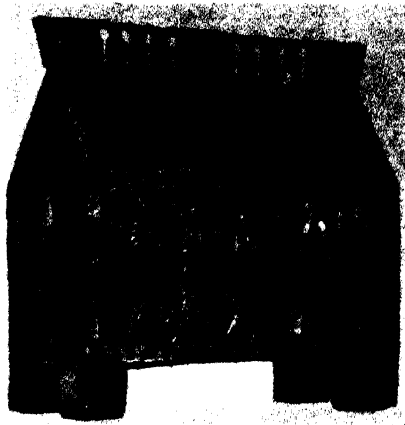
A VENETIAN CROSS OF
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY



AN ENGLISH SALT
CELLAR MADE IN 1586



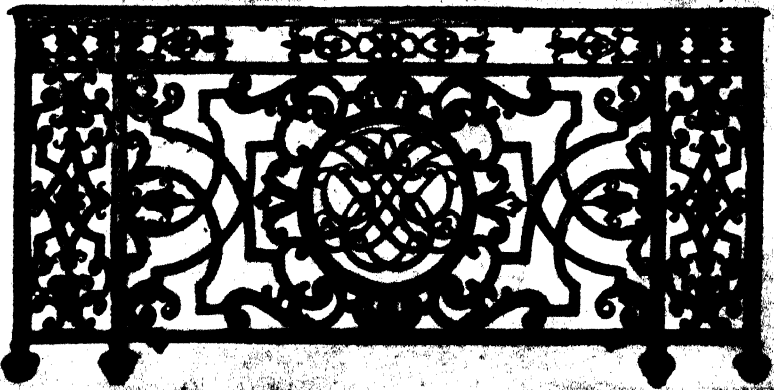
A CHINESE VASE
THREE HUNDRED
YEARS OLD



A TABERNACLE
MADE OF BOXWOOD



ENAMELLED RELIQUARY
OF THE
THIRTEENTH CENTURY



THE FRONT OF A BALCONY MADE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



AN ENGLISH METAL JUG SIX
HUNDRED YEARS OLD



A FRENCH BUREAU OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



AN OLD TURKISH JUG
IN EARTHENWARE



A CAMEO AS OLD AS CHRISTIANITY—FASHIONED OUT OF A PIECE OF AGATE IN
HONOUR OF AUGUSTUS CAESAR

O Wind, A-blowing All Day Long

I SAW you toss the kites on high ;
 And blow the birds about the sky ;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass :
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song !

Robert Louis Stevenson

Those who Spin the Wheel About

FOR still the Lord is Lord of might ;
 In deeds, in deeds, He takes delight ;
 The plough, the spear, the laden barks,
 The field, the founded city, marks ;
 He marks the smiler of the streets,
 The singer upon garden seats ;
 Those He approves that ply the trade,
 That rock the child, that wed the maid,
 That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
 Sow gladness on the peopled lands,
 And still with laughter, song, and shout,
 Spin the great wheel of Earth about.

Robert Louis Stevenson

The Star to Light the Way

LIFE'S Angel shining sat in his high place
 To view the lands and waters of his globe ;
 A leaning Shape came through the fields of space
 Stealthy, and touched the hem of his white robe.

The Angel turned : Brother, what ill brings thee
 Like thieving night to trespass on my day ?

Yonder (Death answered him), I cannot see ;

Yonder I take this star to light my way.

Owen Wister on the death of Robert Louis Stevenson

*Here He Lies Where He
 Longed to Be*

UNDER the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live, and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.
 This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson

When Robert Louis Stevenson Died

WHEN he passed away we lowered the great Union Jack we fly over the house, and covered the body with the flag he loved.

It is a cause of thankfulness that death came suddenly, finding him busy and happy. It was just at sunset, and time for dinner, and he and my mother were preparing some little delicacy together, a salad for the evening meal. My mother caught him as he suddenly seemed to turn faint and giddy, and asked her, "Do I look strange?" and she tried to reassure him. As she managed to get him into the great room, and into a chair, he showed her where the pain was in his head, and this was his last consciousness.

There he lies now, in the big room with the flag cast over him, his hands joined together across his breast, and our poor people showing the last sign of respect within their power by watching the night out where he lies.

All night they sat around the body, in company with every one of our people, in stolid silence. It was in vain that I attempted to get them away. "This is the Samoan way," they said, and that ended the matter. They kissed his hand one by one as they came in. It was a most touching sight. *Lloyd Osbourne*

To Travel Hopefully is Better than to Arrive

A STRANGE picture we make on our way to our chimeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest: indefatigable, adventurous pioneers.

It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way farther, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour. *Robert Louis Stevenson*

The Boats

A WAY down the river
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

Robert Louis Stevenson

The Happiness of Tomorrow

THE good we do today becomes
The happiness of tomorrow.

Hindu Proverb

The Poet to His Messenger

Go, my Thalia, and present to the eloquent Pliny my little book, which, though not learned enough or very grave, is not entirely devoid of elegance.

When you have passed the Subarra, it is no long labour to ascend the steep pathway over the Esquiline Hill. There you will see a glittering statue of Orpheus on the top of a perfume-sprinkled theatre, surrounded by beasts wondering at his music, and among them the royal bird which carried off Ganymede for the Thunderer. Near it is the humble house of your friend Pedo, surmounted by an eagle with smaller wings.

But take care lest, in a moment of indiscretion, you knock at the learned Pliny's door at an inauspicious time. He devotes his whole days to the severe Minerva, while preparing for the ears of the centumviri that which our own age and posterity may compare with the eloquent pages of Cicero. You will go with the best chance of success when the evening lamps are lighted, when the rose holds its sway. . . .

*Martial, the Roman poet, sending
a book to Pliny the Younger*

The Rest at the End

GOD makes the end of life a rest for broken things
too broke to mend.

John Masefield

The Roman Emperor Dying in His Tent

THE first words that Julian uttered, after his recovery from the fainting fit into which he had been thrown by loss of blood, were expressive of his martial spirit. He called for his horse and arms, and was impatient to rush into the battle. His strength was exhausted by the painful effort, and the surgeons discovered the symptoms of approaching death.

He employed the awful moments with the firm temper of a hero and a sage; the philosophers who had accompanied him in this fatal expedition compared the tent of Julian with the prison of Socrates; and the spectators whom duty or friendship or curiosity had assembled round his couch listened with respectful grief to the funeral oration of their dying emperor.

Friends and fellow-soldiers, the seasonable period of my departure is now arrived, and I discharge, with the cheerfulness of a ready debtor, the demands of Nature.

I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body; and that the separation of the nobler substance should be the subject of joy rather than of affliction. I have learned from religion that an early death has often been the reward of piety; and I

accept as a favour of the gods the mortal stroke that secures me from the danger of disgracing a character which has hitherto been supported by virtue and fortitude.

I die without remorse, as I have lived without guilt. I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life ; and I can affirm with confidence that the supreme authority, that emanation of the Divine Power, has been preserved in my hands pure and immaculate.

Detesting the corrupt and destructive maxims of despotism, I have considered the happiness of the people as the end of government. Submitting my actions to the laws of prudence, of justice, and of moderation, I have trusted the event to the care of Providence. Peace was the object of my counsels, as long as peace was consistent with the public welfare ; but when the imperious voice of my country summoned me to arms I exposed my person to the dangers of war, with the clear foreknowledge that I was destined to fall by the sword.

I now offer my tribute of gratitude to the Eternal Being, who has not suffered me to perish by the cruelty of a tyrant, by the secret dagger of conspiracy, or by the slow tortures of lingering disease. He has given me, in the midst of an honourable career, a splendid and glorious departure from this world ; and I hold it equally absurd, equally base, to solicit or to decline the stroke of fate.

This much I have attempted to say ; but my strength fails me, and I feel the approach of death. I shall cautiously refrain from any word that may tend to influence your suffrages in the election of an emperor. My choice might be imprudent or injudicious ; and if it should not be ratified by the consent of the army it might be fatal to the person whom I should recommend. I shall only express my hope that the Romans may be blessed with the government of a virtuous sovereign.

After this discourse, which Julian pronounced in a firm and gentle voice, he distributed the remains of his private fortune ; and, making some inquiry why Anatolius was not present, he understood that Anatolius was killed, and bewailed, with amiable inconsistency, the loss of his friend. At the same time he reproved the immoderate grief of the spectators and conjured them not to disgrace by unmanly tears the fate of a prince who in a few moments would be united with heaven, and with the stars.

The spectators were silent, and Julian entered into a metaphysical argument on the nature of the soul. The efforts which he made of mind as well as body most probably hastened his death. He called for a draught of cold water, and as soon as he had drank it expired without pain, about the hour of midnight.

Such was the end of that extraordinary man, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of one year and about eight months. In his last moments he displayed, perhaps with some ostentation, the love of virtue and of fame which had been the ruling passions of his life. *From Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*

Hannibal Among His Men

WITH perfect intrepidity, he possessed in the midst of the greatest danger perfect presence of mind.

No degree of labour could either fatigue his body or break his spirit. His seasons for sleeping and waking were not distinguished either by day or by night; whatever time he had to spare he gave to repose, which, however, he never courted either by a soft bed or quiet retirement: he was often seen, covered with a cloak, lying on the ground in the midst of the soldiers on guard.

Livy writing of Hannibal in the First Century B.C.

The Little that Becomes Great

A LITTLE thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in a little thing becomes a great thing. *Plato*

Plotinus Thanks God

I THANK God that my soul is not tied to an immortal body. *Plotinus*

There Shall be One Law

THERE shall no longer be one law at Rome, another at Athens, one law today, another tomorrow; but the same Law, everlasting and unchangeable, shall bind all nations at all times.

And there shall be one common Master and Ruler of all, even God.

And he who will not obey it shall be an exile from himself, and, despising his own humanity, shall in that very act suffer the greatest of all punishments, even though he may have escaped from all other punishments which can be imagined. *Cicero*

The Things the Evening Brings

A LL things that morning has scattered with fingers of gold,
All things thou bringest, oh evening, at length to the fold. *Sappho*

The Great Conqueror

H E is twice a conqueror who conquers himself in the moment of victory. *Publius Syrus*

A Monument Greater than the Pyramids

I HAVE completed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of the pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unbridled fury of the north wind, nor an innumerable succession of years and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish.

Horace, on finishing a great work in the First Century B.C.

The Poet Confident

THE work is finished, which nor dreads the rage
 Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age.
 Come, soon or late, death's undetermined day,
 This mortal being only can decay.
 My nobler part, my fame, shall reach the skies,
 And to late times with blooming honours rise :
 Whate'er the unbounded Roman power obeys,
 All climes and nations shall record my praise :
 If tis allowed to poets to divine,
 One half of round eternity is mine.

Ovid, ending his great poem in the First Century

The Poet and the Years to Come

FIVE books had been enough ; six or seven are surely too much ;
 why, Muse, do you delight still to sport on ? Fame can now
 give me nothing more : my book is in every hand. When the stone
 sepulchre of Messala shall lie ruined by time, and the vast marble
 tomb of Licinius shall be reduced to dust, I shall still be read, and
 many a stranger will carry my verses with him to his ancestral home.

The Roman poet Martial to his Muse

The Torchbearers

LET my breast be bared
 To every shaft, then, so that Love be still
 My one celestial guide the while I sing
 Of those who caught the pure Promethean fire
 One from another, each crying as he went down
 To one that waited, crowned with youth and joy :
 Take thou the splendour, carry it out of sight
 Into the great new age I must not know,
 Into the great new realm I must not tread.

Alfred Noyes

If the Universe should Fall Upon a Man

MAN is but a reed, the feeblest thing in Nature. But then he
 is a reed that thinks.

It needs no gathering up of the powers of Nature to crush him :
 a vapour, a drop of water, will do it. But if the whole universe
 should fall upon him and crush him man would yet be more noble
 than that which slew him, because he knows he is dying, and the
 universe knows it not.

Therefore it is that our whole dignity lies but in this—the faculty
 of Thinking. Let us think well.

Pascal

Home, Sweet Home

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain !
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all !

John Howard Payne

When I was Six and You were Four

I PLAYED with you mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four ;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together :
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong ;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along ;
And I did love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show ;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly ,
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow ;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking :
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another :
No cause she gave me to repine ;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row ;
My joy in them was past expression :
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
 You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze ;
 My earthly lot was far more homely,
 But I, too, had my festal days.
 No merrier eyes have ever glistened
 Around the hearthstone's wintry glow
 Than when my youngest child was christened :
 But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
 And I am now a grandsire grey ;
 One pet of four years old I've carried
 Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
 In our old fields of childish pleasure,
 Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
 She fills her basket's ample measure :
 And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
 Has passed away in colder light,
 I still have thought of you with kindness,
 And shall do till our last Good-Night.
 The ever-rolling, silent hours
 Will bring a time we shall not know,
 When our young days of gathering flowers
 Will be a hundred years ago.
Thomas Love Peacock

Woe to the Unjust Judge

IF a judge has heard a case and delivered a written verdict, and if afterwards his case be disproved and that judge be convicted as the cause of the misjudgment ; then shall he pay twelve times the penalty awarded in that case. In public assembly he shall be turned from the Seat of Judgment ; he shall not return ; and he shall not sit with the judges. *From the Code of Hammurabi*

A Captive and His Ransom

IF a captain or a soldier has been taken prisoner on the way of the king, and a merchant ransoms him, and brings him back to his city ; then, if his house contain sufficient for his ransom, he personally shall pay for his liberation. If his house do not contain sufficient the temple of his city shall pay. If the temple of his city have not the means the palace shall ransom him. *His field, his garden, and his house shall not be given for his ransom.*
From the Code of Hammurabi, 4000 years old

Magdalen at Michael's Gate

MAGDALEN at Michael's gate
 Tirled at the pin ;
 On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
Let her in ! Let her in !

"Hast thou seen the wounds ?" said Michael,
 "Knowest thou thy sin ?"
It is evening, evening, sang the blackbird,
Let her in ! Let her in !

"Yes, I have seen the wounds,
 And I know my sin."
She knows it well, well, well, sang the blackbird,
Let her in ! Let her in !

"Thou bringest no offerings," said Michael,
 "Nought save sin."
 And the blackbird sang, *She is sorry, sorry, sorry.*
Let her in ! Let her in !

When he had sung himself to sleep,
 And night did begin,
 One came and opened Michael's gate,
 And Magdalen went in.

Henry Kingsley

The Poor Wise Man

THERE was a little city, and few men within it ; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it.

Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city ; yet no man remembered that same poor man.

Ecclesiastes

Four Things Come Not Back

FOUR things come not back :
 The spoken word ;
 The sped arrow ;
 Time past ;
 The neglected opportunity.
Old Saying

I Expect to Pass through this World but Once

I EXPECT to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. *Authorship doubtful*

Spending, Keeping, Giving

WHAT I spent I had,
 What I kept I lost,
 What I gave I have.

Leave It with God

SPIN carefully,
 Spin prayerfully,
 Leaving the thread with God.

It Is Not Easy

TO apologise for a wrong,
 To begin all over again,
 To forgive and forget,
 To control a bad temper,
 To keep a high standard,
 To remember that the sun will shine :
But it is worth while.

Do All the Good You Can

DO all the good you can,
 By all the means you can,
 In all the ways you can,
 In all the places you can,
 At all the times you can,
 To all the people you can,
 As long as ever you can.

John Wesley's Rule

Where They Will Find It

WHENCE do you come ?
From the East.
 Whither are you wending ?
To the West.
 What is your inducement ?
To find that which is lost.
 Where do you hope to find it ?
In the centre.

Old Saying

As the Noonday

LET all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noonday clear.
Thomas Ken

A Bachelor Among His Friends

THERE are persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am as it were at home in that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaffe. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family had been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance.

After dinner the lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, my friend took me by the hand. "Well, my good friend (says he), I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you today again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse, to find out who she was for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little.

But, to turn to the discourse, said I, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you."

"Ah! you little understand," replied my good friend, "you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests.

"I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness

things that gave me the quickest joy before turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do should they lose their mother in their tender years."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us she had been searching her closet for something very good to treat such an old friend as I was. Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady, observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and, applying herself to me, said, with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaffe, do not believe a word of what he tells you; I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself."

My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us, when, on a sudden, we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so.

I found upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Aesop's Fables; but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I was extolling his accomplishments when the mother told me that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. "Betty," says she, "deals chiefly in fairies and sprights, and sometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed."

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that everyone of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern to reflect that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

Sir Richard Steele

Sowing the Seed

Two travellers happened to be passing through a town while a great fire was raging.

One of them sat down at the inn, saying, "It is not my business." But the other ran into the flames and saved much goods and some people.

When he came back his companion asked him, "And who bade thee risk thy life in another's business?"

"He," said the brave man, "who bade me bury seed that it may one day bring forth increase."

"But if thou thyself hadst been buried in the ruins?"

Then should I have been the seed.

A German Parable

Into the Woods My Master Went

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.

Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives were not blind to Him,
The little grey leaves were kind to Him:

The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.

Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.

When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;

Twas on a tree they slew Him last
When out of the woods He came.

Sidney Lanier

The Wisdom of a Gipsy

IF people do not know much do not laugh at them, for every one of them knows something that you do not. *A Gipsy Proverb*

The Poet of the Poor

STOP, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.

His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor.

His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,

The street, the factory, the gaol,
The palace and the grave!

Ebenezer Elliott

When Wilt Thou Save the People ?

WHEN wilt thou save the people ?
 O God of mercy, when ?
 Not kings and lords, but nations,
 Not thrones and crowns, but men !
 Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they,
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away,
 Their heritage a sunless day :
 God save the people !

Ebenezer Elliott

All Her Paths are Peace

O HAPPY is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice ;
 And who celestial Wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
 Than East or West unfold ;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.

According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce

Mine be a Cot Beside a Hill

MINE be a cot beside a hill ;
 A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
 A willowy brook that turns a mill
 With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

Samuel Rogers

To a Friend Gone Away too Soon

COME back ! come back ! and with you bring
 All that with you is gone away ;
 Warmth, light, life, love, and everything
 That stays but where you stay !

Lord Lytton

My Native Vale

DEAR is my little native vale ;
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet dance in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and roundelay
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade :
 These simple joys that never fail
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

Samuel Rogers

The Cowslip Fields

HERE was I born and here I lie
 In the quiet of the cowslip fields :
 I chafed at the blue unchanging sky
 And the quiet of the cowslip fields.
 So I sought my fortune beyond the seas
 And toiled and travelled and lived at ease
 And cheated and begged and starved, and I
 Came back to the blue unchanging sky
 And the quiet of the cowslip fields.

George Rylands

Fame

THE laurel crown
 Above my head
 Has fallen down,
 Its leaves are dead ;

And no one ever
 Comes this way,
 Even to sweep
 The leaves away.

Lady Margaret Sackville

We Have Been Friends Together

WE have been friends together,
 In sunshine and in shade,
 Since first beneath the chestnut trees
 In infancy we played.
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,
 A cloud is on thy brow ;
 We have been friends together :
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;
 We have laughed at little jests ;
 For the fount of hope was gushing
 Warm and joyous in our breasts.
 But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
 And sullen glooms thy brow ;
 We have been gay together :
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together ;
 We have wept with bitter tears,
 O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
 The hopes of early years.
 The voices which are silent there
 Would bid thee clear thy brow ;
 We have been sad together :
 O, what shall part us now ?

Caroline Norton

Listening to the Wind

GOD is at the Organ !
 I can hear
 A mighty music
 Echoing far and near.

God is at the Organ,
 And its keys
 Are rolling waters, storm-strewn moorlands,
 Trees.

God is at the Organ !
 I can hear
 A mighty music
 Echoing far and near. *Egbert T. Sandford*

Out of Heaven from God

THE achievement of Christ, in founding by His single will and power a structure so durable and so universal, is like no other achievement which history records. The masterpieces of the men of action are coarse and common in comparison with it, and the masterpieces of speculation flimsy and unsubstantial. When we speak of it the commonplaces of admiration fail us altogether.

The creative effort which produced that against which, it is said, the gates of hell shall not prevail, cannot be analysed. No architect's designs were furnished for the New Jerusalem, no committee drew up rules for the Universal Commonwealth. The inconceivable work was done in calmness ; before the eyes of men it was noiselessly accomplished, attracting little attention.

No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets ; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe ; it descended out of heaven from God.

Sir J. R. Seeley in Ecce Homo

Shall the Lieutenant March Again ?

THOU hast left this matter short, said my Uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim.

In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fever, as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, that he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.

Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.

True, quoth my Uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place (for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse), continued my Uncle Toby, when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's and his boy's and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my Uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.

He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal.

He will march, said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.

An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave.

He shall march, cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch ; he shall march to his regiment.

He cannot stand it, said the corporal.

He shall be supported, said my Uncle Toby.

He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy ?

He shall not drop, said my Uncle Toby, firmly.

A-well-o'-day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die.

He shall not die, by God, cried my Uncle Toby.

The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in ; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

Laurence Sterne in Tristram Shandy

The Lady of the West Country

HERE lies a most beautiful lady,
 Light of step and heart was she ;
 I think she was the most beautiful lady
 That ever was in the West Country.
 But beauty vanishes ; beauty passes ;
 However rare, rare it be ;
 And when I crumble, who will remember
 This lady of the West Country ?

Walter de la Mare

They Who Love Simplicity

HAPPY times we live to see
 Whose master is Simplicity :
 This is the age where blessings flow,
 In joy we reap, in joy we sow ;
 We do good deeds without delay,
 We promise and we keep our day ;
 We love for virtue, not for wealth,
 We drink no healths but all for health ;
 We sing, we dance, we pipe, we play,
 Our work's continual holiday ;
 We live in poor contented sort,
 Yet neither beg nor come at court.

Middleton and Rowley

There is No Death

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore :
 And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
 They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
 Shall change beneath the summer showers
 To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
 And flowers may fade and pass away ;
 They only wait, through wintry hours,
 The coming of the May.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread ;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—there are no dead.

*J. L. McCreery**It Gives a Lovely Light*

MY candle burns at both ends ;
 It will not last the night ;
 But, ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,
 It gives a lovely light !

*Edna St. Vincent Millay**Does the Road Wind Up-hill all the Way ?*

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yes, beds for all who come.

Christina Rossetti

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Remember Me When I Am Gone Away

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land ;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned :
 Only remember me ; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve :
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti

When I Am Dead, My Dearest

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me ;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree :
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet :
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.
 I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain ;
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on as if in pain :
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget.

Christina Rossetti

Every Dawn of Morning

LET every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and
 every setting Sun be to you as its close ; then let every one of
 these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for
 others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.

John Ruskin

Just Men and Perfect

TEACH your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast and their
 deeds but a firebrand's tossing unless they are indeed just men
 and perfect in the fear of God ; and you will soon have no more war.

John Ruskin

The Secret Known to a Child

THERE is death in the thoughts of men. The world is one wide riddle to them, darker and darker as it draws to a close. But the secret of it is known to the child, and the Lord of Heaven and Earth is most to be thanked in that He has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes.

John Ruskin

An Address to a Mummy

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago ;
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous ?

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
Thou hast a tongue ; come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade ;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat ;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled ;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green ;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ! incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy ? Then keep thy vows ;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house !
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered

Since first thy form was in this box extended
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror Cambyzes
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold ;
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning !

Why should this worthless tegument endure
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue ; that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

Horace Smith

His Little Daughter

THE morning came, but my servant appeared not.

Doors were all open, the water was not drawn from the well; my servant had been out all night. My morning meal was not ready; my clothes were all lying unfolded.

As the hours passed by my anger grew, and I devised hard punishments for him. At the last he came, late in the morning, and bowed low.

I called out angrily: "Go forth from my presence and never see my face again."

He looked at me, and remained silent, and then said in a low, husky voice: *My little daughter died last night.* And without another word he went to his daily task. *Rabindranath Tagore*

A Boy was Born at Bethlehem

A BOY was born at Bethlehem
That knew the haunts of Galilee.
He wandered on Mount Lebanon,
And learned to love each forest tree.

But I was born at Marlborough,
And love the homely faces there;
And for all other men besides
Tis little love I have to spare.

I should not mind to die for them,
My own dear downs, my comrades true;
But that great heart of Bethlehem,
He died for men He never knew.

And yet, I think, at Golgotha,
As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
They saw with love most passionate
The village street at Nazareth.

Hilton Young

Time and Death Call Me Away

TIME and Death call me away. The everlasting, infinite, powerful, and inscrutable God that is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true life and light, keep you and yours and have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom.

My true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy. Pray for me. May the true God hold you both in His arms.

Sir Walter Raleigh, waiting for death

Sir Walter Raleigh's Letter to His Wife

I WAS loth to write because I know not how to comfort you, and God knows I never knew what sorrow meant till now. All that I can say to you is that you must obey the will and providence of God, and remember that the Queen's Majesty bore the loss of Prince Henry with a magnanimous heart, and the Lady Harrington of her only son.

Comfort your heart, dear Bessie ; I shall sorrow for us both, and I shall sorrow the less because I have not long to sorrow, because I have not long to live. For my brains are broken, and tis a torment to me to write, especially of misery. I have cleansed my ship of sick men and sent them home, and hope that God will send us somewhat ere we return. Commend me to all. You shall hear from me, if I live, from Newfoundland, where I mean to clean my ship and revictual, for I have tobacco enough to pay for it.

The Lord bless you and comfort you, that you may bear patiently the death of your most valiant son.

From the Isle of St Christopher, March 22, 1617

When We have Wandered all Our Ways

E'EN such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days :
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust !

Sir Walter Raleigh

The Last Journey of Sir Walter Raleigh

I HAVE a long journey to take, and must bid the company
farewell. *Sir Walter Raleigh at the block*

Not a Word of Fear

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear ;
Of this strange language all I know
Is there is not a word of fear.

Walter Savage Landor

The Fire of Life Sinks Down

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature Art ;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Walter Savage Landor on his 75th birthday



A SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL, BY MURILLO



A LADY, BY ENGLEHEART



CHARLES LEWIS



LADY FALCONBERG



JAMES THE SECOND, BY SAMUEL COOPER



ELIZABETH CROMWELL, BY SAMUEL COOPER



A MAN OF THE 17th CENTURY



QUEEN CATHERINE



WARREN HASTINGS

A LITTLE GALLERY OF MINIATURES

Teach Me, My God and King

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see,
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for Thee :

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgerie divine ;
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
 Makes that and the action fine.

George Herbert

Praising God with Sweetest Looks

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
 Deeply ripened—such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
 Which were blackest none could tell,
 But long lashes veiled a light
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
 Made her tressy forehead dim ;
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
 Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
 Share my harvest and my home.

Ruth, by Thomas Hood

O Saw Ye not Fair Ines ?

O SAW ye not fair Ines ?
 She's gone into the West,
 To dazzle when the Sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest :
 She took our daylight with her,
 The smiles that we love best,
 With morning blushes on her cheek,
 And pearls upon her breast.

Thomas Hood

The Mind Called Out of Darkness

I owe to literature something more than my earthly welfare. Adrift early in life upon the great waters, if I did not come to shipwreck it was that I was rescued, like the Ancient Mariner, by guardian spirits, "each one a lovely light," who stood as beacons to my course.

Infirm health and a natural love of reading threw me into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages, to me good angels and ministers of grace.

From these silent instructors I learned something of the divine, and more of the human, religion. They were my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, my guides among the Delectable Mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of undigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, and bewildering doubts, when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness, like a new Creation.

Thomas Hood

Another Morn Than Ours

WE watched her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.
 So silently we seemed to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied ;
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.
 For when the morn came, dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed : she had
 Another morn than ours.

Thomas Hood

The Sacrifice

NOT some poor remnant of the mortal span,
 A few pale years, with toil or grief outworn,
 But cloudless youth, gifts of the spring and morn,
 They brought in sacrifice to God and man.

J. Saxon Mills

The Players

WE challenged Death. He threw with weighted dice.
 We laughed and paid the forfeit, glad to pay,
 Being recompensed beyond our sacrifice
 With that nor Death nor Time can take away.

Francis Bickley

We Will Remember Them

THEY shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :
 Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
 At the going down of the sun, and in the morning,
 We will remember them.

Laurence Binyon

A Little Child Who Died

COULD you have seen the violets
 That blossomed in her eyes,
 Could you have kissed that golden hair
 And heard her baby sighs,
 You would have been her tiring maid
 As joyfully as I,
 Content to deck your little queen
 And let the world go by.
 Could you have seen those violets
 Hide in their graves of snow,
 Drawn all that gold along your hand
 While she lay smiling so,
 Then you would tread this weary earth
 As heavily as I,
 Content to clasp her little grave
 And let the world go by.

Emily Warren

The Victors

WE came not in with proud
 Firm martial footsteps in a measured tread
 Slow pacing to the crash of music loud.
 No gorgeous trophies went before, no crowd
 Of captives followed us with drooping head,
 No shining laurel sceptred us, nor crowned,
 Nor with its leaf our glittering lances bound ;
 " This looks not like a Triumph," then they said.
 With faces darkened in the battle flame,
 With banners faded from their early pride,
 Through wind, and sun, and showers of bleaching rain,
 Yet red in all our garments deeply dyed,
 With many a wound upon us, many a stain,
 We came with steps that faltered—Yet we came !

*Till the Sun Grows Cold and
the Stars are Old*

FROM the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry :
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold !*

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain ;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold !*

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold !*
Bayard Taylor

The Wonder of Life Unfolding

THERE is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one ; and that, while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

Charles Darwin's last words in the Origin of Species

Birds are Singing round My Window

BIRDS are singing round my window
 Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
 And I hang my cage there daily,
 But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
 And they sing there all day long ;
 But they will not fold their pinions
 In the little cage of song !

Richard Henry Stoddard

The Tempter

A TALL bearded man, looking severe and worried, sat at the desk in his study, working anxiously. The law of his house was that he must not be disturbed during the time set apart for his labours. But as he sat so engaged the door opened quietly, and the chubby face of a four-year-old boy peeped solemnly in. Gravely addressing the tall man, his father, the little boy said, *If you'll turn out and play wiz us I'll gve you sispence.*

The big stern man got up from his desk, stole out on tiptoe, went and played with his tempter, and did no more work that morning.

He was one of the greatest thinkers the world has ever known. His name was Charles Darwin.

From My Magazine

My Banks are Furnished with Bees

MY banks they are furnished with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all bordered with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweetbriar entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold ;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

William Shenstone

*Yet Love Will Dream and Faith
Will Trust*

YET love will dream, and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees !
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.

*From Snow-bound, by Whittier
Love Wins*

HE drew a circle that shut me out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win :
We drew a circle that took him in !

Edwin Markham

My Mother

WHO sat and watched my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed ?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die ?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way ?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,

My Mother ?

Ah, no ! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,

My Mother. Ann Taylor

My Lady Comes

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
 Yet round about the spot
 Ofttimes I hover ;
 And near the sacred gate,
 With longing eyes I wait,
 Expectant of her.

My lady comes at last,
 Timid and stepping fast,
 And hastening hither
 With modest eyes downcast ;
 She comes—she's here, she's past !
 May heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint !
 Pour out your praise or plaint
 Meekly and duly ;
 I will not enter there,
 To sully your pure prayer
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
 Round the forbidden place,
 Lingering a minute,
 Like outcast spirits who wait,
 And see, through heaven's gate,
 Angels within it.

W. M. Thackeray

The Conqueror of the World

OUR prince of peace in glory hath gone,
 With no spear shaken, no sword drawn,
 No cannon fired, no flag unfurled,
 To make his conquest of the world.

For him no martyr-fires have blazed,
 No limbs been racked, no scaffolds raised ;
 For him no life was ever shed,
 To make the victor's pathway red.

And for all time he wears the crown
 Of lasting, limitless renown :
 He reigns, whatever monarchs fall ;
 His throne is in the heart of all.

Gerald Massey on Shakespeare

Let Newton Be

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in Night,
God said *Let Newton be*, and all was Light.

Alexander Pope

Like a Boy Playing on the Seashore

I DO not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, diverting myself in now and then finding a smother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

Sir Isaac Newton

Not Today, O Lord

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts ;
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposèd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not today, O Lord !
O ! not today, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interrèd anew,
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do !
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Shakespeare's Henry V before Agincourt

The Fields of the Cloth of Gold

IT is said that when for the first time the great botanist Linnaeus saw the mass of golden gorse at Putney Heath, he fell down on his knees and thanked God for having created a plant of such wondrous beauty.

From My Magazine

This Was a Man

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar ;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

Mark Antony on Brutus, in Shakespeare

Methinks it Were a Happy Life

O God ! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes, how they run ;
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes, it doth ; a thousandfold it doth.

Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth

What Must the King do Now ?

WHAT must the king do now ? Must he submit ?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed ?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go ;
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave . . .
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway.

Shakespeare's Richard the Second

Saint Crispin's Day

*O ! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work today.*

THE KING. What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss ; and, if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove ! I am not covetous for gold ;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more ;
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say *Tomorrow is Saint Crispian* :
Then he will strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, *These wounds I had on Crispin's day*.
Old men forget : yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day ! Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhood cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.
Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth

She Loved Me for the Dangers I had Passed

HER father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery. . . . This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively ; I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;
She swore, in faith, twas strange, twas passing strange ;
Twas pitiful, twas wondrous pitiful ;
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man ; she thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake ;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.

Shakespeare's Othello

A Prayer before Sleeping

O THOU, whose captain I account myself,
 To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
 Sleeping and waking, O ! defend me still.

Richard III in Shakespeare

We are such Stuff as Dreams are made On

O UR revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air ;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on ; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakespeare's Prospero

Shakespeare to His Friend

W HEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before :

*But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.*

Shakespeare

The Man that Hath no Music

T HE man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted.

Shakespeare

More Dear Than Life

LIFE every man holds dear ; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.
Shakespeare

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. *Shakespeare*

A Great Man's Fall

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee ;
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
And, prythee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have
To the last penny ; tis the king's : my robe
And my integrity to heaven is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Cardinal Wolsey to Thomas Cromwell, in Shakespeare

Come, Let's Away to Prison

COME, let's away to prison ;
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage :
 When thou dost ask me blessing I'll kneel down
 And ask of thee forgiveness : so we'll live,
 And pray and sing and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of Court news ; and we'll talk with them, too :
 Who loses and who wins ; who's in, who's out,
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies ; and we'll wear out,
 In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

*King Lear to Cordelia**Little Body with a Mighty Heart*

O ENGLAND, model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural !

*Shakespeare**Let Never Day nor Night Unhallowed Pass*

LET never day nor night unhallowed pass,
 But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Shakespeare**Mark Antony on His Friend*

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 interrèd with their bones :
 So let it be with Caesar.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;
 So are they all, all honourable 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 honourable 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 honourable 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.

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 disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable 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.

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-belovèd Brutus stabbed ;
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, 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 vanquished him ; then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

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

Shakespeare

To Whom Will Ye Liken God

To whom will ye liken God, or what likeness will ye compare unto him ?

Have ye not known ? Have ye not heard ? Hath it not been told you from the beginning ? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth ? It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers ; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in ; that bringeth the princes to nothing : he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity. Yea, they shall not be planted ; they shall not be sown ; their stock shall not take root in the earth ; he shall blow upon them and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary ? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint ; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall, but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

Isaiah



THE SHEPHERDESS, BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET



THE ANGELUS, BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET



THE MOTHER OF A LORD CHANCELLOR IN HER HUNDREDTH YEAR—MRS. HALDANE



THE MOTHER OF JOHN McNEIL WHISTLER—BY THE ARTIST

*An old age serene and bright, and lovely as a
Lapland night, shall lead thee to thy grave.*

The Country Roads of Old England

IN 1820 the glory had not yet departed from the old coach-roads. Posterity may be shot, like a bullet through a tube, by atmospheric pressure from Winchester to Newcastle; that is a fine result to have among our hopes; but the slow, old-fashioned way of getting from one end of our country to the other is the better thing to have in the memory. The tube-journey can never lend much to picture and narrative; it is as barren as an exclamatory O! whereas the happy outside passenger seated on the box from the dawn to the gloaming gathered enough stories of English life, enough of English labour in town and country, enough aspects of earth and sky, to make episodes for a modern Odyssey.

Suppose only that his journey took him through that central plain, watered at one extremity by the Avon, at the other by the Trent. As the morning silvered the meadows with their long lines of bushy willows marking the watercourses, or burnished the golden corn-ricks clustered near the long roofs of some midland homestead, he saw the cows driven from their pasture to the early milking. Perhaps it was the shepherd, head-servant of the farm, who drove them, his sheep dog following with a heedless, unofficial air as of a beadle in undress. Mail or stage coach for him belonged to that mysterious distant system of things called Gover'ment, which, whatever it might be, was no business of his, any more than the most outlying nebula, or the coalsacks of the southern hemisphere. His solar system was the parish; the master's temper and the casualties of lambing-time were his region of storms. He cut his bread and bacon with his pocket-knife, and felt no bitterness except in the matter of pauper labourers and the bad luck that sent contrarious seasons and the sheep-rot.

He and his cows were soon left behind, and the homestead too, with its pond overhung by elder-trees, its untidy kitchen garden and cone-shaped yew-tree arbour. But everywhere the bushy hedgerows wasted the land with their straggling beauty, shrouded the grassy borders of the pasture with catkined hazels, and tossed their long blackberry branches on the cornfields. It was worth the journey only to see those hedgerows, the liberal homes of unmarketable beauty.

There were trim cheerful villages too, with a neat or handsome parsonage and grey church set in the midst; there was the pleasant tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil, the patient cart-horses waiting at his door; the basket-maker peeling his willow wands in the sunshine; the wheelwright putting the last touch to a blue cart with red wheels; at the well clean and comely women carrying yoked buckets, and towards the free school small Britons dawdling on, and handling their marbles in the pockets of unpatched corduroys adorned with brass buttons.

George Eliot

Six Feet of Earth and the Infinite Heavens

SIX feet of earth for my body and the infinite heavens for my soul is what I shall soon have.

Last words of Anne Du Bourg, executed in 1559

The Last Words of Robert Bruce

NOW God be with you, my dear children; I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ.

Silent upon a Peak in Darien

THE day had scarce dawned when Vasco Nuñez de Balboa and his followers set forth from the Indian village, and began to climb the height.

At ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended, and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence from which they said the Southern Sea was visible.

Upon this Vasco Nuñez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone to the mountain-top. On his reaching the summit, the long-desired prospect burst upon his view.

It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannas, and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

At this glorious prospect Vasco Nuñez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend.

"Behold, my friends," he said, "that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that He has granted us this great honour and advantage. Let us pray to Him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists.

"As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and, by the favour of Christ, you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy faith."

*Washington Irving on the Discovery
of the Pacific on September 26, 1513*

Pizarro to His Men

A poor and middle-aged soldier called Pizarro had persuaded two other Spaniards to lend him money for an expedition to El Dorado.

This man had been one of the little band whom Balboa's example led to the discovery of the Pacific; he is one of those whom Keats has turned into a famous group, immortally standing "silent upon a peak in Darien." Although a life of hardship and danger had brought him such small rewards he still believed in the stories of Peru, of a land so rich in gold mines that the temple walls were plated with the precious ore, and emeralds were common as beads.

The expedition set sail full of good hope, but it met evil weather. The stores ran out. They put ashore only to find impenetrable forests, poison berries, fever-haunted marshes. Rations dropped to two ears of corn a day, then to such shell-fish as could be found. Twenty men died of starvation. Then a relief ship came up. Their stores, too, were very low. After some joint exploration, in which they got glimpses of gold, they decided that one half of the party should go back to Panama to get fresh supplies, while the others waited on a convenient island, an untenanted place unlikely to be visited by savages.

The soldiers thought they would perish on this desolate isle, and one contrived to smuggle a letter to Panama hidden in a gift for the Governor's lady. So horrible and hopeless a picture did it present that the Governor refused to allow the explorers to proceed. He would not allow colonists to be butchered by famine. Instead he sent two ships to bring the castaways back to safety.

But the two men who had invested money in Pizarro's venture sent a letter begging him not to give up. In time they would get the Governor's permission to proceed, and send a ship and stores.

The island the men were on was sodden with floods, and Pizarro's men were like skeletons when the ships from Panama sailed in.

Yet Pizarro called them from their rejoicing. He drew a line on the sand with his sword, and said: *Comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, storm, desertion, and death; on this side is ease. There lies Peru with its riches; here lies Panama with its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south.*

He stepped across the line. After a moment an old pilot followed him. Then twelve others crossed the line.

They were risking their lives to follow their captain into the wilderness, and their reason told them to return. But when Pizarro stepped alone across the line the bravest hearts were ashamed not to follow. It was the beginning of the conquest of Peru.

From the Children's Newspaper

New Year, be Good to England

NEW Year, be good to England. Bid her name
 Shine sunlike as of old on all the sea ;
 Make strong her soul ; set all her spirit free ;
 Bind fast her home-born foes with links of shame
 More strong than iron and more keen than flame ;
 Seal up their lips for shame's sake ; so shall she,
 Who was the light that lightened freedom, be,
 For all false tongues, in all men's eyes the same.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

The People Marching On

WHAT is this, the sound and rumour ?
 What is this that all men hear,
 Like the wind in hollow valleys
 When the storm is drawing near ?
Tis the People marching on.

These are they who build our houses,
 Weave our garments, win our wheat,
 Smooth the rugged, till the barren,
 Turn the bitter into sweet :
 All for us, our ease and pleasure.
 What reward for them is meet ?

Many a hundred years passed over
 Have they laboured, deaf and blind ;
 Never tidings reached their sorrow,
 Never hope their toil might find.
 Now at length they know their power,
 And their cry comes down the wind :
Tis the People marching on.

William Morris

A Singer in His Nest

HE did not know fatigue ; his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or of a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally, when I have parted from him in the evening after saying Good-Night, he has simply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting-room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock-coat like a grasshopper in its wing-covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door.

*Edmund Gosse on his friend
 Algernon Charles Swinburne*

The Day of Days is Coming

EACH eve Earth falleth down the dark,
As though its hopes were o'er ;
Yet lurks the sun when day is done
Behind tomorrow's door.

Grey grows the dawn while men-folk sleep,
Unseen spreads on the light,
Till the thrush sings to the coloured things,
And earth forgets her night.

No otherwise wends on our Hope ;
E'en as a tale that's told
Are fair lives lost, and all the cost
Of wise and true and bold.

We've toiled and failed ; we spake the word ;
None hearkened ; dumb we lie ;
Our Hope is dead, the seed we spread
Fell o'er the Earth to die.

*What's this ? For joy our hearts stand still,
And life is loved and dear,
The lost and found the Cause hath crowned,
The Day of Days is here.*

William Morris

The Tinker Out of Bedford

A TINKER out of Bedford,
A vagrant oft in quod,
A private under Fairfax,
A minister of God.
Two hundred years and thirty
Ere Armageddon came
His single hand portrayed it,
And Bunyan was his name.

A pedlar from a hovel,
The lowest of the low,
The father of the Novel,
Salvation's first Defoe.
Eight blinded generations
Ere Armageddon came
He showed us how to meet it,
And Bunyan was his name !

Rudyard Kipling

I Would that the Loving were Loved

I WOULD that the loving were loved, and
 I would that the weary should sleep,
 And that man should hearken to man,
 And that he that soweth should reap.

William Morris

In Good Hands

Do not flatter me with vain hopes. I am not afraid to die, and therefore can hear the worst. Whether tonight or twenty years hence makes no difference. I know I am in the hands of a good Providence.

Washington to his doctor

He That is Down

HE that is down needs fear no fall,
 He that is low, no pride ;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
 Little be it or much ;
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
 That go on pilgrimage ;
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan

Talking of His Sisters

WE are very near the end of our journey, and I am finishing it in company with two gallant, noble gentlemen. One of these is your son. He had come to be one of my closest and soundest friends, and I appreciate his wonderful upright nature, his ability and energy. As the troubles have thickened, his dauntless spirit ever shone brighter, and he has remained cheerful, hopeful, and indomitable to the end.

The ways of Providence are inscrutable, but there must be some reason why such a young, vigorous, and promising life is taken.

To the end he has talked of you and his sisters. One sees what a happy home he must have had, and perhaps it is well to look back on nothing but happiness. He remains unselfish, self-reliant, and splendidly hopeful to the end, believing in God's mercy to you.

*Captain Scott to Mrs. Bowers,
 whose son was dying at his side*

Showing How Englishmen Can Die

WE are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. Hoping this letter may be found and sent to you, I write a word of farewell. . . . More practically I want you to help my widow and my boy—your godson. We are showing that Englishmen can still die with a bold spirit, fighting it out to the end.

Good-bye. I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a humble pleasure which I had planned for the future on our long marches. I may not have proved a great explorer, but we have done the greatest march ever made and come very near to great success. Good-bye, my dear friend.

We are in a desperate state, feet frozen, no fuel, and a long way from food ; but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and the cheery conversation as to what we will do when we get to Hut Point.

Later. We are very near the end, but have not and will not lose our good cheer. We have had four days of storm in our tent, and nowhere's food or fuel. We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally in the track.

As a dying man, my dear friend, be good to my wife and child. Give the boy a chance in life if the State won't do it. He ought to have good stuff in him.

I never met a man in my life whom I admired and loved more than you, but I never could show you how much your friendship meant to me, for you had much to give and I nothing.

Captain Scott to Sir J. M. Barrie

The Look of Hope in Wilson's Eyes

IF this letter reaches you, Bill and I will have gone out together. We are very near it now, and I should like you to know how splendid he was at the end—everlastingly cheerful and ready to sacrifice himself for others, never a word of blame to me for leading him into this mess. He is not suffering, luckily—at least, only minor discomforts.

His eyes have a comfortable blue look of hope, and his mind is peaceful with the satisfaction of his faith in regarding himself as part of the great scheme of the Almighty. I can do no more to comfort you than to tell you that he died as he lived, a brave, true man—the best of comrades and staunchest of friends.

My whole heart goes out to you in pity.

Captain Scott to Mrs. Wilson, whose husband was dying at his side

The Last Message of Captain Scott

WE should have got through but for the sickening of a second companion, and a shortage of fuel for which I cannot account, and the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure our final supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow.

We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton Camp with fuel for one last meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the gale howling about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks, we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honour of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for.

Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

*Written to the British Public by Captain
Scott, dying in his tent in the Antarctic*

The Lonely Dreamer of London Town

HE came to the desert of London town,
 Grey miles long;
 He wandered up and he wandered down,
 Singing a quiet song.
 He came to the desert of London town,
 Mirk miles broad;
 He wandered up and he wandered down,
 Ever alone with God.
 There were thousands and thousands of human kind
 In this desert of brick and stone;
 But some were deaf and some were blind,
 And he was there alone.
 At length the good hour came; he died
 As he had lived, alone;
 He was not missed from the desert wide;
 Perhaps he was found at the Throne.

James Thomson on William Blake

Christian Reaches the City

As the pilgrims went on there met them two men, in raiment that shone like gold ; also their faces shone as the light. These men asked the pilgrims whence they came, and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met in the way, and they told them. Then said the men that met them, " You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the City."

Christian then, and his companion, asked the men to go along with them, so they told them they would. " But," said they, " you must obtain it by your own faith." So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over ; the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river the pilgrims were much stounded ; but the men that went with them said : " You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate."

The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, " No " ; yet they could not help them in that case ; for, said they, " You shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place."

They then addressed themselves to the water ; and, entering, Christian began to sink, and, crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, " I sink in deep waters ; the billows go over my head ; all his waves go over me ! " Then said the other : " Be of good cheer, my brother ; I feel the bottom, and it is good."

Then said Christian : " Ah, my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey." And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon him, so that he could not see before him. Hopeful therefore had much ado to keep his brother's head above water ; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavour to comfort him saying, " Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us." But Christian would answer : " It is you, it is you they wait for ; you have ever been hopeful since I knew you." " And so have you," said he to Christian.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom also Hopeful added this word, " Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." And with that Christian brake out

with a loud voice, "Oh! I see him again! and he tells me, *When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.*"

Then they both took courage, and the enemy after that was as still as a stone until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon; and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. While they were thus drawing towards the gate behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them, to whom the two Shining Ones said: "These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them." There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with shouting and sound of trumpet.

Now when they were come up to the gate there was written over it in letters of gold: *Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gate into the City.*

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice saying, *Blessing, honour, glory, and power be to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.*

And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

From The Pilgrim's Progress by John Bunyan

A Little Girl's Good-Night

FROM a village in Lancashire comes a story with a courage and a love in it too deep for words.

A brother and sister were bathing with other children in a pond on a farm at Singleton when the boy, aged seven, found himself beyond his depth. His sister, two years older, swam out to save him, but she, too, went beyond her depth, and brother and sister were drowned. Helpless on the banks stood their grief-stricken playmates, and the brave little girl, as she rose to the surface for the last time, called out to them, *Good-Night!*

From the Children's Newspaper

Give a Man a Horse He can Ride

GIVE a man a horse he can ride,
 Give a man a boat he can sail,
 And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
 Nor sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
 Give a man a book he can read,
 And his home is bright with a calm delight,
 Though the rooms be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
 As I, O my Love, love thee,
 And his hand is great with the pulse of Fate,
 At home, on land, on sea.

James Thomson

The Blessings

I HAVE fallen into the hands of thieves: what then? They have left me the sun and the moon, fire and water, a loving wife and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit and a good conscience. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns. , *Jeremy Taylor*

Sir Launcelot Lies Low

AND when Sir Ector de Maris heard such noise and light in the quire of Joyous Gard he alighted, and put his horse away from him, and came into the quire, and there he saw men sing the service lamentably. And all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother Sir Launcelot dead.

And then Sir Ector threw his shield, his sword, and his helm from him, and when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage he fell down in a swoon; and when he awoke it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother.

Ah, Sir Launcelot (said he), thou wert head of all Christian knights. Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest.

Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure.

Sir Thomas Malory

King Arthur Finds the Sword Excalibur

RIGHT so the King and Merlin departed and went until they came to a hermit that was a good man and a great healer. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave the King good salves, and the King was there three days. Then were his wounds well amended, so that he might ride and go.

And as they rode Arthur said, "I have no sword." "No matter (said Merlin), hereby is a sword that shall be yours." So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was aware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand.

"Lo!" said Merlin. "Yonder is the sword that I spake of." With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is that?" said Arthur. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin, and within that lake is a rock, and there is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly arrayed, and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her and she will give you that sword.

Anon withal came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again.

"Damsel (said Arthur), what sword is that that yonder arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir Arthur, King (said the damsel), that sword is mine, and if you will give me a gift when I ask it, ye shall have it."

"By my faith (said Arthur), I will give you what gift ye shall ask." "Well (said the damsel), go ye into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So Sir Arthur and Merlin alighted, and tied their horses to two trees, and went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held Sir Arthur took it up by the handle, and took it with him, and the arm and the hand went under the water.

And so they came unto the land, and rode forth.

Sir Thomas Malory

Patriotism is not Enough

STANDING, as I do, in the view of God and Eternity, I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.

Edith Cavell, about to be shot

The Waking Thought

ICAN say one thing. Since my heart was touched, at the age of seventeen, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve the Lord.

Elizabeth Fry on her deathbed

King Arthur's Knights

I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her ; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Tennyson

Arthur's Farewell to the World

ON their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King :
*I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.*

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake :
“ I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
And with him many of thy people, and knights
Once thine, whom thou last loved, but grosser grown
Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for the King.
Arise, go forth, and conquer as of old.”

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their lord.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
“ The sequel of today unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,
Though Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more ; but, let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king ;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere.”

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then murmured Arthur, “ Place me in the barge.”
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world,
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself ; what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
 For so the whole round Earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint
 As from beyond the limit of the world,
 Like the last echo born of a great cry,
 Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
 Around a king returning from his wars. *Tennyson*

The Traveller's Certain Hope

MY father said that when he was stopping at a coffee-house in London, Carlyle had come to smoke a pipe with him in the evening, and the talk turned upon the immortality of the soul ; upon which Carlyle said : " Eh ! old Jewish rags ; you must clear your mind of all that. Why should we expect a hereafter ? Your traveller comes to an inn, and he takes his bed ; it's only for one night, he leaves next day, and another man takes his place, and sleeps in the bed that he has vacated."

My father answered : " Your traveller comes to his inn, and lies down in his bed, and leaves the inn in the morning, and goes on his way rejoicing, with the sure and certain hope and belief that he is going somewhere where he will sleep the next night."

Then Edward Fitzgerald, who was present, said, *You have him there.*
Told by Tennyson's son

Cornelia's Jewels

A FASHIONABLE lady of ancient Rome, visiting the noble Cornelia, did naught but boast of her fine robes and jewels. "You must have jewels too," she said; "pray, show me your most precious possessions." Cornelia rose and went out, returning with her two little sons, leading one by either hand. *These are my jewels*, she said.

The sons grew up to be valiant citizens, and Rome raised a statue to Cornelia on which was written, *Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi*.
From the stories of old Rome

I wish I were where Helen Lies

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries :
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirconnell lea !
 O Helen fair, beyond compare !
 I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I die !
 I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding-sheet drawn owre my e'en,
 And I in Helen's arms lying,
 On fair Kirconnell lea.
 I wish I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries,
 And I am weary of the skies,
 For her sake that died for me.

From an old ballad

The Prayer of Young Christopher Wren

REVEREND Father, There is a common saying among the ancients which I remember to have had from your mouth : there is no equivalent that can be given back to parents. For their cares and perpetual labours concerning their children are indeed the evidence of immeasurable love.

Now, these precepts so often repeated which have impelled my soul toward all that is highest in man, and to virtue, have superseded in me all other affections.

What in me lies I will perform as much as I am able, lest these gifts should have been bestowed on an ungrateful soul.

May the good God Almighty be with me in all my undertakings and make good to thee all thou most desirest in the tenderness of thy fatherly love. Thus prays thy son, most devoted to thee in all obedience, Christopher Wren. *From a letter of Christopher Wren to his father, written at Westminster School*



THE VENUS OF MILO, IN THE LOUVRE
A WONDROUS FIGURE FROM ANCIENT GREECE



ANTINOUS, WHOSE FACE HAUNTS
THE TRAVELLER IN ROME



THE TOMB OF GASTON DE FOIX IN MILAN



THE SPLENDID HEAD OF BERNINI'S APOLLO, IN THE BORGHESE PALACE IN ROME

*To Strive, to Seek, to Find, and
Not to Yield*

THERE lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads, you and I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
 The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs : the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides ; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved Earth and Heaven, that which we are, we are ;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

From Tennyson's Ulysses

Ulysses and His Crony

TENNYSON : In my old age I should like to get away from all
 this tumult and turmoil of civilisation and live on the top of
 a tropical mountain ! I should at least like to see the splendours
 of the Brazilian forests before I die.

Carlyle : I would also like to quit it all.

Tennyson : If I were a young man I would head a colony out some-
 where or other.

Carlyle : O, ay, so would I, to India or somewhere ; but the scraggiest
 bit of heath in Scotland is more to me than all the forest of Brazil.
 I am just twinkling away, and I wish I had had my Dimittis
 long ago.

Carlyle gave my father his tobacco box as a pledge of eternal
 brotherhood.

From the Life of Lord Tennyson by his son

On Going to the Wars

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace

*Stone Walls do not a
Prison Make*

STONE walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace

*Robert Herrick Calls for
an Optimist*

GIVE me a man that is not dull,
When all the world with rifts is full ;
But unamazed dares clearly sing,
Whenas the roof's a-tottering ;
And, though it falls, continues still
Tickling the cittern with his quill.

Robert Herrick

Here a Little Child I Stand

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand ;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

Robert Herrick

A Thanksgiving to God for His House

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof ;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Has set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small ;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unfleed.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land :
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end :
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart. *Robert Herrick*

One Endless Day

OYEARS and Age, farewell !
Behold I go
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell
And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i' the sea
Of vast Eternity,
Where never moon shall sway
The stars ; but she
And night shall be
Drowned in one endless day.
 Robert Herrick

Only a little More

ONLY a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er
And bid the world Good-Night.
 Robert Herrick

Fair Daffodils, Stay, Stay

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong ;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.
 We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

*Robert Herrick**Sweet Spirit, Comfort Me*

IN the houre of my distresse,
 When temptations me oppresse,
 And when I my sins confesse,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
 When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
 When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drowned in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

*Robert Herrick**The Poet to Robin Redbreast*

LAID out for dead, let thy last kindness be
 With leaves and moss-work for to cover me ;
 And while the wood-nymphs my cold corpse inter,
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister !
 For epitaph, in foliage, next write this :
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is !

Robert Herrick

*Saint Robin True**Written in a copy of Robert Herrick's poems*

FRESH with all airs of woodland brooks
 And scents of showers,
 Take to your haunt of holy books
 This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,
 And heaven is blue,
 Before his shrine our prayers we say,
 Saint Robin true.

Love crowned with thorns is on his staff,
 Thorns of sweet-briar ;
 His benediction is a laugh,
 Birds are his choir.

His sacred robe of white and red
 Unction distils ;
 He hath a nimbus round his head
 Of daffodils. *Edmund Gosse*

The Good Samaritan

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

By chance there came down a certain priest that way ; and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. Likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was ; and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

On the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him ; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves ?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, *Go, and do thou likewise.* *Saint Luke*

The Heart that Loved Her

NATURE never did betray
 The heart that loved her.
Wordsworth

All History Unrolls Before Me

IN my garden I spend my days ; in my library I spend my nights. My interests are divided between my geraniums and my books. With the flower I am in the present ; with the book I am in the past.

I go into my library and all history unrolls before me. What a spectacle it is ! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors ! What a silence in those old books, as of a half-peopled world, what bleating of flocks, what green pastoral rest, what indubitable human existence ! Across brawling centuries of blood and war I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels.

Alexander Smith

Come Soon

LORD Tennyson was alone with his doctor as he lay dying. His work on earth was finished, and the poet was peacefully awaiting the coming of the long sleep. *What a shadow this life is, and how men cling to what is, after all, but a small part of the great world's life !* he said to his faithful friend in those last hours.

Then the doctor told him of something he had just seen. A villager ninety years old was dying, and had so pined to see his invalid wife once more that they carried him to where she lay. He pressed his trembling hand upon her own, said in a husky voice, *Come soon*, and passed away.

True faith ! said the poet, with tears in his eyes.

From the Children's Newspaper

Whose Dwelling is the Light of Setting Suns

I HAVE learned
 To look on Nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

Wordsworth

Pansies, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises ;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory ;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story :
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star ;
 Up and down the heavens they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout !
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little flower. I'll make a stir
 Like a sage astronomer.

Wordsworth

I Travelled Among Unknown Men

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
 In lands beyond the sea ;
 Nor, England, did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

Wordsworth

She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye !
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and oh !
 The difference to me !

Wordsworth

All Her Shining Keys

POOR soul ! All her shining keys will be took from her, and her
 cupboards opened, and little things a' didn't wish seen anybody
 will see ; and her wishes and ways will all be as nothing. . . .

A character in Thomas Hardy, regretting a neighbour's death

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

The Memory of the Golden Time

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice ?

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

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

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

The same whom in my schoolboy days
 I listened to ; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

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

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

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place ;
 That is fit home for thee !

Wordsworth

*Inscription on a Height
 at Windermere*

THOU who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble

The Lady Nature Made

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.

Wordsworth

The Brave, the Mighty, and the Wise

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

Wordsworth, thinking of the River Duddon, which he loved

Wordsworth's Study

THIS is master's room, but he studies in the fields.
Wordsworth's servant to a visitor

As the Great Ships Go By

HE gave us all a Good-bye cheerily
 At the first dawn of day ;
 We dropped him down the side full drearily
 When the light died away.
 It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there
 Where the Trades and the tides roll over him
 And the great ships go by.
 He's there alone with green seas rocking him
 For a thousand miles round ;
 He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
 And we're homeward bound.
 It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
 While the months and the years roll over him,
 And the great ships go by.
 I wonder if the tramps come near enough,
 As they thrash to and fro,
 And the battleship's bells ring clear enough
 To be heard down below ;
 If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
 The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
 When the great ships go by.

Messmates, by Sir Henry Newbolt

Remember, Lord

○ LORD Almighty, Thou whose hands
Despair and victory give ;
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
The souls of nations live :

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy peace on hearts that pray,
And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
The brute material pride :

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
The love that loved the slave :

The race that strove to rule Thine earth
With equal laws unbought :
Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy strength on hearts that pray
For strength to serve thee still,

Sir Henry Newbolt

A Nameless Man Amid a Crowd

A NAMELESS man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

Charles Mackay

The Trumpets on the Other Side

LORD Curzon was a man who erected a *facade* about himself, which deceived many people, and was the product of a natural shyness and an intense and exquisite sensitiveness. It is no uncommon thing, as each of us may know in our own lives, that human beings who suffer from sensitiveness do put something between themselves and their fellow-men to ward off the shafts they dread, and underneath there beats the kindest, warmest, human heart.

There, in Lord Curzon, was a nature, contrary to what many might believe who did not know him, of the uttermost simplicity; the eternal boy lived in him until the last week of his life. He was the soul of loyalty to his colleagues, he bore no grudges in political life, and he pursued a straight course, *all in the face of daily and constant physical suffering*. Of that many knew nothing, because it was a thing of which he never spoke, but I have seen him at the Cabinet, I have seen him at a dinner-party, and if he were not able to have the necessary cushions to support his back his suffering would be as the suffering of a man on the rack, and that he fought against day by day. When we look back upon that I feel that what Lord Rosebery said of William Pitt is so true of him, that, whatever men may feel about his life or his acts, they must be agreed that England had in this generation no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid, and none more pure.

I want to say one or two things that no one but I can say. A Prime Minister sees human nature bared to the bone, and it was my chance to see Lord Curzon twice when he suffered great disappointment—when I was preferred to him as Prime Minister, and when I had to tell him that he could render greater service to the country as chairman of the Committee of Imperial Defence than in the Foreign Office.

Each of those occasions was a bitter disappointment to him, but never for one moment did he show by word, look, or innuendo that he was dissatisfied. He bore no grudge, and he pursued no other course than doing his duty. I felt that on both those occasions I had seen in him that, in that strange alloy which we call human nature, there runs a vein of the purest gold.

He died as he would have desired, in harness, a harness put on himself in youth and worn triumphantly through a long life, a harness which he never cast off until his feet had entered the river.

It may well be, when we look back on that life of devoted service to his country and of a perpetual triumph of the spirit over the flesh, that in some places in this Earth, early on that Friday morning, there may have been heard faint echoes of the trumpets that sounded for him on the other side. *Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister, in Parliament, on the death of Lord Curzon*

There's a Land, a Dear Land

THERE'S a land, a dear land, where the rights of the free,
 Though firm as the earth, are as wide as the sea ;
 Where the primroses bloom, and the nightingales sing,
 And the honest poor man is as good as a king.

There's a land, a dear land, where our vigour of soul
 Is fed by the tempests that blow from the Pole ;
 Where a slave cannot breathe, or invader presume
 To ask for more earth than will cover his tomb.

Charles Mackay

Ya Solman

THESE Arabs of Southern Mesopotamia are decent fellows and good workmen if duly supervised. We work them in small gangs composed of a pickman (the aristocrat of his profession), a spademan, and two or three basketmen.

All the men are paid the same wage, but the pickman has far more chance than the others of finding objects, and therefore of gaining baksheesh ; for every object worthy of being kept the finder receives a small reward, and, though he may have many barren weeks, there is always the chance that something may turn up that doubles his wages.

We found a wall of mud brick decorated with niches and half-columns ; the irregular face was very difficult to follow, but the pickman who first detected its curves was able, with infinite pains, to preserve not only the mud plaster that covered the wall but also the whitewash which, after 2500 years, clung to it. He would dig down close to the face, leaving an inch or so of earth adhering to it, and then, using the point of his entrenching tool as a scalpel, detach this bit by bit.

Naturally progress was slow, and, impatient to get on with the plan of the building, I told the foreman to set more gangs on. He did so, but came back saying, "It's done ; but you have upset Solman ; he says that he never asked to be put in a good place, and he doesn't want baksheesh, but this is his wall, his columns, his whitewash, and he doesn't see why they should be taken from him."

I went to the spot and found Solman working with a very glum face, casting an occasional look of hatred at the two gangs ahead. "Ya, Solman," I said, chaffingly, "I hear that your pleasure in life has gone" ; but I felt a brute when the Arab looked up at me, and then, covering his face with his cloak, burst into tears !

Leonard Woolley, excavating at Ur of the Chaldees

Who Will Reap ?

ONE ploughs, another sows ;
 Who will reap no one knows.

Whittier's Psalm of Life

I MOURN no more my vanished years :
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.
The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.
No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear ;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.
Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong ;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.
But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy ;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.
All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !
Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;
That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;
That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;
That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.
And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day. *Whittier*

Longfellow's Psalm of Life

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle ;
Be a hero in the strife !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time ;

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate :
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Longfellow

As We Lay Stone on Stone

WHEN we build, let it be such a work as our descendants will thank us for ; and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon them, *See ! this our fathers did for us.*

John Ruskin

To You Who Pass By

YE who pass by and would raise your hand against me, hearken ere you harm me. I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights; the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun; and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat. I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty. Ye who pass by listen to my prayer: *Harm me not.*

A Notice on a tree in a Spanish Park

Were Half the Power

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

Longfellow

To Those Who Rule the Island

THE people are crying to you for command, and you stand there at pause, and silent; you think they don't want to be commanded. Try them; determine what is needful for them, honourable for them; show it them, promise to bring them to it and they will follow you through fire.

Govern us, they cry with one heart, though many minds.

They can be governed still, these English. They love their old ways yet, and their old masters, and their old land. They would fain live in it, as many as may stay there, if you will show them how there to live.

It is but a little island. Suppose, little as it is, you were to fill it with friends? To fill this little island with true friends—men brave, wise, and happy! Is it so impossible, think you, after the world's hundreds of years of Christianity, and our own thousand years of toil, to fill only this little, white, gleaming crag with happy creatures, helpful to each other?

Where are men ever to be happy if not in England? By whom shall they ever be taught to do right if not by you? Are we not of a race first among the strong ones of the earth, the blood in us incapable of weariness, unconquerable by grief? Have we not a history of which we can hardly think without becoming insolent in our just pride of it?

John Ruskin



THE VIRGIN AND THE CHILD—IVORY CARVINGS CENTURIES OLD



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN—A GROUP FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY



A VIRGIN AND CHILD
OF THE 15th CENTURY



AN ENGLISH PASTORAL STAFF
OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY



A VIRGIN AND CHILD
OF THE 14th CENTURY

A LITTLE SET OF IVORIES



THE MARGARET MACDONALD MEMORIAL IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, BY RICHARD GOULDEN



AN ANGEL IN FLORENCE
CATHEDRAL
BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA



TWO CUPIDS AND A
DOLPHIN AT SOUTH
KENSINGTON



THE VIRGIN AND A
LAUGHING CHILD, FIVE
HUNDRED YEARS OLD



A PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF ISIS—FROM A SCULPTURE IN THE VATICAN

The Old Friend on the Hearth

WE shan't see Willy any more, Mamie,
He won't be coming any more :—
He came back once and again and again,
But he won't get leave any more.

We looked from the window and there was his cab,
And we ran downstairs like a streak,
And he said, "Hullo, you bad dog," and you crouched
to the floor,
Paralysed to hear him speak,

And then let fly at his face and his chest
Till I had to hold you down,
While he took off his cap and his gloves and his coat,
And his bag and his thonged Sam Browne.

We went upstairs to the studio,
The three of us, just as of old,
And you lay down and I sat and talked to him
As round the room he strolled.

Here in the room where, years ago
Before the old life stopped,
He worked all day with his slippers and his pipe,
He would pick up the threads he'd dropped,

Fondling all the drawings he had left behind,
Glad to find them all still the same,
And opening the cupboards to look at his belongings
. . . Every time he came.

But now I know what a dog doesn't know,
Though you'll thrust your head on my knee,
And try to draw me from the absent-mindedness
That you find so dull in me.

And all your life you will never know
What I wouldn't tell you even if I could,
That the last time we waved him away
Willy went for good.

But sometimes as you lie on the hearthrug
Sleeping in the warmth of the stove,
Even through your muddled old canine brain
Shapes from the past may rove.

You'll scarcely remember, even in a dream,
How we brought home a silly little pup,
With a big square head and little crooked legs
That could scarcely bear him up,

But your tail will tap at the memory
 Of a man whose friend you were,
 Who was always kind though he called you a naughty dog
 When he found you on his chair ;
 Who'd make you face a reproving finger
 And solemnly lecture you
 Till your head hung downwards and you looked very sheepish !
 And you'll dream of your triumphs, too,
 Of summer evening chases in the garden
 When you dodged us all about with a bone :
 We were three boys, and you were the cleverest,
 But now we're two alone.
 When summer comes again,
 And the long sunsets fade,
 We shall have to go on playing the feeble game for two
 That since the war we've played.
 And though you run expectant as you always do
 To the uniforms we meet,
 You'll never find Willy among all the soldiers
 In even the longest street,
 Nor in any crowd ; yet, strange and bitter thought,
 Even now were the old words said,
 If I tried the old trick and said *Where's Willy ?*
 You would quiver and lift your head,
 And your brown eyes would look to ask if I were serious,
 And wait for the word to spring.
 Sleep undisturbed : I shan't say *that* again,
 You innocent old thing.
 I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,
 While you lie asleep on the floor ;
 For he's suffered a thing that dogs couldn't dream of,
 And he won't be coming here any more.
To a Bulldog, by J. C. Squire

The Life of a Happy Man

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face ; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains ; to approach my work with a clean mind ; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose toward which I am working ; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart ; to be gentle, kind, and courteous through all the hours ; to approach the night with weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done—this is how I desire to waste wisely my days.

Thomas Dekker

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 heart-felt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day.

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.

Longfellow

An Exceeding Great Reward

POETRY has been to me its own exceeding great reward : it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

The Difference

TO produce an effect Schiller sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower ; but Shakespeare drops a handkerchief, and the same effects follow. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

The Prodigal Son

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

Not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. When he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want; and he joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

When he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father; but when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

The son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field, and as he came and drew nigh to the house he heard music and dancing; and he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

He said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

He was angry, and would not go in; therefore came his father out and intreated him. And he said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends; but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, *Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.*

Jesus

The Upright Life

WHEN men speak ill of thee, live so that nobody will believe them.

Plato

The Milk of Paradise

W^EAVE a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

*Last lines of Kubla Khan, composed in
 a dream by Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

A Prayer for Immortality

W^HERE there is eternal light, in the world where the sun is placed,
 in that immortal, imperishable world, place me, O Soma !

Where King Vaivasvata reigns, where the secret place of heaven
 is, where these mighty waters are, there make me immortal !

Where life is free, in the third heaven of heavens, where the
 worlds are radiant, there make me immortal !

Where wishes and desires are, where the place of the bright
 sun is, where there is freedom and delight, there make me immortal !

Where there is happiness and delight, where joy and pleasure
 reside, where the desires of our desire are attained, there make me
 immortal !

An Aryan prayer thousands of years old

Earth's Dear Familiar Things

W^E could never have loved the Earth so well if we had had
 no childhood in it, if it were not the Earth where the same
 flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our
 tiny fingers as we sat lipping to ourselves on the grass ; the same
 hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows ; the same redbreasts
 that we used to call God's birds because they did no harm to the
 precious crops.

What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything
 is known, and loved because it is known ?

George Eliot

A Little Child's Hand

I^N old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand
 and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-
 winged angels now, but yet men are led away from threatening
 destruction : a hand is put into theirs, which leads them gently
 towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward ;
 and the hand may be a little child's.

George Eliot

Our Deeds Live On

O^UR deeds are like the children born to us ; they live and act
 apart from our own will.

George Eliot

Companionship

IT is hard to believe long together that anything is worth while unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind. *George Eliot*

To Make Undying Music in the World

○ MAY I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence: live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :
 To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing as beauteous order that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.

This is life to come,
 Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us who strive to follow. May I reach
 That purest heaven, be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense.
 So shall I join the choir invisible
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.
George Eliot

Two Wonderful Moments

TWO very big thrills come to me in life. One is that supreme moment when, after many years of hard work and complete solitude on the veld, I bundle out of the train at Waterloo, get into a taxi, and hear once more the roar of London's traffic around me. It is like a great roar of welcome to a man who has often longed for it.

The other thrill is (some seven or eight months afterwards) when I jump out of the little train at the railway siding near my farm, get into my cart, turn a bend in the road, and see in the distance, standing out sharply against the sky, the tens of thousands of trees I have planted, with my house showing up in the middle of them.

They are two wonderful moments, those.

Leonard Flemming, a South African farmer

The Workman in His Pride

I CAN'T abide to see men throw away their tools i' that way, the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in's work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it.

George Eliot's Adam Bede

Sir Robert Peel Looks into the Years

I FELT considerable emotion when I found myself alone and face to face with so eminent a man. In a vast library crowded with Parliamentary documents he was seated at those labours which absorbed his life.

Through the long windows of Whitehall Gardens one could see the vast surface of the Thames crowded with vessels, the emblems of riches and power, and the indefatigable energies of a mighty nation. . . . He looked up and began to speak. The soil of our ancient Europe is deeply undermined, he said ; who shall measure the heart-burnings, the resentments, the daring projects which ferment under the glowing surface of our modern civilisation ? Who shall dare to foretell the day of explosion, the spark which shall fire the train ?

As the great statesman held on his way, those walls around me, all blazing with light, teeming with the masterpieces of Rubens and Reynolds, seemed to crumble and vanish before my gaze. And, from the dark and dismal abyss which lay beyond them, I saw, conjured up before me, the outcast masses of humanity, who exist but to suffer and to labour and to curse their fate, and under the weight of whose just and wrathful indignation the most august and venerable empires of Christendom shall perish in a day.

Then it was for the first time that I understood, indeed, why it was that the statesman before me had relented not until he had abolished the Corn Laws for ever ; and I learned the true character of the genius of Sir Robert Peel.

Comte de Jarnac

One Red Rose

ON the estate of Overponds, at Shackleford in Surrey, there is a cottage which is held on an interesting lease for a thousand years from the thirty-first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, at the yearly rent of *one red rose*.

From the Children's Newspaper

The Trees in the Apple

YOU can count the number of apples on one tree, but you can never count the number of trees in one apple. *Old Proverb*

The Statesman Prepares His Last Speech

WHEN the visit was nearly ended, and it was time for the children to go, Lady Peel suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! but they must see Sir Robert! He would never allow them to go without seeing them." But the message came back that Sir Robert had given express orders that he was not to be disturbed. He was, in fact, preparing his last speech in the House of Commons for that night, that Speech of Peace as he himself called it, or, as John Bright was to describe it hereafter, "that last, that beautiful, that most solemn speech," enjoining, as against the methods of our old diplomacy, the nobler and better way of peace on Earth and goodwill among the nations.

So they could not see him! A great disappointment for the little party! It was time to go!

Just at that moment the doors of the library suddenly opened, and in the doorway was to be seen the tall, commanding figure of Sir Robert Peel himself.

His look was grave, weighted down, as it were, by the forty years of statesmanship wherein he had served (and saved) the Commonwealth. But when he saw the children, his countenance brightened with a smile of pleasure—that radiant look, which long ago in the flower of his manhood, the brush of Lawrence had caught so well.

And he bent down and kissed them, and bade them stay with him for a while. For his work was done. *Hon^{ble} George Peel*

Old Hundredth

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe

Potatoes and a Peerage

I LABOUR from dawn till midnight till I can hardly see, and as my hearing fails me, too, you will have but a mass of infirmities in your poor lord whenever he returns to you. I suppose I must not be seen to work in my garden now; but tell old Scott that he need not be unhappy on that account. Though we shall never again be able to plant the Nelson potatoes, we will have them of some other sort, and right noble cabbages to boot, in great perfection. You see I am styled of Hethpoole and Caldburne. Was that by your direction? I should prefer it to any other title if it was; and I rejoice, my love, that we are an instance that there are other and better sources of nobility than wealth.

*Admiral Collingwood to his wife on
hearing of his peerage after Trafalgar*

Better the Rampart than the Idle Throng

WHAT my heart is most bent on (I hope you will excuse me) is the glory of my country. To stand a barrier between the ambition of France and the independence of England is the first wish of my life; and, in my death, I would rather that my body should be added to the rampart than trailed in useless pomp through an idle throng.

Admiral Collingwood to his wife

The Admiral and His Daughters

DO not let our girls be made fine ladies; but give them a knowledge of the world they have to live in, that they may take care of themselves when you and I are in heaven. Give them my blessing, and charge them to be diligent.

*Admiral Collingwood writing
from his ship to his wife*

Admiral Collingwood Thinks of His Garden

I HAVE very little time to write to you, but must tell you what a squeeze we had like to have got yesterday.

While we were cruising off the town, down came the combined fleet of thirty-six sail of men-of-war: we were only three poor things, with a frigate and a bomb, and drew off towards the Straits, not very ambitious, as you may suppose, to try our strength against such odds. They followed us as we retired, with sixteen large ships; but on our approaching the Straits they left us. We today have been looking into Cadiz, where their fleet is now as thick as a wood.

Pray tell me all you can think about our family, and about the beauties of your domain—the oaks, the woodlands, and the verdant meads.

*Admiral Collingwood to his wife,
two months before Trafalgar*

The Schoolmaster of Lady Jane Grey

. . . Those fair pupils of Ascham and Aylmer who compared, over their embroidery, the styles of Socrates and Lysias, and who, while the horns were sounding and the dogs in full cry, sat in the lonely oriel, with eyes riveted to that immortal page which tells how meekly and bravely the first great martyr of intellectual liberty took the cup from his weeping gaoler. . . .

Macaulay

I CAME to Brodgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Ladie Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding moch beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park; I found her in her chamber reading Plato in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merrie tale in Boccaccio.

After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me: I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.

And how came you, Madame, quoth I, to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?

I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that He sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merrie or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and other ways, that I thinke myself in hell till time come that I must to Mr Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because, whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also, it was the last talk that ever I had and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy ladie.

Roger Ascham

The Pleasures that Remain

THE pleasures of the senses pass quickly; those of the heart become sorrows; but those of the mind are ever with us, even to the end of our journey.

Spanish Proverb

The Last Letter of Lady Jane Grey

I HAVE here sent you, good sister Katherine, a book, which, although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly is more worth than precious stones.

It is the book, dear sister, of the law of the Lord. It is his testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy. And if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest desire follow it, it shall bring you an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and to die.

And trust not that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life, for as soon (if God call) goeth the young as the old. Deny the world, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, and yet despair not : be strong in faith, and yet presume not ; and desire with St. Paul "to be dissolved, and to be with Christ," with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest, when death cometh and steal upon you like a thief in the night, you be found sleeping.

And, as touching my death, rejoice as I do, good sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption. For I am assured that I shall, for losing of a mortal life, win an immortal life, the which I pray God grant you.

Farewell, good sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you. Amen. Your loving sister, Jane Dudley.

There's Something Happy on the Way

ABOVE the edge of dark appear the lances of the Sun ;
 Along the mountain ridges clear his rosy heralds run ;
 The vapours down the valley go
 Like broken armies, dark and low.
 Look up, my heart, from every hill
 In folds of rose and daffodil
 The sunrise banners flow.

Oh, fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of night !
 Oh, welcome little birds that sing the coming-in of light !
 For new, and new, and ever-new,
 The golden bud within the blue,
 And every morning seems to say :
There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you !

Henry Van Dyke

Hail and Farewell

WE cheered you forth—brilliant and kind and brave.
 Under your country's triumphing flag you fell ;
 It floats, true heart, over no dearer grave.

Brave and brilliant and kind, hail and farewell.

William Ernest Henley in the South African War

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

I Am the Captain of My Soul

OUT of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate ;
 I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

The Songs Unsung

TAKE, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
 For, old or new,
 All that is good in them belongs
 Only to you ;
 And, singing as when all was young,
 They will recall
 Those others, lived but left unsung :
 The best of all.

*A dedication to his wife
 by William Ernest Henley*

So Be My Passing

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies ;
 And from the West,
 Where the Sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, grey city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine, and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The Sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night :
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !
 My task accomplished and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet West,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

William Ernest Henley

England, My Own

*WHAT have I done for you,
 England, my England ?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own ?*

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 songs 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 !
William Ernest Henley

A Word from an Enemy

HAD I had an English army I should have conquered the universe, for I could have gone all over the world without demoralising my troops. Had I been in 1815 the choice of the English as I was of the French, I might have lost the battle of Waterloo without losing a vote in Parliament or a soldier from my ranks. I should have won the game.

Napoleon at St Helena

*There's not a Breathing of the Wind
that Will Forget Thee*

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men !
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;
O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies :
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

*Wordsworth on Toussaint L'Ouverture, the
Negro patriot starved to death by Napoleon*

By the Tomb of Napoleon

A LITTLE while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity, and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster ; driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris ; clutched like a wild beast ; banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo. And I saw him at St. Helena, his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made ; of the tears that had been shed for his glory ; and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine grow-

ing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me : I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

Robert G. Ingersoll

The Emperor Arrives

THEY followed the corpse of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, in a procession less of a funeral than a triumph. It was there that the dead conqueror made the most majestic of his entrances into his capital.

On a bitter December morning the King of the French, surrounded by the princes and ministers and splendours of France, sat in silent state under the dome of the Invalides, awaiting the arrival.

Suddenly a chamberlain, appearing at the door, announced in a clear and resonant voice, *l'Empereur*, as if it were the living Sovereign ; and the vast and illustrious assembly rose with a common emotion as the body was slowly borne in. The spectators could not restrain their tears as they realised the pathos and significance of the scene.

Lord Rosebery

On the Shore of the World

ON the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone and think,
Till love and fame to nothingness do shrink.

Keats

A Thing of Beauty is a Joy For Ever

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in. . . .

Keats

Thou Wast not Born for Death

THOU wast not born for death, immortal Bird :

No hungry generations tread thee down ;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown :

Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;

The same that oft-times hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

Adieu ! Adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hillside ; and now tis buried deep

In the next valley-glades :

Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?

Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

From the Ode to a Nightingale by Keats

Let Me Not See Our Country's Honour Fade

WHEN by my solitary hearth I sit,

And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom ;

When no fair dreams before my mind's eye flit,

And the bare heath of life presents no bloom,

Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed

And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

In the long vista of the years to roll,

Let me not see our country's honour fade ;

O let me see our land retain her soul,

Her pride, her freedom, and not freedom's shade.

From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed,

Beneath thy pinions canopy my head.

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,

Great Liberty ! how great in plain attire !

With the base purple of a court oppressed,

Bowing her head, and ready to expire,

But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings

That fill the skies with silver glitterings. *Keats*

Friends

IT is my joy in life to find

At every turning of the road

The strong arm of a comrade kind

To help me onward with my load.

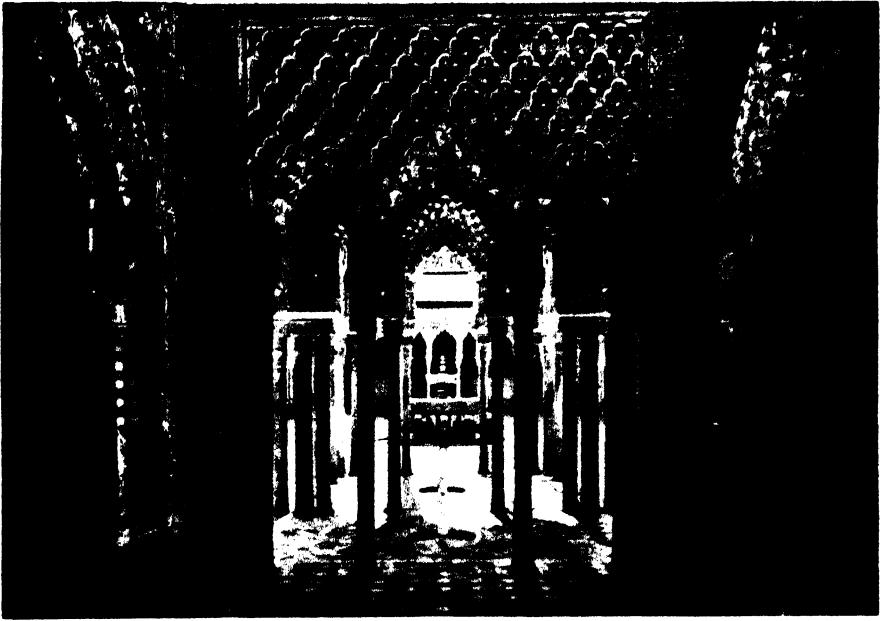
And since I have no gold to give,

And love alone must make amends,

My only prayer is, while I live :

God make me worthy of my friends !

Frank Dempster Sherman



THE APPROACH TO THE COURT OF LIONS AT THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA

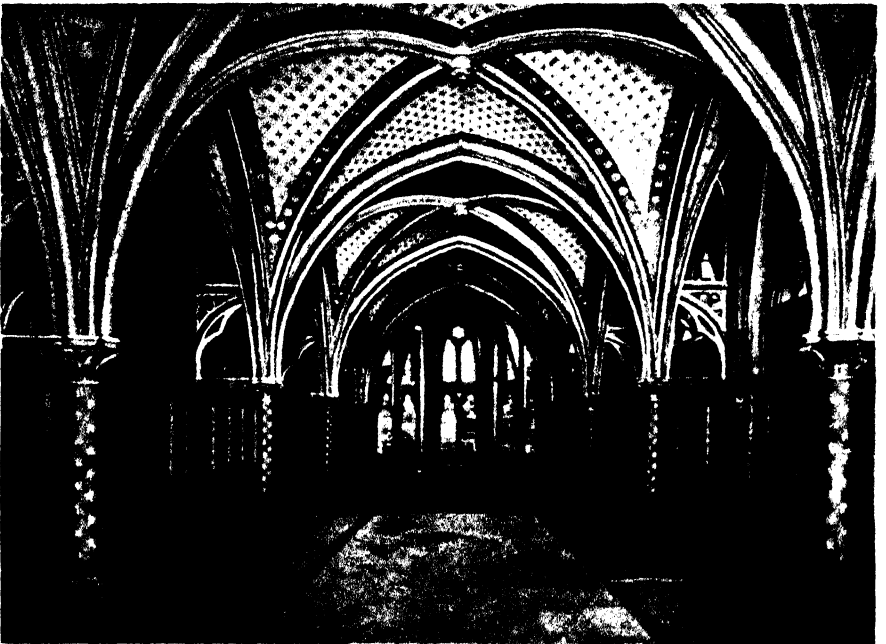


THE HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS AT THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE

THE WONDROUS BEAUTY OF THE PALACES OF THE MOORS IN SPAIN



THE CLOISTERS OF THE MONASTERY AT MONREALE NEAR PALERMO, IN SICILY



THE CRYPT OF SAINTE CHAPELLE IN PARIS, BUILT BY ST. LOUIS IN THE 13th CENTURY

Who are these Coming from the Little Town ?

WHO are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or seashore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

Keats contemplating figures on a Grecian urn

The Flowers Keats Wanted to See

FOR six months before I was taken ill I had not passed a tranquil day. The beauties of nature had lost their power over me.

How astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us ! Like poor Falstaff, though I do not babble, I think of green fields. I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known from my infancy ; their shapes and colours are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy.

It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and the happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers in hot-houses, of the most beautiful nature, but I do not care a straw for them. The simple flowers of our Spring are what I want to see again.

Keats

Keats Feels the Flowers Growing Over Him

I FEEL the flowers growing over me, he said, and it seems to have been gently and without bitterness that he gave the words for his epitaph : *Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*

Ever since the first attack at Wentworth Place he had been used to speak of himself as living a posthumous life, and now his habitual question to the doctor as he came in was, " Doctor, when will this posthumous life of mine come to an end ? "

As he turned to ask it neither physician nor friend could bear the pathetic expression of his eyes, at all times of extraordinary power, and now burning with a sad and piercing unearthly brightness in his wasted cheeks. It came peacefully at last. " On the 23rd of the month," writes Severn, " about four, the approaches of death came on. *Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy ; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come.*" *Sidney Colvin*

*He Hath Awakened From the
Dream of Life*

*P*EACE, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep ;
He hath awakened from the dream of life.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again ;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He is made one with Nature ; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull, dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
Follow where all is fled ! Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove

By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.
 The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;
 The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven !
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar ;
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

From Adonais, Shelley's Lament for Keats

*Pray God Our Greatness May
 Not Fail*

WE sailed wherever ship could sail,
 We founded many a mighty State ;
 Pray God our greatness may not fail
 Through craven fears of being great.

Tennyson

The Greatest of These

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

Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

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

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

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

Paul

O Death, where is Thy Sting?

O Grave, where is Thy Victory?

THERE is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.

Behold, I shew you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?* The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Watch ye; stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong. Let all your things be done with charity. *Paul*

The Good Fight

WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; and, having food and raiment, let us be content. Follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust. Grace be with thee. Timothy, my dearly beloved son, I thank God that without ceasing I have remembrance of thee in my prayers night and day, greatly desiring to see thee, being mindful of thy tears that I may be filled with joy. I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee.

My son, be strong. Follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart. Be gentle to all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves. Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions.

I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing. Paul to Timothy

The Last Act Crowns the Play

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on ;
 Judge not the play before the play is done.
 Her plot hath many changes ; every day
 Speaks a new scene ; the last act crowns the play.

Francis Quarles

In Hope the Ploughman Sows His Seed

In hope a king doth go to war ;
 In hope a lover lives full long ;
 In hope a merchant sails full far ;
 In hope just men do suffer wrong.
 In hope the ploughman sows his seed :
 Thus hope helps thousands at their need.
 Then faint not, heart, among the rest ;
 Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

Paul's Farewell

Now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Spirit witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me.

But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. Now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more.

Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Spirit hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, for I know that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Therefore watch, and remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.

And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel ; yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*

When he had thus spoken he kneeled down, and prayed with them all ; and they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words he spake, that they should see his face no more.

Acts of the Apostles

Freedom

MEN ! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave ?
 If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed !
 Is true Freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And, with leathern hearts, forget
 That we owe mankind a debt ?
 No ! True Freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And, with heart and hand, to be
 Earnest to make others free !
 They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak ;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think :
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell

Scott's Dear Old Friend

HE always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said. As the servant was laying the cloth for dinner, he would say, "Camp, my good fellow, the Sheriff's coming home by the ford" (or by the hill) and the sick animal would bestir himself to welcome his master, going out at the back or at the front door according to the direction given.

He was buried on a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house opposite the window at which Scott usually sat writing. My wife told me that she remembered the whole family standing in tears above the grave as her father himself smoothed down the turf with the saddest expression she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologised on account of "the death of a dear old friend." *Lockhart's Life of Scott*

When He is Right

HE approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even when he is right.

Cato

Standeth God Within the Shadow

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side ;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or
 blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
 And the choice goes by for ever twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand
 Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our
 land ?

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet tis truth alone is strong,
 And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
 Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages but record
 One death-grapple in the darkness twixt old systems and the Word ;
 Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne,
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and tis prosperous to be just ;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone
 While the men they agonised for hurled the contumelious stone,
 Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

For Humanity sweeps onward ; where today the martyr stands
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands ;
 Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling faggots burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
 To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
 They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of
 Truth ;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate
 winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

*From James Russell Lowell's appeal
 to America in the war against slavery*

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Upon the Hour when I was Born

UPON the hour when I was born,
 God said *Another man shall be*,
 And the great Maker did not scorn
 Out of himself to fashion me.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
 Am exiled back to brutish clod,
 Have borne unquenched for fourscore years
 A spark of the eternal God.

James Russell Lowell

The Kind of World We Carry About

AFTER all, the kind of world one carries about within one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, colour, and value from that.

James Russell Lowell

Land of Our Birth

LAND of our birth, we pledge to thee
 Our love and toil in 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 undefiled heritage.

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 favour 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 ;
 O motherland, we pledge to thee
 Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.

Rudyard Kipling

Who Dies if England Live?

NO easy hopes or lies
 Shall bring us to our goal,
 But iron sacrifice
 Of body, will, and soul.
 There is but one task for all,
 For each one life to give :
What stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

Rudyard Kipling

Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord

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 !

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

Martin Elginbrod

HERE lie I, Martin Elginbrod :
 Hae mercy on my soul, Lord God ;
 As I would do, were I Lord God,
 And you were Martin Elginbrod.

Old Epitaph

The Friends that Are With Us Always

THE debt a man owes to the great minds of former ages is incalculable.

They have guided him in truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude.

Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seem indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse we hold with the highest of human intellects. These are old friends never seen with new faces, the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. Macaulay

Here Lies a Broken Heart

TO my true king I offered, free from stain,
 Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
 And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime.
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep;
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked—an early grave.

O thou whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see,
 By that dear language which I speak like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

*Epitaph on one who died for
 the Stuarts, by Macaulay*

Rhyme of a Poor Domestic Slave

DON'T weep for me now,
 Don't weep for me never;
 I'm going to do nothing
 For ever and ever.

Ladye Greensleeves

*G*REENSLEEVES was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladye Greensleeves ?

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously :
And I have lovèd you so long,
Delighting in your company !

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever likèd thee ;
No lady ever was so brave,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.

My men were clothèd all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee :
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They served thee with humility ;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.

For every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly ;
To cheer thy stomach from all woes,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.

Well ! I will pray to God on high
That thou my constancy may'st see,
And that yet once before I die
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu !
God I pray to prosper thee !
For I am still thy lover true ;
Come once again and love me !

*Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladye Greensleeves ?*
Old Song of Shakespeare's day

My Daughter, Go and Pray

My daughter, go and pray—the night draws near,
Through clouds a golden planet doth appear,
The outline of the hills now fades away. . . .

Day is for evil, hate, fatigue, and harm.

Pray ! Night is come, Night that is grave and calm.
Old herdsmen, blasts that through torn turrets rove,
The lakes, the flocks, with shrill, discordant call,
All suffer, all complain, in Nature all
Have need of sleep, have need of prayer and love.

Children with angels at this hour renew

Sweet speech, while we our strange delights pursue ;
All little children, eyes upraised to heaven,
Kneeling upon the floor, hands clasped, feet bare,
At the same hour, and in the self-same prayer,
Ask the All-Father we may be forgiven.

My daughter, go and pray ! and for her first

Who oft has rocked thee long nights through and nursed
Whose gift thou wast from Heaven, that gives us all,
Who gave thee birth, and reared with tenderest care,
And, making of this life a double share,
Gave thee the honey, drank herself the gall.

Next, pray for me ; I need it more than she,

Who, good, true, faithful, has aye been like thee.
She has the guileless heart that brings repose,
Her pity large, envy ne'er stained her life ;
Wise, gentle, kind, her days devoid of strife,
She suffers wrong, yet knows not whence it flows.

Go, then, and pray for me, with earnest heart.

Say, Lord, Thou Lord my God our Father art,
Have pity ! Thou alone art good and great.
Let thy words flow just where thy soul doth send ;
Care not, all things in their own fashion wend ;
Fear not, kind answer shall thy words await.

All things the point their nature seeks do reach :

The stream, though wandering long, attains the beach ;
Bees do the blossoms know whence sweets are given ;
All wings towards their own right aim are led,
Eagles the sun, and vultures seek the dead,
Swallows the spring ; thy prayers mount up to heaven.

Pray for all those who, living, tread
 This earth, and in the world we find ;
 For those whose path is lost and dead,
 By every wave and every wind ;
 For the mad hearts that fix their joy
 In silken dress or gaudy toy,
 Or in the swiftness of a horse ;
 For all who toil and suffer woe,
 If thence they come, or whither go,
 Or if they better do, or worse.

When you and your two brothers all the day,
 In your glad home beside the hedgerows play.
 So tired at eve you scarce can keep your seat,
 You need sweet milk, and apples, nuts, and bread ;
 And kissing turn by turn each little head,
 Your mother kneels to bathe your weary feet,
 Well, there is One who, mid the human throng,
 Walks in this world of ours the whole day long,
 For ever helping all by deed and word ;
 Who, a good shepherd, saved the wandering sheep.
 The Pilgrim speeding on o'er depth and steep :
 This Shepherd, Pilgrim, Traveller, is the Lord.

Weary and worn at eve, to smile He needs
 A child to pray to Him—a soul that heeds
 And loves—Thou, Child ! devoid of fraud and ill,
 Bring Him your heart with innocence replete,
 E'en as you would a vase, with trembling feet,
 Fearing one single priceless drop to spill.
 Bring Him your heart, and when a mystic flame,
 Burning in your young spirit, shall proclaim
 His holy presence near you, O my sweet,
 My precious child ! fear not contempt, but pour,
 As Mary, Martha's sister, did of yore,
 Pour all your perfume on the Saviour's feet.

Victor Hugo, translated by Dean Carrington

I Know the Night is Near at Hand

I know the night is near at hand,
 The mists lie low on hill and bay,
 The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry,
 But I have had the day ;
 Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day.
 When, at Thy call, I have the night,
 Brief be the twilight as I pass
 From light to dark, from dark to light.

S. Weir Mitchell

The Light from Unknown Worlds

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down ; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The Earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail ? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse ; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song ; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me.

When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, *I have finished my day's work*. But I cannot say *I have finished my life*. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley ; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.

Victor Hugo

One Thing that is Stronger than Armies

THERE is one thing that is stronger than armies : an idea whose time is come.

Victor Hugo

The Word

WHAT is the real good ?
I asked in a musing mood.

Order, said the law court ;
Knowledge, said the school ;
Truth, said the wise man ;
Pleasure, said the fool ;
Love, said the maiden ;
Beauty, said the page ;
Freedom, said the dreamer ;
Home, said the sage ;
Fame, said the soldier ;
Equity, the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly :
The answer is not here.

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard :
Each heart holds the secret :
Kindness is the word.

John Boyle O'Reilly

Ae Fond Kiss

AE fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met, or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
Robert Burns

How Lang and Dreary is the Night

How lang and dreary is the night
 When I am frae my dearie !
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

For oh, her lancelly nights are lang ;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
 And oh, her widowed heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
 And now that seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours ;
 The joyless day how drearie !
 It wasna sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.

Robert Burns

Were I Monarch of the Globe

O WERT thou in the cauld blast
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
 Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.
 Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a Paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch of the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.
Robert Burns

My Nanie, O

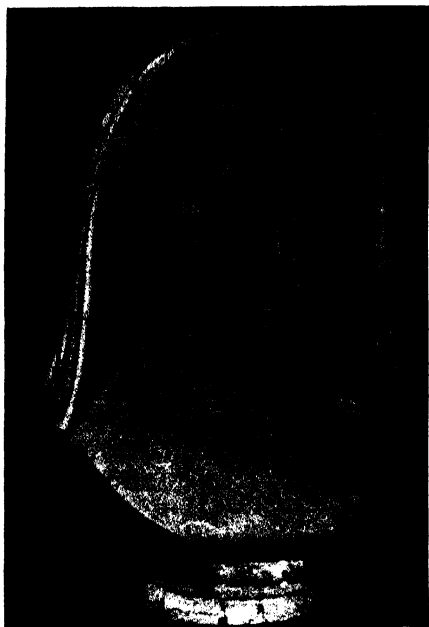
BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows,
 Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has closed,
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.
 The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill ;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' oure the hill to Nanie, O.
 My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young :
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O !
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O ;
 The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.
 A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be ?
 I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.
 Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I
 But live an' love my Nanie, O.
Robert Burns



A SCULPTOR'S VISION OF EDUCATION—FROM THE FINE GROUP BY ALBERT TOFT



FIRST STEPS—A SCULPTURE BY MADEMOISELLE BRICARD



LIVIA, WIFE OF AUGUSTUS CAESAR



DONATELLO'S CHILDHOOD OF ST. JOHN



THE VISIT OF MARY TO ELIZABETH,
BY DELLA ROBBIAS



THE ANGEL ANNOUNCING THE GLAD NEWS
TO MARY, BY DELLA ROBBIAS

Ye Banks and Braes

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye blume sae fair ?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care ?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings upon the bough ;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my false love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings beside thy mate ;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love ;
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pulled a rose,
 Frae off its thorny tree ;
 And my false lover stole the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns

Till all the Seas Gang Dry

O MY luve's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June :
 O my luve's like the melodie
 That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I ;
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve !
 And fare thee weel a while !
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns

John Anderson, my jo, John

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither ;
 Now we maun totter down, John ;
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep together at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns

The Men Who Lived on Wondrous Heights

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests.

Not content with acknowledging in general terms an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands ; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away.

The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before Heaven and Earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when Heaven and Earth should have passed away.

Macaulay

The Wonderful Seed

Sow an act, reap a habit ;
 Sow a habit, reap a character ;
 Sow a character, reap a destiny.

George Dana Boardman

I See Her in the Dewy Flowers

I SEE her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair ;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns

But I'll Remember Thee

THE bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And all that thou hast done for me.

Robert Burns

Mary Morison

MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour,
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor.
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing ;
 I sat but neither heard nor saw :
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his
 Whose only faut is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown :
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

Robert Burns

The Poor Inhabitant Below

THE poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow
 And softer flame.
 But thoughtless follies laid him low
 And stained his name.

Robert Burns on himself

The Tragedy of Robert Burns

WHAT Raphael is to colour, what Mozart is in music, that Burns is in song. With his sweet words, "the mother soothes her child, the lover woos his bride, the soldier wins his victory." His biographer says his genius was so overmastering that the news of Burns's arrival at the village inn drew farmers from their fields and at midnight wakened travellers, who left their beds to listen, delighted, until the morn.

One day this child of poverty and obscurity left his plough behind, and, entering the drawing-rooms of Edinburgh, met Scotland's most gifted scholars, her noblest lords and ladies. Mid these scholars, statesmen, and philosophers he blazed "like a torch amidst the tapers," showing himself wiser than the scholars, wittier than the humorist, kinglier than the courtliest. And yet, in the very prime of his mid-manhood, Burns lay down to die, a broken-hearted man. He who had sinned much suffered much, and, being the victim of his own folly, he was also the victim of ingratitude and misfortune. Bewildered by his debts, he seems like an untamed eagle beating against bars he cannot break. The last time he lifted his pen upon the page, it was not to give immortal form to some exquisite lyric he had fashioned, but to beg a friend in Edinburgh for a loan of ten pounds to save him from the terrors of a debtor's prison.

By contrast with the lot of other worthies, Robert Burns seems to have been the child of good fortune. In the last analysis the blame is with the poet himself. Not want of good fortune without, but want of good guidance within, wrecked his youth. Save Saul alone, history holds no sadder tragedy than that of Burns, who sang the short and simple annals of the poor. *Newell Dwight Hillis*

The Kingly Oath

YOU shall honour God above all things. You shall be steadfast in the Faith of Christ. You shall love the King your Sovereign Lord, and him and his Right defend to your power. You shall defend maidens, widows, and orphans in their rights, and shall suffer no extortion as far as you may prevent it. And of as great honour be this Order unto you as ever it was to any of your Progenitors, or others.

Oath of the Knights of the Order of the Bath

The Six Men of Calais

THE siege of Calais lasted a year, and it was not till Philip had failed to relieve it that the town was starved into surrender. Mercy was granted to the garrison and the people on condition that six of the citizens gave themselves unconditionally into the king's hands. The list of devoted men was soon made up, and the six victims were led before the king.

The six citizens knelt down and Master Eustache said thus :

Gentle king, here be we six who have been of the old bourgeoisie of Calais, and great merchants ; we bring you the keys of the town and castle of Calais, and render them to you at your pleasure. We set ourselves in such wise as you see purely at your will, to save the remnant of the people that has suffered much pain. So you may have pity and mercy on us for your high nobleness sake.

But the king had his heart so hardened by wrath that for a long while he could not reply ; then he commanded to cut off their heads.

All the knights and lords prayed him with tears, as much as they could to have pity on them, but he would not hear.

Then did the noble Queen of England a deed of noble lowliness. She cast herself on her knees before her lord the king, and spoke on this wise :

Ah, gentle sire ! from the day I passed over sea in great peril, as you know, I have asked for nothing—now pray I and beseech you, with folded arms, for the love of our Lady's Son, to have mercy upon them.

The gentle king waited a while before speaking, and looked on the queen as she knelt before him bitterly weeping. Then began his heart to soften a little, and he said : “ Lady, I would rather you had been elsewhere ; you pray so tenderly that I dare not refuse you ; and, though I do it against my will, nevertheless take them ; I give them to you.”

Then took he the six citizens by the halters and delivered them to the queen, and released from death all those of Calais for the love of her ; and the good lady bade them clothe the six burgesses and make them good cheer.

J. R. Green

The Great Calm

CALM Soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Men did not make, and cannot mar.

Matthew Arnold

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

*Still Do Thy Sleepless Ministers
Move On*

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
 One lesson which in every wind is blown ;
 One lesson of two duties kept at one
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity.

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity !
 Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
 Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
 Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
 Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
 Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone.

Matthew Arnold

He Who Mounts Eternally

FOILED by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn,
 We leave the brutal world to take its way,
 And Patience ! in another life we say,
 The world shall be thrust down, and we upborne.
 And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
 The world's poor, routed leavings ? or will they,
 Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
 Support the fervours of the heavenly morn ?

No, no ! the energy of life may be
 Kept on after the grave, but not begun ;
 And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
 From strength to strength advancing—only he,
 His soul well knit and all his battles won,
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

Matthew Arnold

The Years

SIX years, six little years, six drops of time !
 Yet suns shall rise, and many moons shall wane,
 And old men die, and young men pass their prime. .

Matthew Arnold

The Last Word

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said !
 Vain thy onset ! all stands fast.
 Thou thyself must break at last.
 Let the long contention cease !
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
 Let them have it how they will !
 Thou art tired ; best be still.
 They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee ?
 Better men fared thus before thee,
 Fired their ringing shot and passed,
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.
 Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall,
 Find thy body by the wall !

Matthew Arnold

Lead Us in Paths of Pleasantness

As birds extend their sheltering wings,
 Spread your protection over us.
 As charioteers avoid ill roads,
 May dangers always pass us by.
 Resting in you, O gods, we are
 Like men that fight in coats of mail,
 Lead us in paths of pleasantness,
 Like horses to an easy ford.

*Hymn to the Indian storm-gods
from the Sanskrit of 1000 B.C.*

The Last Words of a Young Man

I HAVE but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished, my race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world ; it is the charity of its silence.

Let no man write my epitaph ; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the Earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

Robert Emmet to his Judges

The History of Mankind

THERE was a young prince of Persia who, on ascending the throne, summoned his wise men and asked them to prepare a history of the nations for his guidance.

They came back in twenty years with twelve camels carrying six thousand volumes; but the King was busy with the cares of State, and sent them back to edit their works.

Again in twenty years they came, and again they went back; and so the process was repeated till there arrived at the palace a donkey with a single volume on its back.

"Hasten! The King is dying," the officer said.

The wise man was taken to the King's bedside, and the King, his gaze falling on the book of history, said, with a sigh: "Then I shall die without knowing the history of mankind."

"Sire," said the wise old man, "I will sum it up for you in a few words: *They were born, they suffered, they died.*" *Old Legend*

The Treasure of the Wise Man

OTHE night was dark and the night was late,
 And the robbers came to rob him;
 And they picked the locks of his palace-gate,
 The robbers that came to rob him;
 They picked the locks of his palace-gate,
 Seized his jewels and gems of state,
 His coffers of gold and his priceless plate,
 The robbers that came to rob him.

But loud laughed he in the morning red,
 For of what had the robbers robbed him?
 Ho! hidden safe, as he slept in bed,
 When the robbers came to rob him,
 They robbed him not of a golden shred
 Of the childish dreams in his wise old head;
 "And they're welcome to all things else," he said,
 When the robbers came to rob him.

James Whitcomb Riley

Exceeding All

LONG life's a lovely thing to know,
 With lovely health and wealth, forsooth,
 And lovely name and fame. But O
 The loveliness of Youth!

James Whitcomb Riley

Dear Lord, Kind Lord

DEAR Lord ! kind Lord !
Gracious Lord ! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly today.
Weed their hearts of weariness ;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.
Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain ;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again ;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine today !

James Whitcomb Riley

I Think the Angels Knew Him

T WAS a Funny Little Fellow
Of the very purest type,
For he had a heart as mellow
As an apple over-ripe ;
And the brightest little twinkle
When a funny thing occurred,
And the lightest little tinkle
Of a laugh you ever heard !
He laughed away the sorrow
And he laughed away the gloom
We are all so prone to borrow
From the darkness of the tomb ;
And he laughed across the ocean
Of a happy life, and passed,
With a laugh of glad emotion,
Into Paradise at last.

And I think the angels knew him,
And had gathered to await
His coming, and run unto him
Through the widely-opened gate,
With their faces gleaming sunny
For his laughter-loving sake,
And thinking—*What a funny
Little angel he will make !*

James Whitcomb Riley

From Day to Day

I PRAY not that
 Men tremble at
 My power of place
 And lordly sway ;
 I only pray for simple grace
 To look my neighbour in the face
 Full honestly from day to day.

James Whitcomb Riley

*Shadows of the Evening**Steal Across the Sky*

NOW the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh ;
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep ;
 Birds and beasts and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose ;
 With Thy tenderest blessing
 May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee ;
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.

Through the long night watches,
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless,
 In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
 While all ages run.

S. Baring-Gould

Our Kind of a Man

THE kind of a man for you and me !
 He faces the world unflinchingly,
 And smites, as long as the wrong resists,
 With a knuckled faith and force like fists ;
 He lives the life he is preaching of,
 And loves where most is the need of love ;
 His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
 And his face sublime through the blind man's tears ;
 The light shines out where the clouds were dim,
 And the widow's prayer goes up for him ;
 The latch is clicked at the hovel door
 And the sick man sees the sun once more,
 And out o'er the barren fields he sees
 Springing blossoms, and waving trees,
 Feeling, as only the dying may,
 That God's own servant has come that way,
 Smoothing the path as it still winds on
 Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.
 The kind of a man for me and you !
 However little of worth we do
 He credits full, and abides in trust
 That time will teach us how more is just.

And, feeling still, with a grief half glad,
 That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
 He strikes straight out for the Right, and he
 Is the kind of a man for you and me !

James Whitcomb Riley

I Saw a New Heaven and a New Earth

I SAW a new heaven and a new earth : for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.

Revelation of St. John

Five Words

SHALL we ever forget those five words about the Everest men ?
 " Going strong for the top " is the last record by those who watched.

Could more be said of any one of us, at any time, and most of all when we enter the last lap of life's race, than that we were *Going strong for the top* ?

From the Children's Newspaper

The City of Pure Gold

THERE came unto me one of the seven angels, and he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God ; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, like a jasper stone, clear as crystal, and had a wall great and high, and twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels.

The building of the wall was of jasper, and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls. Every gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it. The nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it ; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there. They shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it, and there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, or maketh a lie.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was the Tree of Life. *Saint John*

A Letter to Mistress Margaret Clark

LOVELY (and oh, that I could write loving) Mistress Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance, I am so enamoured with you that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant.

And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self because I am now my own man, and may match where I please, for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is Ten Yard Land and a House, and there is never a yard of land in our field but is well worth ten pounds a year ; and all my brothers and sisters are provided for.

Besides I have good household stuff, though I say it, both of brass and pewter, linens and woollens ; and, though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated.

If you think well of this motion I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are made and the hay harvest is in.

A love-letter written in 1712

So Now, God Bless You, One and All

SO now, God bless you, one and all,
 With hearts and hearthstones warm ;
 And may He prosper great and small,
 And keep us out of harm,
 And teach us still
 His sweet good will
 This merry Christmas morn.

Old Rhyme

They Say that God Lives very High

THEY say that God lives very high !
 But if you look above the pines
 You cannot see our God. And why ?
 And if you dig down in the mines
 You never see Him in the gold,
 Though from Him all that's glory shines.
 But still I feel that His embrace
 Slides down by thrills through all things made,
 Through sight and sound of every place,
 As if my tender mother laid
 On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
 Half waking me at night, and said :
Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser ?
E. B. Browning

As a Winsome Lady

LOVE me, sweet, with all thou art ;
 Feeling, thinking, seeing ;
 Love me in the lightest part,
 Love me in full being.
 Love me with thine open youth
 In its frank surrender ;
 With the vowing of thy mouth,
 With its silence tender.
 Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
 When the world has crowned thee ;
 Love me kneeling at thy prayers,
 With the angels round thee.
 Love me pure, as musers do,
 Up the woodlands shady ;
 Love me gaily, fast and true,
 As a winsome lady.
E. B. Browning

Her Garden is a Lovesome Thing

S^O the house next door is taken?
No.

But I see from the window a lady on her knees working in the garden.

Ah, that is Mrs. —. She owned the house many years ago, and it was she who made the garden. They say she spent three hundred pounds on it. Now she is living in lodgings, and when the last tenants went she asked if she might go in each day and keep the garden in order. It is a labour of love. The next tenants will get the benefit of it. Yes, she is on her knees half the day.

Ah, I see. The garden is just a hobby of hers.

Well, if you think that is the right word.

From the Children's Newspaper

God's Whisper

WELL, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;

For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?

Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;

What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God, by the lover and the bard;

Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome: *this we musicians know.*

Robert Browning

It's Wiser Being Good Than Bad

IT's wiser being good than bad ;
 It's safer being meek than fierce :
 It's fitter being sane than mad.
 My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud Earth ever stretched ;
 That, after Last, returns the First,
 Though a wide compass round be fetched ;
 That what began best can't end worst,
 Nor what God blessed once prove accurst.

Robert Browning

In His Good Time

I SEE my way as birds their trackless way.
 I shall arrive ! What time, what circuit first,
 I ask not ; but unless God sends His hail,
 Or blinding fire balls, or sleet, or stifling snow,
 In some good time—His good time—I shall arrive ;
 He guides me and the bird. In His good time !

Robert Browning

God Took Her

GOD took her to himself. She suffered very little pain, and was spared the misery of knowing she was about to leave us ; she was smilingly assuring me she was better to within a few minutes of the last. . . .

Then came what my heart will keep till I see her again, and longer, the most perfect expression of her love to me within my whole knowledge of her. Always smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's, and in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek. God took her to himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark, weary bed into the light. *Robert Browning to a friend*

The Little House in the Meadows

YOU perceive that I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I have got, the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges.

*A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
 And little finches wave their wings of gold.*

Two delightful roads supply me continually with coaches and chaises ; and barges, as solemn as barons of the Exchequer, move under my window. *Horace Walpole, writing in the eighteenth century*

All's Right with the World

THE year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn ;
 Morning's at seven ;
 The hillside's dew-pearled ;
 The lark's on the wing ;
 The snail's on the thorn ;
 God's in His Heaven,
 All's right with the world.

Robert Browning

Flynn of Virginia

DIDN'T know Flynn
 (Flynn of Virginia)
 Long as he's been 'yar ?
 Look 'ee here, stranger,
 Whar hev you been ?

Here in this tunnel
 He was my pardner,
 That same Tom Flynn,
 Working together,
 In wind and weather,
 Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn !
 Well, that is queer.
 Why, it's a sin !
 To think of Tom Flynn,
 Tom, with his cheer,
 Tom, without fear,
 Stranger, look 'yar !

Thar in the drift,
 Back to the wall,
 He held the timbers
 Ready to fall ;
 Then in the darkness
 I heard him call :
Run for your life, Jake !
Run for your wife's sake !
Don't wait for me !
 And that was all
 Heard in the din,
 Heard of Tom Flynn,
 Flynn of Virginia.

Bret Harte

The World is Better that I lived Today

LET me today do something that shall take
 A little sadness from the world's vast store,
 And may I be so favoured as to make
 Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed,
 Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend,
 Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
 Or sin by silence where I should defend.

Let me tonight look back across the span
 Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say :
*Because of some good act to beast or man,
 The world is better that I lived today.*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Please Send Me Your Autograph

OF autographs of men of fame
 I've gathered not a few,
 But one illustrious name I miss,
 And that, sir, is of you.
 So kindly send one little line
 A schoolboy's heart to cheer,
 And make his autographic book
 A thousand times more dear.
 And as we cannot say what Time
 May have for us in store
 (For I may be Lord Chancellor,
 Or even something more)
 When that event takes place I'll see
 That you shall have a line from me.

I Swear tis Better to be Lowly Born

I SWEAR tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Shakespeare

If England to Itself do Rest but True

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue
 If England to itself do rest but true.

Shakespeare

Thrice is He Armed

THRICE is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespeare

It Droppeth as the Gentle Rain

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
 Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God Himself,
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Shakespeare

The Tongues of Dying Men

○ BUT they say the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony :
 Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain,
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
 Shakespeare's John o' Gaunt

Orpheus and His Lute

○ RPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing :
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Shakespeare

The Purest Treasure Mortal Times Afford

THE purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation ; that away,
 Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
 Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Shakespeare

The Messenger of Love

VIOLA (dressed as a boy). Most sweet lady,
 My lord and master loves you : O, such love
 Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
 The nonpareil of beauty !

Olivia. How does he love me ?

Viola. With adorations, fertile tears,
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Olivia. Your lord does know my mind ; I cannot love him :
 Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
 In voices well divulged, free, learned and valiant,
 And in dimension and the shape of nature
 A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
 He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame,
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
 In your denial I would find no sense ;
 I would not understand it.

Olivia. Why, what would you ?

Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
 And call upon my soul within the house ;
 Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love,
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
 Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
 And make the babbling gossip of the air
 Cry out *Olivia* ! O, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth,
 But you should pity me !

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night

Babbling of Green Fields

HE made a finer end and went away as it had been any Christian child ; he parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tides. After I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and he babbled of green fields.

The death of Falstaff in Shakespeare

The Floor of Heaven

SIT, Jessica : look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls,
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Shakespeare

To Thine Own Self be True

MY blessing with thee !
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
 Bear 't that the opposèd may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy,
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all : to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Polonius to his son Laertes, in Shakespeare

The Hallowed Time when Christ was Born

SOME say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long ;
 And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Shakespeare



MISS BOWLES, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



A SARGENT PICTURE—CARNATION LILY, LILY ROSE

In Awe of Such a Thing as I

I CANNOT tell what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Shakespeare's Julius Caesar

The Man Who is not Passion's Slave

GIVE me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.

Shakespeare

Shakespeare's Pen

EDMUND SPENSER, poor, worn, and terrorised by the rebels who had burned down his Irish home, came back for the last time to London. He had rescued his wife, and brought her with him, but his little child had perished before his eyes in the ruins of the fire. He had come starving to London to die and be buried, and "he died," says Ben Jonson, "for want of bread, in King Street, Westminster, and refused twenty pieces of money sent him by my Lord of Essex, saying that he had not time to spend them."

They would not preserve his body alive, but they preserved it nobly dead, for his last, sad journey brought him to Poets' Corner. "My Lord of Essex" provided the grave, and there can rarely have been a funeral so striking and appealing. His hearse, we are told, was attended by poets ; and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into the tomb. "What a funeral," said Dean Stanley, "was that at which Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and in all probability Shakespeare himself attended ! What a grave in which the pen of Shakespeare may be mouldering away !"

From My Magazine

Shakespeare by His Friend

THIS figure that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
 Wherein the graver had a strife
 With nature, to outdo the life.
 O could he but have drawn his wit,
 As well in brass, as he hath hit
 His face, the print would then surpass
 All that was ever writ in brass :
 But since he cannot, reader, look
 Not on his picture but his book.

*Written by Ben Jonson under
 Shakespeare's portrait*

*Thou Who Didst the Stars and
Sunbeams Know*

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality ;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at. Better so !

All pains the immortal spirits must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

Matthew Arnold's Sonnet on Shakespeare

Who Would Not March with Shakespeare ?

A ROYAL trait that belongs to Shakespeare is his cheerfulness. He delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the Universe. If he should appear in any company of human souls, who would not march in his troop ? *Emerson*

A Man of Excellent Phantasy and Brave Notions

I REMEMBER the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand*, which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted ; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any.

He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature ; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. His wit was in his own power ; would the rule of it had been so too !

But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

Ben Jonson on his friend Shakespeare

Wait Long Enough and You Will See

I DON'T know anything sweeter than the leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hill-sides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe: *What are these people about?* And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back: *We will go and see.*

So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers, *Come with me.* Then they go softly with it into the great city, one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried; and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings.

Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other, *Wait awhile!* The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other, *Wait awhile!* By and by the flow of life in the street ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State House. . . . Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

The Long Path

THE schoolmistress had tried life. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant which passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all that this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them.

Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptised her; the routine of labour and the loneliness of almost friendless city-life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining

a cheerfulness which was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

I never addressed one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding-house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table; but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon—with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The boulevard has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy Street across the whole length of the Common. We called it the Long Path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question: Will you take the Long Path with me? Certainly, said the schoolmistress, with much pleasure. Think, I said, before you answer; if you take the Long Path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!

The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her. One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by, the one you may still see close by the Ginkgo-tree. Pray, sit down, I said. No, no, she answered, softly; I will walk the *Long Path* with you!

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the Long Path, and said, very charmingly, *Good morning, my dears!*

Oliver Wendell Holmes

The Three Men in Every Man

REMEMBER that talking is one of the fine arts, the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult, and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note. Therefore conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable. It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of

each other's thoughts ; there are so many of them. When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

Our landlady turned pale ; no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellects, and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighbouring theatre, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife ; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognised as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns

The real John ; known only to his Maker.

John's ideal John ; never the real one, and often very unlike him.

Thomas's ideal John ; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases

The real Thomas.

Thomas's ideal Thomas.

John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed ; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance ; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But, as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say ; therefore he *is*, so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable,

little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *via* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table

God Bless Our Fatherland

God bless our Fatherland,
 Keep her in heart and hand
 One with our own ;
 From all her foes defend,
 Be her brave people's friend ;
 On all her realms descend ;
 Protect her throne.
 Lord, bid war's trumpet cease ;
 Fold the whole Earth in peace
 Under Thy wings.
 Make all Thy nations one,
 All hearts beneath Thy Sun,
 Till Thou shalt reign alone,
 Great King of Kings.
Oliver Wendell Holmes

The Deathless Fame of the Poet

IF I should confess the truth, there is no mere earthly immortality that I envy so much as the poet's. If your name is to live at all it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains.

I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of Burns or a hymn of Charles Wesley goes straight to your heart, and you can't help loving both of them, the sinner as well as the saint. The works of other men live, but their personality dies out of their labours ; the poet, who reproduces himself in his creation, as no other artist does or can, goes down to posterity with all his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song. We see nothing of the bees that built the honeycomb and stored it with its sweets, but we can trace the veining in the wings of insects that flitted through the forests which are now coalbeds, kept unchanging in the amber that holds them ; and so the passion of Sappho, the tenderness of Simonides, the purity of holy George Herbert, the lofty contemplativeness of James Shirley, are before us today as if they were living, in a few tears of amber verse. It seems, when one reads, *Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright*, or *The glories of our birth and state*, as if it were not a very difficult matter to gain immortality—such an im-

mortality at least as a perishable language can give. A single lyric is enough, if one can only find in his soul and finish in his intellect one of those jewels fit to sparkle "on the stretched forefinger of all time." A coin, a ring, a string of verses—these last, and hardly anything else does.

Every century is an overloaded ship that must sink at last with most of its cargo. The small portion of its crew that get on board the new vessel which takes them off don't pretend to save a great many of the bulky articles. But they must not and will not leave behind the hereditary jewels of the race; and if you have found and cut a diamond, were it only a spark with a single polished facet, it will stand a better chance of being saved from the wreck than anything, no matter what, that wants much room for stowage.

The pyramids last, it is true, but most of them have forgotten their builders' names. But the ring of Thothmes III, who reigned some fourteen hundred years before our era, before Homer sang, before the Argonauts sailed, before Troy was built, is in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, and proclaims the name of the monarch who wore it more than three thousand years ago.

It is the same thing in literature. Write half a dozen folios full of other people's ideas (as all folios are pretty sure to be), and you serve as ballast to the lower shelves of a library, about as like to be disturbed as the kent-ledge in the hold of a ship. The highways of literature are spread over with the shells of dead novels, each of which has been swallowed at a mouthful by the public, and is done with. But write a volume of poems. No matter if they are all bad but one, if that one is very good. It will carry your name down to posterity like the ring of Thothmes, like the coin of Alexander. I don't suppose one would care a great deal about it a hundred or a thousand years after he is dead, but I don't feel quite sure. It seems as if, even in heaven, King David might remember *The Lord is my Shepherd* with a certain twinge of earthly pleasure. But we don't know, we don't know.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Thy Lord Hath Not Forsaken Thee

By the brightness of the morning, and by the night when it groweth dark, thy Lord hath not forsaken thee, neither doth he hate thee.

Verily the life to come shall be better for thee than this present life; and thy Lord shall give thee a reward wherewith thou shalt be well pleased.

Did he not find thee an orphan, and hath he not taken care of thee? And did he not find thee wandering in error, and hath he not guided thee into the truth? Did he not find thee needy, and hath he not enriched thee?

Wherefore, oppress not the orphan, neither repulse the beggar, but declare the goodness of thy Lord.

The Koran

Baby Mine

I've a letter from thy sire,
 Baby mine, Baby mine !
 I can read and never tire,
 Baby mine !
 He is sailing o'er the sea,
 He is coming back to thee,
 He is coming home to me,
 Baby mine !
 Oh, I long to see his face,
 Baby mine, Baby mine !
 In his old accustomed place,
 Baby mine !
 Like the rose of May in bloom,
 Like a star amid the gloom,
 Like the sunshine in the room,
 Baby mine !
 I'm so glad—I cannot sleep,
 Baby mine, Baby mine !
 I'm so happy—I could weep,
 Baby mine !
 He is sailing o'er the sea,
 He is coming home to me,
 He is coming back to thee,
 Baby mine ! *Charles Mackay*

Let the Curtain Fall

LET the thick curtain fall ;
 I better know than all
 How little I have gained,
 How vast the unattained.
 Sweeter than any sung
 My songs that found no tongue ;
 Nobler than any fact
 My wish that failed of act.
 Others shall sing the song,
 Others shall right the wrong,
 Finish what I begin,
 And all I fail of win.
 What matter I or they ?
 Mine or another's day,
 So the right word be said
 And life the sweeter made ?
John Greenleaf Whittier



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BEFORE CHRIST, NOW IN ATHENS MUSEUM



THE PORTLAND VASE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM—MADE IN ANCIENT GREECE

In Lonely Watches

IN lonely watches night by night
Great visions burst upon my sight,
For down the stretches of the sky
The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange, ghastly banners o'er them float,
Strange bugles sound an awful note,
And all their faces and their eyes
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed,
And peace hath come to them at last ;
But in the stern looks linger still
The iron purpose and the will.

By a soldier in Flanders

The Blacksmith on His Anvil

THERE was an eighteenth-century village blacksmith who, having got hold of Samuel Richardson's novel *Pamela*, used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience.

At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together and describes them as living long and happily ever after, the congregation raised a great shout, and, procuring the church keys, set the parish bells a-ringing.

A story of the early days of novels

A Gallant Little Fellow

ARATHER terrible and dramatic thing happened not very far from the Crystal Palace.

A little boy named Frederick Grant, aged nine, was knocked down by a motor-car in Upper Norwood, and his leg was caught in the machinery in such a way that it was impossible to free it. It was decided by surgeons on the spot that the leg must be amputated to save the boy's life ; so an anaesthetic was given and the amputation was performed in the street. The operation took three-quarters of an hour, and when he was freed the boy had been lying under the motor-car for an hour and a half.

During this fearful ordeal he showed great pluck and courage, and when his father arrived from a football match, he called out to him : *I am all right, Daddy.* We are glad to say the boy was happy when we last heard of him. Our greetings to a gallant little fellow.

From the Children's Newspaper

Only a Baby Small

ONLY a baby small,
Dropped from the skies ;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes.

Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose ;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft ;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft.

Only a little brain,
Empty of thought ;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear ;
Only a life to love
While we are here.

Only a baby small
Never at rest ;
Small, but how dear to us
God knoweth best.

Matthias Barr

O Joy, Speak Gently

TWO chambers have the heart,
And there
Dwell Joy and Care.

Make Joy in thine,
Thus Care in his
Will peacefully recline.

O Joy, beware !
Speak gently,
Lest thou waken Care.

From the German

If the Stars Came Out Once in a Thousand Years

IF a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches.

One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are !

If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe, and adore, and preserve for many generations, the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown ? But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

Emerson

Trust Thyself

TRUST thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.

Emerson

Father, We Thank Thee

FOR flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet,
For songs of birds and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee !

Emerson

England in Her Dark Days

I SEE her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before ; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon.

I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion.

Seeing this, I say, All hail, Mother of Nations, Mother of Heroes, with strength still equal to the time ; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require.

Emerson

Of all Men Firmest in His Shoes

I FIND the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes.

The one thing the English value is pluck. The cabmen have it ; the merchants have it ; the bishops have it ; the women have it ; the journals have it. They require you to dare to be of your own opinion, and they hate the cowards who cannot answer directly Yes or No.

Emerson

The Evils that Never Arrive

SOME of your griefs you have cured,
 And the sharpest you still have survived
 But what torments of pain you endured
 From evils that never arrived !

Emerson

Good-bye, Proud World

GOOD-BYE, proud world ! I'm going home ;
 Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
 Long through thy weary crowds I roam ;
 A river-ark on the ocean brine.
 Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
 But now, proud world, I'm going home.
 Good-bye to flattery's fawning face,
 To grandeur with his wise grimace,
 To upstart wealth's averted eye,
 To supple office, low and high,
 To crowded halls, to court and street,
 To frozen hearts and hasting feet,
 To those who go, and those who come :
 Good-bye, proud world ! I'm going home.
 Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome,
 And when I'm stretched beneath the pines,
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan ;
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet ?

Emerson

The Old Man Thankful

THERE have been some lovely summer days, and on one of them we found ourselves in Canterbury. The sun was shining down on that majestic piece of splendour that has stood there through the centuries ; it was a perfect day.

So thought a good old man who was standing by us. He spoke ; somebody wanting a copper, we thought. No ; he wanted nothing, for he had the very gold of life. What he said was :

This is one more good day to book up with all the rest.

He had had eighty years of days, good and bad, and he was thankful for this good one.

Two things made Canterbury well worth while that day. There was the Old Cathedral Beautiful and there was the Old Man Thankful.

From the Children's Newspaper

The Key of the Fields

O DEAR liberty, God grant me always the key of the fields. I would like it better than to be in bondage in the fairest wainscotted or tapestried chamber.

A Huguenot in exile

His Country's Mantle

THE poetic genius of my country found me at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.

Robert Burns

What the Clock Says

I SERVE thee here with all my might,
To tell the hours by day and night;
Therefore example take by me,
To serve thy God as I serve thee.

What the Bell Says

Tis mine the passing hour to tell,
Tis thine to use it ill or well.

The Song of Big Ben

ALL through this hour
Be Thou my Guide,
That by Thy power
No step may slide.

What the Door Says

To those who cross the threshold of this door,
A hearty welcome both to rich and poor.
One favour only we would bid you grant:
Feel you're at home, and ask for what you want.

The Day Wears Old

GIVE God thy heart,
Thy hopes,
Thy service and thy gold.
The day wears on,
And Time is waxing old.

From an old Sundial

What the House Says

WITHOUT God's Hand
No house can stand
In this or any other land.

What the Sundial Says

TRAVELLER, it is later than you think.

Good-Night

SLEEP softly in this quiet room,
 O thou, whoe'er thou art,
 And let no mournful yesterdays
 Disturb thy peaceful heart.

Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
 With dreams of coming ill ;
 Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
 His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world ;
 Put out each feverish light ;
 The stars are watching overhead,
 Sleep softly then, good-night !

Good-bye

THERE is a word, of Grief the sounding token,
 There is a word bejewelled with bright tears,
 The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken,
 A little word that breaks the chain of years ;
 Its utterance must ever bring emotion,
 The memories it crystals cannot die,
 Tis known in every land, on every ocean :
 It is *Good-bye*.

Sweet Sleep be with Us, One and All

THE sun is down, and time gone by,
 The stars are twinkling in the sky,
 Nor torch nor taper longer may
 Eke out a blithe but stunted day ;
 The hours have passed with stealthy flight,
 We needs must part : Good-Night, Good-Night !

The lady in her curtained bed,
 The herdsman in his wattled shed,
 The clansmen in the heathered hall,
 Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !
 We part in hope of days as bright
 As this gone by : Good-Night, Good-Night !

Sweet sleep be with us one and all !
 And if upon its stillness fall
 The visions of a busy brain,
 We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
 To warm the heart, to charm the sight :
 Gay dreams to all : Good-Night, Good-Night !

Joanna Baillie

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