No. 463. ~~402~~

~~No. 2.~~

Appnd. ~~Dft~~ Text III Form.

0. 5. 0

Pl. 2. pp. 118 Cochin Gazette

§ 27 Vrichigom 1112

THE REVISED MODERN INDIA READERS

BOOK FOUR

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, MADRAS, LONDON
1931

First Edition 1929.
Reprinted 1930, 1931

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE FOR TEACHERS

THIS revision of the Fourth Book is made in answer to criticisms received as to the difficulties of subject-matter and language. It may be well, therefore, to analyse shortly the changes that have been made.

First, certain of the "harder" lessons have been transferred to Book Five, from which, by way of exchange, five pieces of easy narrative have been introduced. Next, the three lessons on the British Empire have been omitted; not because they were considered unnecessary, but because the subject can be better treated in the Geography or History classes—whereas the point of an English lesson is the teaching of the *Language*. Thirdly, the diction has been simplified so as to come into line with current, standard, and idiomatic English. Two "poetry" lessons have been dropped, because the verse appeared to be difficult, and hardly modern.

What may, perhaps, appear a more considerable change is the omitting of Teachers' notes and of Grammar. It is commonly accepted that in the school course, at some point a definite break occurs, when English is used entirely, or almost entirely, as the medium of instruction. It has been suggested that at this point the teaching of the English Language should be made less intensive, and that the pupils should do much more reading for themselves. In the teaching of any language there comes a time when Grammar teaching (whether of accidence or of syntax) ceases to be required, and the Grammar Book

is used (like the Dictionary) by the individual pupil, *for reference*.

Another reason for this break is the expressed desire for more independence on the part of the teacher. In this book and in Book Five what is done is not so much to suggest a method of teaching as to lay down a course, along which the class may be directed by any method which the teacher finds best.

At the same time, for the guidance of teachers a few suggestions may not be out of place. A good method will be to give the class the gist of a lesson or story before they actually read it. Alternatively, the pupils may be told to make a summary of a passage after they have read it. The pictures should, of course, be used for composition purposes, especially when a story is told from a new point of view, or in the words of a new speaker. It is again recommended that lists of correlated and cognate words be taught; but here the teacher can best be left to his own devices.

At this point in the course special attention should be given to Composition, *i.e.* to arrangement, paragraphing, etc. Hence Lessons 9 and 13 (in the original series 10 and 35) have been retained in their entirety.

CONTENTS

LESSON 1

SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

If you look at the picture on page 9 you will see four boys standing on a piece of rising ground, and looking at something which interests them very much. Who are they, and what are they doing? Are they soldiers? They look like soldiers, for they are all dressed alike and wear a kind of uniform, and not the clothes which boys usually wear. It is clear that they are doing some kind of work, they are armed with staffs, and they obey the commands of a leader, a taller and older boy whom you can see standing on the right of the picture.

These boys, however, are not soldiers. They are not old enough to be soldiers; but they are something very like soldiers. For a body of soldiers is called an Army, and these boys belong to a body, not of men, but of boys; and, just as there are Armies and Troops and Companies and Platoons and Squadrons of soldiers, so we can have Troops and Companies of boys. And the boys whom we see here belong to a body of Scouts; they are part of a Scout-Troop, and are themselves called Boy-Scouts. Like soldiers, they have their own special work to do, their own special drill, and their own rules which they must obey.

In an Army, Scouts are men who are sent forward to survey the country, make plans and maps, and thus prepare for the advance of the whole body of troops.

The boys in the picture are carefully examining the ground which lies before them, and are looking towards some spot to which their leader is pointing. Probably they will make a map of what they have seen. Perhaps they may be signalling to another body of Scouts on another hill. This they will do by means of mirrors which they will flash in the sun, using the Morse Code, about which you have already read in an earlier lesson. Other things which Boy Scouts learn to perform are tracking and stalking, noting the movements of people and of animals, and camping-out. All these things are part of the duties of a soldier. But Boy Scouts do the duties of soldiers, without fighting ; for Scouts must not do harm, but good.

In another way Boy Scouts are like soldiers. They are formed into bodies, some large and some small ; and all under the command of officers and leaders. The smallest body or " unit " is called a Patrol, and consists of six or eight boys under a boy leader. Several of these Patrols go to form a Troop, which is controlled by a man, a Scoutmaster, and his assistants.

Perhaps you will ask, " Why do Scouts do all these things? Are they paid to do them, as soldiers are paid? " To answer your question, I will ask you another question —it is this. How do you employ your spare time ? When your work in class is finished, and when you have prepared your lessons, how do you spend the remaining hours of the day ? On Saturdays you probably have a half-holiday and the whole of Sunday is your own. In what way do you enjoy this long leisure ?

Some boys are wise, and play cricket or football ; but unfortunately others do not take healthy exercise. They waste their time in their homes, eat too much rich food,

and often find pleasure in unhealthy society. Now the Boy Scout Movement has been designed partly to teach boys how to use their spare time to the best advantage. Its founder was a famous English soldier, Lieut.-General Baden-Powell, who knew a great deal about young men,

and who understood the art of training young men for the British Army. He thought it would be a good thing for the British Empire, if the boys in England and the Colonies were trained to make the best use of their leisure time, and to acquire useful and interesting accomplishments. So valuable was this idea, that it has spread

throughout the whole Empire including India, and to other nations as well. To-day the Scout organisation is one of the best kinds of training that the world has ever known. Let us, therefore, learn something about this great institution, and see if we cannot make use of it in our own lives.

The boy who becomes a Scout must make up his mind to undertake certain duties. He takes a vow to keep the Scout Law. Now this law is a serious thing which will help him to regulate his whole life along the path of duty, manliness and honour. In all there are ten laws. The Scout promises (1) to uphold his honour, (2) to be loyal to his King, parents and employers, (3) to be of use to others, (4) to act as a friend to other Scouts, (5) to be courteous, (6) to show kindness to animals, (7) to be obedient, (8) to be cheerful under hardship, (9) to be thrifty, and, lastly, to keep his life pure in thought or in deed. Are not these noble and helpful rules of life ? They do not belong to any one race or religion, but they are part of the best thought of all the world's greatest teachers. It is a noble thing that thousands and thousands of boys throughout the world should be enrolled in a body that is pledged to uphold these laws.

Now the vows of a Scout are only the beginning of his career. His life is meant to be one of use to himself and to other people ; and for this reason he has very many things to learn. Scouting is not in itself a profession or trade. It is more like a hobby or pastime which employs to advantage one's leisure hours.

Let us, therefore, think of the many things a boy can learn out of school, in the fresh air and when he is really at play. He cannot easily learn these things when he is alone ; but if he is one of a company or troop, he can

watch other boys, learn from them, and from his leader or officer. Have you ever tried to find your direction when you were far from home ? Perhaps you have been on a wide plain or on a broad river, and in great need of knowing where the North and the South or the East and the West lay. The Scout learns all about direction, and he is taught to use a compass, and to read and make a map. He becomes an intelligent boy, to whom the surrounding country is quite familiar. He discovers all about his district or sub-division, and in what direction the rivers that are near his home are flowing. This is all useful knowledge that may be employed in many spheres of life.

In addition to this he learns how to act in case of accident. If he sees a boy drowning or a house on fire, he is able to give quick assistance. In everyday life, accidents are always happening. We may fall and bruise a limb, or cut our fingers, or sprain an ankle, and we may even be bitten by a snake. To give what is called " First Aid " in all such accidents is part of a Boy Scout's training. Swimming is an art which many Indian boys learn when they are little children. To swim effectively, and to save another person from death by drowning, is one of the Scout's many duties. He has others : he can cook his food, row a boat, make serviceable knots in rope and string, pitch a camp, walk long distances ; and, in the open country, he is taught some of the wonders of nature. He understands trees, shrubs, flowers and herbs, and the birds and the beasts are his friends. A good Scout learns and loves the world in which he lives, and learns to help his fellow-man.

LESSON 2

THE STORY OF THE FISH PRINCE (I)

ONCE upon a time there lived a Rajah and a Rani who had no children. They had long wished and prayed that the gods would send them a son, but their prayers had not been granted.

One day a number of fish were brought into the royal kitchen to be cooked for the Rajah's dinner, and amongst them was one little fish that was not dead; but all the rest were dead. One of the palace maid-servants, seeing this, took the little fish and put him in a basin of water. Shortly afterwards the Rani saw him, and thinking him very pretty, kept him as a pet. Because she had no children she gave all her love to the fish, and loved him as a son; and the people called him Machli-Rajah (the Fish Prince). In a little while Machli-Rajah had grown too long to live in the small basin, so they put him into a big tub. In time, however, Machli-Rajah became too large for even the big tub to hold him; so the Rani had a tank made for him in which he lived very happily, and twice a day she fed him with boiled rice. Now, though the people fancied Machli-Rajah was only a fish, this was not the case. He was, in truth, a young Rajah who had angered the gods, and been turned into a fish and thrown into the river as a punishment.

One morning, when the Rani brought him his daily meal of boiled rice, Machli-Rajah called out to her and said, "Lady Queen, Lady Queen, I am so lonely here all by myself. Cannot you get me a wife?" The Rani promised to try, and sent messengers to all the people she

knew, to ask if they would allow one of their children to marry her son, the Fish Prince. But they all answered, "We cannot give one of our dear little daughters to be devoured by a great fish, even though he is the Machli-Rajah, and so high in Your Majesty's favour." On hearing this, the Rani did not know what to do. She was so foolishly fond of Machli-Rajah, however, that she resolved to get him a wife at any cost. Again she sent out messengers; but this time she gave them a great bag containing a lakh of gold mohurs, and said to them, "Go into every land until you find a wife for my Machli-Rajah; and whoever will give you a child to be the Machli-Rani, to that person you shall give this bag of gold mohurs."

The messengers started on their search, but for some time they were unsuccessful; not even the beggars were to be tempted to sell their children, fearing the great fish would devour them. At last one day the messengers came to a village where there lived a Fakir who had lost his first wife and married again. His first wife had had one little daughter, and his second wife also had a daughter. As it happened, the Fakir's second wife hated her little step-daughter, always gave her the hardest work to do, and the least food to eat, and tried by every means in her power to get her out of the way, in order that the child might not rival her own daughter. When she heard of the errand on which the messengers had come, she sent for them when the Fakir was out, and said to them, "Give me the bag of goldmohurs and you shall take my little daughter to marry the Machli-Rajah." She thought to herself, "The great fish will certainly eat the girl, and she will thus trouble us no more." Then, turning to her step-daughter, she said,

"Go down to the river and wash your sari, that you may be fit to go with these people, who will take you to the Rani's court."

At these words the poor girl went down to the river very sorrowful, for she saw no hope of escape, as her father was from home. As she knelt by the riverside, washing her sari and crying bitterly, some of her tears fell into the hole of an old Seven-headed Cobra who lived in the river bank. This Cobra was a very wise animal, and seeing the maiden, he put his head out of his hole and said to her, "Little girl, why do you cry?" "Oh, sir," she answered, "I am very unhappy, for my father is away from home, and my step-mother has sold me to the Rani's people to be the wife of the Machli-Rajah, that great fish, and I know he will eat me up." "Do not be afraid, my daughter," said the Cobra, "but take with you these three stones and tie them up in the corner of your sari"; and so saying he gave her three little round pebbles. "The Machli-Rajah, whose wife you are to be, is not really a fish, but a Rajah who has been enchanted. Your home will be a little room which the Rani has had built in the tank wall. When you are taken there, wait, and be sure you don't go to sleep, or the Machli-Rajah will certainly come and eat you up. But as you hear him rushing through the water, be prepared, and as soon as you see him throw this first stone at him; he will then sink to the bottom of the tank, The second time he comes, throw the second stone, when the same thing will happen. The third time he comes, throw this third stone, and he will immediately resume his human shape." So saying, the old Cobra dived down again into his hole. The Fakir's daughter took the stones, and determined to do as the Cobra had told

her, though she hardly believed it would have the desired effect.

When she reached the palace, the Rani spoke kindly to her, and said to the messengers, "You have done your errand well—this is a dear little girl." Then she ordered that she should be let down the side of the tank in a basket, to a little room which had been prepared for her. When the Fakir's daughter got there, she thought she had never seen such a pretty place in her life. She would have felt very happy away from her cruel step-mother and all the hard work she had been made to do, had it not been for the dark water that lay black and unfathomable below the door, and the fear of the terrible Machli-Rajah.

After waiting some time she heard a rushing sound, and little waves came dashing against the threshold. Faster they came and faster, and the noise got louder and louder, until she saw a great fish's head above the water. The Machli-Rajah was coming towards her open-mouthed. The Fakir's daughter seized one of the stones that the Cobra had given her, and threw it at him, and down he sank to the bottom of the tank. A second time he rose and came towards her, and she threw the second stone at him, and he again sank down. A third time he came more fiercely than before, when, seizing the third stone, she threw it with all her force. No sooner did it touch him than the spell was broken, and there, instead of a fish, stood a handsome young Prince. The poor little Fakir's daughter was so startled that she began to cry. But the Prince said to her, "Pretty maiden, do not be frightened. You have rescued me from a horrible prison, and I can never thank you enough. If you will be the Machli-Rani, we will be married to-

morrow." Then he sat down on the door-step, thinking over his strange fate, and watching for the dawn.

Next morning early, several inquisitive people came to see if the Machli-Rajah had eaten up his poor little wife, as they feared he would. What was their astonishment, on looking over the tank wall, to see, not the Machli-Rajah, but a magnificent Prince! The news soon spread to the palace. Down came the Rajah, down came the Rani, down came all their attendants and dragged Machli-Rajah and the Fakir's daughter up the side of the tank in a basket. When they heard their story, there were great and unparalleled rejoicings. The Rani said, "So I have indeed found a son at last!" And the people were so delighted, so happy, and proud of the new prince and princess, that they covered all their path with damask from the tank to the palace, and cried to their fellows, "Come and see our new prince and princess. Were ever any so divinely beautiful? Come; see a right royal couple! A pair of mortals like the gods!" And when they reached the palace the prince was married to the Fakir's daughter.

LESSON 3

THE SUPPLIANT DOVE

Chased by a hawk, there came a dove
With worn and weary wing,
And took her stand upon the hand
Of Kasi's noble king.

The monarch smoothed her ruffled plumes
And laid her on his breast;

And cried, " No fear shall vex thee here.
Rest, pretty egg-born, rest !

" Fair Kasi's realm is rich and wide,
With golden harvests gay,

But all that's mine will I resign,
Ere I my guest betray."
But, panting for his half-won spoil,
The hawk was close behind,
And with wild eye and eager cry
Came swooping down the wind :

" This bird," he cried, " my destined prize
'Tis not for thee to shield :

'Tis mine by right and toilsome flight
O'er hill and dale and field.
Hunger and thirst oppress me sore,
And I am faint with toil;
Thou shouldst not stay a bird of prey
Who claims his rightful spoil.

"They say thou art a glorious king,
And justice is thy care:
Then justly reign in thy domain,
Nor rob the birds of air."
Then cried the king: "A goat or deer
For thee shall straightway bleed,
Or let a ram or tender lamb
Be slain, for thee to feed.

"Mine oath forbids me to betray
My little twice-born guest:
See, how she clings, with trembling wings,
To her protector's breast."
"No flesh of lambs," the hawk replied,
"No blood of deer for me;
The falcon loves to feed on doves,
And such is Heaven's decree.

"But if affection for the dove
Thy pitying heart has stirred,
Let thine own flesh my maw refresh,
Weighed down against the bird."
He carved the flesh from off his side,
And threw it in the scale,
While women's cries smote on the skies
With loud lament and wail.

He hacked the flesh from side and arm,
From chest and back and thigh,

But still above the little dove
The monarch's scale stood high.
He heaped the scale with piles of flesh,
With sinews, blood and skin,
And when alone was left him bone
He threw himself therein.

Then thundered voices through the air ;
The sky grew black as night ;
And fever took the earth that shook
To see that wondrous sight.
The blessed gods, from every sphere,
By Indra led, came nigh :
While drum and flute and shell and lute
Made music in the sky.

They rained immortal chaplets down,
Which hands celestial twine,
And softly shed upon his head
Pure Amrit, drink divine.
Then God and Seraph, Bard and Nymph
Their heavenly voices raised,
And a glad throng with dance and song
The glorious monarch praised.

Then set him on a golden car
That blazed with many a gem ;
Then swiftly through the air they flew,
And bore him home with them.
Thus Kasi's lord, by noble deed,
Won Heaven and deathless fame ;
And when the weak protection seek
From thee, do thou the same.

LESSON 4

THE STORY OF THE FISH PRINCE (II)

THERE they lived very happily for some time. The Machli-Rani's step-mother, hearing what had happened, came often to see her step-daughter, and pretended to be delighted at her good fortune. The young Rani was so good that she quite forgave all her step-mother's former cruelty, and always received her very kindly. At last, one day, the Machli-Rani said to her husband, "It is a long time since I saw my father. If you will give me leave, I should much like to visit my native village and see him again." "Very well," he replied, "you may go. But do not stay away long; for there can be no happiness for me till you return." So she went, and her father was delighted to see her; but her step-mother, though she pretended to be very kind, was, in reality, only glad to think she had got the Rani into her power, and determined, if possible, never to allow her to return to the palace again. One day, therefore, she said to her own daughter, "It is hard that your step-sister should have become Rani of all the land, instead of being eaten up by the great fish, while we gained no more than a lakh of gold mohurs. Do now as I bid you, that you may become Rani in her stead." She then went on to instruct her to invite the Rani down to the river bank, and there beg her to let her try on her jewels; and, whilst putting them on, give her a push and drown her in the river.

The girl consented, and standing by the river bank said to her step-sister, "Sister, may I try on your jewels? How

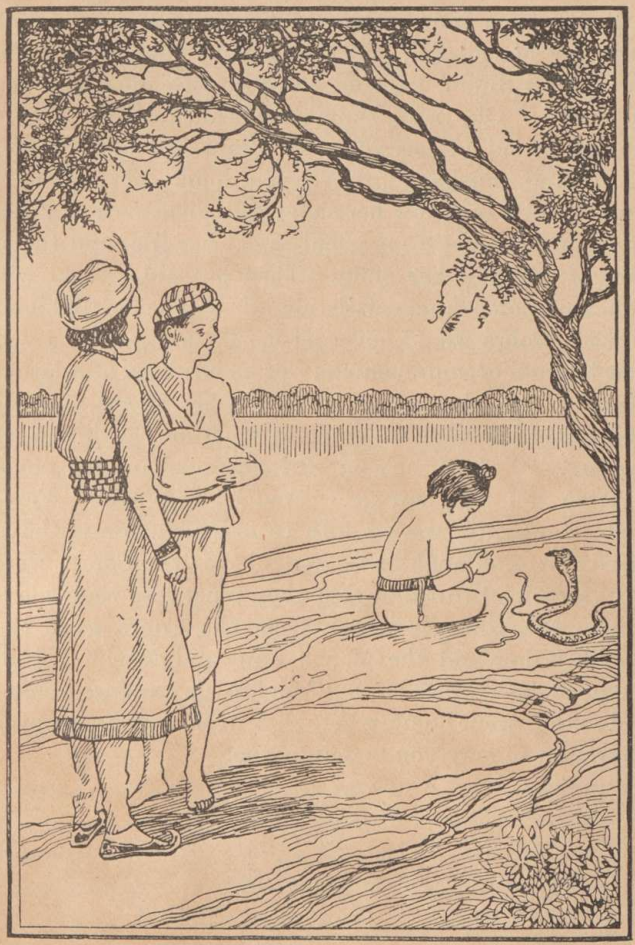
pretty they are!" "Yes," said the Rani, "and we shall be able to see in the river how they look." So, undoing her necklaces, she clasped them round the other's neck. Whilst she was doing so, her step-sister gave her a push, and she fell backwards into the water. The girl watched to see that the body did not rise, and then running back, said to her mother, "Mother, here are all the jewels; and she will trouble us no more." But it happened that just when her step-sister pushed the Rani into the river, her old friend the Seven-headed Cobra chanced to be swimming across it and seeing the little Rani about to be drowned, he carried her on his back until he reached his hole, into which he took her safely. Now this hole, in which the Cobra and his wife and all his little ones lived, had two entrances—the one under water, and leading to the river, and the other above water, leading out into the open fields. To this upper end of his hole, the Cobra took Machli-Rani, and there he and his wife took care of her. Meanwhile, the wicked Fakir's wife, having dressed up her own daughter in all the Rani's jewels, took her to the palace, and said to the Machli-Rajah, "See, I have brought back your wife, my dear daughter, safe and well." The Rajah looked at her, and thought, "This does not look like my wife." However, the room was dark, and the girl was cleverly disguised, and he thought he might be mistaken. Next day he said again, "My wife must be sadly changed, or this cannot be she; for she was always bright and cheerful. She had pretty loving ways and merry words; while this woman never opens her lips." Still, he did not like to seem to mistrust his wife, and comforted himself by saying, "Perhaps she is tired with the long journey." On the third day, however, he could bear

the uncertainty no longer, and tearing off her jewels saw, not the face of his own little wife, but another woman. Then he was very angry, and turned her out of doors, saying, " Begone ; since you are but the wretched tool of others, I spare your life." But of the Fakir's wife he said to his guards, " Fetch that woman here instantly ; for unless she can tell me where my wife is, I will have her hanged." It chanced, however, that the Fakir's wife had heard of the Machli-Rajah having turned her daughter out of doors ; so, fearing his anger, she hid herself, and was not to be found.

Meanwhile, the Machli-Rani, not knowing how to get home, continued to live in the great Seven-headed Cobra's hole, and he and his wife and all his family were very kind to her, and loved her as if she had been one of them. There her little son was born, and she called him Machli-Lal, after the Machli-Rajah, his father. Machli-Lal was a lovely child, merry and brave, and his playmates all day long were the young Cobras. When he was about three years old, a Bangle-seller came by that way, and the Rani bought some bangles from him and put them on her boy's wrists and ankles. Next day, in playing, he had broken them all. Then, seeing the Bangle-seller, the Rani called him again and bought some more, and so on every day, until the Bangle-seller got quite rich from selling so many bangles for Machli-Lal. The Cobra's hole was full of treasure, and he gave the Machli-Rani as much money to spend every day as she liked. There was nothing she wished for he did not give her, but he would not let her try to get home to her husband, which she wished more than all. When she asked him he would say, " No, I will not let you go. If your husband comes here and fetches you, it is well ;

but I will not allow you to wander in search of him through the land alone."

All this time the poor Machli-Rajah was hunting in every part of the country for his wife, but he could learn no tidings of her. Then, when he had long inquired of all the people in her native village about her, he one day met a Bangle-seller, and said to him, "Whence do you come?" The Bangle-seller answered, "I have just been selling bangles to some people who live in a Cobra's hole in the river bank." "People! What people?" asked the Rajah. "Why," answered the Bangle-seller, "a woman and a child—the child is the most beautiful I ever saw. He is about three years old, and, of course, running about, is always breaking his bangles, and his mother buys him new ones every day." "Do you know what the child's name is?" said the Rajah. "Yes," answered the Bangle-seller carelessly, "for the lady always calls him her Machli-Lal." "Ah," thought the Machli-Rajah, "this must be my wife." Then he said to him again, "Good Bangle-seller, I would see these strange people of whom you speak; cannot you take me there?" "Not to-night," replied the Bangle-seller; "daylight has gone, and we should only frighten them; but I shall be going there again to-morrow, and then you may come too. Meanwhile, come and rest at my house for the night, for you look faint and weary." The Rajah consented. Next morning, however, very early, he woke the Bangle-seller, saying, "Pray let us go now and see the people you spoke about yesterday." "Stay," said the Bangle-seller; "it is much too early. I never go till after breakfast." So the Rajah had to wait till the Bangle-seller was ready to go. At last they started off, and when they reached the Cobra's hole, the first



thing the Rajah saw was a fine little boy playing with the young Cobras.

As the Bangle-seller came along, jingling his bangles,

a gentle voice from inside the hole called out, "Come here, my Machli-Lal, and try on your bangles." Then the Machli-Rajah, kneeling down at the mouth of the hole, said, "Oh, Lady, show your beautiful face to me." At the sound of his voice the Rani ran out, crying, "Husband, husband! have you found me again?" And she told him how her sister had tried to drown her, and how the good Cobra had saved her life, and taken care of her and her child. Then he said, "And will you now come home with me?" And she told him how the Cobra would never let her go, and said, "I will first tell him of your coming; for he has been as a father to me." So she called out, "Father Cobra, Father Cobra, my husband has come to fetch me; will you let me go?" "Yes," he said, "if your husband has come to fetch you, you may go." And his wife said, "Farewell, dear Lady, we are loth to lose you, for we have loved you as a daughter." And all the little Cobras were very sorrowful to think that they must lose their playfellow, the young prince. Then the Cobra gave the Machli-Rajah and the Machli-Rani and Machli-Lal all the most costly gifts he could find in his treasure-house; and so they went home, where they lived very happy ever after, and so may you be happy too.

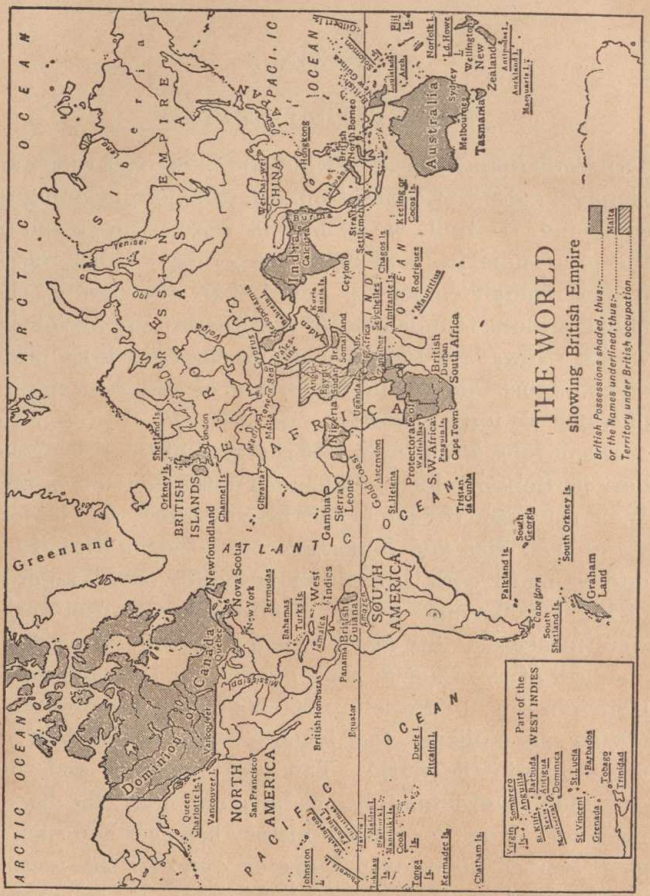
LESSON 5

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE word *Empire* means a wide dominion over which an Emperor rules. It comes from a Latin word meaning to command. In India we all use this word *empire*; and in the past India has had many emperors. Asoka was a famous Indian emperor; and Babar, the first of the Mogul princes, founded one of the greatest empires of the world. Nowadays India belongs to the British Empire; and we must understand the extent of the great empire of which we form a part.

Let us look at our map. It is a map of the world, the dark portions of which are included in the British Empire. We must know the names of these portions, and understand their size and importance. To begin with, it is interesting to learn that the whole empire covers an area of 11,000,000 square miles. If all the land in the world were measured, this figure would represent more than one-fifth of the whole. Not only so, but the number of people in our empire is 421,000,000—four hundred and twenty-one millions—that is more than one-fourth of all the people in the world. This great territory and this vast number of human beings have one head, the King-Emperor. No other ruler in history has ever had such a great task as our beloved Emperor; and for this reason we should all try to help him in his work. How can we help the King-Emperor? Every one of us can help by being a good and loyal citizen.

Now let us look at the various parts of our empire. Let us begin with our own land of India. Our land is



part of Asia; and in Asia the Emperor has many possessions. Of these India and Burma are the greatest.

Ceylon, the Malay States, and British Borneo are all rich and beautiful places. There are also certain islands and seaports in Asia that are very useful. These are Aden, the Andaman Islands and Hong Kong. Look at these places on our map. The population of the empire in Asia is enormous. It is nearly 324,000,000—three hundred and twenty-four millions.

In Africa, again, the Emperor has much land; but this land does not support so large a population as Asia. The subjects of the Emperor in Africa number in all about 36,500,000, or thirty-six and a half millions. They inhabit different portions of this vast continent. There is the Union of South Africa. On the east are Kenya Colony and Somaliland; and on the west are Nigeria, and the Gold Coast. In the north is the ancient land of Egypt which has been under British influence since 1883. It is important to India because of the great trade route, the Suez Canal, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. Since the 28th of February, 1922, Egypt has been an independent sovereign-state, with a king of its own.

America, both north and south, is a large continent. At one time nearly the whole of North America belonged to Britain. In the year 1783, after a terrible war, the United States of America separated from England; and to-day Britain owns only Canada. This, however, is a great and wealthy dominion. In the West Indies and South America there are many islands and smaller possessions. Of these the most important are the Bermudas, the Bahamas, the Barbados, Jamaica, and British Guiana. The population of all these American possessions is nearly 10,000,000.

Australasia is a beautiful and useful word. It means

" that which belongs to the regions of the south." Now look to the south of our map, and you will see many continents and islands. Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and many islands in the Pacific Ocean are all part of the empire. Their population is about seven millions. This is not a large figure when contrasted with that of Asia or Africa, but these possessions in Australasia are very useful to the empire, as you will read later on.

Now what is the centre of this vast region ? The centre is England. Look at Europe on our map, and to the north you will see a small group of islands. Here is England with its capital called London. England is not a big country. India, our own land, is fourteen times larger than England. The English in England number about 45,000,000. Their country is densely populated, and it is very rich in coal, iron, and in all kinds of manufactures. Not only so, but if you look carefully at the map, you will see that London is at the very centre of the modern world. From London great sea routes may be traced to every part of the earth ; and to London come the people of all nations to trade. Here lives our King-Emperor whose chief officer in India is the Viceroy. The capital of the Viceroy is Delhi. The capital of the whole British Empire is London. Of this empire the greatest part is India.

Later you will read of the history and the government of the British Empire. Meanwhile it is useful to carry the map of the world in your head, and to know at once where the Motherland is situated, and how India compares in size with the other portions of the King-Emperor's great Dominions. We must think of all these things with special care and pride on *Empire Day*. This is a day of celebration held on the 24th of May, when the

King-Emperor sends messages of goodwill to his people, and when all the boys and girls of the Empire have holiday. It is also a day of great memories. On this day, the 24th of May in the year 1819, Queen Victoria was born. For this reason it was first called Victoria Day in 1902 ; but in 1904 it was thought best to call it Empire Day. On this anniversary we must think of the sacrifice of our soldiers and sailors in the Great War, and of the efforts of our statesmen to bring peace and prosperity to the dominions of the King-Emperor.

LESSON 6

THE VALIANT CHATTI-MAKER (I)

ONCE upon a time, in a violent storm of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, a tiger crept for shelter close to the wall of an old woman's hut. This old woman was very poor, and her hut was but a tumble-down place, through the roof of which the rain came drip, drip, drip, on more sides than one. This troubled her much, and she went running about from side to side, dragging first one thing and then another, out of the way of the leaky places in the roof, and as she did so, she kept saying to herself, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! how tiresome this is; I'm sure the roof will come down! If an elephant, or a lion, or a tiger were to walk in he wouldn't frighten me half as much as this perpetual dripping." And then she would begin dragging the bed and all the other things in the room about again, to get them out of the way of the wet. The tiger, who was crouching down just outside, heard all that she said, and thought to himself, "This old woman says she would not be afraid of an elephant or a lion or a tiger, but that this perpetual dripping frightens her more than all. What can this 'perpetual dripping' be? It must be something very dreadful." And, hearing her immediately afterwards dragging all the things about the room again, he said to himself, "What a terrible noise! Surely that must be the 'perpetual dripping.'"

At this moment a chatti-maker, who was in search of his donkey, which had strayed away, came down the road. The night being very cold, he had taken a little more

toddy than was good for him, and seeing, by the light of a flash of lightning, a large animal lying down close to the old woman's hut, he mistook it for the donkey he was looking for. So, running up to the tiger, he seized hold of it by one ear, and commenced beating, kicking, and abusing it with all his might and main. "You wretched creature," he cried, "is this the way you serve me, obliging me to come out and look for you in such pouring rain, and on such a dark night as this? Get up instantly, or I'll break every bone in your body." In this way he went on scolding and thumping the tiger with all his might, for he had worked himself up into a terrible rage. The tiger did not know what to make of it all, but he began to feel quite frightened, and said to himself, "Why, this must be the 'perpetual dripping'; no wonder the old woman said she was more afraid of it than of an elephant, a lion, or a tiger, for it gives most dreadful hard blows."

The chatti-maker, having made the tiger get up, got on his back, and forced him to carry him home, kicking and beating him the whole way. All this time he fancied he was on his donkey; and then he tied his fore-feet and his head firmly together, and fastened him to a post in front of his house, and when he had done this he went to bed. Next morning, when the chatti-maker's wife got up and looked out of the window, what did she see but a great tiger tied up in front of their house, to the post to which they usually fastened the donkey! She was very much surprised, and running to her husband, awoke him, saying, "Do you know what animal you fetched home last night?" "Yes, the donkey, to be sure," he answered. "Come and see," said she, and she showed him the great tiger tied to the post. The chatti-

THE CHATTI-MAKER AND THE TIGER.

maker was no less astonished than his wife, and felt himself all over to find if the tiger had not wounded him. But no ! there he was, safe and sound, and there was the tiger tied to the post, just as he had fastened it up the night before.

News of the chatti-maker's exploit soon spread through the village, and all the people came to see him and hear him tell how he had caught the tiger and tied it to the post. This they thought so wonderful, that they sent a deputation to the Rajah, to tell him how a man of their village had, alone and unarmed, caught a great tiger, and tied it to a post. When the Rajah read the letter he also was much surprised, and determined to go in person and see this astonishing sight. So he sent for his horses and carriages, his lords and attendants, and they all set off together to look at the chatti-maker and the tiger he had caught.

Now the tiger was a very large one, and had long been the terror of all the country round, which made the whole matter still more extraordinary. All this being represented to the Rajah, he determined to confer all possible honour on the brave chatti-maker. So he gave him houses and lands, and as much money as would fill a well, made him a Lord of his Court, and conferred on him the command of ten thousand horse.

It came to pass, shortly after this, that a neighbouring Rajah, who had long had a quarrel with this one, sent to announce his intention of going instantly to war with him. Tidings were at the same time brought that the Rajah who sent the challenge had gathered a great army together on the borders, and was prepared at a moment's notice to invade the country.

In this crisis no one knew what to do. The Rajah sent

for all his generals, and inquired of them which would be willing to take command of his forces and oppose the enemy? They all replied that the country was so ill-prepared, and the case was apparently so hopeless, that they would rather not take the responsibility of the chief command. The Rajah did not know whom to appoint in their stead. Then some of his people said to him, "You have lately given the command of ten thousand horse to the valiant chatti-maker who caught the tiger; why not make him Commander-in-Chief? A man who can catch a tiger and tie him to a post must surely be more courageous and clever than most." "Very well," said the Rajah, "I will make him Commander-in-Chief." So he sent for the chatti-maker and said to him: "In your hands I place all the power of the kingdom. You must put our enemies to flight for us." "So be it," answered the chatti-maker, "but, before I lead the army against the enemy, allow me to go by myself and examine their position, and, if possible, find out their numbers and strength."

LESSON 7

THE DYING FOX

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick and faint, expiring lay ·
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.

His numerous race around him stand
To learn their dying sire's command.
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone :
" Ah, sons, from evil ways depart :
My crimes lie heavy on my heart !
See, see, the murder'd geese appear !
Why are those bleeding turkeys here ?

Why all around this cackling train ?
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain ? '
The hungry foxes round them stared,
And for the promised feast prepar'd.
" Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer ?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain ;
And your sons lick their lips in vain."
" O, gluttons," says the drooping sire,
" Restrain inordinate desire.
Your knavish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race ?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,,
Let honesty your passions rein ;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost, redeem."
" The counsel's good," a son replies,
" Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done ;
A line of thieves from son to son.
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath marked our race.
Though we like harmless sheep should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, in deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd ;

A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."
" Nay then," replies the feeble fox,
" But hark, I hear a hen that clucks,
Go ; but be moderate in your food ;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

LESSON 8

THE VALIANT CHATTI-MAKER (II)

THE Rajah consented, and the chatti-maker returned home to his wife, and said: "They have made me Commander-in-Chief. The post is a very difficult one for me to fill, because I shall have to ride at the head of all the army, and you know that I have never been on a horse in my life. But I have succeeded in gaining a little delay, as the Rajah has given me permission to go first alone, and reconnoitre the enemy's camp. Will you, therefore, provide a very quiet pony, for you know I cannot ride, and I will start to-morrow morning."

But, before the chatti-maker had started, the Rajah sent over to him a magnificent charger, which he begged him to ride when going to see the enemy's camp. The chatti-maker was frightened almost out of his life, for the charger that the Rajah had sent him was very powerful and spirited, and he felt sure that, even if he ever got on it, he would very soon tumble off; however, he did not dare to refuse it, for fear of offending the Rajah by not accepting his present. So he sent back to him a message of thanks, and said to his wife, "I cannot go on the pony now that the Rajah has sent me this fine horse, but how am I ever to ride it?" "Oh, don't be frightened," she answered, "you've only got to get upon it, and I will tie you firmly on, so that you cannot tumble off, and if you start at night no one will see that you are tied on." "Very well," he said. So that night his wife brought the horse that the Rajah had sent him to the door. "Indeed," said the chatti-maker, "I can never get into that saddle,

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

it is so high up." "You must jump," said his wife. So he tried to jump several times, but each time he jumped, he tumbled down again. "I always forget when I am jumping," said he, "which way I ought to turn." "Your face must be towards the horse's head," she answered. "To be sure, of course," he cried, and giving one great jump he jumped into the saddle, but with his face towards the horse's tail. "This won't do at all!" said his wife as she helped him down again; "try getting on without jumping." "I never can remember," he continued, "when I have got my left foot in the stirrup, what to do with my right foot, or where to put it." "That must go in the other stirrup," she answered; "let me help you." So, after many trials, in which he tumbled down very often, for the horse was fresh and did not like standing still, the chatti-maker got into the saddle; but, no sooner had he got there than he cried, "Oh, wife, wife! tie me very firmly as quickly as possible, for I know I shall jump down if I can." Then she fetched some strong rope and tied his feet firmly into the stirrups and fastened one stirrup to the other, and put another rope round his waist, and another round his neck, and fastened them to the horse's body, and neck, and tail.

When the horse felt all these ropes about him he could not imagine what queer creature had got upon his back, and he began rearing, and kicking, and prancing, and at last set off at full gallop, as fast as he could tear, right across country until they came in sight of the enemy's camp.

The chatti-maker did not enjoy his ride at all, and when he saw where it was leading him, he liked it still less, for he thought the enemy would catch him and very likely kill him. So he determined to make one desperate

effort to be free, and, stretching out his hand as the horse shot past a young banyan tree, he seized hold of it with all his might, hoping that the resistance it offered might cause the ropes that tied him to break. But the horse was going at his utmost speed, and the soil in which the banyan tree grew was loose, so that when the chatti-maker caught hold of it and gave it such a violent pull, it came up by the roots, and on he rode as fast as before, with the tree in his hand.

All the soldiers in the camp saw him coming, and having heard that an army was to be sent against them, made sure that the chatti-maker was one of the van-guard. "See," cried they, "here comes a man of gigantic stature on a mighty horse! He rides at full speed across the country, tearing up the very trees in his rage! He is one of the opposing force; the whole army must be close at hand. If they are such as he, we are all dead men." Then, running to their Rajah, some of them cried again, "Here comes the whole force of the enemy" (for the story had by this time become exaggerated), "they are men of gigantic stature, mounted on mighty horses; as they come they tear up the very trees in their rage; we can oppose men, but not monsters such as these." These were followed by others, who said, "It is all true," for by this time the chatti-maker had got pretty near the camp, "they're coming! they're coming! let us fly! let us fly! fly, fly, for your lives!" And the whole panic-stricken multitude fled from the camp, after having obliged their Rajah to write a letter to the one whose country he was about to invade, to say that he would not do so, and propose terms of peace, and to sign it, and seal it with his seal. Scarcely had all the people fled from the camp, than the horse on which

the chatti-maker was, came galloping into it, and on his back rode the chatti-maker, almost dead from fatigue, with the banyan tree in his hand; just as he reached the camp the ropes by which he was tied broke, and he fell to the ground. The horse stood still, too tired with his long run to go further. On recovering his senses, the chatti-maker found, to his surprise, that the whole camp, full of rich arms, clothes, and trappings, was entirely deserted. In the principal tent, moreover, he found a letter addressed to his Rajah, announcing the retreat of the invading army, and proposing terms of peace.

So he took the letter, and returned home with it as fast as he could, leading his horse all the way, for he was afraid to mount him again. It did not take him long to reach his house by the direct road, for whilst riding he had gone a longer way round than was necessary, and he got there just at nightfall. His wife ran out to meet him, overjoyed at his speedy return. As soon as he saw her, he said, "Ah, wife: since I saw you last I've been all round the world, and had many wonderful and terrible adventures. But never mind that now, send this letter quickly to the Rajah by a messenger, and send the horse also that he sent for me to ride. He will then see, by the horse looking tired, what a long ride I've had; and if he is sent on beforehand, I shall not be obliged to ride him up to the palace door to-morrow morning, as I otherwise should, and that would be very tiresome, for most likely I should tumble off." So his wife sent the horse and the letter to the Rajah, and a message that her husband would be at the palace early next morning, as it was then late at night.

Next day he went down there, as he had said he would,

and when the people saw him coming, they said, "This man is as modest as he is brave; after having put our enemies to flight, he walks quite simply to the door, instead of riding here in state, as any other man would." For they did not know that the chatti-maker walked because he was afraid to ride.

The Rajah came to the palace door to meet him, and paid him all possible honour. Terms of peace were agreed upon between the two countries, and the chatti-maker was rewarded for all he had done by being given twice as much rank and wealth as he had before, and he lived very happily all the rest of his life.

LESSON 9

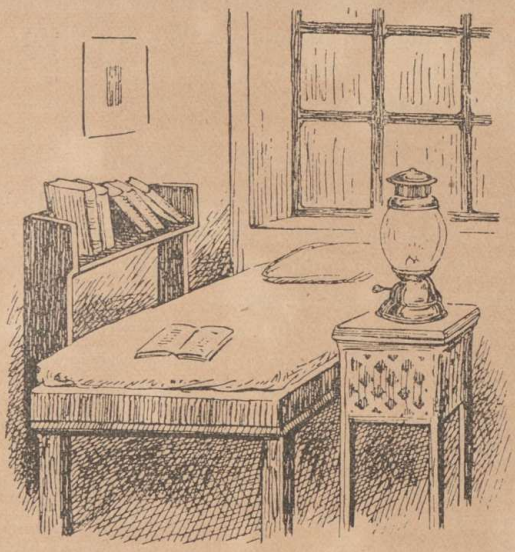
THE SCHOOLBOY'S ESSAY

Boys are often asked to write an essay in school; and in examinations it is necessary to write essays in a very short space of time. Let us, then, begin early to learn something about this difficult art.

What is an essay? The dictionary tells us that an essay is a brief literary composition on any subject; and many famous essays have been written in English. Perhaps you know some of these. Have you ever heard of the essays of Charles Lamb? Lord Macaulay was a famous writer who once lived in India. He wrote two brilliant essays on Clive and Warren Hastings; and, when you go to college, you are sure to read these interesting compositions. The essay may be as long or as short as the writer pleases; but it must arrange the facts and ideas connected with its subject in an orderly and striking manner. Now this is the chief difficulty of the young learner. First of all he must get his facts and ideas together, and then he must learn how to arrange these.

Essays are divided into paragraphs. What is a paragraph? It may be called a collection of sentences that contain one main idea, and that form a section of an essay. In a very short essay it is well to have one introductory and one concluding paragraph. Now let us try to write an essay for ourselves. Let us take this picture as our subject, and let us begin by thinking about it. We shall soon have plenty of ideas to write about, and we must try to arrange these into orderly paragraphs?

Look carefully at the picture. It is a drawing of a room in a hostel. It shows a window, a bed, a bookcase, a table and a lamp. There is a picture on the wall. It is a room in a good school or college hostel. Now all these facts set one thinking about hostel life, and many ideas come crowding into the mind. Which of these shall we select for our essay ? We have the picture as



our main subject and so we must keep to that, making all other ideas subordinate to the picture.

First of all let us say something about hostel life in general. All Indian schoolboys know something about this, even if they have not lived in a hostel themselves. This would make the substance of one paragraph. Then let us describe exactly what the picture shows. There are many clear details in the drawing that are familiar

to us all. These would make the substance of a second paragraph. Next, we may imagine the work of the boy or student who lives in this very room. This would make a third paragraph. Here then are three main paragraphs. If to these we add a very brief introduction and conclusion, we shall have a neat little essay of five paragraphs. This is a very useful size for the essay of a schoolboy. It shows that he understands how to arrange his facts in order, and it does not take a long time to write. Here then is our school essay with the subject at the top.

The School Hostel

Here is the picture of a room in the hostel of a high school. It has been carefully drawn, and many details of interest have been shown to us by the artist.

Hostels are of great use to the Indian schoolboy. They provide a lodging for those who have to come from a great distance to carry on their studies. They also provide the companionship of class-fellows with whom games may be played, and along with whom lessons may be learned. Hostels are places of discipline. They teach us punctuality, and they compel us to obey the orders of our superintendents. In this way they are a good preparation for our life when we leave school.

This picture of a hostel is very clear. We can almost see the room itself and everything that it contains. It is a comfortable room with good furniture. There is a strong bed with a thick mattress and pillow. Beside the bed there is a small table on which a lamp has been placed. The lamp looks as if it were alight. Probably it is evening and the lamp is ready for the boy who will come in from his games to carry on his studies. Against

the wall and near the bed there is a bookcase. On the top shelf are five books, and another book is lying open on the bed. Above the bookcase there is a picture. How neat and comfortable it all looks !

Who lives in this room ? The artist does not show the boy, and we can only guess at his appearance and character. Perhaps he reads in the highest class of his school. He seems to be a diligent student ; because his books and lamp are all ready for use. Perhaps he will leave this school and hostel and go into a college. He may enter one of the learned professions. He may become a doctor or a lawyer or a teacher. Perhaps he will go into the Civil Service and become a useful district officer or judge. On the other hand he may like industrial life. He may go into business and become a merchant, or he may study engineering. Perhaps he is fond of farming. He may learn all about the new methods of agriculture, and return to his father's lands and see that they are carefully cultivated. It is hard to say what this hostel boy will do in after-life ; but, as he seems to be both tidy and diligent, he is likely to be successful when he grows up to be a man.

How interesting it is to look at a nice picture like this, and to write down all the ideas that the artist has brought to our minds !

CLASS EXERCISES

(1) Use other pictures in this book as an aid to composition and expression.

(2) The essay-form is not hard. It is as easy to grasp as any theory of grammar, and the use of the paragraph should be taught as early as possible. Take any subject

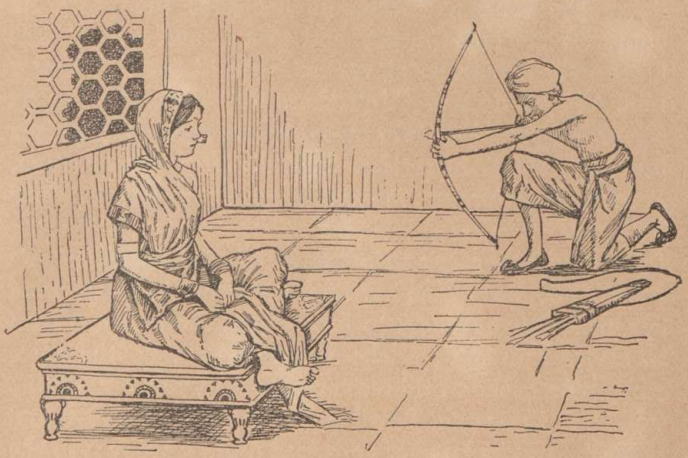
at random such as *War*, *The Monsoon*, *Football*, *etc.*, *etc.*, and get the pupils to jot down their ideas arranged in three main paragraphs with one of introduction and conclusion. In time the number of paragraphs may be increased, but five make a very handy size.

(3) There is no reason why the vernacular should not be used largely to explain exactly the need for relevance and arrangement. Moreover, if the English teacher co-operates with the minister or pundit, or whoever teaches the local language, similar essays may be set in it, or in Sanskrit or Persian.

LESSON 10

THREE CLEVER MEN (I)

THERE was once upon a time a very rich man who had a very beautiful wife, and whose chief amusement used to be shooting with a bow and arrow. At this art he was so clever that every morning he would shoot through



one of the pearls in his wife's nose-ring without hurting her at all.

One holiday, the Pearl-shooter's brother-in-law came to take his sister to their father and mother's house to pay her own family a little visit; and when he saw her, he said: "Why do you look so pale and thin and miserable? Is your husband unkind to you, or what is the matter?" "No," she answered; "my husband is very kind to me, and I have plenty of money and

jewels, and as pleasant a house as I could wish. My only grief is that every morning he amuses himself by shooting one of the pearls from my nose-ring, and that frightens me; for I fear that some day he may miss his aim, and the arrow run into my face and kill me. I am in constant terror of my life; yet I do not like to ask him not to do it, because it gives him so much pleasure; but if he left off I should be very glad." "What does he himself say to you about it?" asked the brother. "Every day," she replied, "when he has shot the pearl, he comes to me quite happy and proud, and says, 'Was there ever a man so clever as I am?' and I answer him, 'No, I do not think there ever was any one as clever as you.'" "Do not say so again," said the brother; "but next time he asks you the question, answer, *Yes, there are many men in the world more clever than you.*"

The Pearl-shooter's wife promised to take her brother's advice. So, next time her husband shot the pearl from her nose-ring, and said to her, "Was there ever a man so clever as I am?" she answered: "Yes, there are many men in the world more clever than you." Then he said, "If there are, I will not rest until I have found them." And he left her and went a far journey into the jungle in order to find, if possible, a cleverer man than himself.

On, on, on he journeyed a very long way, until at last he came to a large river, and on the river bank saw a traveller eating his dinner. The Pearl-shooter sat down beside him, and the two began to converse together. At last, the Pearl-shooter said to his new friend, "What is the reason of your journey, and where are you going?" The stranger answered, "I am a Wrestler, and the strong-

est man in all this country. I can do many wonderful things in the way of wrestling and carrying heavy weights, and I began to think that in all this world there was no one so clever as I; but I have lately heard of a still more wonderful man who lives in a distant country, and who is so clever that every morning he shoots one of the pearls from his wife's nose-ring without hurting her. So I am travelling in order to find him, and learn if the story is true."

The Pearl-shooter answered, "Then you need travel no further, for I am that man of whom you heard." "Why are you travelling about then, and where are you going?" asked the Wrestler. "I," replied the other, "am also travelling to see if in all the world I can find a man cleverer than myself; therefore, as we have both the same object in view, let us be brothers and go about together; perhaps there is still in the world a better man than we." The Wrestler agreed; so they both started on their way together.

They had not gone very far before they came to a place where three roads met, and there sat another man whom neither of them had ever seen before. He accosted the Wrestler and the Pearl-shooter and said to them, "Who are you, friends, and where are you going?" "We," answered they, "are two clever men, who are travelling through the world to see if we can find a man cleverer than ourselves; but who are you, and where are you going?" "I," replied the third man, "am a Pundit, a man of memory, renowned for my brains, a great thinker; and, to tell you the truth, I thought there was no one in the world more wonderful than I; but having heard of two men in distant lands of very great cleverness, one of whom is a Wrestler, and the other

a Shooter of pearls from his wife's nose-ring, I am journeying in order to find them and learn if the things I heard are true." "They are true," said the other; "for we, O Pundit, are the very two men of whom you speak."

At this news the Pundit was overjoyed, and cried, "Then let us be brothers; since your homes are far distant, return with me to my house, which is close by. There you can rest a while, and each of us put our various powers to the proof." This proposal pleased the Wrestler and the Pearl-shooter, who accompanied the Pundit to his house.

Now in the kitchen there was an enormous cauldron of iron, so heavy that five-and-twenty men could hardly move it; and in the dead of night the Wrestler, to prove his power, got up from the verandah, where he was sleeping, and as quietly as possible lifted this great cauldron on to his shoulders, and carried it down to the river. Then he waded with it into the deepest part of the water, and buried it there. After having accomplished this feat, he returned to the Pundit's house as quietly as he had left it, and, rolling himself up in his blanket, fell fast asleep. But though he had come so softly, the Pundit's wife heard him, and waking her husband, she said, "I heard footsteps as of people creeping quietly about and not wishing to be heard, and but a little while ago I noticed the same thing. Perhaps there are thieves in the house; let us go and see. It is strange that they should choose such a bright moonlight night." And they both got up quickly, and walked round the house. They found nothing, however, out of order, nor any signs of anything having been touched or disarranged, until they came to the kitchen.

At first they thought all was as they left it there;

when, just as they were going away, the Pundit's wife cried out to him : " Why, what has become of the great cauldron ? I never thought of looking to see if that was safe ; for it did not seem possible that it could have been moved." And they both looked inside the house and outside, but the cauldron was nowhere to be seen. At last, however, they discovered deep footprints in the sand close to the kitchen door, as of some one who had been carrying a very heavy weight, and these they traced down to the river side.

Then the Pundit said : " Some one immensely strong has evidently done this, for here are the footprints of one man only ; and he must have buried the cauldron in the water, for see ! there is no continuation of the foot-prints on the other side. I wonder who can have done this ? Let us go and see if our two guests are asleep. Perhaps the Wrestler played us this trick to prove his great strength." And, with his wife, he went into the verandah where the Pearl-shooter and the Wrestler lay rolled up in their blankets, fast asleep. First, they looked at the Pearl-shooter ; but, on seeing him, the Pundit shook his head, saying, " No, he certainly has not done this thing." They then looked at the Wrestler, and the cunning Pundit licked the skin of the sleeping man, and, turning to his wife, whispered : " This is assuredly the man who stole the cauldron and put it in the river, for he must have been but lately up to his neck in fresh water, since there is no taste of salt on his skin from his foot even to his shoulders. To-morrow I will surprise him by showing him I know this." And so saying, the Pundit crept back into the house, followed by his wife.

Next morning early, as soon as it was light, the Pearl-

shooter and the Wrestler were accosted by their host, who said to them, "Let us go down to the river and have a bathe, for I cannot offer you a bath, since the great cauldron, in which we generally wash, has been mysteriously carried away this very night." "Where can it have gone?" said the Wrestler. "Ah, where indeed?" answered the Pundit, and he led them down to where the cauldron had been put into the river by the Wrestler the night before; and wading about in the water until he found it, pointed it out to him, saying, "See, friend, how far this cauldron travelled!" The Wrestler was much surprised to find that the Pundit knew where the cauldron was hidden, and said, "Who can have put it there?" "I will tell you," answered the Pundit; "why, I think it was you!" And then he related how his wife had heard footsteps, and being afraid of thieves, had awakened him the night before, and how they had discovered that the cauldron was missing, and traced it down to the river side; and then how he had found out that the Wrestler had just before been into the water up to his neck. The Wrestler and the Pearl-shooter were both much astonished at the Pundit's wisdom in having found this out; and the Pearl-shooter said to himself, "Both these men are certainly more clever than I."

LESSON 11

THE SWALLOW AND THE TORTOISE

A Tortoise in a garden's bound,
An ancient inmate of the place,
Had left his winter-quarters under ground,
And with a sober pace
Was crawling o'er a sunny bed,
And thrusting from his shell his pretty toad-like head.
Just come from sea, a Swallow,

As to and fro he nimbly flew,
Beat our old racer hollow :
At length he stopp'd direct in view,
And said, " Acquaintance, brisk and gay,
How have you fared this many a day ? "

" Thank you ! " (replied the close housekeeper)
" Since you and I last autumn parted,
I've been a precious sleeper,
And never stirr'd nor started,
But in my hold I lay as snug
As fleas within a rug ;

Nor did I put my head abroad
Till all the snow and ice were thawed."

" But I " (rejoined the bird)
" Who love cold weather just as well as you,
Soon as the warning blasts I heard,
Away I flew,
And mounting in the wind,
Left gloomy winter far behind.

Directed by the midday sun,
O'er sea and land my venturous course I steered,
Nor was my distant journey done
Till Africa's green coast appear'd.
There, all the season long,
I chased gay butterflies and gnats,
And gave my negro friends a morning song,
And housed at night among the bats.
Then, at the call of spring,
I northward turn'd my wing,
And here again her joyous message bring."

" What a deal of needless ranging "
(Returned the reptile grave) ;
" For ever hurrying, bustling, changing,
As if it were your life to save !
Why need you visit foreign nations ?
Rather, like me, and some of your relations,
Take out a pleasant half-year's nap,
Secure from trouble and mishap."

" A pleasant nap, indeed ! " (replied the Swallow);
" When I can neither see nor fly,

That bright example I may follow ;
Till then, in truth, not I !
I measure time by its employment,
And only value life for life's enjoyment.
As good be buried all at once,
As doze out half one's days, like you, you stupid
dunce ! "

LESSON 12

THREE CLEVER MEN (II)

THE three clever men returned to the house, and were very happy and joyful, and amused themselves laughing and talking all the rest of the day. When evening came, the Pundit said to the Wrestler : " Let us to-night have done with simple food, and have a royal feast ; my Strong Friend, please go and catch the fattest of those goats that we see upon the hills yonder, and we will cook it for our dinner."

The Wrestler assented, and set out until he reached the flock of goats, which were browsing upon the hill-side. Now, just at that moment a wicked little Demon came by that way, and on seeing the Wrestler looking at the goats, he thought to himself, " If I can make him choose me, and take me home with him for his dinner, I shall be able to play him and his friends some fine tricks.". So, quick as thought, he changed himself into a very handsome goat, and when the Wrestler saw this one goat so much taller and finer and fatter than all the rest, he ran and caught hold of him, and tucked him under his arm to carry him home for dinner. The goat kicked and kicked, and jumped about, and tried to butt more fiercely than the Wrestler had ever known any mortal goat do before, but still he held him tight, and brought him in triumph to the Pundit's door.

The Pundit heard him coming, and ran out to meet him ; but when he saw the goat, he started back quite frightened, for the Wrestler was holding it so tight that its eyes were almost starting out of its head, and they were

fiery and evil-looking, and burning like two living coals; and the Pundit saw at once that it was a Demon and no goat that his friend held. Then he thought quickly: "If I appear to be frightened, this cruel Demon will get into the house and devour us all. I must endeavour

to frighten him." So, in a bold voice, he cried: "Oh, Wrestler! Wrestler! foolish friend, what have you done? We asked you to fetch a fat goat for our dinner, and you have only brought a wretched little Demon. If you could not find goats, while you were about it you might as well have brought more Demons, for we are hungry people. My children are each accustomed to eat one

Demon a day, and my wife eats three, and I myself eat twelve, and here you have only brought one between us all. What are we to do ? "

At hearing these reproaches the Wrestler was so astonished that he dropped the Demon goat, who was so frightened at the Pundit's words that he came crawling along quite humbly upon his knees, saying : " Oh, sir ! do not eat me, do not eat me, and I will give you anything you like in the world. Only let me go, and I will fetch you mountains of treasure, rubies and diamonds and gold and precious stones beyond number. Do not eat me ; only let me go ! "

" No, no," said the Pundit ; " I know what you'll do ; you'll just go away and never return. We are very hungry. We do not want gold and precious stones, but we want a good dinner. We must certainly eat you." The Demon thought that all the Pundit said must be true ; for he spoke so fearlessly and naturally. So he repeated more earnestly, " Only let me go, and I promise you to return and bring you all the riches that you could desire." The Pundit was too wise to seem glad ; but he said sternly : " Very well, you may go ; but unless you return quickly, and bring the treasure you promise, be you in the uttermost part of the earth, we will find you and eat you, for we are more powerful than you and all your fellows."

The Demon, who had just experienced how much stronger the Wrestler was than ordinary men, and then heard from the Pundit's own lips of his love for eating Demons, thought himself exceedingly lucky to have escaped their clutches so easily. Returning to his own land, he fetched from the Demons' storehouse a vast amount of precious things, with which he was flying

away with all speed, when several of his comrades caught hold of him and in angry tones asked where he was carrying away so much of their treasure. The Demon answered : " I take it to save my life ; for whilst wandering round the world I was caught by terrible creatures, more dreadful than the sons of men, and they threatened to eat me unless I bring the treasure."

" We should like to see these dreadful creatures," answered they, " for we never before heard of mortals who devoured Demons." To which he replied : " These are not ordinary mortals. I tell you they are the fiercest creatures I ever saw, and would devour our Rajah himself if they got the chance. One of them said that he daily ate twelve Demons, that his wife ate three, and each of his children one." At hearing this they consented to let him go for the time being ; but the Demon Rajah commanded him to return with all speed next day, that the matter might be further discussed in Durbar.

When, after three days' absence, the Demon returned to the Pundit's house with the treasure, the Pundit angrily said to him : " Why have you been so long away ? You promised to return as soon as possible." He answered : " All my fellow Demons detained me, and would hardly let me go ; they were so angry at my bringing you so much treasure ; and though I told them how great and powerful you were, they would not believe me, but will, as soon as I return, judge me in Durbar for serving you." " Where is your Durbar held ? " asked the Pundit. " Oh, very far, far away," answered the Demon, " in the depths of the jungle, where our Rajah daily holds his court." My friends and I would like to see that place and your Rajah and all his court," said the

Pundit. "You must take us with you when you go, for we have absolute mastery over all Demons, even over their Rajah himself; and unless you do as we command, we shall be very angry." "Very well," answered the Demon, for he felt quite frightened at the Pundit's fierce words; "mount on my back, and I'll take you there."

So the Pundit, the Wrestler, and the Pearl-shooter all mounted the Demon, and he flew away with them, on, on, on, as fast as his wings could cut the air, till they reached the great jungle where the Durbar was to be held, and there he placed them all on the top of a high tree just over the Demon Rajah's throne. In a few minutes the Pearl-shooter, the Wrestler, and the Pundit heard a rushing noise, and thousands and thousands of Demons filled the place, covering the ground as far as the eye could reach, and thronging chiefly round the Rajah's throne; but they did not notice the men up in the tree above them. Then the Rajah ordered that the evil spirit, who had taken their treasure to give to mortals, should be brought for trial. When they had dragged the culprit into the midst of them, they tried him, and having proved him guilty, they wished to punish; but he defended himself stoutly, saying: "Noble Rajah, those who forced me to fetch them treasure were no ordinary mortals, but great and terrible. They said that they ate many Demons; the man ate twelve a day, his wife ate three, and each of his children one. He said, moreover, that he and his friends were more powerful than us all, and ruled your majesty as absolutely as we are ruled by you." The Demon Rajah answered: "Let us see these great people of whom you speak, and we will believe you; but . . ."

At this moment the tree in which the Pundit, the Pearl-shooter and the Wrestler were hiding broke, and down they all tumbled; first the Wrestler, then the Pearl-shooter, and lastly the Pundit upon the head of the Demon Rajah as he sat in judgment. They seemed to have come down from the sky, so suddenly did they appear; and, being very much alarmed at their awkward position, determined to take the aggressive. The Wrestler kicked and hugged and beat the Rajah with all his might and main, and the Pearl-shooter did likewise, while the Pundit, who was perched up a little higher than either of the others, cried: "We will eat him first for dinner, and afterwards we will eat all the other Demons."

The evil spirits hearing this, one and all flew away from the confusion, and left their Rajah to his fate; while he cried, "Oh spare me! spare me! I see it is all true; only let me go, and I will give you as much treasure as you like." "No, no," said the Pundit; "don't listen to him, my friends; we will eat him for dinner." And the Wrestler and the Pearl-shooter kicked and beat him harder than before. Then the Demon cried again, "Let me go! let me go!"

"No, no," they answered; and they pummeled him vigorously for the space of an hour, until, at last fearing they might get tired, the Pundit said: "The treasure would be of no use to us here in the jungle, but if you brought us a very great deal to our own house, we might give up eating you for dinner to-day; you must, however, give us great compensation, for we are all very hungry."

To this the Demon Rajah gladly agreed, and calling together his scattered subjects, ordered them to take

the three men home again, and convey the treasure to the Pundit's house. The little Demons obeyed his orders with much fear and trembling; but they were only too ready to do their best to get the Pundit, the Pearl-shooter, and the Wrestler out of Demon-land. When they got home, the Pundit said, "You shall not go until the promise is fulfilled." Instantly Demons without number filled the house with riches; and when they had accomplished their task, they all flew away, fearing greatly the terrible Pundit and his friends who talked of eating Demons as men would eat almonds and raisins.

So, by never showing that he was afraid, this brave Pundit saved his family from being eaten by these evil spirits, and also got a vast amount of treasure. This he divided into three equal portions: a third he gave to the Wrestler, a third to the Pearl-shooter, and a third he kept himself. After this he sent his friends with many kindly words back to their own homes. So the Pearl-shooter returned to his house laden with gold and jewels of priceless worth; and when he got there, he called his wife and gave them to her, saying: "I have been a far journey, and brought back all these treasures for you, and I have learnt that your words were true, since in the world there are cleverer men than I; for mine is a cleverness that is of no value, and but for a Pundit and a Wrestler I should not have gained these riches. I will shoot the pearl from your nose-ring no more." And he never did.

LESSON 13

PICTURE COMPOSITION

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

(1) Describe this picture as follows :

(*a*) the externals of the grocer's shop ;

(*b*) the goods in the shop ;

(*c*) the grocer himself.

(2) Invent a story about the grocer in this shop and express it in five paragraphs neatly arranged. (See lesson 9.)

(3) Describe any other shop with which you are acquainted.

LESSON 14

THE TALE OF THE TWO PRINCESSES (I)

ONCE upon a time there lived a Rajah who was left a widower with two little daughters. Not very long after his first wife died, he married again, and his second wife did not care for her step-children, and was often unkind to them. The Rajah, their father, never troubled himself to look after them, but allowed his wife to treat them as she liked. This made the poor girls very miserable, and one day one of them said to the other, "Don't let us remain any longer here; come away into the jungle, for nobody here cares whether we go or stay."

So they both walked off into the jungle, and lived for many days on wild fruit. At last, after they had wandered on for a long while, they came to a fine palace which belonged to a Rakshas; but both the Rakshas and his wife were out when they got there. Then one of the princesses said to the other, "This fine palace, in the midst of the jungle, can belong to no one but a Rakshas; but the owner has evidently gone out. Let us go in and see if we can find anything to eat." So they went into the Rakshas' house, and finding some rice, boiled and ate it. They then swept the room, and arranged all the furniture in the house tidily. But hardly had they finished doing so, when the Rakshas and his wife returned home. Then the two princesses were so frightened that they ran up to the top of the house, and hid themselves on the flat roof, from which they could look down on one side into the inner courtyard of the house, and from the other could see the open country.

When the Rakshas came into the house, he looked round, and said to his wife, "Somebody has been arranging the house, everything in it is so clean and tidy. Wife, did you do this?" "No," she said; "I don't know who can have done all this." "Some one also has

been sweeping the courtyard," continued the Rakshas. "Wife, did you sweep the courtyard?" "No," she answered, "I did not do it. I don't know who did." Then the Rakshas walked round and round several times with his nose up in the air, saying, "Some one is here now. I smell flesh and blood! Where can they

be ? " " Stuff and nonsense," cried his wife. " You smell flesh and blood, indeed ! Why, you have just been killing and eating a hundred people. I should be surprised if you *didn't* smell flesh and blood ! " They went on quarrelling thus until the Rakshas said, " Well, never mind, I don't know how it is, but I'm very thirsty ; let us go and drink some water." So both the Rakshas and his wife went to a well which was close to the house, and began letting down jars into it, and drawing up the water, and drinking it. And the princesses, who were on the top of the house, saw them.

Now the youngest of the two princesses was a very wise girl, and when she saw the Rakshas and his wife by the well, she said to her sister, " I will do something now that will be good for us both " ; and, running down quickly from the top of the house, she crept close behind the Rakshas and his wife, as they stood on tip-toe more than half over the side of the well, and, catching hold of one of the Rakshas' heels, and one of his wife's, gave each a great push, and down they both tumbled into the well and were drowned, the Rakshas and the Rakshas' wife ! The princess then returned to her sister and said, " I have killed the Rakshas." " What, both ? " cried her sister. " Yes, both," she said. " Won't they come back ? " said her sister. " No, never ! " answered she.

The Rakshas being thus killed, the two princesses took possession of the house, and lived there very happily for a long time. In it they found heaps and heaps of rich clothes, and jewels, and gold and silver, which the Rakshas had taken from people whom he had murdered. All round the house were folds for the flocks, and sheds for the herds of cattle which the Rakshas owned. Every morning the youngest princess used to drive out the

flocks and herds to graze, and return home with them every night, while the eldest stayed at home, cooked the dinner, and kept the house. The youngest princess would often say to her sister on going away for the day, "Take care, if you see any stranger come by the house, to hide, if possible, that nobody may know of our living here; and if any one should call out and ask for a drink of water, or any poor beggar pray for food, before you give it them be sure you put on ragged clothes, and cover your face with charcoal, and make yourself as ugly as possible, or, seeing how fair you are, they will run away with you and we shall never meet again." "Very well," the other princess would answer, "I will do as you advise."

But a long time passed, and no one ever came by that way. At last one day, after the youngest princess had gone out, a young prince, the son of a neighbouring Rajah, who had been hunting with his attendants for many days in the jungles, came near the place searching for water. When the prince saw the fine palace, standing all by itself, he was very much astonished, and said, "It is a strange thing that any one should have built such a house as this in the depths of the forest! Let us go in; the owners will doubtless give us a drink of water." "No, no, do not go," cried his attendants; "this is most likely the house of a Rakshas." "We can but see," answered the prince, "I should scarcely think anything very terrible lived here, for there is not a sound to be heard nor a living creature to be seen." So he began tapping at the door, which was bolted, and crying, "Will whoever owns this house give me and my people some water to drink, for the sake of kind charity?" But nobody answered, for the princess, who heard him

was busy up in her room, blacking her face with charcoal, and covering her rich dress with rags. Then the prince got impatient, and shook the door, saying, angrily, "Let me in, whoever you are! If you don't, I'll force the door open." At this the poor little princess got dreadfully frightened; and, having blacked her face, and made herself look as ugly as possible, she ran downstairs with a pitcher of water, and unbolting the door, gave the prince the pitcher to drink from; but she did not speak, for she was afraid.

Now the prince was by no means a fool, and as he raised the pitcher to his mouth to drink the water, he thought to himself, "This is a very strange-looking creature who has brought me this jug of water. She would be pretty, but her face seems to want washing, and her dress also is very untidy. What can that black stuff be on her face and hands? It looks very unnatural." So, instead of drinking the water, he threw it in the princess' face! The princess started back with a little cry whilst the water, trickling down her face, washed off the charcoal, and showed her delicate features and beautiful complexion. The prince caught hold of her hand, and said, "Now tell me truly, who are you? Where do you come from? Who are your father and mother? And why are you here alone by yourself in the jungle? Answer me, or I'll cut your head off." And he made as if he would draw his sword. The princess was so terrified she could hardly speak; but as well as she could, she told how she was the daughter of a Rajah, and had run away into the jungle because of her cruel step-mother, and, finding this house, had lived there ever since. Having finished her story, she began to cry. Then the prince said to her, "Pretty lady, forgive me for my

roughness ; do not fear ; I will take you home with me, and you shall be my wife." But the more he spoke to her, the more frightened she became. So frightened was she that she did not understand what he said, and could do nothing but cry.

Now she had said nothing to the prince about her sister, nor even told him that she had one, for she thought, " This man says he will kill me ; if he hears that I have a sister, he will kill her too." So the prince, who was really kind-hearted, and would never have thought of separating the two little sisters who had been together so long, knew nothing at all of the matter ; and only seeing that she was too much alarmed even to understand gentle words, said to his servants, " Place this lady in one of the palanquins, and let us set off home." And they did so. When the princess found herself shut up in the palanquin, and being carried she knew not where, she thought how terrible it would be for her sister to return home and find her gone. She determined, if possible, to leave some sign to show her which way she had been taken.

Round her neck were many strings of pearls. She untied these, and tearing her sari into little bits, tied one pearl in each piece of the sari, that it might be heavy enough to fall straight to the ground ; and so she went on, dropping one pearl and then another, and another, and another, all the way she went along, until they reached the palace, where the Rajah and Rani, the prince's father and mother, lived. Just as she reached the palace gate she threw down the last pearl that remained.

The old Rajah and Rani were delighted to see the beautiful princess whom their son had brought home ; and when they heard her story they said, " Ah, poor

thing! what a sad story! But now that she has come to live with us, we will do all we can to make her happy."

And they married her to their son with great pomp and ceremony, and gave her rich dresses and jewels, and were very kind to her. But the princess remained sad and unhappy, for she was always thinking about her sister, and yet she could not summon courage to beg the prince or his father to send and fetch her to the palace.

LESSON 15

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

ALEXANDER, King of Macedon in Greece, is always known as Alexander the Great; for his name is one of the greatest in the history of the world and may be compared with Napoleon of France (also called the Great) and Julius Cæsar of Rome. The three men are, in many ways, similar; for they were great warriors and conquerors, and also great rulers whose work lives to-day, many years after their death.

Alexander was born about the year 356 B.C. in the North of Greece; and at the age of twenty he succeeded his father, Philip, who was murdered, as King of Macedon. While he was a boy, his mother had always encouraged him to believe that he was descended from one of the old Heroes of Greece, whose great deeds are told in the poems of Homer; and when the young man came to the throne, he determined to act as one of the Homeric Heroes and to become a great conqueror and a great ruler. He surrounded himself with the best and wisest men of his time, the chief among them being the philosopher Aristotle, who is perhaps the clearest and deepest thinker of all time.

While his father was alive Alexander had not seen very much fighting, although at the age of eighteen he had commanded the cavalry at one of his father's most successful battles; but when he became king, he found enemies on every side, and very few friends to help him. First he turned upon the other states of Europe, and in a little over a year became master of the whole of Greece.

But now, as afterwards, he did not treat his conquered foes as enemies, but made them his friends. His generosity was rewarded, for very soon he had to face greater dangers and stronger opponents.

For one hundred and fifty years before Alexander came to the throne of Macedon, Greece and Persia had been bitter enemies. Sometimes there had been wars, in which the Persians were regularly beaten; but in the fourth century Persia seemed to have made herself stronger than ever before. The Persian king was Darius, the second of the name, the first having been the king who conquered Afghanistan and Northern India a hundred and fifty years before, in the reign of King Bimbisara of Magadha.

In 334 B.C. Alexander crossed the Hellespont, which separates Europe from Asia, and in the next year met the army of Darius at Issus in Cilicia. He won a great victory and much treasure. Seven years later, in the battle of Arbela, he defeated the biggest army that had ever been gathered together. Here Darius had assembled nearly a million Persian soldiers. Alexander cut right through their ranks, and approached the person of the Persian king. Darius took fright and fled. Not less than 40,000 Persian soldiers were slain; and the great empire of Darius was broken up. This victory was the beginning of the career of Alexander. He now dreamed of founding a vast Eastern Empire, and of making his way as far as India itself. Let us see how his wonderful plan was carried out.

The great cities of Babylon, Susa and Persepolis were now at the mercy of Alexander. The last he destroyed, and carried away its vast treasure of thirty million pounds. This was the true capital of Persia, and its

destruction was the final proof of the Greek conquest. Babylon and Susa were now made a base for Alexander's armies ; and from these he marched north-east to attack the Scythians. These warlike people could have hindered his descent upon India ; and Alexander, knowing this,

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Head of a Statue at Constantinople.

marched to the river Jaxartes (the Sir Daria) and utterly defeated them. At this stage in his advance he subdued the country called Sogdiana ; and began to take Asiatic soldiers into his army.

The Greek general now turned to the South. The Hindu Kush lay between him and India. This was

hard mountainous country, to which his troops were not accustomed. It contained many warlike tribes and many strong hill-forts. The Greek army divided itself into two parts. One part marched along the Kabul river ; the other, led by Alexander, moved to the north of the first as a sort of guard. The whole army at last reached the Indus at a place called Ohind, about twenty miles north of Attock. To the south of the river Indus there were two Indian kings named Ambhi and Paurava. They were rivals ; and Ambhi at once yielded to Alexander, promising him help for his weary troops. He gave up the great city of Taxila or Taksha-sila to the invaders, and here the Greeks rested while Alexander turned to face Paurava.

Paurava, whose name in Greek is Poros, awaited his enemy on the south bank of the Jihlam. His army lay to the north of the Greek camp, which was fixed at the town of Jihlam itself. Alexander took a portion of his troops, marched north and crossed the river twenty miles above the camp of Poros. He told his generals whom he had left at Jihlam to cross when the battle began and to join him in the fight. Poros was taken by surprise. He had a great army with 200 elephants in front. On each side were chariots and cavalry ; and the whole force was drawn up in a dense mass close to the river. Alexander lost no time in attack. He began by using his cavalry. The swift Greek troopers came round the large army of Poros and galloped down upon its rear. Meanwhile the elephants were attacking the Greeks in front ; but by skilful archery these huge beasts were so maddened that they broke loose and crushed the Indian soldiers upon whom they retreated. At this stage in the fight, across the river from Jihlam

came the generals of Alexander. With this help the Greeks were greatly encouraged, and soon the huge army of Poros was in confusion. At least 15,000 men were killed. The Indian king fought like a brave soldier to the end. He fell terribly wounded, was taken to Alexander and treated with great respect.

When the Greek general asked him, "How do you expect to be treated?" Poros, who was a Kshatriya, replied, "As a King!" Alexander, admiring his courage and pride, restored his kingdom to him, and added to it the territory of the chiefs who had fallen in the battle; and made Poros his own Viceroy in India.

It was now the month of September in the year 326 B.C. Alexander had reached the limit of his conquest. His army refused to go further. The land to the south was unknown. His troops were weary of fighting; and they knew that if they advanced further, it would be almost impossible to return to their homes in Greece. Alexander was sorely disappointed; but he had to yield. He returned to Jihlam, built a great fleet of boats and sailed down the Indus to the sea. He fought against many of the tribes on the banks of the river, and nearly lost his life in one desperate conflict at the citadel of the Malli.

When he reached Pattala, where the Delta of the Indus began, Alexander told his admiral, Nearchus, to sail into the Persian Gulf and so up to the mouth of the river Euphrates. This was a great deed of daring exploration, but Nearchus succeeded in reaching Babylon and rejoining the Greek army. Alexander himself was not less daring. He led his troops through the unknown land of Gedrosia; and in 324 B.C. he came safely to the city of Susa.

What a wonderful march! It is one of the greatest military campaigns in the history of the world; and it is the most daring of all the invasions of India. All this was done by a very young man. Alexander was only thirty-three when he died of a fever at Babylon in the year 323 B.C.

LESSON 16

THE TALE OF THE TWO PRINCESSES (II)

MEANTIME the youngest princess, who had been out with her flocks and herds when the prince took her sister away, returned home. When she came back she found the door wide open, and no one standing there. She thought it very odd, for her sister always came every night to the door, to meet her on her return.

She went up-stairs, but her sister was not there. The whole house was empty and deserted. There she must stay all alone, for the evening had closed in, and it was impossible to go outside and look for her with any hope of success. All night long she waited. Next morning, very early, going out to continue the search, she found one of the pearls belonging to her sister's necklace tied up in a small piece of *sari* ; a little further on lay another, and yet another, all along the road by which the prince had gone. Then the princess understood that her sister had left this clue to guide her on her way, and she at once set off to find her again. At last she came to a large town, to which it was evident her sister had been taken.

Now this young princess was very beautiful indeed—as beautiful as she was wise—and when she got near the town she thought to herself, " If people see me, they may take me away as they did my sister, and then I shall never find her again. I will therefore disguise myself." As she was thinking thus, she saw by the side of the road the skeleton of a poor old beggar woman, who had evidently died from want and poverty. The body was

shrivelled up, and nothing of it remained but the skin and bones. The princess took the skin and washed it, and drew it on over her own lovely face and neck, as one draws a glove on one's hand. Then she took a long stick and began to hobble along, leaning on it, towards the town. So on she went, picking up the pearls—one here, one there—until she found the last pearl just in front of the palace gate. Then she felt certain her sister must be somewhere near, but where, she did not know. She longed to go into the palace and ask for her, but no guards would have let such a wretched-looking old woman enter, and she did not dare offer them any of the pearls she had with her, lest they should think she was a thief. So she determined merely to remain as close to the palace as possible, and wait till she was lucky enough to hear something more about her sister.

Just opposite the palace was a small house belonging to a farmer, and the princess went up to it, and stood by the door. The farmer's wife saw her and said, "Poor old woman, who are you? What do you want? Why are you here? Have you no friends?" "Alas, no," answered the princess. "I am a poor old woman and have neither father nor mother, son nor daughter, sister nor brother, to take care of me. All are gone, and I can only beg my bread from door to door."

Now there was a large tank near the palace, on which grew some fine lotus plants. Of these the Rajah was very fond indeed, and prized them very much. To this tank (because it was the nearest to the farmer's house) the princess used to go every morning, very early, almost before it was light, at about three o'clock, and take off the old woman's skin and wash it, and hang it out to dry; and wash her face and hands and bathe her feet

in the cool water, and comb her beautiful hair. Then she would gather a lotus-flower (such as she had been accustomed to wear in her hair from a child) and put it on, so as to feel for a few minutes like herself again. Afterwards, as soon as the wind had dried the old woman's skin, she put it on again, threw away the lotus-flower, and hobbled back to the farmer's door, before the sun was up.

After a time the Rajah discovered that some one had plucked some of his favourite lotus-flowers. People were set to watch, and all the wise men in the kingdom put their heads together to try and discover the thief, but without avail. At last, the excitement about this matter being very great, the Rajah's second son, a brave and noble young prince (brother to him who had found the elder princess in the forest), said, "I will certainly discover this thief." Now it chanced that several fine trees grew round the tank. Into one of these the young prince climbed one evening, and there he watched all the night through, but with no more success than his predecessors. There lay the lotus plants, still in the moonlight, without so much as a breath of wind coming to break off one of the flowers. The prince began to grow very sleepy, and thought the thief, whoever he might be, could not intend to return But, in the very early morning, before it was light, who should come down to the tank but an old woman he had often seen near the palace gate? "Ah, ha!" thought the prince, "this then is the thief! but what can this queer old woman want with a lotus-flower?" Imagine his surprise when the old woman sat down on the steps of the tank and began pulling the skin off her face and arms! From underneath the shrivelled yellow skin came the loveliest face he had ever beheld, so fair, so

fresh, so young, so gloriously beautiful, that appearing thus suddenly, it dazzled the prince's eyes like a flash of lightning! "Ah," thought he, "can this be a woman or a spirit, a devil or an angel in disguise?"

The princess twisted up her glossy black hair; and, plucking a red lotus, placed it in it, and dabbled her feet in the water, and amused herself by putting round her neck a string of the pearls that had been her sister's necklace. Then, as the sun was rising, she threw away the lotus, and covering her face and arms again with the withered skin, went hastily away. When the prince got home the first thing he said to his parents was, "Father, mother; I should like to marry that old woman who stands all day at the farmer's gate, just opposite." "What!" cried they, "the boy is mad! Marry that skinny old thing? You cannot—you are a king's son. Are there not enough queens and princesses in the world, that you should wish to marry a wretched old beggar woman?" But he answered, "Above all things I should like to marry that old woman. You know that I have ever been a dutiful and obedient son. In this matter, I pray you, grant me my desire." Then, seeing he was really in earnest about the matter, and that nothing they could say would alter his mind, they listened to his urgent entreaties. They sent out the guards, who fetched the old woman (who was really the princess in disguise) to the palace, where she was married to the prince as privately and with as little ceremony as possible, for the family were ashamed of the match.

As soon as the wedding was over, the prince said to his wife, "Gentle wife, tell me how much longer you intend to wear that old skin? You had better take it

off; do be so kind!" The princess wondered how he knew of her disguise, or whether it was only a guess of his; and she thought, "If I take this ugly skin off, my husband will think me pretty, and shut me up in the palace and never let me go away, so that I shall not be able to find my sister again. No, I had better not take it off." So she answered, "I don't know what you mean. I am as all these years have made me; nobody can change their skin." Then the prince pretended to be very angry, and said, "Take off that hideous disguise this instant, or I will kill you." But she only bowed her head, saying, "Kill me then, but nobody can change their skin." And all this she mumbled as if she were a very old woman indeed, and had lost all her teeth and could not speak plain. At this the prince laughed very much to himself, and thought, "I'll wait and see how long this mood lasts." But the princess continued to keep on the old woman's skin; and every morning, at about three o'clock, before it was light, she would get up and wash it and put it on again. Then some time afterwards the prince, having found this out, got up softly one morning early, and followed her to the next room, where she had washed the skin and placed it on the floor to dry, and stealing it, he ran away with it, and threw it on the fire.

So the princess, having no old woman's skin to put on, was obliged to appear in her own likeness. As she walked forth, very sad at missing her disguise, her husband ran to meet her, smiling and saying, "How do you do, my dear? Where is your skin now? Can't you take it off, dear?" Soon the whole palace had heard the joyful news of the beautiful young wife that the prince had won; and all the people, when they saw

her, cried, "Why she is exactly like the beautiful princess our young Rajah married, the jungle lady." The old Rajah and Rani were prouder than all of their daughter-in-law, and took her to introduce her to their eldest son's wife. Then no sooner did the princess enter her sister-in-law's room, than she saw that in her she had found her lost sister, and they ran into each other's arms. Great then was the joy of all, but the happiest of these happy people were the two princesses; and they lived together in peace and joy all their lives.

LESSON 17

THE COLONISTS

COME, said the teacher to his boys, I have a new game for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you shall be people of different trades and professions coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, *A*?

A. I am a farmer, sir.

T. Very well! Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much of it. But you must be a working farmer, and not play at farming.

Labourers will be scarce among us, and every man must put his own hand to the plough. There will be woods to clear, and marshes to drain, and a great deal of hard work to do.

A. I shall be ready to do my part, sir.

T. Well then, I will entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profession as you can bring. You shall have land enough, and tools; and you may set to work as soon as you please. Now for the next!

B. I am a carpenter, sir.

T. The most necessary man that could offer to come with us. We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make, and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a great deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts, and the like. You must be able to cut down trees and not work in your shop only.

B. I will, sir.

T. Very well; then I engage you, but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

C. I am a blacksmith, sir.

T. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; so you may bring your bellows and anvil, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But, by the by, we shall want a mason for that purpose.

D. I am one, sir.

T. That's well. Though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys and hearths and ovens, so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can make bricks, and burn lime too, you will be still more useful.

D. I will try what I can do, sir.

T. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next?

E. I am a shoemaker, sir.

T. Shoes are things which we cannot well do without. But can you make them out of raw hide? I fear we shall get no leather.

E. But I can dress hides, too.

T. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, even if I have to give you double wages.

F I am a tailor, sir.

T. Well! though it will be some time before we want holiday suits, yet we must not go naked; so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending, I hope, for we must not mind patching clothes while we work in the woods.

F. I am not, sir.

T. Then I engage you, too.

G. I am a weaver, sir.

T. Weaving is a very useful art, but I doubt if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either cotton or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

H. I am a silversmith and jeweller, sir.

T. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

H. But I understand clock and watchmaking, too.

T. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know how time goes. But I doubt if we can give you sufficient encouragement for a long while to come. For the present you had better stay where you are.

J. I am a doctor, sir.

T. Then, sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you understand surgery as well as physic, for we are likely enough to get cuts and bruises, and broken bones occasionally.

J. I have had experience in that branch too, sir.

T. And if you understand the nature of plants, and their uses both in medicine and diet, you will be all the more useful.

J. Botany has been a favourite study with me, sir; and I have some knowledge of chemistry, and the other parts of natural history, too.

T. You will be the most useful of all of us, and I shall be able to give you good pay, for you will deserve it.

K. I, sir, am a lawyer.

T. I am pleased to see you, sir. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

L. I am a soldier, sir. Will you take me ?

T. We are peaceable people, and I hope we shall not have to fight. But we shall want police to protect our homes, and keep off thieves and enemies. We will take you with us, not to attack other people, but to defend us. And who are you, sir ?

M. Sir, I am a money-lender.

T. How can you help us then ? What shall we do with money ?

M. Sir, I will lend you gold and silver, at a very low rate of interest.

T. You are a funny fellow ! Stay here, and when we want money, we will send someone to you to get it !

LESSON 18

RICH AND POOR

THERE was, in a distant part of the world, a rich man who lived in a fine house and spent his time in eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing himself. As he had a great many servants to wait upon him, who treated him with the utmost respect and did whatever they were ordered ; and as he had never been taught the truth, nor accustomed to hear it, he grew proud and selfish, imagining that the poor were born only to serve and obey him.

Near this rich man's house there lived an honest and industrious poor man, who gained his livelihood by making little baskets out of dried rushes which grew upon a piece of marshy ground close to his cottage. But though he was obliged to labour from morning to night, yet he was always happy, cheerful, and contented. His labour gave him so good an appetite that the coarsest food appeared to him delicious ; and he went to bed so tired, that he would have slept soundly even upon the ground. Besides this, he was a good and virtuous man, polite to everybody, honest in his dealings, always accustomed to speak the truth, and therefore beloved and respected by all his neighbours.

The rich man, on the contrary, though he lay upon the softest bed, could not sleep, because he had passed the day in idleness ; and though the nicest dishes were presented to him, he could not eat with pleasure, because he did not wait till nature gave him an appetite, nor take exercise, nor go often into the open air. When he was

carried out in his palanquin, he frequently passed by the cottage of the poor basketmaker, who was always sitting at the door, and singing as he wove the baskets. The rich man could not behold this without anger. "What!" said he, "shall a low-born fellow that weaves bulrushes for a scanty subsistence, be always happy and

THE BASKETMAKER AND THE RICH MAN.

pleased, while I, a gentleman, am always melancholy and discontented?" This reflection arose so often in his mind, that at last he began to feel the greatest degree of hatred towards the poor man; and as he had never been accustomed to conquer his own passions, he at last determined to punish the basketmaker for being happier than he was himself.

With this wicked design, he one night gave orders to his servants to set fire to the rushes which surrounded the poor man's house. As it was summer, the fire soon spread over the whole marsh, and not only consumed all the rushes, but soon extended to the cottage itself, and the poor basketmaker was obliged to run out almost naked to save his life.

Imagine the surprise and grief of the poor man when he found himself entirely deprived of his subsistence by the wickedness of his rich neighbour whom he had never offended. But as he was unable to punish him for this injustice, he walked on foot to the chief magistrate of that country, to whom, with many tears, he told his pitiful story. The magistrate immediately ordered the rich man to be brought before him ; and when he found that the oppressor could not deny the wicked act of which he was accused, he thus spoke to the poor man : "As this proud and wicked man has been so pleased with his own importance, I am willing to teach him of how little value he is to anybody, and how vile and contemptible a creature he really is ; but for this purpose it is necessary that you should consent to the plan I have formed, and go along with him to the place to which I intend to send you both."

The poor man replied, "I never had much ; but the little I once had is now lost : I am entirely ruined ; I have no means left in the world of procuring myself a morsel of bread the next time I am hungry ; therefore I am ready to go wherever you please to send me ; and though I would not treat this man as he has treated me, yet I should rejoice to teach him more justice and humanity, and so prevent his injuring the poor a second time."

The magistrate then ordered them both to be put on board a ship, and carried to a distant country, which was inhabited by rude and savage men, who lived in huts, and got their living by fishing.

As soon as they were set on shore, the sailors left them, as they had been ordered, and the inhabitants of the country came round them in great numbers. The rich man began to cry and wring his hands in the most abject manner; but the poor basketmaker, who had always been accustomed to hardship and dangers from his infancy, made signs to the people that he was their friend, and was willing to work for them and be their servant. Upon this, the natives made signs to them that they would do them no harm, but would make use of their assistance in fishing and carrying wood.

Accordingly, they led them both to a wood at some distance, and showing them several logs, ordered them to carry them to their cabins. They both set about their tasks; and the poor man, who was strong and active, very soon had finished his share; while the rich man, whose limbs were tender and delicate, and never accustomed to any sort of labour, had scarcely done a quarter as much. The savages, who were witnesses to this, began to think that the basketmaker would prove very useful to them; and therefore presented him with a large portion of fish and several of their choicest roots; while to the rich man they gave scarcely enough to support him; however, as he had now fasted several hours, he ate what they gave him with a better appetite than he had ever felt before at his own table.

It happened that one of the savages had found something like a fillet, with which he adorned his forehead, and seemed to think himself extremely fine: the basket-

maker pulled up some rushes, and sitting down to work in a very short time produced an elegant wreath, which he placed upon the head of the first inhabitant he chanced to meet. This man was so pleased that he danced and capered for joy, and ran away to seek the rest, who were all struck with astonishment at this new and elegant piece of finery. It was not long before another came to the basketmaker, making signs that he wanted to be ornamented like his companion ; and with such pleasure were these chaplets considered by the whole nation, that the basketmaker was released from his former drudgery, and continually employed in weaving them. In return for the pleasure which he conferred upon them, the grateful savages brought him every sort of food, built him a hut, and showed him every gratitude and kindness. But the rich man, who possessed neither talents to please nor strength to labour, was condemned to be the basketmaker's servant and to cut rushes for him.

After having passed some months in this manner, they were again transported to their own country by the orders of the magistrate, and brought before him. He then looked sternly on the rich man, and said : " Having now taught you how helpless, contemptible, and feeble a creature you are, as well as how inferior to the man you insulted, I shall proceed to make reparation to him for the injury you have inflicted upon him. If I treated you as you deserve, I should take from you all the riches that you possess, as you deprived this poor man of his whole subsistence ; but hoping that you will become more humane for the future, I sentence you to give half your fortune to this man, whom you endeavoured to ruin."

Upon this, the basketmaker said: "I, having been bred up in poverty and accustomed to labour, have no desire to acquire riches, which I should not know how to use; all, therefore, that I require of this man is, to put me into the same situation I was in before, and to learn more humanity."

The rich man could not help being astonished at this generosity; and having acquired wisdom by his misfortunes, not only treated the basketmaker as a friend during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor and benefiting his fellow creatures.

LESSON 19

TO A BUTTERFLY

I've watch'd you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! not frozen seas
More motionless! and then

What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Has found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again !
This plot of orchard-ground is ours ;
My trees they are ; my sister's flowers ;
Here rest your wings when they are weary ;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !
Come often to us, fear no wrong ;
Sit near us on the bough !
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young ;
Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LESSON 20

THE CLEVER CALIPH

I NOW determined to pursue my journey to Teheran; but before I ventured to appear as a dervish, I resolved to try my talent in relating a story before an audience. Accordingly, I went to a small open space, that is situated near the entrance of the bazaars, and making the sort of exclamations usual upon such occasions, I soon collected a crowd. A short story touching a barber at Bagdad luckily came into my memory; and, standing in the middle of a circle of louts, I made beginning in the following words:

"In the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of happy memory, there lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, that he could shave a head, and trim a beard and whiskers with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not a *Beg* or an *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad, and as his shop consumed a great deal the wood-cutters brought their loads to him, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale.

"It happened one day that a poor wood-cutter, ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from the country, on his ass. Ali immediately

offered him a price, making use of these words, '*for all the wood that was upon the ass.*' The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. 'You have not given me all the wood yet,' said the barber; 'I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain: that was our agreement.' 'How!' said the other, in great amazement—'who ever heard of such a bargain?—it is impossible.' In short, after many words, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. The latter immediately ran to the cadi and stated his griefs; but the cadi was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter applied to a higher judge; he also patronized Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the mufti himself, who, having pondered over the question, whilst he sipped half a dozen cups of coffee, at length settled that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, and therefore the wood-cutter must put up with his loss.

"The wood-cutter was not disheartened, but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the Caliph in person, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The Caliph's punctuality in reading petitions was well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence. When he had approached the Caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground, and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. 'Friend,' said the Caliph, 'the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made

by words : the former must have its course, or it is nothing ; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man, therefore the barber must keep all his wood ; but '—then, calling the wood-cutter close to him, the Caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied."

Here then I made a pause in my narrative, and said (whilst I extended a small tin cup which I held in my hand), " Now, my noble audience, if you will give me something, I will tell you what the Caliph said to the wood-cutter." I had excited great curiosity, and there was scarcely one of my hearers who did not give me a piece of money.

" Well then," said I, " the Caliph whispered to the wood-cutter what he was to do, in order to get satisfaction from the barber ; and what that was, I will now relate. The wood-cutter returned to his ass, which was tied outside, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he and a companion of his from the country might enjoy the dexterity of his hand ; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. ' He is just standing without here,' said the other, ' and he shall come in presently.' Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. ' This is my companion,' said he, ' and you must shave him.' ' Shave him ! ' exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise ; ' it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking

me to do as much to your ass ? Away with you ' ; and forthwith drove them out of the shop.

" The wood-cutter immediately went to the Caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case. ' 'Tis well,' said the commander of the faithful, ' bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant,' he exclaimed to one of his officers ; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him. ' Why did you refuse to shave this man's companion ? ' said the Caliph to the barber ; ' was not that your agreement ? ' Ali kissing the ground, answered, ' 'Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agreement ; but who ever made a companion of an ass before ? or who ever before thought of treating it like a man ? ' ' You may say right,' said the Caliph ; ' but at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood ? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences.' The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the Caliph and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughter of the bystanders.

" The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with a present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful."

LESSON 21

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE

Among the adventures which happened to me in Bombay, two or three may be selected from a multitude to be given here.

On one occasion I went to dine and pass the evening with Captain Dickinson, of the Bombay Engineers, in Salsette. The house in which he resided had been a Catholic convent in the time of the Portuguese dominion. It was situated on an elevated rock, and the ascent to it was by a long flight of steps. After dinner, the company retired to the drawing-room for music ; and just as some of the party had commenced to sing, the Indian nurse came running in the greatest fright, dragging a little child after her, and exclaiming, " A tiger on the steps ! a tiger on the steps ! " On rushing to the outer door, two immense tigers were seen stealthily creeping up the flight of steps with noiseless feet and crouching bodies ; and we were only just in time to slam the glass-door in the very face of one, who, in a moment more, would have had some victim in his jaws. This caused a chill and shudder to run through all the party ; and it was not till the tigers had both disappeared that harmony was restored.

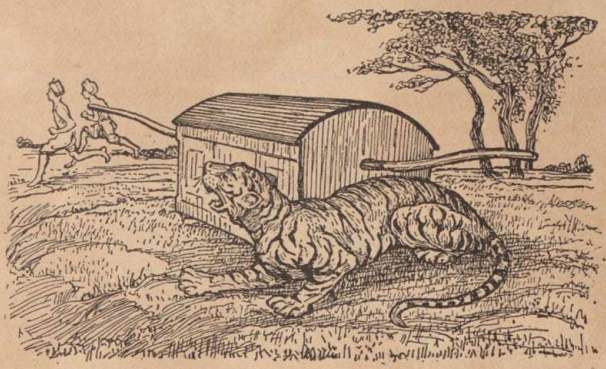
A still narrower escape for myself individually happened on another occasion, not long after this. I had gone to dine at Salsette with Colonel Hunt, the governor of the fort of Tannah, about seven or eight miles from Bombay. As I had an appointment at home in the morning, and the night was remarkably fine with brilliant

moonlight, I declined the hospitable invitation of my host and hostess to remain with them during the night. Ordering my palanquin to be ready at ten o'clock, I left Tannah at that hour for Bombay. A great portion of the way was over a level plain, and while we were in the middle of this, the bearers, of whom there were eight, four to carry, and four for a relay, with two lantern-bearers, in an instant disappeared, scattering themselves in all directions, and each running at his utmost speed. I was astonished at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, all my calling and remonstrance being in vain. On casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger, in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savoury morsel to satisfy his hunger.

There was not a moment to lose, or even to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin, and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative. A palanquin is an oblong chest or box, about six feet long, two feet broad, and two feet high. It has four short legs for resting it on the ground, three or four inches only above the soil. Its bottom and sides are flat, and its top has a gentle convex to carry off the rain. By a pole projecting from the centre of each end, the bearers carry it on their shoulders, and the occupant lies stretched along upon a thin mattress on an open cane-bottom, like a couch or bed, with a pillow beneath his head. The mode of entering and leaving a palanquin is through a square opening in each side, which, when the sun or rain requires it, may be closed by a sliding door. This is

usually composed of Venetian blinds to allow the entrance of light and air; and it may be fastened, if needed, by a small brass hook and eye. Everything about a palanquin, however, is made as light as possible, to lessen the labour of the bearers; and there is no part of the panelling or sides more than half an inch thick, if so much.

All I could do, therefore, was, in the shortest possible space of time, to close the two sliding doors, and lie flat



on my back. I had often heard that if you can suspend your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious of wild beasts will leave you. I attempted this, by holding my breath as long as possible, and remaining as still as a recumbent statue. But I found it of no avail. The doors were hardly closed before the tiger was close alongside, and his smelling and snorting were horrible. He first butted one of the sides with his head; and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends,

and lay perfectly flat, with its cane-bottom presented to the tiger's view. Through this, and the mattress, heated no doubt by my lying on it, the odour of the living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment that, with a powerful blow of one of his paws, he would break in some part of the palanquin, and drag me out and devour me.

Another butting of the head against the bottom of the palanquin rolled it over on its convex top, and then it rocked to and fro like a cradle. All this time, of course, I was obliged to turn my body with the revolutions of the palanquin itself; and every time I moved, I dreaded lest it should provoke some fresh aggression. The beast, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paw as I expected; and, giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment and slunk off in the direction from whence he came. I rejoiced, as may be well imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence; but it was a full quarter of an hour before I had courage to open one of the side doors, and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily he had entirely disappeared, and I was infinitely relieved.

The next course to be considered was, whether I should get out and walk to Bombay, a distance of four miles, or whether I should again close my doors and remain where I was. I deemed this the safest plan, and remained accordingly. About half an hour after midnight, all my bearers returned with several peons carrying muskets, pistols, and sabres enough to capture and kill a dozen tigers. They made many apologies for

leaving me ; but they said that as one of them would have been certain to be seized by the tiger if they had remained, and no one could say which, they thought it best that all should try at least to escape. I readily forgave them. They then bore me home with more than usual alacrity ; and I enjoyed my repose all the more sweetly for the danger I had escaped.

LESSON 22

TWO POETS OF INDIA

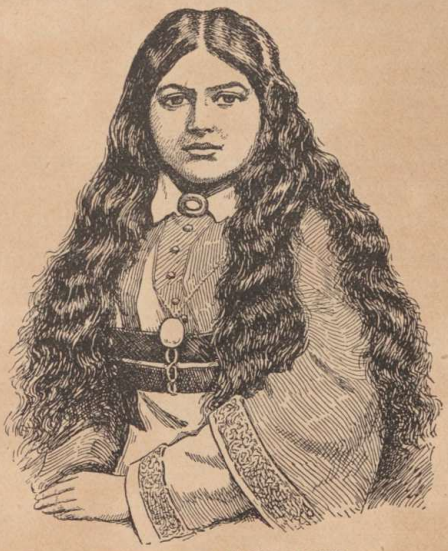
It is always very difficult to understand the mind and thought of two different peoples ; it is harder still to be able to write and think in two languages, especially when those peoples are widely distant from one another. But in the case of England and India, there are some writers who have understood the two countries, and have expressed the thought of India so that English men and women can understand it. Among these are the names of the Englishman, Sir Edwin Arnold, and the Bengali poetess, Toru Dutt.

Toru Dutt was, perhaps, not a very great poet ; but her work was very delicate and exact, and has a special charm both for Indians and for Englishmen, because of the early death of the writer. She was born in Calcutta in 1856 and died in 1877 at the early age of twenty-one. She came of what is called a " literary " family, for both her father, Govin Chunder Dutt, and her two brothers were well-known scholars and writers. Toru herself, from the earliest age, showed a love of the English language and English literature. She passed most of her youthful days in a pleasant garden-house on the outskirts of Calcutta, a great deal of her time being spent in reading ; and in 1869, when she was thirteen years old, her father decided to take her to Europe.

The first country visited was France, where Toru soon learnt to speak and write French fluently ; then after a year, the family proceeded to England, living first in London, and later at Cambridge. In 1873 they returned

to Bengal; during the next year Aru Dutt, the younger of the two sisters, died, and Toru was left alone with her books and her writing.

For some time she wrote nothing more than articles for the Calcutta newspapers and made some translations from French into English. A few years later she pub-



TORU DUTT (1856-1877)

lished some of these in a book, which contained some of her sister's work. But her chief book, and the one by which she will be known, appeared in 1882, and was called *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.* This book was doubly interesting because it was produced five years after the writer's death. After her death, all her papers were examined, and the poems which had not been already published were brought together in a single

volume. Sir Edmund Gosse, the great English critic, who all through his life loved to encourage young authors and poets, wrote a valuable preface.

What Toru Dutt might have been able to do, if her life had been spared, we can only guess. It is probable that she would have become one of the most distinguished writers of the English language ; for she had many plans formed, but not carried out, both in French and in English. As it is, her work is like a small but very delicate jewel, but it is a true jewel.

The other writer, Sir Edwin Arnold, is known, both in India and in England, for his long poem, *The Light of Asia*. This poem deals with the life and teaching of Buddha Gautama. Sir Edwin was not only a capable writer, but he was a sincere lover of India and the peoples of India ; and he did more, perhaps, than any Englishman of his time to explain the life and religion of India to England.

Born in the year 1831, Edwin Arnold came out to India in 1857, as Principal of the Deccan Sanskrit College at Poona, where he continued to work undisturbed until 1861. In that year his wife's health began to fail, and he was compelled, much against his will, to leave a country which had powerfully attracted him.

On returning to England he joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, one of the leading London newspapers ; and with this paper he served for the rest of his life. He wrote much of value and interest on India, trying to explain to English people Indian Life and Thought, and to bring the English and Indian peoples into closer touch with each other. In 1877, the year in which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, he was made a Companion of the Order of the Star of India

(C.S.I.) ; and eleven years later, he was given the Knighthood of the Order of the Indian Empire, the K.C.I.E.

Sir Edwin travelled widely in Egypt, Syria and Japan, writing much pleasing prose and verse ; and in 1886, during the viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin, he revisited India. At this time he made a pilgrimage to the sacred places of the Buddhist faith ; and, at Buddha Gaya in Bihar, he was given a few leaves from the Holy Tree of

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

Enlightenment. These he took with him to Ceylon, and presented them to the priests of the famous Temple of the Tooth in Kandy. To this day they are kept as treasures for all Buddhist pilgrims to see. In later life the eyesight of the poet failed him and he became blind. In 1904 he died. By his own request his body was cremated, and his ashes now rest in the chapel of University College, Oxford, where, as a young man, he had first learned to love literature.

His greatest poem is *The Light of Asia*, which was written in 1878. In this famous work he describes the birth, life and death of Buddha Gautama ; and at the same time, he gives a wonderful description of India, that is of Hindu India, its scenery, manners and customs. This poem was printed in America in forty separate editions, and in England it was equally popular. Thus for the first time in history, a popular description of Hinduism was given to the people of the West ; and from the year 1878, India was better known and understood by the English than ever before.

If Sir Edwin Arnold had never written another oriental poem, his services to India would surely have been worthy of the highest reward. He wrote many short poems of Eastern life, one of them a poem of farewell to his Indian friends which should be known to every Indian schoolboy :

India farewell ! I shall not see again
Thy shining shore, thy peoples of the Sun,
Gentle, soft-mannered, by a kind word won
To such quick kindness ! O'er the Arab main
Our flying flag streams back ; and backwards stream
My thoughts to those fair open fields I love,
City and village, maidan, jungle, grove,
The temples and the rivers ! Must it seem
Too great for one man's heart to say it holds
So many, many Indian sisters dear,
So many Indian brothers ? that it folds
Lakhs of true friends in parting ? Nay ! but there
Lingers my heart, leave-taking ; and it roves
From hut to hut whispering, " He knows, and loves ! "
Good-bye ! Good-night ! Sweet may your slumbers be,
Ganga ! and Kasi ! and Sarasvati !

LESSON 23

THE MARAUDERS

This story is told in *Tippu Sultan*, a novel written by Colonel Meadows Taylor. A soldier of fortune with his small retinue and a young attendant, Kasim Ali, defends a village which he finds about to be attacked by a party of Pindaree horsemen.

Soon after some men mounted on ponies arrived, bringing the news that their village had been attacked in the evening by about fifty Pindaree horsemen, who had set fire to the houses after taking all the spoil they could find.

As they were talking, the Khan cried out, "What is that?" Kasim Ali looked where his finger pointed, and saw a red light in a village quite near them, which broke forth into a blaze of brilliant fire.

"It must be the Pindarees, and yet none are to be seen," said Kasim.

"They are among the houses," said the Khan; "they will not come out until they are obliged."

He was right; for while all were watching anxiously the progress of the flames, which they could see spreading from house to house, there rushed forth in a tumultuous manner from the opposite side a body of perhaps twenty horsemen, whose long spears, the points of which every instant flashed through the gloom, proved them to be the Pindaree party.

Around the ill-fated village was an open space, upon which bright ground were the dark figures of the horsemen in constant motion; while the forms of persons on foot—evidently the miserable inhabitants, in vain striving to escape—became, as they appeared, objects

of fearful interest. Now many would rush from among the houses, pursued by the horsemen; several would disappear in the darkness, and, they supposed, had escaped; whilst others but too plainly fell, either by the spear-thrusts or under the sword-cuts of the horsemen.

"This is hard to bear!" exclaimed Kasim; "to see those poor creatures butchered in cold blood, and yet have no means of striking a blow in their defence!"

"It would be impossible for us to do any good," said the Khan; "suppose they were to come on here after they had finished yonder; I see nothing to prevent them."

"Yes, Khan, they will come," said the village Patel, who had joined them in the tower.

"We had as well be fully prepared," said the Khan; "have you any cannon?"

"We have two," said the Patel of the village.

"Run then and bring them here,—also what powder you can find; and alarm the village. Kasim," he continued, "wait here; there is a room in the tower—thither I will bring the women and children, and what valuables we have with us. I do not fear danger, but we had better be prepared.

"Sound the alarm!" cried the Khan to some men below, who, bearing a large drum and a brass horn, had assembled ready for the signal. "If the horsemen hear it, it will tell them we are on the alert."

In a short time all was arranged: the women and children were in places of safety; and on the summit of the tower about twenty men, for whom there was ample room, were posted, all well armed with guns. The two small cannons were loaded; a good many men were stationed around the foot of the tower, and all were

ready to give whatever should come a very warm reception.

While they wondered which way the horsemen would come, a few of the wretched inhabitants of the village

which had been destroyed came running to the foot of the tower.

"Defend yourselves! defend yourselves!" they cried with loud voice; "the Pindarees are upon you—they will be here immediately!"

There was not a word spoken. Even the women were still, and the children; now and then only the wail of an infant would be heard from below. All looked with straining eyes towards the north side, and the best marksmen were placed there under the direction of Kasim.

"Hark!" said Kasim at length; "what is that?"

They all listened more attentively; the village dogs —first one, then all—barked and howled fearfully.

"They come!" cried the Khan; "I have been too long with bodies of horse not to know the tramp."

"Now every man look to his aim!" cried Kasim, cheerfully; "half of you fire. And you below, fire if you see them."

Almost as he spoke the scouts they had sent out set fire to the thatch of an old house by the village gate; and in a few moments it burst into a blaze, shewing up distinctly the body of horsemen who were rapidly advancing over the open space before the village.

The Pindaree horsemen did not perceive the trap which had been prepared for them. They thought that the fire was accidental, and on they came at a fast gallop,—fifty, perhaps, wild figures brandishing their long spears; and with loud shouts they dashed forward! The light shone broad on their muffled faces and on the gay red cloth saddles, and glanced from their spear-points and other weapons.

They were close to the burning hut, when Kasim, whose gun had been steadily aimed, resting upon the parapet, fired. The leader reeled back in his saddle, waved his sword wildly in the air and fell. Shot after shot, rapid and well directed, soon began to tell upon the party of advancing horsemen.

" They have had enough, I think, Khan," said Kasim ; " they are drawing off."

And they were indeed. The plundering band, unprovided with guns, could make little impression on a village so well defended, and hastily turned about their horses. Those who had remained below were informed of this by the village head-man who had descended ; and, led by him, they quickly advanced to the edge of the village, whence they could fire without exposing themselves.

" Who will strike a blow with Kasim Ali ? " cried the youth, who was not now to be controlled. " Come, who will ?—there are the horses saddled below."

He hurried down the steps, followed by several of the Khan's men. Throwing themselves on their horses they dashed after the fugitives.

They soon cleared the village, and what followed was intensely watched by the Khan.

" Look ! he is upon them now, and three of my men after him. See—one goes down beneath that cut ! " for they saw the sword of Kasim flash in the light. " He is beside another ; the fellow cuts at him. Well parried ! now give it him ! "

A few scattered shots here and there, which were further and further removed every moment, showed that the marauders were retreating, and soon the men began to return one by one. In a few minutes they saw Kasim Ali and his companions approaching quietly, which assured them there was no more danger, and the party had retired beyond the limits of safe pursuit.

As Kasim and his companions rode up, they were greeted with hearty congratulations on their success, and the Khan was loud in his praises.

LESSON 24

THE GANGES

VAST as a sea the Ganges flows,
And fed by Himalaya's snows,
Or rushing rains, with giant force
Unwearied runs its fated course ;
The banks that skirt its lengthened way
Boundless variety display ;
The barren sand, the fertile mound
With maze of flowery thicket crowned ;
The spacious plain, that waving corn,
Orchards, or fragrant groves adorn ;
Whilst towns and hamlets intervene
And gild with life the changing scene.
But nature's chiefest bounties fall
To thy productive fields, Bengal :
And thine own honours fairest show
Where Bhagirathi's waters flow
In many a rich and lovely scene
Invested with unfading green ;
Upon the margin of the river
The leafy grove is verdant ever ;
Dark is the Mango's foliage spread ;
Erect the tall Palm lifts its head ;
Broad the Banana waves and bright ;
Graceful the Bambu bends and light ;
And here, by Indian faith revered,
The Pipal's twisted trunk is reared.
Nor want we animation—rife
Is all around, with busy life.

Upon the bosom of the tide
Vessels of every fabric ride.
The fisher's skiff, the light canoe
That from a single trunk they hew ;
The snake and peacock modelled boat
In Eastern pageant sent afloat ;

The heavy barge—the ponderous bark,
Huge, lumbering, like another ark :
The Bajra broad, the Bholia trim,
Or Pinnaces that gallant swim
With favouring breeze—or dull and slow
Against the heady current go.
Close to the marge the cattle browse,
Or trail the rudely fashioned ploughs.

The buffalo, his sides to cool,
Stands buried in the marshy pool.
The wild duck nestles in the sedge.
The crane stands patient on the edge,
Watching to seize its finny prey ;
Whilst high the skylark wings its way,
And in the shadow of a cloud
Warbles its song distinct and loud.
Scattered across the teeming plain
In groups, the peasants glean the grain,
The sickle ply, or wield the hoe,
Or seed for future harvests sow.
Grave in the tide the Brahman stands,
And folds his cord, or twirls his hands,
And tells his beads, and all unheard
Mutters a solemn mystic word.
But chief do India's simple daughters
Assemble in these hallowed waters.
And still with pious fervour they
To Ganga veneration pay,
And with pretenceless rite prefer
The wishes of their hearts to her.

LESSON 25

CRUSOE AND THE SAVAGES

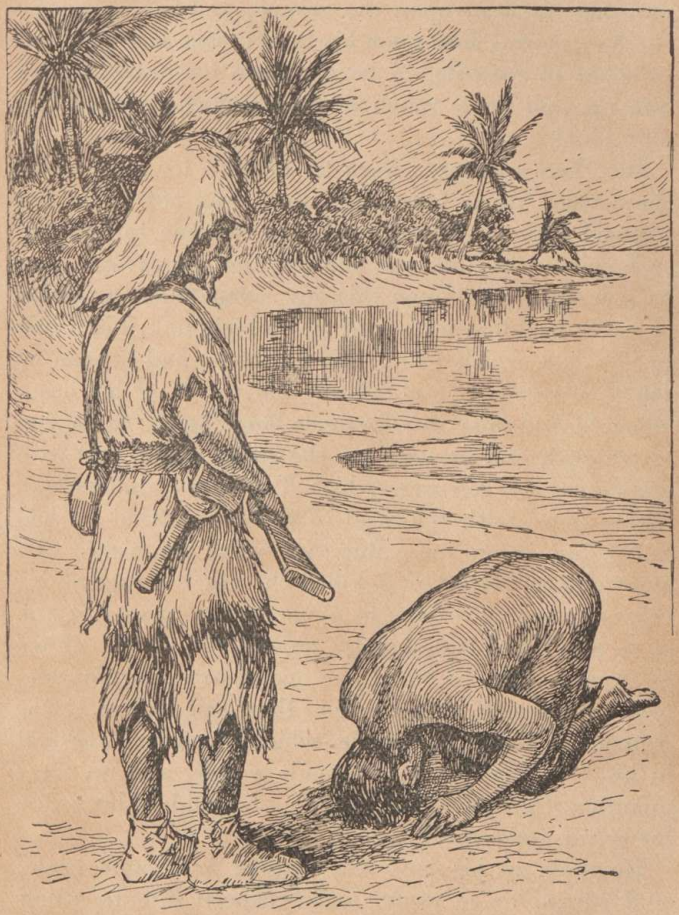
I WAS surprised, one morning early, with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed. I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that they were no less than thirty in number ; that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed. How they had cooked it I knew not, or what it was ; but they were all dancing in barbarous gestures and figures round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived, by my perspective, two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword. At that very moment, the other poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty and unbound, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me. I was dreadfully frightened, I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him ; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them, so that if he could but hold on for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

It came into my mind that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately fetched my two guns, and placed myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first as much frightened at me as at them ; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back ; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed. Rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece, I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear ; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced a space towards him : but as he came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me ; so I was then compelled to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who had fled, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way ; then stopped again, and then a little further, and stopped again ; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of

encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve



steps, in token of acknowledgment for saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to

him to come still nearer : at length he came close to me : and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head : this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could.

But there was more work to do yet ; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself : so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead. Upon this, my savage made a motion to me to lend him my sword which hung naked in a belt by my side, which I did. He no sooner had it than he ran to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head. When he had done this, he came laughing to me, in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me. But that which astonished him most was to know how I killed the other savage so far off : so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him ; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, turning him first on one side, then on the other, and looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed ; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead.

He took up his bow and arrows, and came back ; so I turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me. I took him to my cave, on the further part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins

to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running ; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes : so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

LESSON 26

HYMN TO INDRA

God of the varied bow !
  God of the thousand eyes !
From all the winds that blow
  Thy praises rise ;
Forth through the world they go,
Hymning to all below
Thee, whom the blest shall know,
  Lord of the skies !

Rending the guilty town,
  Leading celestial hosts,
Hurling the demons down
  To the drear coasts :
Still with thy lightning frown
Winning thee wide renown,
Till the wild water drown
  All their proud boasts.

Whom thy dread weapon finds,
  Striking the mark afar,
Them thy just anger binds
  In the fierce war :
Rebels ! their frenzied minds
Thus thine illusion blinds,—
Seven times seven winds
  Wafting thy car.

So by the five-fold tree,
  Where the bright waters run,
We who impurity

Heedfully shun,
In Amaravati,
Indra, shall dwell with thee,
From earth's pollution free,
When life is done.

God by the gods obeyed,
Hear thou our feeble cry!
Lend us thy sovereign aid,
Lord of the sky!
Of our fierce foes afraid,
Fainting, distressed, dismayed,
To thy protecting shade
Hither we fly.

WILLIAM WATERFIELD.

LESSON 27

THE ORDER OF VALOUR

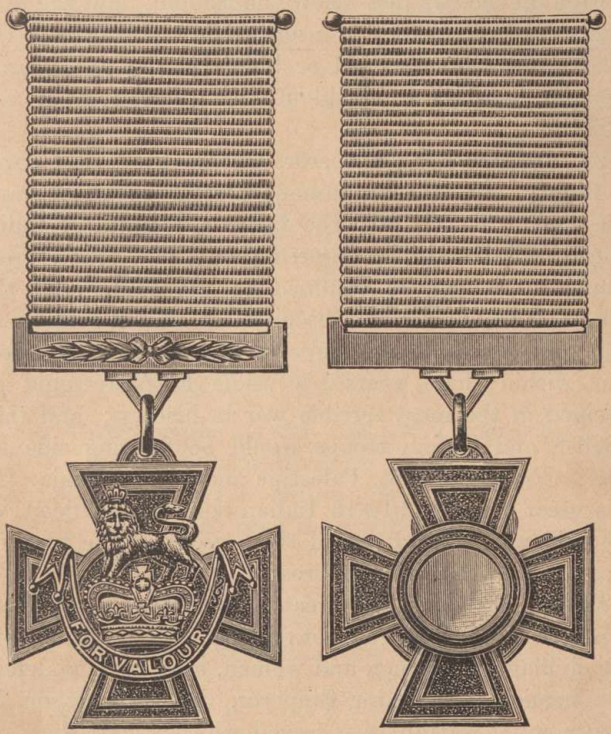
HERE is a picture of the most famous decoration in the British Empire. This is a military and naval decoration, and it is known as the Victoria Cross.

As several Indian soldiers possess this, the most coveted honour in the armies of the Empire, all Indian schoolboys should know something of its history. In 1854 England and Russia were at war. This war was fought chiefly in the Crimea, a peninsula in the Black Sea, and several fierce battles took place, and many deeds of valour and self-sacrifice were performed. In this war occurred the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, which Lord Tennyson has made immortal in his great poem, a poem which many Indian boys recite in school. Perhaps you remember its concluding lines :

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd !
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

When so much had been done by the soldiers of the Empire, it was thought fitting to create some special reward to commemorate deeds of conspicuous bravery. At this time Queen Victoria was on the throne of England; and in 1856 a new decoration was designed and called the VICTORIA CROSS.

It was ordered that this should be conferred on the officers and men of all ranks both in the army and the navy as a recognition of personal bravery. The cross in itself is not a thing of value. It is not made of gold,



nor is it studded with gems. It was rightly thought that, like the ancient wreath of laurel, its value lay in the glory of the deeds which it commemorated. The cross is made of bronze, and it is one and half inches in diameter. In its centre is the Royal Crown of Eng-

land surmounted by a lion, and beneath this is the inscription "For Valour." On the other side, shown on the right of the picture, there is space to give the name and rank of the soldier possessing the cross. This is written on the bar just below the ribbon; and the date of his deed of bravery is inscribed in the centre of the cross. The ribbon is red or blue. If the possessor is a soldier, he wears a red ribbon; if a sailor, he wears one of blue.

In 1911 our King-Emperor, George the Fifth, came to India. He held his famous *Durbar* at Delhi; and this ancient city is now the Imperial Capital of India. During this *Durbar* he ordered that the Victoria Cross should no longer be confined to the soldiers of the British army, but should be given to Indian soldiers as well. At that time His Imperial Majesty did not know that within three years his whole Empire would be engaged in the most terrible war in history; and that English and Indian troops would be fighting side by side in France, Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia. In this great war of 1914-18 Indian soldiers did deeds of splendid valour, and ten of them received the coveted decoration of the Victoria Cross.

As you all know, the great war affected every class of people in the Empire. Not only soldiers by profession, but civilians, both men and women, combined to defeat the enemies of the King-Emperor. For this reason, in 1920 a royal warrant was issued which stated that the Victoria Cross should be given to civilians as well as to soldiers. Many nurses had risked their lives in the war, and to them this great decoration might be suitably awarded. During the course of the war six hundred and thirty-three crosses were given by the King-Emperor.

This decoration is never lightly awarded. It is felt by all that something sacred attaches to this order of valour. Perhaps the name of the great Queen-Empress, Victoria adds to the sacred character of the cross.

You have read about Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of *The Light of Asia*, and one of India's best friends. When the cross was first awarded, he was so moved by the ideas which it conveyed that he wrote the following :

Thus saith the Queen ! " For him who gave
His blood as water in the fight,
So he from Russian wrong might save
My crown, my people, and my right ;
Let there be made a cross of bronze
And grave thereon my queenly crest ;
Write VALOUR on its haughty scroll,
And hang it on his breast."

Thus said the Land ! " He who shall bear
Victoria's cross upon his breast,
In token that he did not fear
To die, had need been, for her rest ;
For the dear sake of her who gives,
And the high deeds of him who wears,
Shall, high or low, all honour have
From all, through all his years."

How delighted this poet would have been to learn that in 1911 the King-Emperor, the grandson of Queen Victoria, had extended this decoration to the Indian army. Still more delighted would he have been to know the names of the brave Indian soldiers who are now privileged to wear it, and to learn of their deeds of valour both in France and Mesopotamia.

LESSON 28

THE ISLAND OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

(From ANSON'S *Voyage Round the World*)

ON the 9th of June, we first descried the Island of Juan Fernandes, at eleven or twelve leagues distance. And though, on this first view, it appeared to be a very mountainous place, extremely rugged and irregular, yet as it was land, and the land we sought for, it was to us a most agreeable sight: because at this place only we could hope to put a period to those terrible calamities we had so long struggled with, which had already swept away above half our crew, and which, had we continued a few days longer at sea, would inevitably have completed our destruction. We were by this time reduced to so helpless a condition, that out of two hundred and odd men who remained alive, we could not, taking all our watches together, muster hands enough to work the ship in an emergency, though we included the officers, their servants, and the boys.

However, on the 10th, in the afternoon, we got under the lee of the island, and kept ranging along it, at about two miles distance, in order to look out for the proper anchorage, which was described to be in a bay on the north side. Being now nearer in with the shore, we could discover that the broken, craggy precipices, which had appeared so unpromising at a distance, were far from barren, being in most places covered with woods, and that between them there were everywhere interspersed the finest valleys, clothed with a most beautiful

verdure, and watered with numerous streams and cascades, no valley of any extent being unprovided with its proper rill. The water, too, as we afterwards found, was not inferior to any we had ever tasted, and was constantly clear.

The aspect of this country, thus diversified, would, at all times, have been extremely delightful; but in our distressed situation, languishing as we were for the land and its vegetable productions (an inclination constantly attending every stage of the sea-scurvy), it is scarcely credible with what eagerness and transport we viewed the shore, and with how much impatience we longed for the greens and other refreshments which were then in sight, and particularly the water, for of this we had been confined to a very sparing allowance for a considerable time.

Having proceeded thus far, and got our sick on shore, I think it necessary, before I enter into any longer detail of our transactions, to give a distinct account of this island of Juan Fernandes, its situation, productions, and all its conveniences. Indeed, Mr. Anson was particularly industrious in directing the roads and coasts to be surveyed, and other observations to be made, knowing from his own experience of how great consequence these materials might prove to any British vessels hereafter employed in those seas.

The island of Juan Fernandes lies in the latitude of 33° 40′ south, and is a hundred and ten leagues distant from the continent of Chili. It is said to have received its name from a Spaniard, who formerly procured a grant of it, and resided there some time with a view of settling on it, but afterwards abandoned it. The island itself is of an irregular figure. Its greatest extent is between

four and five leagues, and its greatest breadth somewhat short of two leagues. The only safe anchoring at this island is on the north side, where are the three bays mentioned above, but the middlemost, known by the name of Cumberland Bay, is the widest and deepest, and in all respects much the best ; for the other two, denominated the East and West bays, are scarcely more than good landing-places, where boats may conveniently put their casks on shore.

The northern part of this island is composed of high craggy hills, many of them inaccessible, though generally covered with trees. The soil of this part is loose and shallow, so that very large trees on the hills soon perish for want of root, and are then easily overturned. This occasioned the unfortunate death of one of our sailors, who being upon the hills in search of goats, caught hold of a tree upon a declivity to assist him in his ascent, and this giving way, he immediately rolled down the hill, and though in his fall he fastened on another tree of considerable bulk, yet that too gave way, and he fell amongst the rocks, and was dashed to pieces.

The southern part of the island is widely different from the rest, being dry, stony, and destitute of trees, and very flat and low compared with the hills on the northern part. This part of the island is never frequented by ships, being surrounded by a steep shore, and having little or no fresh water ; and, besides, it is exposed to the southerly wind, which generally blows here the whole year round, and in the winter solstice very hard.

The trees, of which the woods on the northern side of the island are composed, are most of them aromatics, and of many different sorts. There are none of them of a size to yield any considerable timber, except the myrtle-

trees, which are the largest on the island, and supplied us with all the timber we made use of, but even these would not work to a greater length than forty feet. The top of the myrtle-tree is circular, and appears as uniform and regular as if it had been clipped by art. It bears on its bark an excrescence like moss, which in taste and smell resembles garlic, and was used by our people instead of it. We found here too the piemento-tree, and likewise the cabbage-tree, though in no great plenty. And besides a great number of plants of various kinds, which we were not botanists enough either to describe or attend to, we found here almost all the vegetables which are usually esteemed to be particularly adapted to the cure of those disorders which are contracted by salt diet and long voyages.

To the vegetables I have already mentioned, of which we made perpetual use, I must add that we found many acres of ground covered with oats and clover. There were also some few cabbage-trees upon the island, as was observed before, but as they generally grew on the precipices, and in dangerous situations, and as it was necessary to cut down a large tree for every single cabbage, this was a dainty that we were able but rarely to indulge in.

The excellence of the climate and the looseness of the soil render this place extremely proper for all kinds of vegetation ; for if the ground be anywhere accidentally turned up, it is immediately overgrown with turnips and radishes. Mr. Anson therefore having with him garden-seeds of all kinds, and stones of different sorts of fruits, he, for the better accommodation of his countrymen who should hereafter touch here, sowed both lettuces, carrots, and other garden plants, and set in

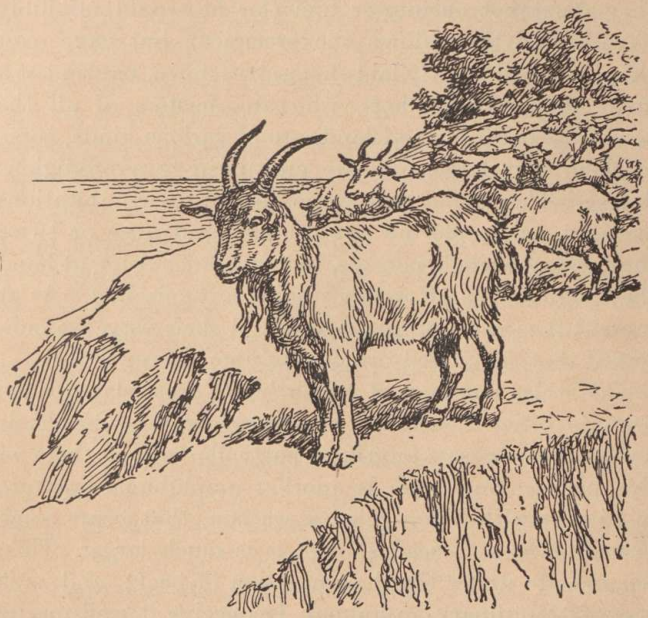
the woods a great variety of plum, apricot, and peach stones : and these last, he has been informed, have since thriven to a very remarkable degree.

It remains now only that we speak of the animals and provisions which we met with at this place. Former writers have related that this island abounded with vast numbers of goats, and their accounts are not to be questioned, this place being the usual haunt of the buccaneers and privateers who formerly frequented those seas. And there are two instances—one of an American Indian, and the other of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who were left here by their respective ships, and lived alone upon this island for some years, and consequently were no strangers to its produce.

Selkirk, who was the last, after a stay of between four and five years, was taken off the place by the *Duke* and *Duchess* privateers of Bristol, as may be seen at large in the journal of their voyage. His manner of life during his solitude was in most particulars very remarkable ; but there is one circumstance he relates, which was so strangely verified by our own observation, that I cannot help reciting it. He tells us, amongst other things, that as he often caught more goats than he wanted he sometimes marked their ears and let them go. This was about thirty-two years before our arrival at the island. Now it happened that the first goat that was killed by our people at their landing had his ears slit, whence we concluded that he had doubtless been formerly under the power of Selkirk. This was indeed an animal of a most venerable aspect, dignified with an exceedingly majestic beard, and with many other symptoms of antiquity. During our stay on the island we met with others marked in the same manner, all the males being distinguished

by an exuberance of beard and every other characteristic of extreme age.

I remember we had once an opportunity of observing a remarkable dispute betwixt a herd of these animals and a number of dogs; for going in our boat into the eastern bay, we perceived some dogs running very



eagerly, and being willing to discover what game they were after, we lay upon our oars some time to view them, and at last saw them take to a hill, where looking a little further, we observed upon the ridge of it a herd of goats, which seemed drawn up for their reception.

There was a very narrow path skirted on each side by precipices, on which the master of the herd posted

himself fronting the enemy, the rest of the goats being all behind him, where the ground was more open. As this spot was inaccessible by any other path, excepting where this champion had placed himself, the dogs, though they ran up-hill with great alacrity, yet when they came within about twenty yards of him, they found they durst not encounter him (for he would infallibly have driven them down the precipice), but gave over the chase, and quietly laid themselves down, panting at a great rate. These dogs, who are masters of all the accessible parts of the island, are of various kinds, some of them very large, and are multiplied to a prodigious degree. They sometimes came down to our habitations at night, and stole our provisions ; and once or twice they set upon single persons, but assistance being at hand they were driven off without doing any mischief. As at present it is rare for goats to fall in their way, we conceived that they lived principally upon young seals.

The seals, numbers of which haunt this island, have been so often mentioned by former writers that it is unnecessary to say anything particular about them in this place. But there is another amphibious creature to be met with here, called a sea-lion, that bears some resemblance to a seal, though it is much larger. This, too, we ate under the denomination of beef ; and as it is so extraordinary an animal, I conceive it well merits a particular description.

They are in size, when arrived at their full growth, from twelve to twenty feet in length, and from eight to fifteen in circumference. They are extremely fat, so that after having cut through the skin, which is about an inch in thickness, there is at least a foot of fat before you can come at either lean or bones ; and we experienced more

than once that the fat of some of the largest afforded us a butt of oil.

Their skins are covered with short hair, of a light dun colour, but their tails and their fins, which serve them for feet on shore, are almost black; their fins or feet are divided at the ends like fingers, the web which joins them not reaching to the extremities, and each of these fingers is furnished with a nail. They have a distant resemblance to an overgrown seal, though in some particulars there is a manifest difference between them, especially in the males. These have a large snout or trunk hanging down five or six inches below the end of the upper jaw, which the females have not, and this renders the countenance of the male and female easy to be distinguished from each other, and, besides, the males are of a much larger size. The largest of these animals, which was found upon the island, was the master of the flock, and from his driving off the other males, and keeping a great number of females to himself, he was by the seamen ludicrously styled the Bashaw.

These animals divided their time equally between the land and sea, continuing at sea all the summer, and coming on shore at the setting in of the winter, where they reside during that whole season. In this interval they engender, and bring forth their young, and have generally two at a birth, which they suckle with their milk, they being at first about the size of a full-grown seal.

During the time these sea-lions continue on shore, they feed on the grass and verdure which grow near the banks of the fresh-water streams; and, when not employed on feeding, sleep in herds in the most miry places they can find out. As they seem to be of a very lethargic dis-

position, and are not easily awakened, each herd was observed to place some of their males at a distance, in the nature of sentinels, who never failed to alarm them whenever any one attempted to molest or even to approach them ; and they were very capable of alarming, even at a considerable distance, for the noise they make is very loud, and of different kinds, sometimes grunting like hogs, and at other times snorting like horses in full vigour.

We killed many of them for food, particularly for their hearts and tongues, which we esteemed exceeding good eating, and preferable even to those of bullocks. In general, there was no difficulty in killing them, for they were incapable either of escaping or resisting, as their motion is the most unwieldy that can be conceived, their blubber, all the time they are moving, being agitated in large waves under their skins. However, a sailor one day being carelessly employed in skinning a young sea-lion, the female from whence he had taken it came upon him unperceived, and getting his head in her mouth, she with her teeth scored his skull in notches in many places, and thereby wounded him so desperately, that, though all possible care was taken of him, he died in a few days.

But that which furnished us with the most delicious repasts at this island remains still to be described. This was the fish with which the whole bay was most plentifully stored, and with the greatest variety : for we found here cod of prodigious size, and by the report of some of our crew, who had been formerly employed in the Newfoundland fishery, not in less plenty than is to be met with on the banks of that island. The only interruption we ever met with arose from great quantities of

dog-fish and large sharks, which sometimes attended our boats and prevented our sport. Besides the fish we have already mentioned, we found here one delicacy in greater perfection, both as to size, flavour, and quantity, than is perhaps to be met with in any other part of the world. This was sea crayfish ; they generally weighed eight or nine pounds apiece, were of a most excellent taste, and lay in such abundance near the water's edge, that the boat-hooks often struck into them in putting the boat to and from the shore.

LESSON 29

THE RAINS

Who is this that driveth near,
Heralded by sounds of fear ?
Red his flag, the lightning's glare
Flashing through the murky air ;
Pealing thunder for his drums,
Royally the monarch comes.
See, he rides, amid the crowd,
On his elephant of cloud,
Marshalling his kingly train ;
Welcome, O thou Lord of Rain !
Gathered clouds as black as night
Hide the face of heaven from sight,
Sailing on their airy road,
Sinking with their watery load.
Look upon the woods, and see
Bursting with new life each tree.
Look upon the river side,
Where the fawns in lilies hide.

See, the peacocks hail the rain,
Spreading wide their jewelled train ;
They will revel, dance, and play
In their wildest joy to-day.
Bees, that round the lily throng,
Soothe us with their drowsy song ;
Towards the lotus-bed they fly ;
But the peacock, dancing by,
Spreads abroad his train so fair,
That they cling, deluded, there.
Oh, that breeze ! his breath how cool !
He has fanned the shady pool :
He has danced with bending flowers,
And kissed them in the jasmine bowers :
Every sweetest plant has lent
All the riches of its scent,
And the cloud who loves him flings
Cooling drops upon his wings.

R. T. H. GRIFFITH.

LESSON 30

A ROYAL HUNTSMAN

"A HUNT, a hunt!" cried all; and the words were taken up and passed from rank to rank, from regiment to regiment, down the long column, until all knew of it, and were prepared to bear their part in the royal sport. Preparations were begun as soon as the army arrived at its halting-place; men were sent forward for information of game; all the inhabitants of the country round were collected by the irregular horse to assist in driving it towards one spot, where it might be attacked.

For a day previously, under the active superintendence of the royal huntsman, the beaters, with parties of matchlock and rocket-men, took up positions all round a long and narrow valley; its sides were thickly clothed with wood, but it had an open space at the bottom through which it was possible to ride, though with some difficulty, on account of the long and rank grass. The ground was soft and marshy in places, and had been, at one time, cultivated with rice, as appeared by the square levels constructed so as to contain water. Large clumps of bamboos arose to an enormous height here and there, their light foliage waving in the wind, and giving them the appearance of huge bunches of feathers among the other dense trees by which they were surrounded. Where the ground was not marshy, it was covered with short sward, in some places green, in others parched by the heat of the sun. The sides of the valley arose steeply for five or six hundred feet, sometimes presenting a richly coloured declivity, from which hung the graceful leaf of the wild plantain, creepers innumerable, smaller bam-

boos, and other light and graceful foliage, amongst which were mingled the huge leaf and sturdy stem of the teak.

Upon the back of that noble white-faced elephant, Hyder (which was taken at the siege of Seringapatam, and still adorns, if he be not recently dead, the processions of the present Nizam), in a *howdah* of richly chased and carved silver, lined with blue velvet, sat Tippoo—his various guns and rifles supported by a rail in front of him, and ready to his hand. Only one favourite attendant accompanied him, who was in the seat behind, and had charge of his powder and bullets. The Sultan's dress was quite plain, and, except for his peculiar turban, he could not have been distinguished.

His *cortège* was gorgeous beyond imagination. As soon as the usual beat of the kettle-drums had announced that he had mounted his elephant, all who had others allowed them hurried after him, dressed in their gayest clothes and brightest colours. Fifty or sixty elephants were there of that company, all rushing along close together in a body at a rapid pace. Around them was a cloud of irregular cavalry, who, no longer fettered by any kind of discipline, rode tumultuously, shouting, brandishing spears and matchlocks, and occasionally firing their pistols in the air. The hoarse kettle-drums sent forth their dull booming sound, mingled with the trampling of the horses, and at times the shrill trumpeting of the elephants. The army had cast aside its uniform for the day; officers and men were dressed in their gayest and most picturesque apparel—turbans and waistbands, and vests of every hue, and armed with weapons of all kinds, swords and shields, matchlocks and heavy broad-bladed spears; such as had not these, brought their own muskets and ammunition.

At first no game was seen, except the wild hog of the country, which in hundreds arose from their resting-places, ran hither and thither confusedly among the crowd,—sometimes upsetting and seriously wounding a man or two ; or a timid deer occasionally, unable to escape up the sides and terrified by the din, tried to break the line and perished in the attempt. Innumerable peafowl arose, and with loud screaming flew onwards, or alighted upon the sides of the glen, and thus escaped ; and birds of every plumage darted from tree to tree ; large flocks of parakeets flew screaming into the air, and after wheeling rapidly once or twice alighted further on, or rising high took at once a flight over the shoulder of the glen and disappeared.

At length two huge black bears were roused from their den among some rocks which overhung the little stream, and with loud roars, which were heard by all, strove to pass through the line ; they were met by the swords and shields of fifty men upon whom they rushed, and, though they strove gallantly for their lives and wounded several, they were cut to pieces.

The party had now proceeded about half way, and there was before the Sultan's elephant a patch of dry rank grass which reached above its middle—even above old Hyder's, who far exceeded all the rest in height ; it was of small extent, however, and was already half surrounded by elephants with their gay *howdahs* and more gaily dressed riders.

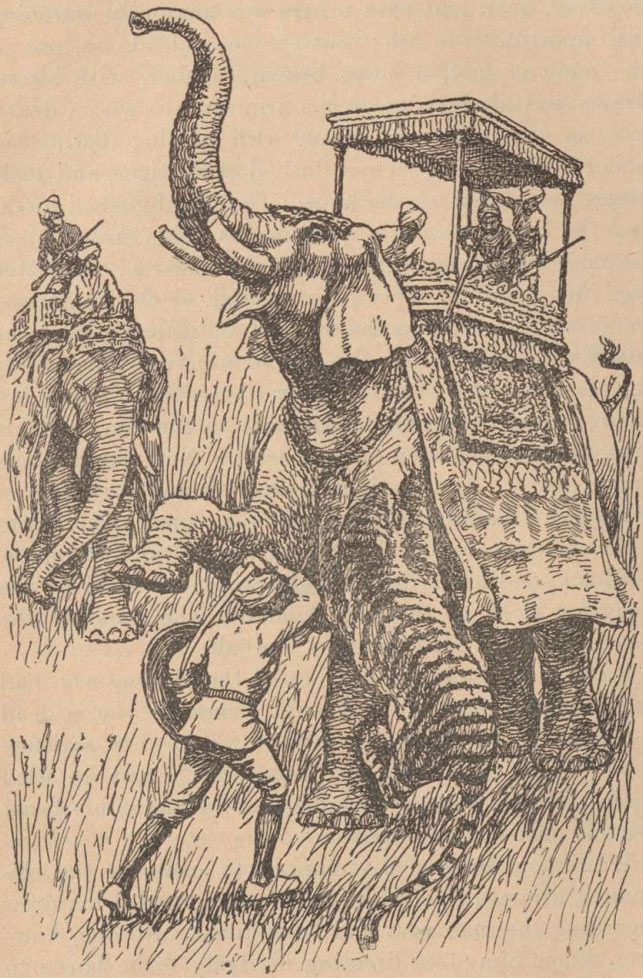
" Hold ! " cried the Sultan, " we would try this alone, or with only a few ; it is a likely place. Come, Khan, and you Meer Sahib, and you Syud Ghuffoor, see what you can do to help us ; now, Kasim Ali, prove to me that thou canst shoot."

They had not gone many yards, when Hyder, who led, raised his white trunk high into the air, giving at the same time one of those low growls which proved there was something concealed before him. "*Shabash*, Hyder!" cried the Sultan, "thou shalt eat *goor* for this; get on, my son, get on!"

The noble beast seemed almost to understand him, for he quickened his pace even without the command of the Mahout. At that moment a rocket, discharged from the side, whizzed through the grass before them. The effect was instantaneous; two beautiful tigers arose at once. One of them stood for an instant, looking proudly around him, and lashing his tail as he surveyed the line of elephants, several of which were restless and cowardly; the other tried to sneak off, but was stopped by a shot which turned him; and with a terrific roar, which sounded clear far above the din of the beaters, it charged the nearest elephant. It was beaten off, however, receiving several shots, and was then followed by a crowd of the hunters.

Kasim and the Khan had a mind to pursue it too, but the former's attention was at once attracted to the Sultan, who, having fired and wounded the other tiger, had been charged by it, and had just fired again; he had missed, however, and the animal, excited to fury, had sprung at old Hyder—a far different foe to that his companion had attacked. Hyder had received the onset firmly, and as the tiger strove to fasten upon his shoulders had kicked him off; but at the second charge, when the Sultan could not fire, the tiger had seized the elephant's leg, and was tearing it with all the energy of rage, which now defied his exertions to shake him off.

In vain did the Sultan try to fire; he could see the



tiger only for a moment at a time, and as Hyder was no longer steady, he again missed his aim. Kasim was,

however, near, and with others was anxiously watching his opportunity to fire ; but ere he could do so, one of the men on foot, a stout brawny soldier, with sword drawn and his buckler on his arm, and to whom death had no terror in comparison with gaining distinction under the Sultan's own eye, dashed at the tiger, and dealt him a fierce blow on the loins. The blood gushed forth, and the brute, instantly quitting his hold, turned upon the man with a roar which appalled all hearts ; the latter met him manfully, but was unskilful, or the beast was too powerful. All was the work of an instant : the tiger and the man rolled upon the ground—but only one arose ; the lacerated and bleeding body of the brave fellow lay there, his features turned upwards to the sun, and his eyes fixed in the leaden stare of death. Now was Kasim's opportunity ; as the tiger looked around him for an instant to make another spring—he fired ; the brute reeled a few paces to the foot of the Sultan's elephant, fell back, and his dying struggles were shortened by the vigorous kicks of the old elephant, who bandied the carcass between his legs like a football.

"*Bus ! bus !* old Hyder," cried the Sultan, who had been soundly shaken. "Enough ! enough ! he is dead —thanks to thy friend yonder ;—what ! not satisfied yet ? Well, then, this to please thee," and he fired again. It was apparently sufficient, for the noble beast became once more composed.

While the Mahout dismounted to examine the elephant's wounds, the Sultan made some hurried inquiries regarding the man who had been killed. No one, however, knew him ; so directing his body to be borne to the rear, and the Mahout having reported that there was no injury of consequence done to Hyder, the Sultan,

and with him the whole line, once more pressed forward.

As he passed Kasim, the Sultan now greeted him heartily. "Thou didst me good service, youth," he cried; "but for thee my poor Hyder would have been sorely hurt. Enough—look sharp! there may be more work for thy gun yet."

So indeed there was: at every step, as they advanced, the quantity of game appeared to increase; another bear was aroused, and, after producing a vast deal of merriment and shouting, was slain as the former ones had been. Several hyænas were speared or shot; guns were discharged in all directions at the deer and hogs which were everywhere running about, and bullets were flying, much to the danger of those engaged in the wild and animated scene; indeed one or two men were severely wounded during the day.

Suddenly, when they had nearly reached the head of the glen, the Sultan, who was leading, stopped; the others hastened after him, as fast as the thick crowd would allow, and all beheld a sight which raised their excitement to the utmost. Before them, on a small open spot, under a rock, close to the right side of the glen, stood three elephants; one a huge male, the others a female and her calf, of small stature.

No one spoke—all were breathless with anxiety; for it was impossible to say whether it would be advisable to attack the large elephant where he stood, or to allow him to advance. The latter seemed to be the more prevalent opinion; and the Sultan awaited his coming, while he hallooed to those in advance to urge him on. The noble monarch of the forest stood awaiting his foes—his brethren, who were thus trained to act against him. His small red eyes twinkled with excitement; his

looks were savage, and he appeared almost resolved upon a rush, to endeavour to break the line and escape, or perish. He did not move, but stood holding a twig in his trunk, as if in very excess of thought he had torn it down and still held it. However, there was no time for consideration. As the Sultan raised his gun to his shoulder several shots were fired, and the noble beast, impelled by rage and agony, rushed at once upon the nearest elephant among his enemies. A shower of balls met him, but he heeded them not: he was maddened, and could feel only his desire for revenge. In vain the Mahout of the elephant that was attacked strove to turn his beast, which had been suddenly paralysed by fear; but the wild one appeared to have no revengeful feelings against his fellow. While they all looked on, without being able to afford the least aid, the wild elephant had seized in his trunk the Mahout of the one he had attacked, wheeled him round high in the air, and dashed him upon the ground. A cry of horror burst from all present, and a volley of bullets were rained upon him; it had the effect of making him drop the body: but though sorely wounded, he did not fall, and retreating, he passed from their sight into the thick jungle.

The crowd hurried on; their excitement had reached almost a kind of madness; and the reward offered by the Sultan, and the hope of his favour, had operated as a powerful stimulus. Everyone scrambled to be first, horsemen and foot, and those who rode the elephants, all in confusion, and shouting more tumultuously than ever. All other game was disregarded in the superior excitement; even two panthers, who, roused at last, savagely charged everybody and everything they came near, were hardly regarded, and were killed after a

desperate battle by those in the rear. Those in the van still hurried on—the Sultan leading, the Khan and Kasim as near to him as etiquette would allow, and the rest everywhere around them.

They were close to the top of the glen ; the murmur of the fall could sometimes be heard when the shouting ceased for an instant, and its white and sparkling foam glistened through the branches of some noble teak trees which stood around the little basin. The ground underneath them was quite clear, so that the elephants could advance easily.

" He is there—I see him ! " cried the Sultan, aiming at the wounded elephant, and firing.

The noble animal came thundering on with his trunk uplifted, roaring fearfully, followed by two others, one a large female, who had a small calf with her, not larger than a buffalo ; the other a male not nearly grown. It was a last and desperate effort to break the line ; the blood was streaming from fifty wounds in his sides, and he was already weak ; with that one effort he had hoped to have saved himself and the female, but in vain. As he came on, the Khan cried hurriedly to Kasim, " Above the eye ! above the eye ! you are sure of him there." He was met by a shower of balls, several of which hit him in the head. He seemed to stagger for a moment ; his trunk, which had been raised high in the air, dropped, and he fell ; his limbs quivered for an instant, and then he lay still in death. Kasim's bullet had been too truly aimed.

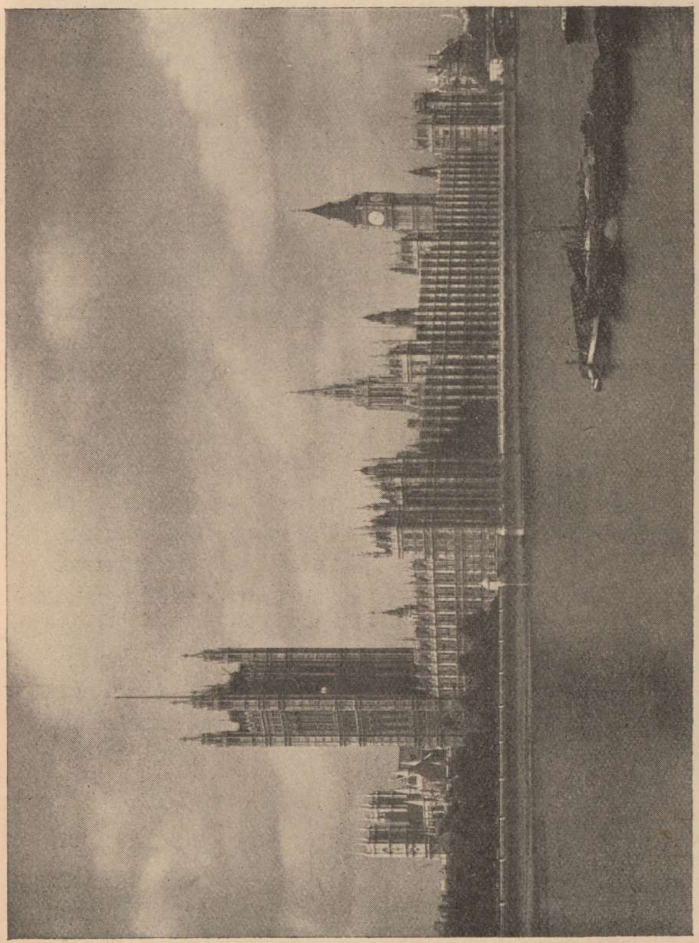
LESSON 31

LONDON, THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE

THE history of London is the history of England, for, ever since the earliest days it has been the centre of Government, the chief port in the country, and the centre of trade. At the time when Britain was part of the Roman Empire it was an important fort, being situated at a point where the river Thames was fordable ; and the great Roman road which begins near Dover (the point nearest the continent of Europe) and crosses England from South-west to the North, passed through it.

There is, however, very little left in London which is really old, for in the year 1666 a disastrous fire destroyed over thirteen thousand houses, and with them the old Cathedral of St. Paul's. The City was rebuilt under the guidance of Sir Christopher Wren, who was also the architect of the present St. Paul's ; and to-day it can certainly claim to be not only the greatest, but one of the finest and most beautiful of the world's great cities. A stranger, on his first arrival in London, is not likely to realise this, for the English climate for at least half the year is not congenial ; and the first impression that a foreigner has is one of dirt and noise and smoke.

When he has learnt a little more about the Capital, however, and if he has been favoured with bright sunny weather, he will find two features which give London its peculiar charm. The first of these is the great number of open spaces and parks. Within a few minutes' walk from Piccadilly Circus, which is London's real centre (and not the business centre) are no less than four vast

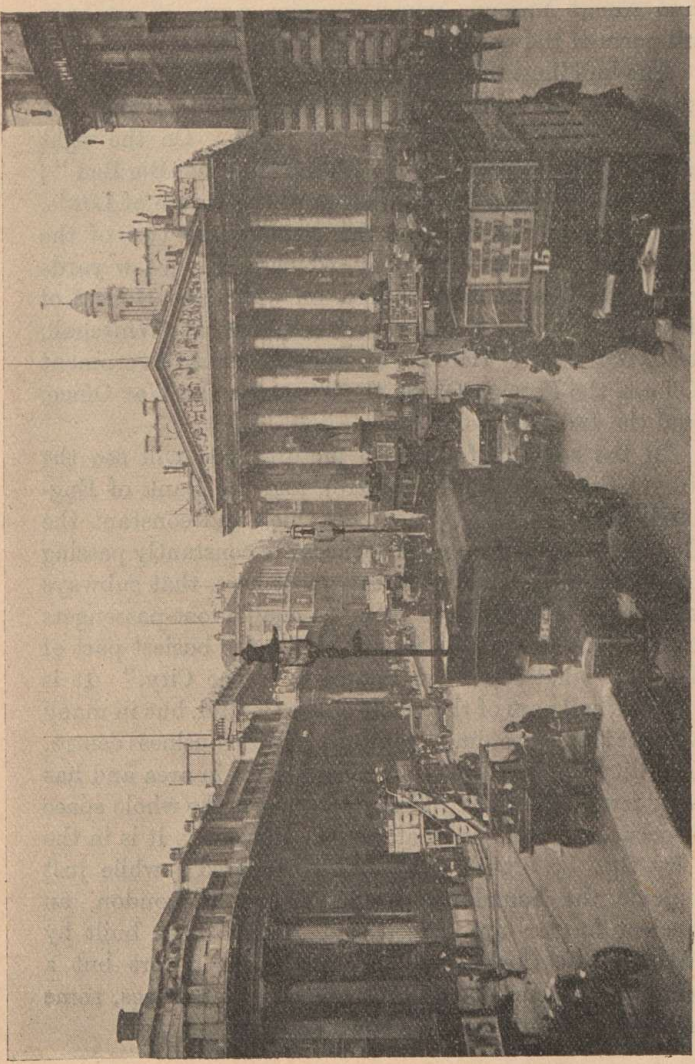


THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT *Photo. Reginald Haines.*

open spaces, St. James's Park, The Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens. These parks are planted with noble trees, and there are beautiful lakes and gardens, which from early spring to late autumn are blazing with glorious flowers. But this is not all. Further from the centre are other parks: Regent's Park, with the famous Zoological Gardens; Greenwich, where the Royal Observatory is, and which gives the time to the whole world, being on Meridian 0°; Kew Gardens, one of the finest Botanical Gardens in the world, and certainly the most famous; Hampstead Heath, where Londoners crowd in thousands on holidays; and others further afield, at Dulwich, Richmond, Hackney (in the East End), Battersea, and Highgate. Not only are these open public spaces beautiful in themselves, but they very considerably help to make London the most healthy of all the cities in the world.

The second feature is the number and magnificence of the Public Buildings. Of these the two most important are churches, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. Here lie buried the great men who made England what she is to-day; while in Westminster Abbey are the tombs of the Kings and Queens of England, and also the "Unknown Warrior," a nameless hero of whom nothing is known except that he died fighting for the sake of his King and Country against Germany and her allies.

Next among noble buildings would be the Museums and Picture Galleries, some large, some small, but all among the best of their kind. The British Museum, some years ago, was found so much too small for all its treasures, that now only part is in the original building at Bloomsbury, while other enormous branches of it have been built at South Kensington, especially the Victoria



THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND BANK

Photo. W. S. Campbell.

and Albert Museum, which contains works of art from all parts of the world, and the Natural History Museum.

The buildings which perhaps are of greatest interest to strangers, are the Houses of Parliament, which are shown in the illustration of this lesson. On the right you will see the clock-tower with the famous " Big Ben " ; the large tower on the left is that of the House of Lords. Behind this tower and in the distance are two of the towers of Westminster Abbey, which is only a few yards off. From Parliament Square, on which the Houses of Parliament look, a long broad street, known as Whitehall, leads northward Here are all the important Government Offices, the Foreign Office, the Treasury, the War Office, and the India Office.

In the second of the two pictures you will see the Royal Exchange (in the centre), and the Bank of England (on the left). Notice how thick and constant the flow of traffic is. So many vehicles are constantly passing each way, and so many streets meet here, that subways have been built beneath them, to enable foot-passengers to cross the road. The picture shows the busiest part of London, what is always known as " The City." It is only a small part of the whole of the Capital, but in many ways it is the most important, for it is the business centre. The City is only about four square miles in area and has very few permanent residents, for almost the whole space is occupied by offices of all kinds. Curiously, it is in the City that St. Paul's Cathedral is situated ; while just outside the boundaries is the Tower of London, an ancient fortress and prison said to have been built by William the Conqueror, now no longer a fort but a national Museum, containing among other things, some splendid armour and the Crown Jewels.

Modern London, with its suburbs, covers an area of about 700 square miles, and its population is something under 9,000,000. It will, therefore, be understood that the traffic is enormous. An extensive system of underground railways (or " tubes ") has been built, with trains running every two or three minutes and taking passengers to all parts. On the surface there are trams and motor-omnibuses, the bright-red colour of which makes a pleasant contrast with the drab buildings.

The City is the business part of London. The East End, which in itself is an enormous city, is the manufacturing district ; while the West End contains the chief shops, the theatres, picture galleries, and parks.

Such is London, which is both the Capital of the British Empire and the commercial centre of the World.

LESSON 32

HYMN TO GOD

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.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening shades of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.

19

THE present revision follows, in the main, the lines of the original series, the chief differences being as follows:

(1) An alteration in the order of the lessons, which are now arranged in an order of progressive difficulty; the omission of the harder lessons.

(2) A simplification of the language, both in Prose and in Poetry.

(3) The laying of greater stress on the Linguistic aspect.

(4) The teaching of Grammar, systematically but inductively and by means of illustrative sentences. The example before the Rule. Omission of Parsing and Analysis.

CONTENTS OF THE SERIES

THE PRIMER.—Single Vowels and Diphthongs. Consonants, single and double. The Present Tense of *To be* and *To have*. Singular and Plural Forms. Present and Imperative of *To sit*, *To stand*, etc. Numbers 1-10. Colours. Adjectives of Sense. Easy Prepositions. Simple Oral Work. Easy Rhymes.

BOOK I.—Revision of Vowels, Diphthongs, and the Harder Consonants. Plurals revised. The Past Tense (strong form). Negative and Interrogative Forms (present and past). Cardinal and Ordinal Numbers from one to a lakh, explained by diagrams. The Future Tense. The Infinitive of Purpose. Negative Commands. Indefinite, Personal, and Possessive Pronouns. Prepositions revised. Simple Verse.

BOOK II.—The easiest Grammar Rules taught by Picture-Practice. The Sentence as the Unit of Speech. Parts of Speech (verbs, nouns, pronouns, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions). Forms of the Present, Past, Perfect and Future Tenses. Participles. The Passive Voice. Phrases and Clauses. Numbers up to a Crore. Telling the Time. The Days of the Week and the Months. Simple Facts of Everyday Utility. Stories with an Indian Setting. Easy Poetry from Standard Authors.

BOOK III.—Questions revised. Final and Consecutive Clauses. Relative Pronouns and Clauses. Wishes and Regrets. Conditional Sentences. Reported Speech (Indirect statement, question, and command). Letter-writing. Telegrams. More advanced Poetry.

BOOK IV.—Longer Narratives and Lessons for both Intensive and Extensive Study. The Structure of the Essay and Easy Rules of Composition. Easy Modern Poetry, without Abstract Terms. Dramatization and Conversation.

BOOK V.—More Elaborate Stories and Passages on Harder Themes. Good Modern Poetry. Prose selections from Authors of Repute, including Mr. J. L. Kipling and Lt.-Col. Patterson ("The Man-eaters of Tsavo"). Our Debt to Greece, Rome and Arabia. India at War. Easy Lessons on Scientific Subjects.