A PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN ENGLISH

JUNIOR

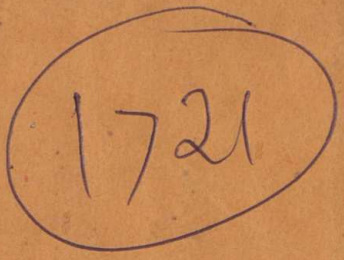
ARRANGED AND ANNOTATED

BY

S. K. DEVASIKHAMANI. B.A., L.T.

HEADMASTER, BISHOP HEBER HIGH SCHOOL

TRICHINOPOLY



THE MODERN PUBLISHING HOUSE

TRIPLICANE, MADRAS

 [*Price : Annas 14*

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PREFACE

OF all the subjects taught in our High Schools, English is at present regarded as the most important because ability to write and speak English is necessary for the study of other subjects at school and college ; and it is also necessary for the carrying on of commerce and for the understanding of politics. It is also the most difficult subject to teach because it is a foreign language which has to be taught by people whose mother-tongue is not English. However, a text-book carefully planned and edited it half the battle.

When a pupil has reached the Fourth Form, he is expected to have mastered the mechanical difficulties of reading. He should be able to recognise words and pronounce them correctly though he may not be able to understand their true import. To increase his vocabulary and enhance his power of understanding the language, it is necessary to put into his hands a suitable Reading Book which will guide him in a careful and minute scrutiny of the lessons chosen and in expressing his thoughts in correct form and style. The aim of this Course in English has been to delight the young reader and to enlarge his mind by opening to him " new worlds of knowledge."

The method of study adopted is that advocated by the Board of Education in their Recommendations for teaching English and approved by modern Educationists.

Each lesson is followed by explanatory notes and exercises in oral and written composition. The Grammar lessons are so graded that, by the time the pupil reaches the end of the year, he will have mastered all the important laws of grammar.

What the teacher has to do is to drill his pupils in conversation. *Conversation* should form an important part of every lesson and the pupil should be taught from the beginning to talk *freely* and *readily*. Written *composition* should follow conversation and might mainly be based on oral work. The teacher should see that the exercises under conversation and composition are carefully worked out by the pupils and are corrected with equal care. He may with advantage furnish additional examples to elucidate the simple rules of grammar set forth under each lesson.

Under poetry, about a thousand lines of simple verse are given as children are more fond of poetry than prose and greatly enjoy hearing, reading, and reciting attractive verses. Here again without attempting at any fulness the notes have been designed to explain everything at which a school-boy is likely to stumble and so to help him to an intelligent understanding of the pieces.

The lessons are as far as possible graded and progressive and every effort is made to help the teacher and the pupil in their class work. No course can be said to be satisfactory unless the lessons encourage in our pupils such simple instinctive virtues as courage, truthfulness, honesty, manliness, patriotism, friendship and the domestic affections. Here and there such lessons are introduced. But in no Reading Book can

perfection be attained and the living voice is a more important factor in the teaching of young pupils than a host of Readers. The teacher alone can impart freshness and force to the lessons and inspire the pupils with an enthusiastic love of reading.

S. K. DEVASIKHAMANI

Trichinopoly,
3rd February, 1933.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THIS Progressive Course in English has been carefully revised. The extract from the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been replaced by one from Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*—"Moses at the Fair." Two poems which were found rather abstruse for young pupils have been removed and replaced by two story poems—*The Ant and the Cricket* and *The Vision of Belshazzar.*

Notes on Grammar have been thoroughly revised and brought up to date; in some places they have been rewritten. The departmental course of study in English Grammar and Composition has been added to guide the teacher in his teaching.

The teacher is expected to devote about fifteen minutes in each lesson to a study of formal grammar and its application to the sentences in the text.

My grateful thanks are due to Mr. E. J. M. Wyld, M.A., Vice-Principal, Bishop Heber College for going through the book and making a number of suggestions for its improvement and to Miss A. Laura Jackson, M.A., Principal, All Saints' Training School, Puthur, for critically examining the notes and offering valuable suggestions.

12th January, 1934. S. K. D.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I have to express my sincere acknowledgements to the following who have so kindly and readily permitted me to use copyright material: To the Oxford University Press for *Hira Singh, the Scout* from their Golden Reader by S. B. Banerjee and for extracts from *The Story of Daniel* and from *Stories of Jesus;* to Evan Brothers, Ltd., London, for the three extracts taken from their Handbooks; to Mr. W. Stephen Southwold for the lesson on *The Goat* taken from his "Old Brown Book" of the Keystone series; to Mr. Arthur Mee for the lesson on *Life About the Arctic Circle* and for a liberal use of his notes on poets and poems taken from "My Magazine"; to the Cambridge University Press for *The Story of Hannibal* by Miss Rhoda Power, taken from "Great People of the Past"; to Messrs. Robert Gibson and Sons, Ltd., Glasgow, for *The Story of the Ganges* taken from their "Selections for Silent Readings"; to Messrs. Longmans Green & Co., for *Hercules and the Hydra* taken from "Stories from Famous Pictures" published by Edward Arnold & Co.; and lastly to Mahatma Gandhi for *Reminiscences of My School-Days* taken from "My Experiments with Truth."

S. K. DEVASIKHAMANI

Trichinopoly,
3rd February, 1933.

COURSE OF STUDY

ENGLISH] GROUP A [FORM IV

Grammar :

1. The sentence as the unit of thought—analysis of the simple sentence into subject and predicate—parts of the subject, subject-word and epithets ; parts of the predicate—(*a*) finite verb, (*b*) object, (*c*) complement, (*d*) adverbial qualification ; the parts of speech—general nature and functions of the several parts of speech—groups of words used like a single part of speech ; phrases and clauses—the complex sentence—double and multiple sentences.

2. Detailed study of the parts of speech with special reference to their classification, changes in form undergone by them, and other devices to express different sentences.

3. Analysis of double and multiple sentences—analysis of complex sentences (easy types)—classification of sentences into statements, questions, desires and exclamations.

4. Use of the full stop, mark of interrogation, apostrophe, mark of exclamation, quotation marks—the use of Capitals—division of a theme into paragraphs.

Composition :

1. Exercises based on the text-books for detailed and non-detailed study—*narration* of personal experiences—simple *descriptions* of facts and processes learnt in Geography and Science lessons—*narratives* based on Historical events—simple *sketches* of the lives of Historical personages—*dialogues* on familiar subjects.

2. Easy exercises in expanding, condensing and transforming sentences—re-writing in unfigurative language sentences containing metaphors—expanding hints or outlines into a connected narrative.

3. *Letter-writing.*—Simple letters to friends—invitation—letters to teachers—easy business letters such as orders for books, etc.

NOTE.—*Most of the exercises under* (1) *and* (2) *above can be utilized for practice in oral composition.*

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PROSE

POETRY

A PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN ENGLISH

Lesson 1

THE GOAT OR A BID FOR KINGSHIP

LONG, long ago, when all animals were wild, they took it in turns to be king. Each year all met together, the old king quitted his throne, and a new one was chosen to take his place.

It was not, in fact, necessary to choose, for it was always known beforehand whose turn it was to be ruler.

At last it came to the goat's year of office ; but before the day for the crowning arrived, the monkey went to the leopard, who was then king, and said, "Your Majesty, it is not the goat's turn, but mine. Give me the crown, therefore, for this year, and let the goat follow me on the throne."

"Well, my dear monkey," said the leopard pleasantly, "I'd like to do as you ask, but really I cannot. The goat is quite certain that it is his turn."

"It's not true," snapped the monkey ; "it's mine, I'm sure."

"The goat is equally sure it's his," observed the leopard, "and so the best thing we can do is to hold an election. On the day of the crowning you and the goat

must appear before all the animals and leave them to choose. Will that do ? "

" I suppose it will have to do," grumbled the monkey ungraciously.

When the goat heard that his right had been challenged by the monkey, he said nothing. He gazed into the still clear water of a pond, and, as he watched the reflection of his fine beard and strong horns, he chuckled to himself contentedly.

The monkey in his heart was secretly jealous of the goat's handsome appearance and very doubtful as to the result of the election. After thinking things over he decided to consult the old white owl, whose wisdom was famous throughout the world.

When the white owl had listened to the monkey's tale she rolled her eyes, hunched her shoulders, and hooted scornfully. " You poor chatterer," she said, " you've no chance at all to be elected."

"Oh, indeed ! " snapped the monkey, angry at such a frank speech, " and why not, pray ? "

" Why not ! " hooted the owl, with a grin of derision ; " why not ! I like that. Haven't you noticed the goat's fine beard and his strong horns ? "

" Of course I've noticed them," replied the monkey, " and I don't think much of them."

" *You* may not," observed the owl calmly, " but the other animals will. The fine beard of the goat makes him look nearly as wise as I, and his strong horns give him a warlike appearance that is so becoming to a king. No, no, my poor chatterer, you'll never be chosen before the goat ; and, if I were you, I should not offer myself for election."

" Well, thank you for your advice," replied the

monkey; "it's not very good, but it has given me an idea." And with that the monkey hurried away.

When the election day arrived, all the animals were gathered in a vast ring about the throne, upon which sat the leopard.

Presently the goat made his way into the ring, bowed first to the king, then to the other animals, and took up a position to the right of the throne.

"Where's the monkey?" asked the leopard.

"Here!" cried a voice; and into the ring ran a strange figure. It wore a long false beard on its chin, and fastened to its head were the antlers of a deer.

Some of the animals began to laugh, but the leopard quickly silenced them with a roar. Then turning towards the quaint-looking figure he said, "You're not a monkey."

"Oh, yes, I am," replied the monkey, stroking his long beard, and shaking his antlered head. "My beard is longer than the goat's, which shows that I've more wisdom. My horns are finer and larger than his, which shows I'm a better fighter. I therefore claim the crown."

"You're no monkey," said the leopard, hiding a smile; "*I* think you're a goat. We'll put it to the vote."

When the vote was taken, it was found that all the animals declared the monkey was a goat and a very fine one, too.

"Well, that's settled," smiled the leopard, "and so we've two goats who both claim the crown. Am I right?"

All the animals present agreed with the leopard, and showed their agreement by many chuckles and giggles and laughs.

"In that case," continued the leopard, "there is only

one thing to be done. You two goats must fight for the throne. The winner will be king for the year. Do you agree ? "

" I'm ready," cried the goat.

" Oh, very well ! " snapped the monkey.

" Now then," went on the leopard, pointing to the goat, " you go over there to the right and you," pointing to the monkey, " over there to the left. When I say ' go ' you may begin the battle. Get ready. Go."

The goat and the monkey charged at each other. As the monkey ran, the long beard blew up over his eyes and blinded him. He lost sight of the goat, and suddenly was butted in the side and rolled over. The jerk of the impact unsettled the antlers on his head, and when he rose to his feet very pluckily, and ran at the goat, they slipped round under his feet and tripped him up. Before he could free his legs from the tangle the goat, bleating triumphantly, lifted him high into the air with a fierce butt, and hurled him out of the ring.

Bruised and bleeding, the monkey crept dolefully away, followed by the jeers and laughter of the crowd.

The goat, with his head proudly up, and his beard wagging, stepped gaily up to the throne. The leopard left his seat, and the goat sat upon it and was crowned by the elephant with a circlet of red berries.

The first words of the new king were so clever that they were remembered by all the animals for many, many years.

" It is not the beard," quoth the new king proudly, " but brains that make wisdom ; and horns are of no use," he added with a chuckle, " unless you know how to use them."

—By kind permission of W. Stephen Southwold from the OLD BROWN BOOK, Keystone Series.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What was the leopard's answer to the monkey's request? What did the white owl tell the monkey? What was the monkey's trick to get himself crowned? What did the leopard ask the council of animals to decide first? How was the quarrel between the two rivals finally decided? What was the advice of the new king to the other animals?

2. **Composition.**—Write five sentences describing the fight between the two rival animals. Rewrite the story as if told by (1) the goat, (2) the monkey, (3) the leopard. Explain: *hunched her shoulders, made his way into the ring.*

3. **Grammar.**—A *sentence* is a group of words which makes complete sense. It consists of *two parts*: (1) The thing we speak about—the *subject.* (2) What we say about it—the *predicate.* Pick out subjects and predicates in the following:—

   The monkey was jealous of the goat's appearance.
   The goat made his way into the ring.
   The goat and the monkey charged at each other.
   The winner will be king for the year.

   A *clause* is a sentence that forms part of a larger sentence; a phrase is a group of words that makes sense to a certain extent but not complete sense. For example, "When all animals were wild, they took it in turns to be king," is a sentence; while "when all animals were wild," and "they took it in turns to be king" are clauses; "to be king" and "in turns" are *phrases.* A clause has always a *finite verb;* a phrase has *no finite verb.*

N.B.—The verb *charged* is used intransitively here and means "to rush to an attack" or "to make an onset."

Lesson 2

REMINISCENCES OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS

I HAVE already said that I was a pupil at the High School when I was married. We three brothers were at the same school. The eldest brother was in a much higher class, and the elder brother who was married at the same time as I, was only one class ahead of me. Marriage resulted in both of us wasting a year. The result was even worse for my brother, for he gave up studies altogether. Heaven knows how many youths suffer from the same disadvantage as he. Only in our present Hindu society do studies and marriage go thus hand in hand.

I continued my studies after my marriage. I was not regarded as a dunce at the High School. I always enjoyed the affection of my teachers. Certificates of boys' progress and character used to be sent to the parents every year. I never had a bad certificate. In fact, I even won prizes after I passed out of the second standard. In the fifth and sixth I obtained scholarships of rupees four and ten respectively—an achievement for which I have to thank good luck more than my own merit. The scholarships were not open to all, but were reserved for the best boys amongst those coming from the Sorath Division of Kathiawar; and in those days there could not have been many boys from Sorath in a class of forty to fifty boys.

My own recollection is that I had not any high regard for my ability. I used to be astonished when-

ever I won prizes and scholarships. But I very jealously guarded my character. The least little mistake that I made drew tears from my eyes. When I merited, or seemed to the teacher to merit, a rebuke, it was unbearable for me. I remember having once received corporal punishment. I did not so much mind the punishment as the fact that it was considered my desert. I wept piteously. That was when I was in the first or second standard.

There was another such incident during the time when I was in the seventh standard. Dorabji Edulji Gimi was the Headmaster then. He was popular among the boys, as he was a disciplinarian, a man of method and a good teacher. He had made gymnastics and cricket compulsory for boys of the upper standards. I disliked both. I never took part in any exercise, cricket or football, before they were made compulsory. My shyness was one of the reasons for this aloofness, which I now see was wrong. I then had the false notion that gymnastics had nothing to do with education. To-day I know that physical training should have as much place in the curriculum as mental training. I may, however, mention that I was none the worse for abstaining from exercise. That was because I had read in books about the benefits of long walks in the open air, and accordingly I had formed a habit of taking walks, which has still remained with me. These walks gave me a fairly hardy constitution.

The reason of my dislike for gymnastics was my keen desire to serve as nurse to my father. As soon as the school closed, I would hurry home and begin serving him. Compulsory exercise came directly in the way of this service. I requested Mr. Gimi to exempt

me from gymnastics so that I might be free to serve my father. But he would not listen to me. Now it so happened that one Saturday, when we had our school in the morning, I had to go from home to the school for gymnastics at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I had no watch, and I was deceived by the clouds. Before I reached the school, the boys had all left. The next day Mr. Gimi examining the roll found me marked absent. Being asked the reason for absence, I told him what had happened. He refused to believe me and ordered me to pay a fine of one or two annas (I cannot now recall how much). I was convicted of lying! that deeply pained me. How was I to prove my innocence? There was no way. I cried in deep anguish. I saw that a truthful man must also be a careful man. This was the first and last instance of my carelessness in school. I have a faint recollection that I finally succeeded in getting the fine remitted.

The exemption from exercise was of course obtained, as my father wrote to the Headmaster saying that he wanted me at home after school. But though I was none the worse for neglecting exercise, I am still paying the penalty of another neglect. I do not know how I got the notion that good handwriting was not a necessary part of education, but I retained it until I went to England. When later, especially in South Africa, I saw the beautiful handwriting of lawyers and young men born and educated in South Africa, I was ashamed of myself and repented of my neglect. I saw that bad handwriting should be regarded as a sign of an imperfect education. I tried later to improve mine, but it was too late. I could never repair the neglect of my youth. Let every young man and woman be

warned by my example, and understand that good handwriting is a necessary part of education. I am now of opinion that children should first be taught the art of drawing before learning how to write. Let the child learn his letters by observation as he does different objects, such as flowers and birds, and let him learn to write only after he has learnt to draw objects. He will then write a beautifully formed hand.

Two more reminiscences of my school days are worth recording. I had lost one year because of my marriage and the teacher wanted me to make good the loss by skipping a class—a privilege usually allowed to industrious boys. I, therefore, had only six months in the third standard and was promoted to the fourth after the examinations which are followed by the summer vacation. English became the medium of instruction in most subjects from the fourth standard. I found myself completely at sea. Geometry was a new subject in which I was not particularly strong and the English medium made it still more difficult for me. The teacher taught the subject very well, but I could not follow him. Often I would lose heart and think of going back to the third standard, feeling the packing of two years' studies into a single year was too ambitious. Yet this would not only discredit me, but also the teacher; because counting on my industry he had recommended my promotion. So the fear of the double discredit kept me to my post. When, however, with much effort I reached the thirteenth proposition of Euclid, the utter simplicity of the subject was suddenly revealed to me. A subject which only required a pure and simple use of one's reasoning powers could not be difficult. Ever since that time Geometry has become both easy and interesting to me.

Sanskrit, however, proved a harder task. In Geometry there was nothing to memorise, whereas in Sanskrit, I thought, everything had to be learnt by heart. This subject also was commenced from the fourth standard. As soon as I entered the sixth, I became disheartened. The teacher was a hard taskmaster, anxious, as I thought, to cram too much into the boys. There was a sort of rivalry going on between the Sanskrit and the Persian teachers. The Persian teacher was lenient. The boys used to say among themselves that Persian was very easy and that the Persian teacher was very good and considerate to the students. The 'easiness' tempted me and one day I sat in the Persian class. The Sanskrit teacher was grieved. He called me to his side and said: "How can you forget that you are the son of a Vaishnava father? Won't you learn the language of your religion? If you have any difficulty, why not come to me? I want to teach you students Sanskrit to the best of my ability. As you proceed further, you will find in it things of absorbing interest. You should not lose heart. Come and sit again in the Sanskrit class." This kindness put me to shame. I could not disregard my teacher's affection. To-day I cannot but think with gratitude of Krishnashanker Pandya. For, if I had not acquired the little Sanskrit that I learnt then, I should have found it difficult to take any interest in our sacred books. In fact, I deeply regret that I was not able to acquire a more thorough knowledge of the language, because I have since realised that every Hindu boy and girl should possess sound Sanskrit learning.

By kind permission of M. K. Gandhi
from "MY EXPERIMENTS WITH TRUTH."

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What was the evil result of Gandhi's early marriage? What happened to his elder brother? How did Gandhi fare as a pupil? Why did he ask his teacher for exemption from gymnastics? Why was he fined? What exercise did he take? Why does he say that 'a truthful man must be a careful man'? What other things did Gandhi neglect while at school? What is Gandhi's advice to boys at school?

2. **Composition.**—Write a paragraph on:—(1) Gandhi's learning Geometry at school. (2) Gandhi's choosing Sanskrit in preference to Persian.

   Frame sentences of your own using—*pay the penalty, lose heart, none the worse, to be at sea.*

3. **Grammar.**—A *noun* is a word which is used as the name of anything. A *Common* noun is a name that is shared in common by everything of the same class or kind; as, *boy, tree, month.* A *Proper noun* is the name given to some particular person, place, or thing; as, *Gimi, Bombay, the Kaveri.* The word *proper* means *private* or *one's own.* Capital letters must always be used for beginning Proper nouns.

   Pick out *ten* Common nouns and *ten* Proper nouns from the lesson. Frame *ten* sentences each containing a Proper noun.

N.B.—As the *subject* of a sentence, a *noun* is the word that denotes the person, place, or thing of which something is said.

Lesson 3

THE BARBER OF AGRA

SOME hundreds of years ago there lived a barber in Agra. His name was Sena. He was a true devotee of the Lord Vishnu and was much esteemed by all for his piety and goodness of heart. At that time there ruled in Hindustan a Muhammadan king who appointed Sena as the Royal barber.

One morning the king, desiring to have a shave, sent a messenger to Sena, bidding him come to the palace immediately. Sena was then at his morning prayers, and his wife, desiring to let her husband finish his worship, said to the king's messenger, " My husband has just gone out on some business and I shall convey to him the king's message as soon as he returns." A little later another servant came from the king to fetch Sena. His wife humbly sent back the servant, saying that she would ask her husband to go to the king's palace as soon as he returned home. Again a third messenger came from the king summoning the barber, and the wife repeated the same excuse as before. But the king's messenger, not believing what she had told him, enquired of a neighbour to ascertain the truth. On being told that Sena had not gone out but was in his room performing his morning worship, he hurried back to the king and told him the truth.

The king became furious on hearing this, and immediately despatched two stalwart men to seize Sena and fling him into the river Jumna. The Lord Vishnu

in order to save Sena from the king's anger took the form of the barber, and appeared in all humility before the king with a barber's bag of razors, slung from his shoulder. The Muslim monarch became mild on seeing the barber and sat for a shave. The divine barber performed his duties with such rare skill as to elicit high praise from the king. " What a dexterous hand you possess ! " said the king. " Always come yourself, and never send any one else to shave me. I shall die of grief, if you don't."

The king now proceeded to his bath. A golden vessel full of oil was set before him. The divine barber stood bending before the sovereign, anointing his head with oil ; but the latter sat gazing steadfastly in the basin below as he beheld the glorious figure of God reflected in the oil. He sat so absorbed in thought that he remained deaf to everything else. His servants told him that his bath was ready and it was time for him to rise and wash himself. Yet he sat still in the same place. After a long time, he rose of his own accord and rewarded the barber with valuable presents for his work. While going for his wash he said to Sena, " I shall be back in a moment ; stay on, do not depart from here."

No sooner did the king leave than the divine barber hastened to Sena's house and leaving the bag and the king's gifts in a corner disappeared. The king returned but found the barber was gone. He felt much annoyed and sent a messenger to fetch Sena immediately. The latter had by that time concluded his prayers and was ready to visit the king. When Sena appeared, the king, rising from his seat, received him most courteously and besought him to show him the

same divine reflection as before. He ordered his servants to place before Sena a cup of gold filled with oil. They obeyed the king's behest. The barber was struck dumb with surprise and did not know what to say or do. To the great astonishment of his servants, the king bowed again before Sena and begged him to exhibit the wonderful reflection. When the bystanders explained to Sena what had actually taken place—how a barber came and gave a comfortable shave to the king—he understood it all. It dawned on him that the Lord Vishnu Himself had taken his form and performed his duties to the king ; he praised the Lord, therefore, for his gracious condescension and blessed him in tones of great ecstasy. Only then did the king realise that the Lord Vishnu Himself had visited the palace in the guise of a barber. He, therefore, spoke to Sena as follows : " O Sena ! you are a true devotee of the Lord Vishnu ; by my association with you, I have had the rare privilege of meeting the Lord Himself and having a vision of His glory. Take these gifts in token of my gratitude and go your way."

When Sena returned home, he saw the barber's bag and the king's presents to the Lord Vishnu stowed in a corner. He took those gifts and his own, distributed them to the poor and the needy and made them happy. He became more and more devoted to the Lord Vishnu and was exceedingly happy in His service. " Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

—*Adapted.*

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What was Sena doing when the king's messenger came to him? What was his wife's reply to the royal servant? What did the king order when he heard the truth from the third messenger? What did the Lord Vishnu do? Why was the king pleased with Him? What did the king ask the real Sena when he stood before him? What did the king do when he knew the truth? What did Sena do with the gifts?

2. **Composition.**—Rewrite the story as if told by the king. Frame sentences of your own, using *to take the form of, to die of grief, in praise of, of his own accord, to his great astonishment, in the guise of.*

3. **Grammar.**—A *collective noun* is the name of a number of persons or things taken together and spoken of as *one whole;* as *crowd* (a collection of people), *army* (a collection of soldiers). An *abstract* noun is the name of some quality or attribute of a thing; (we can neither see it nor touch it): as, goodness, grief, beauty, courage, wonder. Abstract nouns are formed from adjectives (*kindness* from *kind*), from verbs (*obedience* from *obey*), and from common nouns (*boyhood* from *boy*).

   Give the collective nouns, describing a collection of (1) stars, (2) flowers, (3) sheep, (4) players.

   Write down the abstract nouns formed from:—(1) brave, (2) stupid, (3) poor, (4) wise.

Lesson 4

HERCULES AND THE HYDRA

OF all the heroic youths of Greece, Hercules was the mightiest; yet like all the strongest men, he was gentle and good-natured too. As a lad he was sent to the school of the centaur Cheiron, that kind schoolmaster, half man, half horse, who had trained Jason and so many of the heroes.

When he was fully grown and had learned all that Cheiron could teach him, he left the cave on the mountain-side, and in obedience to the command of the queen of the gods, went to the palace of one, King Eurystheus, whom he must serve for a number of years.

Eurystheus was an evil, jealous man, and he hated Hercules for his great strength and fearlessness; so while he served this king, he had many difficult tasks to perform. There were twelve in all, which are always spoken of as the *Twelve Labours of Hercules*. The slaying of the Hydra was the second of these labours.

There lived in the unhealthy marshes of Lerna a monstrous snake with a hundred heads. Although many men had tried to slay this beast, no one had succeeded, for as soon as one head was struck off, two more grew in its place. When Hercules was told he must fight the Lernean Hydra, he thought for long before starting out. At last he sent for a brave youth, his nephew Iolas, who promised to go with him, lest single-handed he should fail.

Together these two set off, Hercules taking his great club only. No sooner had they reached the swamps of Lerna than they could see the monster writhing horribly in the long grass, and rearing up its ugly heads, each with an open hungry mouth, so that the air all around was poisoned with its breath.

Leaving Iolas on the edge of the swamp, Hercules rushed to meet his foe, swinging his huge club high above his head; every time he brought it down, a head was severed, but immediately two more appeared on the old stump. At one time Iolas feared that Hercules must be crushed to death, for the monster coiled its huge body around him and nearly brought him to the ground. But that great man only lashed out more terribly with his club, till the beast loosed its hold, and fled with a terrible cry farther into the swamp.

As evening was coming on, Hercules went back to Iolas. He saw that it would be impossible to destroy the hydra with his club only, as with every new head it had more strength. For a time he thought as to what should be done and then he bade Iolas build a great mound of dry wood ready to take fire. Meanwhile he went in search of a smith, and stood by while he made two long iron rods, with the ends wide and flattened.

The next day as soon as it became light, Iolas lit the fire; Hercules thrust the flattened ends of the iron rods into the hottest part until they were red-hot. Bidding the boy take one, they hurried again to the place where the hydra lay half-asleep. Then a fearful battle began. Every time Hercules cut off one of the heads, Iolas quickly ran in with his red-hot iron, and burnt out the roots so that the new ones could not

grow. When one iron was cool he brought the other which waited in the fire. Thus all day long they worked, and when evening fell the last of the monster's heads was struck off. Exhausted by the battle, choking and half-blinded by the smoke and by the poisonous breath of the hydra, Hercules and Iolas staggered away from the swamp, which had become stained with the monster's blood, and so trampled over that it seemed as though a whole host had been fighting there.

Together, then, the two left the swamp and bathed their weary limbs in a cool stream near by; then flinging themselves down beneath the trees, they slept. In the morning they were awakened by the cries of many people. They were the inhabitants of the villages on the edge of the swamp, who had long lived in fear of the snake; they had come to see the result of the battle, and great was their delight to find their enemy dead. They loudly praised the might of Hercules and the faithfulness of Iolas; and the two went away, laden with presents from the grateful villagers.

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EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Who was Hercules? Who was the man that trained him? Where was Hercules sent after his training? Why did Eurystheus hate Hercules? How many difficult tasks had the latter to perform? Why was the second task found to be difficult? Whom did he take with him? Why? What took place when one of the heads was cut off? What

preparations did Hercules make for the second day's fight? What did the two do when the fight was over? What did the inhabitants of the village do in the morning? How did they show their gratitude to Hercules?

2. **Composition.**—Describe the two days' fight as if told by Iolas. Write a paragraph, describing (1) the first day's fight and (2) the second day's fight.

Frame sentences of your own using—*in obedience to, to crush to death, to stagger away, in fear of.*

What is the difference between *lose* and *loose*?
Give the different meanings of *host, might, club.*
What moral do you learn from this lesson?

3. **Grammar.**—A *verb* is a word which says something about a person or a thing. It is a *saying* word; without it we cannot make a sentence: ("*verb*" means "*word*") as, the birds *fly*, the girls *sing*, the ox *eats* grass. The verb often consists of more than one word, as in—

The Hydra's head *was severed.*
Many men *had tried* to slay the beast.

Verbs are either *transitive* or *intransitive.* In the sentence, 'The boy *learnt* his lesson,' the verb 'learnt' takes an object to complete the sense. The word '*lesson*' is called the *object*, and the verb '*learnt*' is called a *transitive verb* because the action passes from '*boy*' to '*lesson;*' whereas in the sentence, 'The boy *failed,*' the verb *failed* expresses an action that is confined to the doer and does not require an object to complete the sense. '*Failed*' is, therefore, *intransitive.*

Pick out five transitive verbs and intransitive verbs from the *lesson.*

Lesson 5

WOOD AND ITS USES

IN general, timber may be divided into at least three classes, hard wood, soft wood and cabinet wood. Hard wood includes teak, ash, oak, elm and various kinds of eucalyptus such as are grown in Australia. This class of wood is notable for its toughness, strength, and durability, and each kind of timber has its own special use.

Cabinet wood such as walnut, mahogany, and ebony, is used mainly for furniture or shop-fittings. The majority of furniture wood used by cabinet makers is also hardwood like teak. Soft wood forms by far the greatest proportion of the world's useful trees. The chief kinds of soft wood are fir, pine, spruce and cedar. These trees are found in the extensive coniferous forests in the northern hemisphere in the cool temperate belt, especially in the region of the West Winds. Vast forests of soft wood are found along the Pacific Coast of North America, and also stretch across Canada all the way to Newfoundland. In the Old World, the temperate forests extend from Sweden to Japan. It is these vast northern forests which yield the bulk of the useful timber of the world.

The timber felled in winter is floated to the saw-mills when the ice breaks up. There it is cut up into "*lumber,*" i.e., boards, planks, and lengths of various widths and thicknesses. Most of this will be used in the building trades—joists for floors or ceilings, rafters for roofs, boards for floors.

The logs from which this timber is cut are, of course, round and rough, covered with bark, while the timber is square and contains only the best wood. There is, therefore, a good deal of *waste wood,* bark, sap wood, as well as saw dust. This used to be burnt, but nowadays new uses have been found for it and much of the waste is now formed into artificial silk or used for making packing cases, and "wood wool" (for packing).

Another great use for wood such as birch or spruce is the making of *ply wood.* The log is revolved in a machine and a huge knife shaves off the wood in a thin sheet, just like unrolling a roll of paper. These thin sheets are then glued together under great pressure to form plywood. The graining in each layer of wood runs at right angles to that in the one next to it, and so plywood is very strong for its thickness. It is used for aeroplanes, motor bodies, panelling, tea chests, and the sides of furniture.

Another great use of wood is for making paper. First the logs (such as are twisted or spoiled and of no value for lumber) are cut up into small pieces, and then boiled with chemicals. This converts the wood into "*pulp,*" a white porous substance which is sent to the mills to be made into paper or "newsprint." Newspapers are printed on this kind of paper, for it is very porous and the ink dries quickly. Newfoundland and Sweden supply most of the world's paper-pulp.

The last great use of wood is to make artificial silk, from which stockings and beautiful fabrics are made.

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EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Name the three kinds of wood. What is hard wood noted for? What is cabinet wood? What do you mean by 'lumber'? What use do they make of '*waste wood*'? What is '*plywood*'? How is it prepared?

2. **Composition.**—Write a paragraph of five sentences on the different kinds of wood. Write another paragraph of six or seven sentences on the 'uses of wood' in general or on 'teak wood' in particular.

   Suppose you wish to open a timber shop, say what kind of timber you would like to sell and explain in what ways you would try to attract customers.

   Explain the meaning of—*temperate forests, saw mills, panelling, tea chests, newsprint.*

3. **Grammar.**—(*a*) When a verb is transitive or used transitively, it must take an *object* to complete the sense. This is an important rule: John *worked* his sum correctly. The cat *killed* a rat. The cow *gives* milk. Only a few verbs are always *intransitive* but most verbs can be used either *intransitively* or *transitively;* as, Bernard Shaw *writes* beautiful *plays;* He *writes* well. The guard *stopped* the train; The train *stopped* suddenly.

   Form sentences using *speak, cut, walk, eat,* and *sell,* both transitively and intransitively.

   (*b*) Sometimes, certain intransitive verbs and transitive verbs do not make complete sense until we add a word, or a group of words called the *complement,* as, John was *ill.* Rama is *a wise boy.* They made him *governor.* Here '*ill*', '*a wise boy*', and '*governor*', are called *complements* of the verbs 'was', 'is', and 'made' respectively.

Lesson 6

RUSTUM, THE PERSIAN HERO

A MIGHTY hero was Rustum, son of Zal. When he was a boy, he could eat as much as five men, and when he was but eight years old, he had enough strength in his fist to slay a mad elephant at one blow. He had a wonderful rose-coloured steed, the name of which was Rakush (lightning), and so great was the love between these two that the beautiful intelligent horse had several times saved his master's life.

Rustum served the Persian Monarch, Kons. This King wanted to add to his dominions the Kingdom of Masinderan, which was in the hands of evil spirits. Against the advice of the wise Zal he advanced into that Kingdom where he and all his men were taken prisoners by the terrible White Demon and placed in a gloomy cave. It was Rustum who braved great dangers to go to the rescue of the foolish king. He overcame the White Demon and secured freedom for his countrymen.

Then he went as ambassador to the King of Masinderan to tell him that he had better submit to the Persian King, now that he had not the help of the fearful White Demon. On his way Rustum tore up a large tree by the roots and, wielding it like a spear, he advanced to meet the warrior band that the King had sent to bar his way. He threw the tree down

before them. The chief of the band stretched out his hand to the Persian hero, who seized it in such a mighty grip that the bones were crushed. The warriors returned to their master and advised him to surrender speedily to so formidable a foe.

But the King refused, and arranged his forces to fight the Persian host. Seven days did the battle rage, but neither side had the victory. The Persian Monarch now assembled his picked warriors and in passionate words urged them to make one determined effort to end the struggle. Once more the fighting began, more desperately than ever. Suddenly Rustum found himself face to face with the enemy King. With sword and javelin they waged a fierce combat. It seemed that Rustum was forcing back his foe, when, lo! the king disappeared and the Persian champion found himself attacking a mighty rock!

Amusement overcame the Persian ranks. Their Monarch perceived the lull in the fighting and ordered his men to drag the rock to his tent. But not all their combined efforts could move it one inch. Meanwhile, Rustum had recovered his breath and now bent down to lift the rock. With ease he lifted it on his back and bore it to the royal tent, the cheering hosts following. He set it down and thus addressed it: "If thou dost not resume thy original shape, I will instantly break thee, flinty rock as thou art, into atoms and scatter thee into the dust." Alarmed by this threat, the King of Masinderan immediately resumed his rightful form. Rustum led him to the Persian King, who ordered that he should be put to death.

Then the Persian army returned home, and all those gallant warriors received rewards, but the highest praise

and dignities were reserved for Rustum, who modestly returned to his father, Zal, in Z'abulistan.

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EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Who was Rustum? To what country did he belong? How did his steed show his love for his master? What did the White Demon do to the Persian army? How did Rustum help his King? Why did he go to the King of Masinderan? What did he do on his way to the King? What advice did the warriors of Masinderan give their King? With what arms did Rustum fight the enemy King? What was the result? How did the fight end? What happened to the King of Masinderan?

2. **Composition.**—Narrate the first and the second fight as if told by Rustum. Give the meanings of: *gloomy cave, ambassador, grip, picked warriors, lull in the fighting, flinty rock.*

   What quality do you like best in Rustum?

3. **Grammar.**—(a) Words which add something to the meaning of a noun are called *describing* words or *adjectives.* They are used with a noun to make its meaning more exact; as, *swift* arrow, *black* ink, *sweet* apple. In all the above cases, an adjective is just *one* word, but a group of words can also do the work of an adjective; as, 'the boy *near the desk*', 'the dog *in the manger.*' Such groups of words are called *adjective phrases.* Pick out the adjectives used in the text with the nouns, *elephant, Zal, hero, combat, ranks.*

(b) A word which adds something to the meaning of a verb or modifies it is called an *adverb;* as, the boy is *badly* hurt; my brother ran *swiftly.* If the adverbs show the manner in which the action is done, or where it is done, or when it is done, they are called adverbs of *manner, place* or *time.*

An *adjective* is also defined as a word used to limit the application of a noun or its equivalent. An *adverb* is a word that limits a *verb*, an *adjective*, another *adverb*, a *preposition* or a *conjunction*.

1. There the water was *slightly blue*. (*slightly* limits *blue*, an adjective).
2. This work has been done *very badly* (*very* limits *badly*, another adverb).
3. The bottle was resting *partly on* the table (*partly* limits *on*, a preposition).
4. This was *exactly where* I had left it (*exactly* limits *where*, a conjunction).

Lesson 7

DANIEL, THE GREAT SEER

ONE night King Belshazzar gave a great feast to a thousand of his lords. The great banqueting hall of his palace was filled with a splendid company. At a high table at one end sat the king himself, with his wives and other ladies, facing the princes, lords and captains whom he honoured as his guests.

In the course of the feast Belshazzar, excited by the wine he had drunk, sent for the vessels of gold and silver which Nebuchadnezzar had brought from the temple at Jerusalem. They were holy vessels, and had been used in the service of God; it was not right that they should be used at a scene of revelry, as the king very well knew. But the cups and goblets were brought into the banqueting hall and filled with wine, and passed round among the chief guests after the king himself had drunk from them. And the company mocked at the God of Israel, and sang drunken songs in praise of their own gods of gold and silver, of brass and iron, of wood and stone.

While the king was thus enjoying himself, he was amazed to see, on the white plaster of the wall opposite, a dark shape move, like the fingers of a man's hand. He watched it in the light of the candles in the great candlestick; it wrote strange letters on the wall; and as he watched, he turned pale with fright, his knees knocked together, and his whole body trembled. He felt that this mysterious handwriting must have some

special meaning for him, but he could not read the writing.

Starting from his chair, he shouted for his wise men, the soothsayers and astrologers, whom he was accustomed to consult about matters that he did not understand.

"Tell me what that writing means," he cried. "Whoever can read it and explain it shall have a purple robe, and a chain of gold, and I will make him one of my three chief ministers."

The wise men flocked in at the king's call. They gazed at the mysterious writing on the plaster, but none of them could read it, or had the least idea what it meant. And when Belshazzar saw that they were unable to help him he was still more alarmed, his face became pale, and his lords were in a great state of worry and confusion.

News of what was happening was carried to the queen-mother, the widow of Nebuchadnezzar, who, being an old lady, had probably not wished to join in the feast. But she now made haste to the banqueting hall, and, addressing the king in the usual humble way, "O King, live for ever," she told him not to feel so worried. "There is a man in your kingdom," she said, "in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of your father, light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him."

She went on to tell how Nebuchadnezzar had made this man master of the magicians, because he had found no one his equal in explaining dreams and solving riddles and removing difficulties. Nebuchadnezzar had called him Belteshazzar, but his real name was

Daniel. "Now let Daniel be called," said the old queen, "and he will show the meaning of the writing."

At this time Daniel, being now a very old man, had perhaps retired from active work, which would account for the king's not having sent him before. He came into the banqueting hall; the king said that he had heard of him and his wonderful powers, and pointing to the writing on the wall, he repeated the promise he had made to the wise men: "If you can read the writing, and explain it, you shall have a robe of royal purple, and a chain of gold, and you shall be one of my three chief ministers."

Daniel replied to Belshazzar with the dignity of a wise old man addressing a foolish young one. "I do not want your gifts; give your rewards to another; I will read the writing, and explain its meaning."

And then he told the king, plainly and sternly, the fate that was in store for him.

"O thou King," he said, "the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour: all people trembled and feared before him; whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive; he set up one, and put down another. But when he became too proud, he lost his throne; he was driven from men and lived among the cattle, until he saw that the most high God was the ruler of the world, and kings had their power only as a gift from Him.

"You, O Belshazzar," Daniel went on, "have not humbled your heart, but have behaved haughtily against the Lord of heaven. You have had brought to you the vessels of God's house, and you and your wives, your princes and lords and ladies, have drunk wine from them: you have praised your gods of gold

and silver, of iron and brass, of wood and stone, idols that can neither see nor hear nor know anything: and the God who is Lord of all you have not worshipped.

"That is why the hand has written on the wall. These are the words that are written: *Mene*: God has brought your kingdom to an end. *Tekel*: you have been weighed as in a balance, and are found wanting. *Peres*: your kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

This was terrible news for the foolish frightened king to hear. But he kept his promise. At his command Daniel was clothed in a robe of royal purple, and a gold chain was hung about his neck, and a herald proclaimed that he was to be one of the three chief men in the kingdom.

That night a great assault was made on the city by the army of Darius, the Mede. In the fighting Belshazzar was killed, and Darius became king in his place.

—By kind permission of the Oxford University Press from THE STORY OF DANIEL

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Who were the guests of the king? What did he do when he became drunk? What did his guests do when they were drunk? What did the king see suddenly? Why did he tremble? Whom did he send for at once? What did he promise the man who read the writing on the wall? What happened to him when his wise men could not help him? What was the advice of the queen-mother to her son? How did Daniel rebuke the young king? What were the words on the wall and what was their meaning? What happened that night?

2. **Composition.**—Write the story as if told by King Belshazzar. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own: *to*

consult about, to make haste, to find no one his equal, to be found wanting. Give a word similar in meaning to each of the phrases: *merry-making, of hidden meaning, soft mixture of lime and sand used to give a smooth surface, sumptuous feast, puzzling thing.*

Too means *in a higher degree than is admissible.* '*The coffee is too hot*' means, *it is more hot than it should be* and therefore cannot be drunk. You should not say, '*the day is too hot.*' If it were true, you could not bear it. 'This is *too* good to be true.' 'This allows *too* long an interval.' 'Too' means *intolerable;* as, 'This is really *too* much.' It means *also* and *as well;* as, "Take the others *too.*' *Too* should not be used either for *very,* or for qualifying a verb.

In the lesson find out the sentences where *too* is used.

3. **Grammar.**—Most adjectives and adverbs have three degrees or forms: the *positive,* the *comparative* and the *superlative.* When we make no comparison, we use the simple form of the adjective or the adverb, namely the *positive.* When we compare *two* things together, we use the *comparative.* When we compare *more than two* things, we use the *superlative;* as, 'my table is *large*' (positive). Your table is *larger* than mine (comparative). His table is the *largest* of the three (superlative). The comparative is usually formed by adding '*er*', and the superlative by adding '*est*' to the simple form. But when the adjectives are words of two or more syllables, nearly all of them form their comparatives by adding *more,* and their superlatives by adding *most,* to the positive. The comparatives of most adverbs are formed by adding '*more*' and the superlatives by adding '*most,*' to the positive.

Find an adverb for each of the following adverb-phrases:—*at once, at this moment, in a slow manner.*

Lesson 8

EYES AND NO EYES or THE ART OF SEEING

A New Version, by Kingsley

AMONG the old-fashioned books for boys which I used to read when I was a boy, was one that taught me that the mere reading of wise books does not make any one wise ; and, therefore, I am more grateful to that old-fashioned book than if it had been as full of wonderful pictures as all the natural-history books you ever saw. Its name was " Evenings at Home ;" and in it was a story called " Eyes and no Eyes ;" a regular old-fashioned, prime, sententious story ; and it began thus : —

" Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon ?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

Oh—Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round by Camp Mount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull. He hardly saw a single person. He had much rather have gone by the turnpike road.

Presently in comes Master William, the other pupil ; and terribly dirty and wet he is ; but he never (he says) had such a pleasant walk in his life ; and he has brought home his handkerchief full of curiosities.

He has got a piece of mistletoe, wants to know what it is ; and he has seen a woodpecker, and a wheat-ear, and gathered strange flowers on the heath ; and hunted a peewit because he thought its wing was

broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and very wet he got. But he did not mind it, because he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting, and gave him a dead adder. And then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect; and wanted to go again and make out the geography of the country from the country maps. And then, because the hill was called Camp Mount, he looked for a Roman Camp, and found one; and then he went down to the river, saw twenty things more; and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough, and thoughts enough, to last him a week.

Whereon Mr. Andrews, who seems to have been a very sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it comes out—if you will believe it—that Master William has been over the very same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

Whereon, Mr. Andrews says, wisely enough, in his solemn old-fashioned way: —

"So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge which one man acquires over another. I have known sailors who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless youth is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter for improvement and delight in every ramble. You, then, William, continue to use

your eyes. And you, Robert, learn that eyes were given to you to use."

So said Mr. Andrews: and so I say, dear boys—and so says he who has the charge of you—to you. Therefore I beg all good boys among you to think over this story, and settle in their own minds whether they will be "Eyes," or "No Eyes;" whether they will, as they grow up, look and see for themselves what happens: or whether they will let other people look for them, or pretend to look: and dupe them, and lead them about—the blind leading the blind, till both fall into the ditch.

I say "good boys;" not merely clever boys, or prudent boys: because using your eyes, or not using them, is a question of doing Right or doing Wrong. God has given you eyes; it is your duty to God to use them. If your parents tried to teach you your lessons in the most agreeable way, by beautiful picture-books, would it not be ungracious, ungrateful, and altogether naughty and wrong, to shut your eyes to those pictures, and refuse to learn? And is it not altogether naughty and wrong to refuse to learn from your Father in Heaven, the Great God who made all things, when He offers to teach you all day long by the most beautiful and most wonderful of all picture-books, which is simply all things which you can see, hear, and touch, from the sun and stars above your head to the mosses and insects at your feet? It is your duty to learn His lessons; and it is your interest. God's Book, which is the Universe, and the reading of God's Book, which is Science, can do you nothing but good, and teach you nothing but truth and wisdom. God did not put His wondrous world about your young souls to tempt or mislead them.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What is the name of the old-fashioned book which Kingsley used to read when he was a boy? Name the two boys that went out for a walk. What did Robert see in his walk? What did William bring in his handkerchief? Name some of the things he saw and collected. What is it that makes a great difference between one boy and another? What should you do to acquire superior knowledge? What lesson does Mr. Andrews, the tutor, teach his boys?

2. **Composition.**—Write a short essay on *Observation of nature.* Write a paragraph on the *Goodness of God.* What do you mean by, "the blind leading the blind?"

   Give the meanings of: *prim, sententious story, turnpike road, mistletoe, grand prospect. Peewit* or *pewit* is a kind of bird, lapwing; *ramble,* walk for pleasure; *tipple,* strong drink; *tippling-houses,* places where liquor is sold. What do you mean by *signs of the tippling houses?* Benjamin Franklin was the inventor of the lightning-conductor. He was a famous American politician and philosopher (1706-1790).

   Make sentences with:—*to fall in with, to look for, to come out, to think over.*

3. **Grammar.**—A *pronoun* is a word used instead of a noun; as, 'John said that *he* was playing in the match.' Here *he* is the pronoun; it is used for *John.* Forms of pronouns are different according as we mean the person speaking, the person spoken to, or the person spoken of. *Pronouns* which show the person *speaking* are said to be in the *first* person; as *I, me* (singular), *we, us* (plural). *Pronouns* which show the person *spoken to* are said to be in the *second* person; as, *you, thou, thee* (the last two are now used only in poetry). *Pronouns* which show the person *spoken of* are said to be in the *third* person; as, *he, she, it, him, her,* (singular) and *they, them,* (plural).

Lesson 9

QUEEN PHILIPPA AND THE SIEGE OF CALAIS

FIVE days after this great battle, the King laid siege to Calais. This siege—ever afterwards memorable—lasted nearly a year. In order to starve the inhabitants out, King Edward built so many wooden houses for the lodgings of his troops, that it is said their quarters looked like a second Calais suddenly sprung up around the first. Early in the siege, the governor of the town drove out what he called the useless mouths, to the number of seventeen hundred persons, men and women, young and old. King Edward allowed them to pass through his lines, and even fed them, and dismissed them with money; but, later in the siege, he was not so merciful—five hundred more, who were afterwards driven out, dying of starvation and misery. The garrison were so hard-pressed at last, that they sent a letter to King Philip, telling him that they had eaten all the horses, all the dogs, and all the rats and mice that could be found in the place; and, that if he did not relieve them, they must either surrender to the English, or eat one another. Philip (of France) made one effort to give them relief; but they were so hemmed in by the English power, that he could not succeed, and was fain to leave the place. Upon this they hoisted the English flag and surrendered to King Edward. "Tell your Governor," said the King to the humble messengers who came out of the town, "that I require to have sent here, six of the most distinguished

citizens, barelegged, and in their shirts, with ropes about their necks; and let those six men bring with them the keys of the castle and the town."

When the Governor of Calais related this to the people in the Market-place, there was great weeping and distress; in the midst of which, one worthy citizen, named Eustace de Saint Pierre, rose up and said, that if the six men required were not sacrificed, the whole population would be; therefore he offered himself as the first. Encouraged by this bright example, five other worthy citizens rose up one after another, and offered themselves to save the rest. The Governor, who was too badly wounded to be able to walk, mounted a poor old horse that had not been eaten, and conducted these good men to the gate, while all the people cried and mourned.

Edward received them wrathfully, and ordered the heads of all the six to be struck off. Sir Walter Manny, one of the English captains, pleaded for them, but in vain. However, the good Queen fell upon her knees, and besought the King to give them up to her. The King replied, "I wish you had been somewhere else; but I cannot refuse you." So she had them properly dressed, made a feast for them, and sent them back with a handsome present, to the great rejoicing of the whole camp. I hope the people of Calais loved the daughter to whom she gave birth soon afterwards, for her gentle mother's sake.

—*Charles Dickens*

NOTE

This great battle was the one fought at Crecy between the English and the French on the 26th of August, 1346. Edward III and his son, the Black Prince, defeated the French. Nearly 40,000

Frenchmen were slain. Philip VI was the King of France at that time.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What was it that looked like a second Calais? Why did the Governor of the town send out 1700 persons? What did Edward do to them? How many more were sent out again? How were they treated by Edward? What message did the garrison send to the King of France? What did he do? When the city surrendered, what did Edward ask the Governor to do? Who was the man that offered to go first? How did Edward receive the six citizens? What sentence did he pass on them? Who was Sir Walter Manny? Why did the Queen ask the King to give up the six men to her? What did the Queen do to those six men?

2. **Composition.**—Rewrite the story as if told by the Queen. Give the meanings of: *useless mouths, hard-pressed, fain to leave, hoisted.* Imagine you were one of the six French citizens, and write a letter of gratitude to the Queen.

3. **Grammar.**—Remember that 'you,' whether it refers to one person or more than one, is always followed by '*were*' or '*are*,' and never by '*was*' or '*is*.' Apart from personal pronouns there are (1) *reflexive* pronouns, as in 'The prisoner hanged *himself*;' (2) *Demonstrative* pronouns, as, *this, that, such, these,* (e.g. *That* is my book); (3) *Indefinite* (vague) pronouns, as, *some, few, many, all;* (4) *Distributive* pronouns, as, *each, either, neither;* and (5) *Interrogative* pronouns, as, *who? what? which?* There are certain words which are used to emphasise a noun as its equivalent. Such words are called *Emphasising Pronouns;* as, "He *himself* did the sum." Here *himself* is not the object of '*did*,' but merely emphasises *he.*

   Pick out from the lesson three examples of each of the different kinds of pronouns mentioned above.

Lesson 10

THE BOYHOOD OF HENRY OF NAVARRE

THE first time, says Sully, I saw our great and good king when he was a boy, I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. I had gone to see my friends in the mountains of Bearn, at the foot of the Pyrenees. One day as I was rambling over the hills, I came upon some peasant boys at play; they were merry, hardy little fellows, and soon enticed me to join them in their sport. All of them were bareheaded and barefooted, and dressed in the coarse clothes of the peasant, but very active, and full of glee.

2. One boy particularly struck me from the great activity he displayed, and the bold daring manner in which he led on his companions to fresh exploits; the energy of his boyish character delighted me, for I was then a young soldier, and I thought what a fine brave trooper he would make in a few years.

His countenance was most beautiful: perfect good-humour, sincerity, and kindness of heart were depicted there. The animation of his features, the sparkling glance of his bright eye, the ardour with which he pressed forward to take his part in feats of skill, or trials of strength, showed that he possessed

'The will to do, the soul to dare.'

His foot slipped once in the race, and he fell on some sharp stones; but though bruised and bleeding, he paid no heed to it—not a shade crossed his features: he

was up again in an instant, and soon outstripped his companions.

3. 'He is a noble fellow,' thought I, 'but perhaps he has not much feeling.' Presently, another boy was accidentally hit with a stone on the cheek, which bled, and the little fellow could not restrain his tears and expressions of pain. His companion, Henry, instantly left his play to go to him, and in the kindest and gentlest manner endeavoured to soothe him, taking from his pocket an apple which he gave him, telling him in a cheerful manner he was quite sure it would do him good. I saw he had a kind and compassionate heart. At length, they all sat down to eat their dinner, their appetites sharpened by the mountain breeze and the exercise they had been taking. The meal consisted of coarse brown bread and cheese with garlic; each boy having brought his own portion. I never witnessed a merrier repast. The hardy little mountaineers enjoyed their humble fare more than a monarch does his dainties. They talked over their feats of the morning with boyish exultation, and many a merry shout of laughter made the hills re-echo with the sound.

4. As they insisted on my joining them, I sat down; and in return for their hospitality, told them some stories of the battles in which I had been engaged, to which Henry listened with almost breathless attention. His quick eye noticed, in the course of the meal, that one of his young companions had but a very small portion of food for his share. Drawing him aside, Henry obliged him to take more than half his own bread and cheese, making at the same time an expressive gesture of silence. It was done so quietly and quickly, that no one but myself observed the occurrence. I could have

pressed the noble child to my heart, but would not spoil such an act by remarking on it.

5. 'I must go, now,' said Henry, after taking the remainder of his bread and cheese; 'I see by my shadow it is time for me to be at my studies; adieu, my friends!' And with his usual ardour he descended the mountain with the agility of a young chamois, his bare little feet dashing over the obstacles, while his clear voice was to be heard singing a song.

6. 'What does he mean by his studies?' I asked, 'and who is that boy?'

'That is Henry, Prince of Navarre,' was the reply, 'and he has to study every day for some hours with his tutors at the Castle.'

7. Yes; that noble, generous, kind-hearted boy grew up to be a noble, generous, and kind-hearted man. Scorning the very thought of deceit or falsehood as a child, he scorned it as a king. Accustomed to witness the privations of the peasantry when young, he endeavoured to relieve their suffering when he grew up to manhood. Brought up to endure hunger and thirst, fatigue and pain, without complaining, his constitution became most hardy and vigorous; whilst the athletic exercise of his boyish days prepared him to be, what he afterwards became, a first-rate soldier on the field of battle.

NOTE

Sully, Baron of Rosny, the author of this extract was a French statesman. The lesson refers to the boyhood of Henry IV, King of France and of Navarre (1553—1610) who was the first king of the House of Bourbon. He was born in 1553 and assassinated in 1610. Navarre (na-var) is an ancient kingdom which

comprised the mountainous provinces of Navarra in Spain and part of Basses-Pyrenees in France. He became King of France in 1594, and by his famous Edict of Nantes he secured complete religious freedom for the Protestants living in France.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Whom did Sully come across while rambling over the hills? How was he struck by a certain boy? What did Sully notice in the boy which showed his strong will? How did the boy behave when he slipped and fell? What did Henry do when another boy met with an accident? What did that show? How did Sully entertain the boys when they were at their dinner? What did their meal consist of? What did Sully observe Henry doing during dinner time? What did it show of Henry's character? Why did Henry go away abruptly? What kind of training is necessary for a man to become a first-rate soldier?

2. **Composition.**—Write two short paragraphs describing the qualities of Prince Henry. Write a short essay on *The benefits of out-door exercises.* Give the meanings of: *enticed me, struck me, boyish exultation, expressive gesture of silence, agility, privations of the peasantry. A trooper,* a cavalry soldier; *chamois,* a wild mountain antelope of the size of a goat. Write sentences to show that you know the difference between *fair* and *fare; feat* and *feet; hardy* and *hardly; coarse* and *course.*

3. **Grammar.**—The pronouns *who, which* and *that,* not only relate to or refer to a noun going before but also join two clauses of a sentence together. They are called *relative pronouns;* as, "I know the man *who* was killed." "Let me see all the books *which* you have taken." "This is the pen *that* you purchased." The noun to which the relative pronoun refers is called the *antecedent.* Sometimes the antecedent is not expressed; as, "You don't understand *what* you say." Here *what* is called a relative pronoun, and equal to

"that which." Pick out sentences from the lesson where "*what*" and "*that*" are used as relative pronouns.

We may define a *Relative pronoun* as a *combined pronoun and conjunction.* It is a substitute for a preceding *noun* and it joins together two sentences.

N.B.—You should bear in mind that of the three relative pronouns, *who* is used only of persons, *which,* only of things, and *that,* of both persons and things.

Lesson 11

THE STORY OF THE GANGES

VERY long ago, though the mountains stood at the world's centre, and India lay at their feet, there was no Ganges river, and the plains lay bare and fruitless. The god Siva then lived on the top of a high mountain, and spent his time in thought. Up over his head above the mountains the Princess Ganga lived free as the wind. She was the daughter of King Himalaya, and the air nymph Menaka, and so her home was in the air among the heights.

At that time there lived a very wise man on earth, and, as he looked at the burning plains of India, and thought of the air princess, he said to himself, "If she would only give up her freedom and become a river, how she could enrich and purify the earth." And when he had thought this out he began to pray to the god Siva to send Ganga to earth. Siva granted his request, and the princess floated down to earth. She touched it first at the mountain top where the god sat, but he caught her in the tangled masses of his hair, and for ages she could not escape from them, so the wise man could not see the answer to his prayer. But long afterwards, she broke away from her prison on the mountain top, and flowed down under the glacier ice, and over the bare grey rocks. She made her way through the ravines, and the great pine woods sprang up as she flowed. Rhododendrons grew on the banks at her coming, and at the foot of the mountains the jungle stretched

down to be nourished by her waters. But it was out on the open plain that the Princess Ganga really showed her power. There, fields of wheat and rice and poppies and lentils grew up wherever she flowed, and wherever her tributary streams made their way to reach her. Groups of fruit trees and bamboos grew too, and men came to settle in villages beside them till the plain of the Ganges became a great, bright, busy place with herds of buffaloes watched by little boys, with oxen yoked to the plough, and other oxen carrying the precious river water to pour it on fields that were far from the banks.

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EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Who was the Princess Ganga? Where was the abode of god Siva? What did the wise man say to himself when he saw the plains of India? What did he do? What happened to Ganga when she floated down to earth? What happened when she broke from her prison and flowed down? What changes were effected in the open plains of Hindustan?

2. **Composition.**—What is the real meaning of this story? Write a short essay of two paragraphs on the fertility of the Gangetic plain. Write a paragraph on "What would happen if the Ganges dried up at once?" Explain: *tangled masses of hair; rhododendrons; glacier ice.*

3. **Grammar.**—(1) Words that show the relation between a noun or a pronoun and some other words in the sentence are called *prepositions*: as, The bird flew *over* the house. The bird flew *round* the house. The bird flew *into* the house. The words, *over, round,* and *into* show the relation between the

noun *bird* and the noun *house*. In 'He lives *near* us,' *near* shows the relation between *he* and *us*.

Point out the prepositions and the nouns they connect in :— 1. The cat ran after the mouse and caught it under a chair in the kitchen. 2. He goes on Sunday to the church and sits among his boys.

(2) *Conjunctions* are words that join sentences, and sometimes words, together, as "John came to see me *but* I was not at home." "Our school Anniversary was held last Saturday *and* it was a great success." *But, and, for, because, when, if,* are conjunctions very often met with. Pick out all the sentences from the lesson which contain the conjunctions *till, that, but.*

Lesson 12

BEHIND TIME

A RAILWAY train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which two trains usually met. The driver of the train was late, so late that the period during which the up-train was to wait had nearly elapsed ; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity ; and all because the train had been *behind time.*

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight hours on the enemy, posted on the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west ; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in time all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident of its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear ; the Imperial Guard was beaten back ; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon was defeated, because one of his marshals was *behind time.*

3. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous

sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if they arrived, its credit, its honour, and its future prosperity, would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm was bound to meet bills which had been maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; the firm was ruined because its agents, in remitting the money, had been *behind time.*

4. A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favourable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment had come. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came in sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve; but he came too late.

5. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honour, happiness, life itself are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind

time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are 'behind time.' There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish repentant, because they were for ever 'behind time.' Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is *punctuality*: if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What happened when the driver of a train was unpunctual? Why was Napoleon defeated? Why did a leading firm become bankrupt? What was the result of a messenger's arrival five minutes too late? What do you learn from the lesson?

2. **Composition.**—Write a short essay on, "The evils of unpunctuality." Explain: *lightning speed; attacking column; reprieve; ignominous death; repentant.* Give the different meanings of "charge." How do you pronounce "corps?" Where is California? 'Drop' means the gallows-platform under the feet of the condemned criminal. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:—*column after column; to meet bills; in one's behalf; on the drop; to put off.*

3. **Grammar.**—Sometimes conjunctions occur in pairs: *not only-but; whether-or; neither-nor; either-or; both-and.* Such conjunctions in pairs are called *correlative conjunctions;* as, "He is *not only* dull *but* wicked." "I do not mind *whether* you pass *or* fail."

There are some words like *ah! oh! alas! hullo! hush!* used only to express some feeling of joy or sorrow. Such words are called *Interjections;* as, "Oh! what a good story!" "Hullo, James, how are you?" "Heavens! if there were fire in this place." "Ah! what was that they were playing?"

Lesson 13

JOB, THE PATIENT

THERE was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen and five hundred she-asses, and a very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East. And his sons went and feasted in their houses, every one his day, and sent and called for their three sisters, to eat and to drink with them. And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, it may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually.

Now there was a day, when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth? a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said,

Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord.

And there was a day when Job's sons and daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house: and there came a messenger unto Job, and said. The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them, and the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house; and, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. Then Job

arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped, and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly. Again there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord. And the Lord said unto Satan, From whence comest thou? And Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? and still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without cause. And Satan answered the Lord, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face. And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life.

So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes.

Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die. But he said unto her, 'Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? Shall we receive good at the hand

of God, and shall we not receive evil?' In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

—*From THE BOOK OF JOB, The Bible*

NOTE

The Book of Job from which the above extract is taken relates a very ancient story current probably in the seventh century before Christ. See chapters 1 and 2 of the Book of Job.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What kind of man was Job? Why was he known as the richest man in the East? How did his sons enjoy their life? What did Job do to sanctify them? Who went to the presence of God along with the sons of God? What was the conversation about between God and Satan? What was the testimony of God concerning Job? How did Satan contradict Him? What did Satan do to Job? What were the series of misfortunes that befell Job? How did he meet them? What did Satan tell God the second time he met him? What challenge did Satan throw to God concerning Job? What affliction did Job undergo? What did he do then? What did his wife ask him to do? What was Job's wise reply?

2. **Composition.**—Write a paragraph on "The patience of Job." Rewrite the story as if narrated by Satan. In old English *thine* and *mine* were used for *thy* and *my*; *hath* for *has*. *Yoke of oxen* means *pair of oxen*. *Plow* is the old spelling of *plough*. What is the difference between *sole* and *soul*; *nought* and *not*; *fore* and *four*; *corps* and *core*?

   Answer the question, "*Does God permit evil to befall us?*"

   In writing composition, see that you make your sentences fairly short. Good long sentences are hard to write. This

extract from the Bible offers a good example of what sentences should be like.

3. **Grammar.**—Adverbs are of two kinds—*simple* and *connective*. Adverbs are *simple* when their sole work is to modify the meaning of a word; as, *now, then, here, well, very, not, why.* Adverbs are *connective* when they not only modify the meaning of a word but join clauses together; as, "I shall speak to your brother, *when* I see him." Here *when* modifies the verb *speak* and joins the clauses, "I shall speak," and "I see him."

Prepositions are either *simple* or *compound; on, in, over* are simple prepositions; *upon, without, behind* are compound prepositions. There are also *Double Prepositions;* as, *out of, from behind;* and *Prepositional Phrases,* as, *in spite of, on account of.*

Give the different meanings of:—*band, rent, fast, sole, crown.*

Lesson 14

PRESENCE OF MIND

'WHAT is presence of mind, mamma ?' said one of the daughters.

'A very valuable thing, Lucy; why do you ask me ?'

'Because at school to-day our teacher was speaking about the way poor widow Grant's boy had been burned; and she said if the mother had been possessed of presence of mind, it would not have happened. What did she mean ?'

2. 'I suppose that if Mrs. Grant, instead of crying and running for help, had snatched a blanket from the bed, or the hearth-rug, and rolled the child in it, the flames would have been soon put out.'

3. 'Is that presence of mind, mamma ? Is it in a blanket ?'

4. 'Oh, Lucy!' said an older boy; 'how can you be so foolish ? It is a thing in the mind.'

5. 'To have seized the blanket,' said their mother, 'would have been a proof or example of this quality; the meaning of presence of mind is, to be calm and quiet in all times of danger and perplexity, and to recollect and do at once the right thing to be done. That may be very different at different times. A friend of mine was once saved from a terrible railway accident, by her companion in the carriage, a strong man, breaking the door and dragging her through it. He saw at once this was the best way of escape when

another train was coming upon them, and so exerted his strength in that direction. Another lady was kept from danger when the horse ran off with the carriage in which she was driving, by a gentleman holding her fast and not allowing her to jump out.'

6. 'Why did he hold her, mamma?'

'Because he had presence of mind to know that if she sprang out when they were going at full speed, she would be greatly hurt, if not killed, and that their most likely hope of safety was to sit still.'

7. 'Tell us another story, mamma,' asked Lucy. Mrs.....thought for a few minutes. 'I am sure there are plenty of true stories to be told on this subject. Well, here is one which I heard lately.

8. 'Sir James Thornhill, a famous painter, was employed many years ago to ornament the roof of one of our great churches—I think St. Paul's, in London. A very high scaffold was made for him, such as you see the masons use in building, only I hope poor Sir James had a more safe and easy ladder to go up and down by, than our masons generally have. He did his work beautifully, and at last it was almost finished, and he was delighted with his own success. As the painting was to be seen from a distance, one day he walked backwards to judge of the effect, and became so pleased as every step made it look more beautiful, that he entirely forgot where he was. One of his assistants, looking up, saw that he was in a frightful situation. He had got to the very edge of the scaffold, and the next step backwards would plunge him over. The man shuddered, expecting every moment to see his master dashed to pieces. What do you think he

did ? '—' I suppose he screamed to Sir James to take care.'

9. ' I am afraid that is what you or I would have done, Charles ; and it would only have made the poor artist start, and hasten his destruction. No ; his friend had more true *presence of mind.* He seized a large brush full of paint that lay near, and dashed it across the drawing, spoiling in a moment the labour of days.'

10. ' O mamma, how cruel ! No, I see ! I see ! Sir James would run forward then.'

11. ' Just so : he sprang forwards at once, full of astonishment and anger, thinking that the man had gone out of his senses. But when, in a few moments, his friends showed him where he had been standing, you may believe how his feelings changed, and he returned thanks to God, as well as to him who had been the instrument of saving his life.'

12. ' That is a very pretty story ! Yes ; and I think we may learn a good lesson from it. What seems a sad disappointment and trial to us at one time, like the spoiling of Sir James's painting, we may see afterwards has saved us from something far worse. Our Father in heaven deals with His children on earth in this way. We must never allow ourselves to think that anything is wrong or unkind which He appoints for us. We must take it patiently, and try and pray to get good from it, and we shall often see afterwards why it was sent. I hope you and Lucy will understand this better in a few years. Will you try to remember it now ? '

' Yes, mamma. How can we get *presence of mind ?* Does it come by nature ? '

'Some people are more cool and collected naturally than others; but every one may do much to teach himself how to act sensibly and usefully in difficult circumstances by the help of God. And you cannot begin this too soon.'

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What should Mrs. Grant have done when her child caught fire? What is the meaning of *presence of mind*? Give two examples of persons who displayed this quality. What was the third example which the mother gave? What did Sir James Thornhill do one day? What did his assistant do? Why did he do it? What lesson do you learn from this story?

2. **Composition.**—Write a paragraph on "*presence of mind.*" Retell the story of Sir James Thornhill as if told by him. *Scaffold*, a temporary structure of poles and planks for workmen to stand on, while building or repairing a house.

3. **Grammar.**—You have already learnt that a *transitive verb* must have an object. In the same way, a *preposition* must have an object. If we say "School work begins at.....," the sentence is incomplete. The work must begin at a certain hour. We should therefore say, 'School work begins at *ten o'clock*.' The noun or pronoun that follows a preposition is said to be *governed* by the *preposition* and is called its *object*.

Rule.—'Prepositions govern nouns or pronouns in the *objective* case.'

Lesson 15

ADVICE TO A SON

I HAVE received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and ask you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in good stead in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And since this is my first letter to you, I do not like that it should be empty of advice, which my natural care of you provokes me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age.

Let your first notion be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master has assigned you, earnestly; and the time, I know, he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of what you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years grow in you.

Be humble and obedient to your master; for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and to

feel what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that wins so much with so little cost.

Use moderate diet, so that after your meat you may find your wit fresher, and not duller; and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Use exercise of body but such as will not be of peril to your joints or bones. It will increase your force and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in your body as in your garments. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father if you do not find yourself most able in wit and body to do anything when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword.

Be rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner or procurer of speech; otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect to the circumstance when you shall speak it. Let never an oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up, as it were, the tongue with teeth and lips, betokening reins or bridles for the loose use of that

member. Above all things, tell no untruth, no, not in trifles; the custom of it is naughty. And let it not satisfy you that for a time the hearers take it for a truth, for afterwards it will be known as it is to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar.

Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So you shall make such a habit of well-doing in you that you shall not know how to do evil though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family.

Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion is of some nourishment to the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food.

Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

—*Letter to his son by SIR HENRY SIDNEY* (1566)

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What should be the first duty of a school boy? What should he note when he reads a book? Why should he be obedient and courteous? Why should he use moderate diet? Why should he think before he spoke each word?

2. **Composition.**—Write a paragraph on the importance of *truthfulness;* another paragraph on *cleanliness. Documents,* lessons and teachings. *Scurrility,* using obscene language in abusing a person. *Ribaldry,* irreverent, indecent language. *Rampired up,* shut in as if in a rampart.

Frame sentences using: *in good stead, to be void of, to commit to memory.*

N.B.—Mark the style of the above extract. It is not modern but belongs to the 16th century.

3. **Grammar.**—*Tense* means *time.* There are three simple *tenses* corresponding to the three divisions of time—present tense, past tense and future tense: as, *I am* here to-day; *I was* here yesterday; *I shall* be here to-morrow. *Future* tenses are formed with the help of the verb *shall* or *will.* Such helping verbs are called *auxiliary verbs.*

Take the three sentences:—

1. *I speak.* 2. *I am speaking.* 3. *I have spoken.*

Each of these verbs expresses the action as done in the *present* time. These are therefore *three forms* of the present tense. In (1) the verb *speak* expresses the action as done in present time without indicating the state of the action. It is rather vague; so it is called Present *indefinite.* In (2) *am speaking* shows that the action is *incomplete, imperfect, still going on.* Hence the tense is called *present continuous* or *imperfect.* In (3) *have spoken* shows the action *is finished,* or *perfect.* Hence the tense is called *present perfect.*

There are likewise *three* forms of the *past* tense and *three* forms of the *future.*

Lesson 16

THE STORY OF HANNIBAL

MANY hundreds of years ago, a city called Carthage was built on the northern coast of Africa. The Phoenicians who founded it were adventurous seamen, who had grown rich by trade, and they chose a promontory for the site of their city, so that they might have good harbours for their ships.

Midway in the Mediterranean, within easy reach of Spain and Sicily, the new city grew and flourished until it became the centre of a great nation, with a fleet of magnificent vessels. Years passed, and the Carthaginians established colonies across the seas. They had settlements on the coast of Africa, a part of southern Spain was under their rule, they owned the Balearic Islands and Sardinia, Malta and Corsica. Day by day, year by year, Carthage grew greater until she was almost mistress of the blue Mediterranean and her ships and merchandise were carried into every known port in Europe and North Africa. She was now the richest nation in the ancient world, but some other people were gradually growing as rich and as strong. These people were the Romans. They watched the power and wealth of Carthage with envy. They longed to destroy the proud little city, which claimed so many colonies and had given the Carthaginians so wide a boundary, but they knew that they could never do this until they had the mastery of the sea. "We must fight," they said.

So Rome and Carthage went to war. They fought for the island of Sicily but the struggle was really for the sea, for the mastery of the Mediterranean, which washed the shores of Italy and flowed into the harbours of Carthage.

Fifteen years passed, and the two nations still fought. Rome built herself ships and sometimes she lost the battles by sea and by land, and sometimes she won. The war dragged on until the Carthaginians chose their greatest leader, a man called Hamilcar, to command their army. But although he fought for eight years he could not beat the Romans, and at last he made peace with them, agreeing to give up the island of Sicily.

At first the Carthaginians were troubled by Hamilcar's action, for they thought that the possession of an island like Sicily would give the Romans greater power in the Mediterranean, but Hamilcar was a patriot; he hated the very name of Rome, and he was busily planning to make his own country stronger than ever. He told his secret to his little boy. "Hannibal," said he, "I shall build an empire in Spain, so mighty and so rich, that the Carthaginians will never feel the loss of Sicily and will gain still greater power over the sea."

Little Hannibal, who was nine years old, was much interested, and when his father was about to set out for Spain, he followed him into the temple where he was going to sacrifice to the god of his country. Hamilcar turned and saw him. "Would you like to go with me?" he asked. When the boy answered "Yes," his father led him to the altar. "Put your hand on the sacrifice," he said, "and swear everlasting

hatred for Rome." The child put his right hand on the altar and looked into his father's eyes. "In the name of the gods," said he, "I swear to hate Rome for ever and ever."

Together the father and son sailed with the Carthaginian fleet along the northern coast of Africa, until they came to the rock which is now called Gibraltar. Here they landed, and for nine long years Hamilcar led the busy life of a soldier and a conqueror, sometimes taking his young son with him, sometimes leaving him in the care of others, but always reminding him of the oath which he had sworn before setting out for Spain.

Hamilcar died, but his son-in-law carrying on his work founded an empire in Spain, built a capital with a fine harbour on the southern coast and called it New Carthage. Like Hamilcar, he never let Hannibal forget his oath, and when he too died, Hannibal, a young man of twenty-nine, became commander of the Spanish army and celebrated the occasion by seizing a town which had made friends with Rome.

Angry Roman messengers were hurriedly sent to protest. "Which will you have?" they cried fiercely, "peace or war?"

In his mind's eye, Hannibal saw a little boy with his right hand on a sacrifice, swearing everlasting hatred for Rome. He laughed. "We will have war," he said. And war it was.

All that winter Hannibal prepared for battle, determined to conquer the country which he had sworn to hate. When the weather had improved, he left Spain in the care of his younger brother, and set out from New Carthage with his troops, horses and

thirty-seven elephants. This time he did not use his fleet. He was going to attack Italy from the north.

Away he went with his army, across the high Pyrenean Mountains which divide Spain from France, up the valley of the Rhone, and across the river until he found himself at the foot of the Alps. Then came the most difficult part of his journey. The mountain passes were steep and narrow. The tracks were rocky and dangerously near to precipices, below which roared the mountain torrents. Many a man stumbled and fell headlong into a gorge. Many a horse and elephant lost its footing and rolled with its load of baggage into the valley below. Slowly and painfully the soldiers followed Hannibal until they reached a narrow pass which led to the chief mountain in the range. This was the barrier which separated Hannibal from Italy. The cliffs towered steeply above him but he marched on, men and horses following. As he looked back, amidst the immensity of nature, his army seemed like a swarm of crawling ants.

The way was long but Hannibal scarcely paused. On and on he went, sometimes riding, sometimes marching. The native mountaineers, terrified of this invasion, rolled great boulders down the mountain side, and many a soldier was killed. But Hannibal would not turn back. Up, up, up, struggled the army, until, on the ninth day the top was reached, and men, horses and elephants allowed to rest for two nights.

The men flung themselves wearily to the ground. About them, the mountain peaks were white with snow. Carthaginian and Spaniard longed for the burning heat of Africa or the warm sunshine of Spain. They wanted to go home. But Hannibal had sworn

eternal hatred for Rome. Their feet were frost-bitten, and icy winds pierced their armour, but Hannibal thought only of Rome. Snow began to fall, and he urged the soldiers down the slippery ice-covered slopes.

Sliding, falling, leaping, they followed. Some fell into snow drifts and disappeared. Some rolled into hidden chasms and were lost, some lay down, too weary to continue, and in a few hours were buried in the snow. But Hannibal hated Rome, and he rode on; on and on until the falling snow hid all vestige of the track and neither man nor beast could pass.

But Hannibal hated Rome, and his hate burned like a flame in his soul and kept his courage alight. He set his soldiers to make a new road. Hour after hour, day after day they toiled, until at last the work was finished and the army passed into the plains of Italy. The weary men had marched for over five hundred miles. Half the army had perished, and yet, when they arrived in Italy, footsore, hungry and tired, these soldiers defeated the Roman army twice.

Fighting now began in earnest. For fifteen years Hannibal made war in Italy. Once he had won so great a victory, on the shores of a lake not far from Rome, that the Romans fled back and destroyed the bridges across the Tiber to prevent his advance. Another time his triumph was so complete that he sent to Carthage ten thousand of the golden rings, taken from the fingers of the Roman nobles, slain in battle.

Hannibal was now at the height of his success, only waiting for an opportunity to fall upon Rome. But the opportunity never came. A clever Roman general, called Scipio, attacked New Carthage, Hannibal's port in the south of Spain, cut off the supplies and, leaving

men to guard the city, went to Africa and attacked Carthage. Before Hannibal had time to make his army strong enough to attack Rome, he was recalled to defend Carthage against Scipio.

Thirty-six years had passed since he put his small hand on the sacrifice. He had sworn eternal hatred for Rome, but he had not captured the city. Sorrowfully he returned to his native land, but his triumphs were over. He could not save Carthage from Scipio. The city fell. The proud Carthaginians were made to give up their rich islands in the Mediterranean, their kingdom in Spain, all their elephants and their prisoners. And then to crown the humiliation of their enemies, the Romans sailed out of the harbour, towing five hundred Carthaginian ships behind them. In the sight of Carthage, they fired the ships, and those beautiful vessels, which had once sailed up and down the Mediterranean, trading with nearly every port, were nothing but blackened spars floating on the water.

The Romans demanded Hannibal as prisoner, but he, with undying hatred still smouldering in his heart, fled to Asia. From court to court he went and when, at last, capture was at hand, he raised to his lips that right hand which had once touched the sacrifice, sucked a poisoned ring which he wore on his finger, and died.

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NOTE

1. The wars between Carthage and Rome are known as the Punic Wars. Hannibal fought in the second Punic War (219-201 B.C.) and died in 183 B.C.

2. Carthage, like Athens, was a republican city with an "empire" of tributary states and a large slave population. She was destroyed by fire after the third Punic War, and the ruins were ploughed to express final destruction.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Who were the founders of the City of Carthage? Where did they found their capital? How far did they extend their dominions? Which was the nation that looked upon Carthage with envy? What was the cause of the war between the Romans and the Carthaginians? Who was the leader of the Carthaginians? Who was his son? What did the leader make his son do? What did Hamilcar do to compensate for the loss of Sicily? Who succeeded Hamilcar when he died? What was the plan of Hannibal's campaign? Why and how did his large army suffer? What did the clever Roman general Scipio do? What was Hannibal forced to do? Was he successful? What did the Romans do to Carthage? How did Hannibal meet with his death?

2. **Composition.**—What was the vow which young Hannibal took against Rome? Narrate the difficulties which Hannibal met with in his expedition. Write a paragraph on the "fall of Carthage." Frame sentences with :—*in one's mind's eye; to keep one's courage alight; to fall upon; to cut off; to give up.*

3. **Grammar.**—*Voice* is the form of the verb which shows whether the subject of the verb does the action or is affected by the action.

(1) Rama *struck* Govind. (2) Govind *is struck* by Rama.

There are two voices: *active* and *passive*. When the subject of the verb does the action as in (1), the verb is in the *active voice*. When the subject of the verb is affected by the action as in (2), the verb is in the *passive voice*. From the examples given above, you will see that the object of the verb in (1) becomes the subject in (2) in the passive. Therefore you learn that only transitive verbs (those that take an object) can be used in the passive voice.

There are some transitive verbs which take two objects—the *Direct* and the *Indirect*. In changing the voice of a sentence which contains such a transitive verb, one of the objects becomes the subject of the sentence in the passive voice and the other is retained. That object is called the *retained object*. In the sentence "The teacher taught them Geometry," the direct object is "Geometry" and the indirect object is "them." In turning it into the *passive*, we get *either* "They were taught Geometry by the teacher," *or* "Geometry was taught them by the teacher." In the former case, the direct object 'Geometry' is retained, and in the latter, the indirect object 'them' is retained. Each of these is called the *retained object*.

Lesson 17

SANCHO PANZA IN HIS ISLAND

ON the arrival of Sancho, with his attendants, near the gates of the town, the municipal officers came out to meet him. The bells were rung amid demonstrations of general joy; and with a great deal of pomp he was conducted to the great church. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented him with the keys of the town, and constituted him perpetual governor of the island. He was next carried to the tribunal of justice, and placed in the seat of judgment. Here he was with great reverence addressed by the duke's steward.

Steward. "My Lord Governor, we have presented to you the keys of the gates of this town. And now, my Lord Governor, it is an ancient custom here that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him, and by the answer he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and, by an estimate of his abilities judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

While the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring at an inscription on the wall opposite to his chair. Being unable to read, he asked what that painting was on the wall.

Steward. "Sir, it is an account of the day when your lordship became governor of this island: and it states that on this day the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy."

Sancho. "And who is the Lord Don Sancho Panza, as you call him?"

Steward. "Your Lordship: for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sit in that chair."

Sancho. "Well, friend, take notice that 'Don' does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my name. My father was called Sancho, my grandfather a Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I already guess that Dons are as thick as stones in this island. Come, now for your question, Mr. Steward, and I will answer it as soon as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased."

Whereupon there came into court two men, one clad like a country-fellow, and the other looking like a tailor, having a pair of shears in his hand.

Tailor. "If it please you, my Lord, I and this farmer here have come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday and showed me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon, I measured the stuff, and answered 'yes.' Now, he could not but imagine—and perhaps imagined right enough—that I had a mind to crib some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Prithee,' quoth he, 'look if there be not enough for two caps.' Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon, the old knave bid me look again and see whether it would not make three; and at last if it would not make five. I was resolved to humour my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain. Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave

him; but when I ask him for my money, he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it."

Sancho (to farmer). "Is this true, honest man?"

Farmer. "Yes, if it please your lordship. But pray let him show the five caps he has made me."

Tailor. "With all my heart." (Pulling his hand from under his coat, he shows the five little caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb). "There you see the five caps this honest fellow asks for, and may I never sew a stitch more if I have wronged him of the least slip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge."

All present burst into a laugh at the sight of the caps and the novelty of the suit. But Sancho sat for a while plunged in deep thought. At last he gave judgment.

Sancho. "Methinks this suit here needs not be long depending, may be decided very equitably and without any more ado. Therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his labour, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor, and so let there be an end of the business."

This business being thus concluded, to the great laughter of the whole audience, two old men next presented themselves before the Governor. One of the men held in his hand a cane, which he used as a staff.

First Old Man. "My lord, some time ago, to do him a kindness, I lent this man ten crowns, which he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again for a good while, lest the inconvenience of paying it should be greater than that which he laboured under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But

still, not only did he refuse to pay me again, but moreover, denied that he owed me anything, and said that, if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it. Now, because I have no witness of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him."

Sancho. "What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?"

Second Old Man. "Sir, I own he lent me the money; and, since he requires my oath I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have really and truly returned him his money."—(to the first Old Man) "Please to hold this staff while I place my hand upon the judge's rod."—(He puts his hand on Sancho's rod, his own staff being meanwhile in the hands of the plaintiff.) "It is true that he lent me the money; but I solemnly affirm that I have really returned the same sum into his own hands, and because, I suppose, he has forgotten it, he is continually asking me for it."

Sancho (to the first Old man). "What have you to say to this?"

First Old Man. "Since he has sworn it, I am satisfied. I believe him to be too honourable to forswear himself; and perhaps the fault is in my memory."

Hereupon the debtor took his staff again, and, bowing, went out of court. Sancho, seeing him thus depart, and observing also the good faith of the creditor, continued a few moments in a deep study. At last, he ordered the old man with the staff, who was already gone, to be recalled. He was accordingly brought back.

Sancho. "Honest man, let me see that staff a little; I have a use for it."

Second Old Man. "With all my heart, sir! here it is." (giving the staff to Sancho.)

Sancho. (giving the staff to the first Old Man) "There, go on your business, and Heaven be with you; for now you are paid."

First Old Man. "How so, my lord? Do you judge this staff to be worth ten crowns?"

Sancho. "Certainly, or I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now it shall appear whether I have a head fit to govern a whole kingdom. Break that staff open."

The cane was accordingly broken open by the officer of the court, and in the hollow were found divers pieces of gold.

Sancho (to the creditor). "Count that, and see if you have ten crowns."

Old Man (counting). "Yes, it is all here."

Steward. "We are all surprised at your lordship's wisdom. How could your lordship conjecture that the ten crowns were in the staff?"

Sancho. "I saw the defendant give the staff to the farmer to hold while he took his oath, and he then swore that he had returned the money into the plaintiff's hands, after which he took the staff again from the plaintiff; then it came into my head that the money was lodged within the staff. Besides,, I have heard the curate of my parish tell of just such another case; and I have so good a memory that, were it not that I am

so unlucky as to forget all I have a mind to remember, there could not be a better memory in the whole island."

—*From Don Quixote by CERVANTES*

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Who received Sancho on his arrival in the Island? Where was he placed? Who addressed him? Why was Sancho staring at the inscription on the wall? What did he say about the title 'Don'? What was the first suit Sancho had to decide? What was his judgment? What was the next suit? How did he decide it? How did he explain his wisdom to the steward?

2. **Composition.**—Rewrite the first court inquiry as if told by the tailor. Retell the second inquiry as if told by the second old man. Frame sentences with:—*the tribunal of justice; without any more ado; to dun one hard; with all my heart; heaven be with you.*

3. **Grammar.**—*Mood* is the form of a verb which shows the mode or manner in which a statement is made. There are four moods:—the *Indicative*, the *Imperative*, the *Subjunctive* and the *Infinitive*. Really there are only *three* moods, as the *Infinitive* is only a noun-phrase.

1. *The Indicative mood* is used when a statement is made as a *fact* or as a *question;* as, 'I *have passed* the examination.' 'How *do* you *pronounce* that word?'

2. *The Imperative mood* expresses a command; as, '*Get* me that book.' '*Sit* down while I speak.'

3. *The Subjunctive mood* expresses a condition and is used in the subordinate clauses of complex sentences; as, 'He would obey you *if* your request were reasonable.' The Subjunctive mood is very rarely used now and the conditional "if" is being given up in favour of '*Had*' or '*Did.*'

4. A verb in the *infinitive* form may have the force of a noun, or an adverb, or an adjective; as, (*a*) 'Thus *to relieve* the

wretched was his pride.' Here 'to relieve' is the subject of the verb 'was' and is called *noun infinitive*; (*b*) 'A sower went forth *to sow*.' Here '*to sow*' has the force of an adverb, limiting the verb 'went' and is called *adverb—infinitive*, (*c*) 'Give me some water *to drink*.' Here '*to drink*,' has the force of an adjective, limiting the noun 'water' and is called *adjective—infinitive*.

Point out the infinitives in the following sentences and say what kind of infinitive each is :

"I saw the defendant give the staff to the farmer to hold while he took his oath."

"I have heard the curate of my parish tell of just such another case."

Lesson 18

HIRA SINGH, THE SCOUT

HIRA SINGH was the apple of his mother's eye. He was the only son of the late Subadar-Major Arjun Singh, who intended to bring him up in his own profession ; but his early death brought about a change in his family affairs. His wife was for giving Hira a university education. To that end, she resolved to sell all she had inherited and remove to Lahore and stay there till her son graduated. She would not allow him to remain out of sight and if he went out for a walk, a servant would accompany him, lest any harm should befall him.

When Hira was eight years of age, he was sent to a school. He was assiduous in his studies and won the good opinion of his teachers.

One day, the Headmaster of his school summoned his pupils to a meeting, which was held in the compound attached to the school, and explained to them the advantages of joining the Boy-Scout movement and invited recruits. To his regret, only about a dozen boys responded, and Hira was one of them.

When his mother heard of his intention, she became alarmed. 'This is some game to secure recruits for the army,' she said. 'No more army work in my family. You are my only child. Remember that,' and she took him in her arms.

Hira laughed and said :

'No, mother. The boy-scout movement works for mankind. Service is our motto.'

'You a mere scrap of a child, what service can you render society ? Tell your headmaster, I object to your joining the scouts. You must not—'

Hira straightened up. 'I am the son of a soldier. Do not forget that.'

'I know ; but I do not want you to join the army.'

'You wish to make me a coward. No, no. For once, I shall disobey you.'

His mother shook her head :

'If you disobey me, I shall withdraw you from school.'

Hira fell at her feet.

'Mother, I shall not go against your wishes ; but I repeat the object of the boy-scout movement is good. Give me twelve rupees to buy the necessary uniform.'

'So much ? I can't afford—'

'You must—you will, or else I shall borrow from Ramdin my uncle.'

'No, no, don't humiliate me, child. You will have the money but see that it is not wasted.'

Hira handed the money to his headmaster, who bought the necessary uniform and books for him. He made remarkable progress in his studies, so much so that in his sixteenth year, he was able to matriculate from the Punjab University, standing third in order of merit.

During the recess, he went to his uncle's village-home. His aunt received him cordially and made much of him. He had made a name in the Lahore scouting world and secured many recruits to the movement. In a jamboree, he had acquitted himself so

very well that he was promoted to an assistant scoutmastership.

His uncle, Ramdin, had the reputation of being a wealthy man, though he never admitted the 'charge.' Almost every year thefts would occur in his house, twice or thrice, but the thieves were never caught.

One night, when Hira lay asleep, he was suddenly awakened by a great noise outside. He rose and peeped out and was horrified to see a number of men armed with torches running about the compound. He had no difficulty in understanding that dacoits had attacked his uncle's house. For a moment, he stood dumbfounded. Then he recovered his composure, put on his uniform and, with his stave in hand, ran to attack the men. He laid about with a dexterity that amazed the dacoits, who could not get close to him. His uncle had, in the meantime, scaled the wall of his house and run to his neighbours for help ; but nobody came to his aid, for he had made them his enemies by his many acts of oppression. His wife was, however, more plucky. She seized a sacrificial knife, which was hanging in a room, and attacked the nearest dacoit and laid him low in a moment. His friends came to his rescue ; but the woman had now become almost mad and was whirling her *dao* about, so nobody could approach her. One man threw his *lathi* at her, but it did not strike her at all. In the meantime Hira managed to scale a wall and ran to the neighbours and pleaded so hard that they relented and came in a body to drive the dacoits away. Finding themselves outnumbered, they ran away, leaving their wounded comrade behind. The latter was easily secured. The police were soon informed and the wounded man was arrested. He

turned King's evidence and disclosed the whereabouts of his comrades, who were laid by the heels shortly after.

At the trial Hira's evidence created a sensation. The Deputy Commissioner commended his pluck and recommended a monetary reward, which Hira refused to accept.

'A Scout does not seek money,' he modestly told the Deputy Commissioner, 'his motto is service. I am already well repaid.'

The Deputy Commissioner was so pleased with Hira that when the latter graduated, he secured a well-paid post for him in Government service. His uncle, Ramdin, was so delighted that he made a will leaving his entire fortune to him. Hira's interest in the boy-scout movement did not cease. He continued to take an increasing interest in it, spending large sums in advancing the movement in his district.

Shortly after he had secured the post, he was married to a beautiful young girl. In due course, he was blessed with a son. When the latter grew of age, he one day spoke to his old mother, jestingly: 'Mother, my idea is that your grandson should have nothing to do with the army—'

'Ah, stop, stop,' the old lady interrupted. 'My idea is that your son should follow in the footsteps of his grandfather. Well?'

Hira stood erect, saluted his mother in military fashion, then took the dust of her feet, and observed falteringly:

'Thy wishes will be obeyed. I am the most fortunate child in Lahore.'

His mother blest him and went about her duties proudly.

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by S. B. Bannerjee

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Who was Hira Singh's father? What profession did his father want him to follow? What did his mother want to do with him? What did she do to gain her object? What did the Headmaster of the school do to enlist boys for scouting? What did Hira's mother say when she heard that her son had been enrolled as a scout? What is the motto of the Boy-Scout movement? What did the mother say when Hira threatened to disobey her? How did Hira succeed in winning his mother's consent? What progress did Hira make as a scout? What happened when Hira was on a visit to his uncle, Ramdin? How did Hira display his valour? What did Ramdin do? What did Ramdin's wife do? How were the police able to capture the dacoits? How did Hira create a sensation at the trial? What did the Deputy Commissioner do when Hira became a graduate? What did Ramdin do with his wealth? What did Hira want to do with his son? How did he get his mother's consent?

2. **Composition.**—Summarise the conversation in which Hira got his mother's permission to join the scout movement. Write an account of the attack on Ramdin's house by dacoits and its defence by the inmates. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own: *apple of one's eye* (*apple* means the pupil; a cherished object); *to his regret; a mere scrap of a child; to stand dumbfounded; to lay about; to turn King's evidence; to lay by the heel; to follow in the footsteps of another. Jamboree,* a noisy unrestrained frolic. It represents a gathering of Boy-Scouts.

3. Grammar.—You are asked to parse words in examinations. What is the meaning of the word *parse*? It is derived from Latin *pars*—part. When we parse a word we show (1) what *part* of speech it is, (2) its *inflexion* or change, (3) its *relation* to the other words in a sentence. In parsing a noun we must give the following particulars—(1) its kind (proper, common, collective, or abstract), (2) its gender (masculine, feminine, common, or neuter), (3) its number (singular or plural), (4) its case (nominative, objective, genitive, or vocative), (5) its relation to other words (subject, object, or complement). Parse the nouns in, "A Scout does not seek money. His motto is service."

N.B.—In modern books on grammar, the *dative* and the *accusative* cases take the place of the *indirect* object and the *direct* object of the *Objective cases*; and the *genitive* case that of the *possessive* case. There are then *five* cases in all—the *nominative*, the *accusative*, the *dative*, the *genitive* and the *vocative*.

Lesson 19

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

JESUS often taught the crowds of people, who came to listen to Him, by telling stories of parables.

One day a lawyer asked Jesus what he ought to do to make the best of his life, and Jesus in turn asked him a question :

" What is written in the law—How readest thou ? "

The lawyer said it was written that a man should love God with all his heart and strength, and his neighbour as himself.

" But, Lord," said he, " who is my neighbour ? "

Jesus said : " A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his clothes and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

" By chance there came down a certain priest that way ; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. Likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him and passed by on the other side.

" But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was : and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and

said unto him, 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee!'

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves?"

The lawyer answered: "He that showed mercy on him."

Then said Jesus unto him: "Go thou and do likewise."

This is one of the stories that Jesus told as an easy and pleasant way of making His teaching clear to the people.

Sometimes, too, the disciples asked Him to teach them how to pray, and once when they asked him, Jesus said to them:

"When ye pray, say:—

'Our Father which art in heavens, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen.'"

That is the prayer all Christians have used ever since.

—By kind permission of the Oxford University Press, from STORIES OF JESUS

Note.—The word Parable is derived from L. *Para*, beside, and *bello*, to throw. A parable is a fable or an allegorical representation of something real in life or nature from which a moral is drawn for instruction.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What was the question the lawyer asked of Jesus ? How did Jesus answer him ? What was the lawyer's second question ? What did the robbers do to the traveller ? Did the persons who passed that way help the wounded man ? How did the Samaritan help him ? Which of these three men would you call the traveller's neighbour ? What was the advice of Jesus to the lawyer ? What was the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples ? How many petitions are there in the prayer ?

2. **Composition.**—Retell the story as if told by the wounded traveller. Recast the prayer and put it in modern English. *Levite* is the name of the priestly class among the Jews.

3. **Grammar.**—We parse a *pronoun* as we do a noun except that (1) in regard to its kind, we say that it is personal, relative, interrogative, indefinite, or demonstrative ; and (2) in regard to its person, we say it is first, second, or third. Parse the pronouns in, " The evil that men do lives after them."

   In parsing an *adjective,* we must mention (1) its kind (quality or quantity, numeral, demonstrative or interrogative); (2) its degree (positive, comparative or superlative); (3) its relation (attributively before a noun or predicatively after a verb). Parse the adjectives in, " This is one of the stories that Jesus told as an easy and pleasant way of making his teaching clear to the common people."

Lesson 20

LORD NELSON'S BOYHOOD

HORATIO possessed a keen sense of honour, and shrank from anything like deception or meanness.

2. When he was between eight and nine years of age he and his brother came home from school for the Christmas holidays. The happy vacation was soon over, but the deep snow remained on the roads for some days, and rendered them almost impassable. This was fine fun for the two boys, who thus enjoyed a few more holidays. But at length their father, with some hesitation, told them he thought they might venture to go the next day. Oh! how much they wished a heavy fall of snow would come in the night, and keep them a little longer at their happy home. But no; the day proved fine, though cold, and the boys, with reluctance, mounted their ponies to go to the school.

3. 'Now, remember, boys,' said their kind father, as he wished them good-bye, 'I expect you to try to reach your school. The snow has drifted a good deal, and the road may be impassable; in that case you must return. But if you can proceed with safety, I wish you to do so. Good-bye, my dear boys; remember, I trust to your sense of honour.'

4. The boys set off, and no doubt hoped to find that the roads were impassable. Indeed, they had not proceeded more than two miles, when William, the

eldest brother, declared he thought it dangerous to go on, and would have turned back had not the younger one urged him to continue. They went on slowly and cautiously, till about a mile farther on, they found the snow had drifted very much on the road.

5. William now again proposed returning, and again his brother dissuaded him from so doing. 'You know, dear William,' said the conscientious boy, 'Our father wished us *to try* to get to school. Besides, he trusted to our honour! We must try as much to get there as we should if it were our dear home to which we were going. Come, William, remember our honour.'

6. So on they went, and got over that difficulty, and the next; and though really the road in some parts was almost impassable, yet still it was not quite so; and though William two or three times proposed their returning home, yet his younger brother, by his argument, and example, encouraged him to proceed. 'Remember, William! he trusted to our honour!' said the brave boy, as their little ponies slowly made their way through the snow, and at last deposited them, cold and tired, at the school.

7. And what do you think was the name of this fearless and noble boy, who thus, at an early age, gave proof of the principle on which he acted through life, that in spite of all obstacles, he would '*do his duty?*' It was a name of which England became justly proud, and which is dear to every English heart; it was Horatio Nelson. His motto in life was: "England expects every man to do his duty."

—*Adapted*

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—How old was Horatio when he came home from school for the Christmas holidays? What kind of boy was he? What did the father tell his sons when he said good-bye to them? What did William propose to do when they had gone two miles? What did Horatio say?

2. **Composition.**—Rewrite the above story as if told by (1) William, (2) Horatio.

   Frame sentences using the phrases,—*to dissuade one from, to go on, to trust to one's honour, drifted.* The danger after a snow fall is chiefly caused by drifts; the snow drives against obstacles and often lies many feet deep, while deceptively looking, as if it were only a light covering over the solid ground. Hence the necessity of waiting till it is frozen hard.

3. **Grammar.**—In parsing a finite or full verb we should mention (1) its kind (transitive or intransitive); (2) its conjugation (strong, weak, or defective); (3) its voice (active or passive); (4) its mood (indicative, subjunctive or imperative); (5) its tense (past, present, or future with its parts); (6) its agreement with its subject in number and person. Parse the verbs in, "At length their father, with some hesitation told them he thought they might venture to go the next day."

   N.B.—Finite verbs are sometimes known as *full* verbs as distinct from *infinitives* and *participles.*

Lesson 21

THE RAT WHO BECAME A HERMIT

ONCE upon a time there was a rat who grew weary of the cares and struggles of this earthly life, and of the noise and bustle of his fellow-creatures in the city of Ratopolis. He decided to withdraw from society and become a hermit. Far from the city, in a spot where all was solitude and peace, he found a large, round Dutch cheese. This would make him an excellent retreat. He set to work with his strong teeth and active paws, and had soon gnawed a hole in the side of the cheese. He entered. What a snug hermitage he now had! What more could he desire? The cheese provided him with lodging and with food, for when he felt hungry he had but to nibble at the walls or the floor of his abode.

Time passed by; the hermit-rat grew big and plump. He meditated on the good luck that had befallen him and, I am ashamed to say, he thought he deserved it all.

Meanwhile, in the city he had deserted, matters had taken a serious turn. A host of enemies was besieging it—those natural foes of the rat-people—the cats. No food could enter the city, so watchful was the besieging force, and the poor inhabitants were reduced almost to starvation.

At length, a small band of the more courageous of the rat-leaders decided to make a sally from the city,

and, if they succeeded in getting through the enemy lines, to go to a neighbouring city to ask for help. The plan succeeded; the deputy rats escaped. They decided first to visit the hermit-rat to ask for assistance just to tide them over, until they could bring succour from the friendly city to their desperate comrades within the walls.

The hermit-rat heard the unwonted sounds near his peaceful retreat and poked out his head. He saw his former associates. How thin and hungry they looked! How hollow-eyed! He had been wise to retire when he did!

The deputation of starving rats eyed the hermit-rat. How sleek and fat he was! Their noses wrinkled at the smell of the cheese, and their mouths watered in anticipation. Surely he would assist them. They made their request.

"My friends," said the hermit-rat in a smooth voice, casting up his eyes to heaven, "How is it possible for a recluse like myself to aid you? What can I do, save pray for you in this time of need? I pray that heaven will take pity on you and help you." So saying, he retired into his cheese-cell and shut the door, leaving the hungry rats to creep disconsolately away.

He who refuses aid to his brethren in time of need is no true servant of God.

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from PICTORIAL EDUCATION HANDBOOK

EXERCISES

1. Conversation.—Why did the rat withdraw from society? Where did he go? What did he do there? What took place

in the city in the meantime? What did the deputation of rats decide to do? What was the reply of the hermit rat? What moral do you learn from this lesson?

2. **Composition.**—Rewrite the story as if told by the Hermit Rat. Frame sentences using:—*set to work, to nibble at, to make a sally, in time of need. Dutch cheese,* means a small round cheese made of skim-milk.

3. **Grammar.**—Verbs are either *finite* or *full,* that is, limited by a subject, as, He *writes* a neat hand; or *infinite,* that is, those parts of a verb which cannot have a subject; as the *infinitive mood* (to write) and the *gerund* (writing).

   1. The *Infinitive Mood* is really a noun-phrase and can be used to do exactly the same work as a noun; as, "*To obey* is better than sacrifice." "I should like *to eat* mangoes." In the first case, the infinitive is used as the subject of the verb '*is*' and in the second case, as the object of the verb '*like.*' *To* is the sign of the infinitive, but many verbs as *may, can, shall, will, do* are followed by an infinitive without the sign; as, *He may go.*

   2. The *Participles* are verb-adjectives. They are partly verbs and partly adjectives. As participles of transitive *verbs,* they govern a noun in the objective case, and as *adjectives,* they limit the application of nouns; as, "The teacher was *writing* a letter." "The boy was quite *tired.*" *Writing* is a present participle ending in—*ing* and *tired* is a *past* or *perfect* participle ending in—*d.* "*Writing*" both *limits* the application of the noun "*teacher*" and governs "*letter*" in the objective case. It is both an adjective and a verb.

   3. The *gerund* is a verb-noun ending in—*ing.* It is partly a noun and partly a verb; as, "Rama likes *playing* football." 'Playing' is a noun, object of 'likes' and as a verb it governs 'football' in the objective case. This is the case when the gerund is formed from a *Transi-*

tive verb. Remember that both the gerund and the present participle end in—*ing*, but the one is a *noun* and the other is an *adjective*.

N.B.—Infinitives and gerunds are known as *noun-verbals*. Participles, present and perfect, are known as *adjective-verbals*.

Lesson 22

MOSES AT THE FAIR

ALL this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission: and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at

last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green; and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep."—To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence half-penny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of ginger-bread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my

daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and two-pence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth six pence: for I perceive there are only copper, varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross

of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery ! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better ! "—" There, my dear," cried I, " you are wrong ; he should not have known them at all."—" Marry, hang the idiot ! " returned she, " to bring me such stuff ; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire."—" There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I ; " for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. " Here," continued Moses, " we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me ; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

From THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD by Oliver Goldsmith

NOTE

The extract is from *The Vicar of Wakefield* a famous novel by Oliver Goldsmith. The novel gives a descriptive account of

the family of Dr. Primrose, a simple-minded country Vicar—his joys and sorrows, his trials and difficulties in a most natural manner. In the extract, Moses, the second son, is sent to the fair to sell a colt which had become old. He is duped by a sharper and returns home with "a gross of green paltry spectacles."

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—How was Moses fitted out for the fair? What did his mother expect him to do? What happened to him at the fair? Who visited the family as soon as Moses had left? What did he and the family talk about? In what manner did Moses return home? Why was the bargain he had made a bad one? What is the use of green spectacles? Why were Moses's parents angry? Of what were the rims usually made in those days? What are they made of now?

2. **Composition.**—Write a paragraph on the method employed by the sharper to make Moses part with the money. Explain (*a*) sweating under the deal-box, (*b*) the blockhead has been imposed upon, (*c*) known his company better, (*d*) sell hen on a rainy day. Use in sentences of your own:—*as she spoke; with a sly look; between ourselves; in a passion. Murrain* means an infectious disease of cattle. What does Moses's mother mean when she said "a murrain take such trumpery?" Give words similar in meaning to: *touch them off; shagreen; paltry; a dead bargain; trumpery; blockhead; dresser.*

3. **Grammar.**—(1) *Conjunctions* are of two kinds:—*Co-ordinating* and *Subordinating.* A co-ordinating conjunction is one that joins sentences or words of the same rank or order; as, Two *and* two make four. I called him *but* he did not answer. Night came on, then the room grew dark. Here, *and, but, then* are co-ordinating conjunctions. A subordinating conjunction is one that joins sentences of *different rank* or order, one of them being *dependent* on the other; as, I eat *because* I am hungry. You have heard *that* I lost my purse.

I know *where* he has gone. *Because, that, where* are subordinating conjunctions.

(2) A *sentence* is a group of words making complete sense. A *clause* is a sentence which forms part of a larger sentence. There are three kinds of sentences: *simple, double* or *compound,* and *complex.* A simple sentence contains only one subject and one predicate; as, "I have brought back no money." A *compound* (double) sentence contains two or more sentences of *equal* importance; as, "You have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing." A *complex* sentence contains a *main* clause and one or more *subordinate* clauses. A subordinate clause is one that has to depend for its clear meaning upon another clause, called the *principal* or the *main* clause: as, "*As he was ill,* he could not attend the examination." Here, "*as he was ill*" is a subordinate clause. A *subordinate* clause may be either *adverb,* or *adjective,* or *noun* according as it does the work of an *adverb,* or an *adjective,* or a *noun*: as, *As it was wet,* we stayed in the house (adverb). He gave me the book *that I wanted* (adjective). I perceive *they are only copper varnished over* (noun).

(3) We *analyse* a sentence by breaking it up into its different parts with the object of finding out how it has been built up. Before analysing a sentence, count the number of *finite* or *full* verbs; the number of clauses is equal to the number of *full* verbs. Analyse into clauses: "As she *spoke,* Moses *came* slowly on foot and sweating under the deal box which he had *strapped* round his shoulders like a pedlar."

Lesson 23

THE ELEPHANT

THE elephant is a most sagacious animal; we may almost call him intelligent, for some of his actions really appear like those of a reasonable being. He is undoubtedly the largest of all known quadrupeds, often attaining the height of twelve feet. The head of the elephant is large, his back arched, and his legs extremely thick, like massive pillars. He has two very large powerful tusks, which, in a full-grown male elephant, sometimes extend ten feet from their sockets. He has small but very intelligent eyes, and long pendulous ears.

2. The trunk of the elephant is a very curious organ; it appears to be an extension of the nose, is very long, and composed of a great number of rings of cartilage or gristle, and divided in the inside through its whole length. At the extremity it is furnished with a kind of movable finger, so nice, in its sense of touch that it can readily pick up the smallest article, and yet so strong as to be capable of snapping off large branches from trees.

3. This huge animal, from his great size, and strength, and superior intelligence, would be a most formidable enemy to man; but the same All-wise Creator who gave him power, has also given him a gentle and peaceable disposition, so that he roams his native woods without seeking to injure anyone, feeding on grass, fruits, and the young shoots of trees.

4. The mode of catching the elephant is very curious;

sometimes a single male elephant is decoyed by others, which are trained for the purpose; the hunters know the places where they feed and advance towards them in the darkness of the evening; fixing on the one they wish to secure, they slowly and silently draw near three of the trained elephants. Sometimes the wild elephant will take alarm and show displeasure at their appearance, beating the ground with his trunk and making a loud noise; but more often he allows them to approach, and sometimes even advances to meet them. While the wild elephant is making acquaintance with, and caressing his new companions, the hunters creep under his body and put a rope round each of his legs; stronger ropes are next passed and repassed from one leg to the other by means of a forked stick and a kind of hook; the tame elephants then retire to a little distance: the captive tries to follow them, but finding his legs tied he becomes alarmed and endeavours to rush into the depths of the forest. The hunters, mounted on tame elephants and accompanied by other persons on foot, follow him, and as soon as he passes near a tree of sufficient strength, they throw the long cables, which trail behind him, several times round it. Finding himself stopped, he becomes furious; but having exhausted himself by the violence of his efforts to escape, the trained elephants again draw near. At length he is securely fastened to them; the ropes are taken from his legs, and they drag him forward, not without great difficulty, to his station, where he is made fast; and being regularly fed and treated with a proper mixture of gentleness and severity, he soon becomes reconciled to his lot.

5. The method of securing a whole herd of wild

elephants is very different and much more tedious. A large space, called a Keddah, is strongly enclosed; it consists of three inclosures, each formed of strong stockades, and surrounded by deep ditches; the last inclosure is the strongest, because the elephants by the time they reach it, are generally furious from seeing no chance of escape. It takes a long time, by means of fires and loud noises made by drums and rattles to drive the herd into the first inclosure, the hunters keeping as much as possible out of sight; as soon as the herd have entered it, the narrow opening is thoroughly barricaded, and the fires lit all round it to drive them forward into the next inclosure: finally, when the hunters have succeeded in getting them all shut into the strongest and smallest inclosure, and the fury of the poor beast is somewhat exhausted, they entice one at a time by throwing food before him, into a narrow passage, close the door upon him, and when he has wearied himself by attempts to get out, secure him with ropes in the manner before described. And now the docile creature, if well fed and kindly treated, soon learns to love his keeper, and gives his valuable services to man.

6. In many parts of India, heavy sacks and bales, which are transported from one place to another, are moved by elephants; they are never known to break or injure anything committed to their care; from the banks of the rivers, they store goods in the boats without wetting them, laying them gently down, and arranging them where they ought to be placed. They try with their trunks whether the goods are securely stowed, and should a cask roll, they will of their own accord bring stones to render it firm.

7. One might fill a book with anecdotes of their cleverness, their cunning, and their attachment to their keepers. They have a keen sense of unkindness; and when roused to resentment, dreadful consequences have sometimes followed to the injurer. There is an anecdote of the infliction of a more harmless punishment by an elephant who belonged to a gentleman at Bencoolen. So gentle was he, that he was allowed to walk about the streets unattended; this he did in a quiet and orderly manner, and paid many visits to those who treated him kindly. Among the rest, a tailor, as he sat at work on his bench, used sometimes to bestow eatables on his gigantic visitor; but one day, in a fit of impatience and ill-humour, he cruelly pricked his trunk with a needle. The noble creature did not punish him as he might have done, but walking away as if in silent contempt, he filled his trunk with dirty water from a puddle, and returning, spouted the whole of it in the face of the unlucky tailor, greatly to the amusement of the by-standers.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What do you learn about the several organs of the elephant? Why do you consider its trunk a curious organ? What do elephants live on? How do trained elephants help men to catch a single wild elephant? How is a herd of elephants captured? How are elephants useful to men? What do they do when they are annoyed?

2. **Composition.**—Describe an elephant you have seen. Describe a method of catching a single elephant or a herd of wild elephants. Frame sentences using the following idioms:—*no chance of escape; of their own accord; in a fit of anger; to the amusement of others.*

3. **Grammar.**—(1) Analyse the third paragraph into clauses and give the construction of each subordinate clause. Parse *but; so; that;* (2) Form adjectives, verbs and adverbs from the following nouns:—*number, fright, beauty, slave, memory, courage.*

Example.—danger (n.), dangerous (adj.), endanger (v.), dangerously (adv.).

(3) It should not be thought that because a word is sometimes a preposition, it is always a preposition. We should remember that a word is parsed according to its *use* and the same word may be used either as a preposition or as an adverb. In the sentence, "I walked *up* a hill," *up* is a preposition governing the noun *hill.* But in "come *up*," *up* is an adverb of place modifying the verb *come.*

(4) Use each of the following words, first as a *preposition,* and then as an *adverb*—without, above, over, by, on, about.

(5) Make five sentences using the word "*round*" as an adverb, an adjective, a preposition, a verb, and a noun.

Lesson 24

LETTER TO MY SON

Hillside, Ventnor, Isle of Wight,
20th June, 1844.

My Dear Boy,

We have been going on here as quietly as possible, with no event that I know of. There is nothing except books to occupy me. But you may suppose that my thoughts often move towards you, and that I fancy what you may be doing in the great city—the greatest on the earth—where I spent so many years of my life. I first saw London when I was between eight and nine years old, and then lived in or near it for the whole of the next ten, and more there than anywhere else for seven years, longer.

Since then, I have hardly ever been a year without seeing the place, and have often lived in it for a considerable time. There I grew from childhood to be a man. My little brothers and sisters and my mother died, and are buried there. There I first saw your mamma, and was there married. It seems as if, in some strange way, London were a part of me, or I of London. I think of it often—not as full of noise and dust, and confusion, but as something silent, grand, and everlasting.

When I fancy how you are walking in the same streets, and moving along the same river that I used to watch so intently, as if in a dream, when younger than you are, I could gladly burst into tears—not of grief, but with a feeling that there is no name for. Everything is so wonderful, great and holy; so sad, and yet not bitter; so full of death, and so bordering on heaven!

Can you understand anything of this? If you can, you will begin to know what a serious matter our life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be who does not, as soon as possible, bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies before him.

We have a mist here to-day from the sea. It reminds me of that which I used to see from my house in St. Vincent, rolling over the great volcano and the mountains round it. I used to look at it from our windows with your mamma, and you a little baby in her arms.

This letter is not so well written as I could wish, but I hope you will be able to read it.

I am, your affectionate father,

JOHN STERLING.

To

Master Edward C. Sterling,

London.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—Who writes this letter? To whom does he write? Why was the writer attached to London? How does he show his love for the Thames? What should a young man do to succeed in life? Where is the Isle of Wight?

2. **Composition.**—Write a reply to the above letter as if you were Mr. Sterling's son. 'Ventnor' is a small village in the Isle of Wight. (Mr. Sterling writes the letter to his son in London. Perhaps St. Vincent is a town in one of the islands of the West Indies.) *Who does not bend his whole strength,* who does not exert his utmost in doing his duty—in learning his lessons or in doing his daily task.

3. **Grammar.**—The above letter is a good example of what a private letter should be. It should be written in the easy and natural manner in which you would talk to a friend. Then will your letter be easy to write and interesting to read. But do not allow this ease and naturalness to descend into slipshod English and vulgar slang. When you have finished your letter, you should carefully go over it again and try to improve its phrasing and its general tone.

   You should see that a letter is in its *proper form.*

   A private letter is invariably made up of the following parts:—

   (1) The *Heading* which consists of the address and the date; the *address* is written at the top righthand corner of the first page and the *date* just under it.

   (2) The *greeting.*—Such as, Dear Francis, Dear Uncle Nannu, placed on the left-hand side of the paper, and a little lower than the date, followed by a comma.

   (3) The *Body* of the letter, which comprises the main portion of the letter, and begins a little below the greeting where the latter ends.

(4) The *close and the signature,* which will vary according to the relationship that exists between the writer and the person written to ; such as, *your affectionate father, son, brother,* etc. to relatives ; *yours sincerely* or *yours very sincerely,* to friends ; and *yours truly* or *yours faithfully,* to slight acquaintances and strangers.

A *business* letter should be devoted to a definite purpose ; it must be strictly to the point ; it should be written in terse, clear, accurate and polite language. Avoid such words and phrases as, *Ult., inst., prox., favour of even date.*

Lesson 25

KING MIDAS AND THE GOLDEN TOUCH—Part I

ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich king whose name was Midas. He had a little daughter whose name was Marygold.

This king Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was made of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool.

But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could do for this dear child would be to leave her the largest pile of yellow glistening coin that had ever been heaped together since the world was made.

And yet, in his earlier days, before he was so much taken up by this desire for riches, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He had planted a garden, in which grew the biggest, the most beautiful, and the sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelt. These roses were still growing in the garden as large, as lovely, and as sweet as when Midas used to pass whole hours in gazing at them, and breathing in their sweet perfume.

At length, as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser, Midas had got to be so very foolish, that he could

scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not made of gold. It was his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, underground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole, for it was little better than a dungeon, Midas betook himself whenever he wanted to be particularly happy.

Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coins, a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl, a heavy gold bar, or a peck-measure of gold-dust, and bring it from a dark corner of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason than that his treasure would not shine without its help.

Then he would count the coins in the bag; toss up the bar and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the polished surface of the cup; and whisper to himself, 'Oh Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!'

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room one day, as usual, when he saw a shadow fall over the heaps of gold. Looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man with a cheerful and ruddy face.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could break into his treasure-room, he, of course, supposed that his visitor must be something more than mortal. There is no harm in telling you who he was. In those days, when the earth was new, it was supposed to be often visited

by beings greater than men, who used to interest themselves, half in jest and half in earnest, in the joys and sorrows of men, women and children.

The stranger gazed about the room; and when his bright smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

'You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!' he said, 'I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room.'

'I have done pretty well—pretty well,' answered Midas, in a grumbling tone. 'But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!'

'What!' exclaimed the stranger. 'Then you are not satisfied?'

Midas shook his head.

'And pray, what would satisfy you?' asked the stranger. 'If you do not mind telling me, I should be glad to know.'

Raising his head, he looked the shining stranger in the face.

'Well, Midas,' said his visitor, 'I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish.'

'It is only this,' replied Midas. 'I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so small after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!'

'The Golden Touch!' exclaimed he. 'It is certainly very clever of you, friend Midas, to think of such a thing. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?'

'How could it fail?' said Midas.

'And will you never be sorry that you have got it?'

'What could lead me to be sorry?' asked Midas. 'I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy.'

'Be it as you wish, then,' replied the stranger waving his hand in token of farewell. 'To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch.'

The figure of the stranger then became so very bright, that Midas was forced to close his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and all around him the glistening of the precious metals which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night the story does not say. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach. He was eager to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise.

So he laid his finger on a chair by the bedside, and on various other things, but was greatly disappointed to find that they remained exactly the same as before. Indeed, he felt very much afraid that he had only dreamed about the shining stranger, or else that his visitor had been making game of him.

All this while, it was only the grey of the morning, with but a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky, where Midas could not see it. He lay in a very sad mood, mourning the downfall of his hopes. He kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head.

It seemed to Midas that this bright-yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a strange way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight when he found that this linen cover had been changed into the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up in a kind of joyful madness, and ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it at once became a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain in order to see more clearly, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold.

He took up a book from the table. At his first touch it took on the appearance of a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume; but on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin golden plates, in which all the wisdom of the book could no longer be read.

He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was overjoyed to see himself in a splendid suit of gold cloth, which kept its softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. That also became gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border in gold thread!

Somehow or other this last change did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

Wise King Midas was so charmed by his good fortune, that the palace seemed not large enough to

contain him. He, therefore, went downstairs, and smiled on observing that the rail of the staircase became a bar of polished gold, as his hand passed over it. He lifted the door-latch (it was brass only a moment ago but golden when his fingers quitted it) and went out into the garden where he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and used his magic touch without stopping, until every single flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was finished, King Midas was called to breakfast, and, as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What were the things that Midas loved? What did he love most? What did he do once every day in a dismal room underground? What happened one day when he was in that room? What gift did he receive? How did he use the gift the next day? Name in order the things that became gold at his touch.

2. **Composition.**—Write out the conversation that took place in the cell between Midas and the stranger. Rewrite the story so far, as if told by King Midas. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:—*to have a taste for; to hit upon; in token of; to take on; to take great pains; to make game of.*

3. **Grammar.**—(a) *Parse* the words (in italics) in.—*The more* Midas loved his daughter, the *more* did he desire and seek for wealth.

(b) Analyse :—At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach.

(c) The words '*yes*' and '*aye*' are called *adverbs of affirmation.* The words '*no,*' '*nay*' and '*not*' are called *adverbs of negation.*

Some adverbs have the same form as the corresponding adjectives. They may be either adverbs or adjectives according to the context : as,

	Adverbs	*Adjectives*
1.	I have walked *far.*	I have come from a *far* country.
2.	Come *early.*	I shall come by an *early* train.
3.	May you live *long.*	This is a *long* vacation.

(d) Use the following words in sentences (1) as adverbs. (2) as adjectives :—Quick, slow, right, fast, next.

Lesson 26

KING MIDAS AND THE GOLDEN TOUCH—Part II

HIS breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook-trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee ; and there was a bowl ob bread and milk for his daughter, Marygold.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at table, awaited the child's coming in order to begin his own breakfast. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage, crying bitterly.

This greatly surprised him, because Marygold was one of the most cheerful little people whom you would see in a summer day, and who hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelve-month. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits by a pleasant surprise ; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl, which was a china one, with pretty figures all round it, and changed it into gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and sadly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

'How now, my little lady ; ' cried Midas. 'Pray what is the matter with you this bright morning ? '

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had that morning changed.

'Beautiful!' exclaimed her father. 'And what is there in this splendid golden rose to make you cry?'

'Ah, dear father!' answered the child as well as her sobs would let her; 'it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you, because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But, oh dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweet, and had so many lovely blushes are blighted and spoilt! They have no longer any sweet smell! What can have been the matter with them?'

'Pooh, my dear little girl—pray don't cry about it!' said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly troubled her. 'Sit down and eat your bread and milk! You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that, which will last hundreds of years, for a common one, which would wither in a day.'

'I don't care for such roses as this!' cried Marygold, tossing it away. 'It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!'

He lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and sipping it, was astonished to find that the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and the next moment hardened into a lump!

'Ha!' exclaimed Midas, taken aback.

'What is the matter, father?' asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

'Nothing, child, nothing!' said Midas. 'Eat your bread and milk before it gets quite cold.'

He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate,

and, by way of trial, touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was at once changed from a nicely fried brook-trout into a gold fish, though not one of those gold fishes which people often keep in glass globes as ornaments for the parlour.

No, but it was really a metal fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest gold-smith in the world.

'I don't quite see,' thought he to himself, 'how I am to get any breakfast!'

Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which at once underwent a change like the trout. The egg, indeed, might have been mistaken for one of those which the famous goose, in the story-book, was in the habit of laying; but King Midas was the only goose that had had anything to do with the matter.

'Well, this is a problem!' thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking quite longingly at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great enjoyment. 'Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!'

Hoping that, by dint of great speed, he might avoid what he now felt to be a real trouble, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and jumping up from the table, he began to dance and stamp about the room with pain and fright.

'Father, dear father!' cried little Marygold, who was a very loving child, 'pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?'

'Ah, dear child,' groaned Midas, 'I don't know what is to become of your poor father.'

What was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was very hungry. Would he be less so by dinner-time? And how keen would be his appetite for supper, which must consist of the same sort of uneatable dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, could he live on this rich fare?

These thoughts so troubled King Midas that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the best thing in the world.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger, that he again groaned aloud—and very sadly too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him.

Then, with a wish to comfort him, she started from her chair, and running to him, threw her arms lovingly about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

'My precious, precious Marygold!' cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas! what had he done? How terrible was the gift which the stranger had given! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, took on a glittering yellow colour, with yellow tear-drops frozen on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard within her father's arms. Oh,

terrible misfortune ! Little Marygold was a human child no longer but a golden statue !

It would be too sad a story if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fullness of all his wealth, began to wring his hands, and bemoan himself, and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image, he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold.

But, stealing another glance, he saw the precious little figure, with a yellow tear-drop on its yellow cheek, and a look so pitiful and tender, that it seemed as if that very expression must needs soften the gold, and make it flesh again. This, however, could not be. So Midas could only wring his hands, and wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-colour to his dear child's face.

While Midas was in this state of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. The king bent his head without speaking ; for he saw it was the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room, and had given to him the disastrous faculty of the Golden Touch.

'Well, friend Midas,' said the stranger, 'pray how do you like the Golden Touch ?'

Midas shook his head.

'I am very miserable,' said he.

'Very miserable, indeed !' exclaimed the stranger. 'And how happens that ? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you ? Have you not everything that your heart wished ?'

'Gold is not everything,' answered Midas. 'And I have lost all that my heart really cared for.'

'Ah! So you have made a discovery since yesterday?' said the stranger. 'Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the more—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?'

'Oh, blessed water!' exclaimed Midas. 'It will never moisten my parched throat again!'

'The Golden Touch,' continued the stranger, 'or a crust of bread?'

'A piece of bread,' answered Midas, 'is worth all the gold on earth!'

'The Golden Touch,' asked the stranger, 'or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?'

'Oh my child, my dear child!' cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. 'I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing the whole earth into a solid lump of gold!'

'You are wiser than you were, King Midas!' said the stranger, looking thoughtfully at him. 'Tell me now, do you really desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?'

'It is hateful to me!' replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but at once fell to the floor, for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

'Go, then,' said the stranger, 'and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this with a sincere heart, it may repair the mischief which your greed has wrought.'

King Midas bowed low, and when he lifted his head, the shining stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas! it was no longer earthen after he touched it) and hastening to the river-side. As he scampered along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was wonderful to see how the leaves turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

'Poof! poof! poof!' snorted King Midas, as his head came up out of the water. 'Well, this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!'

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest, earthen vessel, which it had been before he touched it.

King Midas hastened back to the palace, and I suppose the servants knew not what to make of it, when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of melted gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy colour came back to the dear child's cheek, and how she began to sneeze and splutter! and how astonished she was to find herself

dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her!

'Pray, do not, dear father!' cried she. 'See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!'

Her father did not think it needful to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose, he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom.

There were two things, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was, that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss. This change was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee he was fond of telling them this strange story. And then he would stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had got from their mother.

'And, to tell you the truth, my precious little folks,' said King Midas, busily trotting the children all the while, 'ever since that morning I have hated the very sight of all other gold except this!'

—*Adapted from* HAWTHORNE'S WONDER BOOK

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What had Midas for his breakfast? Why was he disappointed with his breakfast? Why was Marygold sobbing and crying? What made Midas very unhappy? What happened to his daughter? Which was the famous goose in the story book? What made Midas hate the gift of the golden touch? What was Midas's wish now? Who appeared just then? What were the questions put to him by the stranger? What were the answers of Midas? What did the stranger advise Midas to do to repair the mischief done by the golden touch? What were the two things that reminded Midas of the golden touch?

2. **Composition.**—Write out the conversation between the stranger and the king when the former appeared a second time. Rewrite the second part of the story as if told by Marygold. Construct sentences of your own with the following phrases:—*By dint of; in a hurry; to get rid of; to lose no time; to put one in mind of.*

3. **Grammar.**—(i) Analyse: "As he dipped the pitcher into the water, *it* gladdened his *very* heart to *see* it *change* from gold into the same good, honest, earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it." Parse the words in *italics* in the above sentence.

   (ii) Supply a suitable *infinitive* or *infinitive phrase* as an extension in the following:—

   He said he would come..... These are hard things.....

   He left by the noon express.....I rejoice.....of your success.

Lesson 27

THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY

SURAJAH Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffer should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar ; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey ; and still Meer Jaffer delayed to fulfil his engagements.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate ; and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no right thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up,

when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed, and at the close of a toilsome day's march the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard, through the whole night, the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk when he reflected against what odds, and for what prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he set gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke—the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings from the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were

perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the 39th Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis.*

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed,

never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffer had given no assistance to the English during the action. But as soon as he saw the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and, when the battle was over, sent his congratulations to his ally. The next morning he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his councillors round him. The wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion to treachery. Others urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders accordingly. But he wanted spirit to adhere even during one day to a manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jaffer had arrived; and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a

mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

—*LORD MACAULAY*

EXERCISES

1. **Conversation.**—What made Clive anxious ? Why did he call a council of war ? What was its decision ? What did *he* decide on ? Why was Surajah Dowlah gloomy ? What was the strength of the Nabob's army ? How was it equipped ? How many men had Clive under him ? Why did the Nabob order his army to retire ? What did Clive do immediately ? What was the result of Clive's action ? What did Meer Jaffier do the next day ? What happened to the Nabob ?

2. **Composition.**—Describe the battle as if narrated by Clive. Write a paragraph on Surajah Dowlah's character. Frame sentences using the following phrases :—*To be himself again ; to put to the hazard ; to give way ; to draw off ; not a little uneasy.* Who was Wellington ? Where is Gascony ?

   Plassey is at a distance of 96 miles north of Calcutta. The *Black Hole* is a small room into which Surajah Dowlah flung his English prisoners ; not even a third of their number came out alive the next morning. The *Carnatic* is the eastern coast and region of India including Madras.

3. **Grammar.**—(1) Recast the following sentence, changing the comparative into the superlative degree : "No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed."

   (2) Analyse : "Disguised in a mean dress, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants embarked on the river for Patna."

(3) An idea may be expressed more clearly by employing a comparison or a *simile ;* as, 'He fought like a lion.'

A *metaphor* is a simile expressed without the help of any such word as *like, as, so.*

(a) Snow covered the earth *like* a mantle.—*Simile.* The earth was mantled in snow.—*Metaphor.*

(b) The ship *ploughs* the sea.—*Metaphor.*
The ship turns up the water *as* a plough turns up the earth.—*Simile.*

(4) *Direct and Reported Speech.*—In Direct narration *of* speech, we give the exact words used by a speaker. In indirect narration, we report his words with some changes. In turning *direct* speech into *indirect* or *reported* speech, the following rules are generally observed : (a) change all pronouns of the first and the second person to the third ; (b) change all verbs in the present tense into verbs in the past tense ; and (c) change all words of nearness into words of remoteness.

Lesson 28

LIFE ABOUT THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

EVERYONE who has climbed a mountain knows that the higher you go the more life of every kind decreases. Leaving the valley at the bottom, with its cultivated fields and rich meadows, you pass through poorer grass plots and woods of the larger trees, and then through clusters of the hardiest fir trees. Higher still there is nothing but tough bushes and tufts of grass. In time these too disappear, and only bare rocks are found. Mounting still higher, even bare rocks are invisible, for we have reached the level where they are covered by perpetual snow and ice.

One meets very much the same in travelling to the North Pole. If you go by land you pass through rich and well cultivated districts into a great belt of country where there is little but forests. Then you reach the tundra, marsh lands where not even fir trees will live, which are fields of ice for most of the year and where for a few summer weeks only, bushes and brilliant wild flowers flourish. Beyond that are the Arctic regions of perpetual snow and ice.

In the tundra live some of the most interesting but least known people of the world, the Samoyedes, Zyrians, Karelians, Voguls, and the Ugrian Ostyaks. Their life would seem to many the least attractive existence it is possible to imagine. Let us try to picture what it is like.

At the beginning of the year, it is dark by night and

day except for twilight at mid-day. The country is covered with snow, the rivers and seas are frozen solid, and there are sometimes a hundred degrees of frost.

In such cold as this, people cannot dress as we do. It would be impossible to go out in leather boots, however thick, for your feet would freeze. You must have boots made of felt, or of fur-lined, padded reindeer skin. You would freeze to death in thick fur coats which ladies think very warm here. So men and women wear double thick reindeer coats, which do not open down the front but are put on over the head, with a hood on top that covers the neck, ears, forehead, and the whole of the face except a little circle around the nose, mouth, and eyes. Even then a special covering is needed for the mouth and nose.

Ordinary fur is useless, for it would soon become a mass of ice from moisture of the breath. There is one kind of fur on which moisture does not collect, and the covering from the mouth to the nose is made of it. For gloves you have reindeer skins so thickly padded with fur or hay that they are as big as ordinary boxing gloves. The eyes are the only part that cannot be covered over.

This cold weather lasts from the end of April until the middle of June. By now the long darkness has been broken and the sun is seen once more. But at first it appears not high in the heavens but along the edge of the sky, so that its blinding rays shine straight into people's eyes. This glare often makes men and women blind. The snow melts and the ice on the rivers begins to break up. This means that for perhaps three or four or five weeks no one can cross a river because of the broken, floating ice. The writer once waited for three

weeks on one side of a river, waiting until the floating ice would allow him to cross over.

There is a short, hot summer. But even in the summer the land does not thaw two feet below the surface. It is only possible to grow vegetables in specially sheltered parts. Until the middle of July the air is thick with gnats and mosquitoes. Then on one day in the middle of July they all seem to disappear, and the few weeks that follow are the pleasantest part of the summer. We now have perpetual daylight when it is as bright at midnight as at noon. Gradually the daylight goes and winter comes with its six months of darkness.

One of the great difficulties of life among these people was, until recently, that if they fell ill in winter no doctor could reach them. Sometimes epidemics broke out in their crowded huts and a whole village would die unknown. In some parts, this has now been remedied by two miracles of modern science, the telegraph or the wireless, and the aeroplane.

Telegraph wires have been laid to some of the most distant parts, or wireless stations established. When the big hospitals in the south receive a message that people are seriously ill a plane is sent north. Sometimes it will have to travel through the fiercest blizzards, and the pilots show a heroism as great as that of the flying men in the Great War. They land in the snow, carry the sick people in the cockpit of their plane, and take them south. Many of the tribesmen do not like this. They are terribly frightened when they see the planes coming and try to hide. They think the flying man is some demon come to take them to another world.

Who are these Arctic tribes ? Why did they choose the Arctic to live in ? They are the descendants of the first people in Asia, who fled north many thousands of years ago to escape from their enemies, the hardy Mongol warriors, who came down on them from the hills of Tibet.

In the city of Krasnoyarsk an extraordinary collection is to be seen. It was known for many years that there was a district just outside the city very rich in ancient bones. In 1923 the railway authorities decided to build some yards in this district, and the people, anxious that its treasures should not be wasted, resolved to find first what was in it. There was no money to pay for hired diggers, so the school children were summoned to help—and did so gladly. Eighteen feet down they came on a layer of clay containing many remnants of a people, who must have lived there somewhere about fifty thousand years ago.

Here were human bones, and many bones of mammoth, foxes, wolves, horses, and wolverines. Here were curious ornaments, strings of necklaces made from fox's teeth, rounded beads, and needles (just like those we use to-day, only bigger) made from mammoth tusks, and flint weapons.

Probably the earliest people in Asia lived here, for there are curious features in these finds linking them up with the Arctic races. These were probably the ancestors of the people who live in darkness.

How do the men of the Arctic exist ? They cannot grow crops and live on them, nor can they keep ordinary domestic animals. But they have two sources of life, the reindeer and the rich fish of the Arctic seas.

The reindeer is the one useful animal that can

thrive even in the arctic snows and wastes. It can live where lichens grow. The tribesmen will tell you that the reindeer can supply man with everything that he wants. It serves him as a horse and motor car. Sledges drawn by reindeer can travel at great speed over the snow or tundra. Fresh reindeer meat is thought a luxury, and dry reindeer meat is prepared in summer as food to be used all the winter. The people live almost as much on water as on land during the summer, and they are great fishers.

The Arctic has many of the wonder fish of the world. Every one has heard of its seals and whales, and there are many more. One is the Greenland shark, which the people love to catch, partly because it destroys valuable fish and partly for its skin, which can be used in many ways. There are great quantities of salmon and cod, sturgeon, and innumerable kinds of smaller fish.

With many of the tribes the men and boys go off into the wastes of the tundra in the summer with their herds of reindeer and spend much time in hunting. The women stay at home, catch fish, and dry and prepare the winter's food. The Arctic girl learns to row almost as soon as she learns to walk. Swathed in her animal skins, she will venture into any waters. She has to work very hard during the light days, for little can be done in the winter.

Most of these people live together in clans. The clan was originally one great family, and is so to a large extent still. One of the good things about the clan system is that all the people help one another. If a man dies, the clan helps to look after his widow and children; if he is sick, the others help to nurse him.

The clan punishes any member when he does what it thinks wrong. Above all, it wants its people to be strong, and some of the devices to have only strong people are very surprising. Some of the tribes will fling a new-born baby out in the snow. If it is weakly the cold kills it. If it survives, they believe that it will grow up very fit.

Even now the people are mostly very ignorant, and very, very dirty. It is largely because of their dirty ways that so little is known of them, for even the hardiest European traveller hesitates to go and live among them.

Some have become Christians, but large numbers still cling to their old religion, Shamanism, the oldest and the most remarkable primitive faith in the world. The Shamans believe that there are grades of good and evil spirits. They have extraordinary altars and shrines, and priests who dress in fantastic garments, make music with big drums, and claim to be able to control the spirits.

There is no doubt at all that these Shaman priests can, by means of telepathy, do some things so amazing that they seem impossible to us. They have brought mesmerism to a very high stage; they can hypnotise others and throw themselves into a hypnotic state. It seems sometimes as though they had inherited from their primitive state some gifts which the rest of the world has forgotten. The Shamans act as doctors, priests and leaders. Often their influence is evil, and then they do a lot of harm.

One of the saddest spectacles among these people is the number of blind who have lost their sight through infectious diseases, or through the glare of the spring

sun on the snow. A few years ago a Zyrian lad who had lost his sight heard that there were miracle-working doctors in Moscow who could give it back to him. He resolved to go to Moscow. It was many thousand miles away, but that did not deter him. He sold what he had to the traders, and made his way to the coast at Pechora, the most desolate part of the European Arctic. Here he smuggled himself on a ship and was taken to Archangel.

When he reached Archangel he found that someone on the ship had stolen all his money, and, what was more important, his papers, telling who he was. Still, he did not despair. The people there could hardly understand what he said, for their speech was different; but he begged his way all the many hundred miles from Archangel to Moscow.

He had been told to go to a certain office at Moscow. But the people there took him for a begger of the city, as he had no papers, and drove him out. He tried to be admitted to a hospital, but could never find anyone to listen to him. He was told of a man of great influence and kind heart who helped all who came to him whenever he could. He went to that man's office, only to find that he had left for the country and no one knew when he would return.

Then the Zyrian lad despaired, and when the writer met him he was making his way back home again, his blindness untouched.

We pity the aborigines of the North in their ignorance, their superstition, and their dirt; but some of them say they do not want our pity. One of them declared he was much happier than we are. "I would not live in your close cities," he said. "I am a man of

the open. I love the fierce cold, the rough seas, the difficult ice. I am so strong that I do not fear any weather. I do not wear out my eyes with your books, or make my face pale with your ways."

But, brave as they are, the life of these people is dark and miserable. They have no comforts of home. Their little huts are tightly packed with men, women, and children in the long winter days. The months of darkness seem to make their lives dark and gloomy, for they have not even good artificial light to brighten their long darkness. They are subject to many diseases, for which they cannot obtain proper treatment. Their children mostly grow up in ignorance, though efforts are being made to teach them to read and write. They are exposed to every kind of violence of weather. Men can adapt themselves to almost anything. The way in which the people of the dark North have adapted themselves so well to their hard conditions is surely proof of what humanity can endure.

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EXERCISES

1. Conversation.—What would we notice as we go higher and higher up a mountain? What would we find as we travel to the North pole? What kind of dress do the people in the Arctic regions wear? How long does the cold weather last in these regions? How does summer affect the land? What are the chief difficulties of life of the people there? What has been done nowadays to reduce the ravages of epidemics? Why did the Arctic tribes choose this region for their abode? How was the extraordinary collection made at Krasnoyarsk? What do the Arctic tribes live on? What kind of life do

they lead? Who are the Shaman priests? What are these priests capable of? Why are many of the Arctic people blind?

2. **Composition.**—Write an essay on "The Life of the People in the Arctic." Narrate the story of the Zyrian lad who had lost his sight. *Tundra* is pronounced *Toondra;* it means a mossy and often marshy plain. It is a Lappish word. *Blizzard,* blinding snow-storm. *Wolverine,* an American carnivorous mammal, called also *glutton* and *carcajou.*

3. **Grammar.**—(1) *Syntax* is a Greek word meaning *arrangement.* It is that part of grammar which deals with the proper arrangement of words in a sentence. Hence the study of correct syntax is important. We know which is the subject and which is the object by looking at the order and position of words, because nouns are not inflected in the English language. Ex: *Rama struck the ball.* Here 'Rama' is the subject and 'ball' the object of the sentence. If you change the sentence thus, '*The ball struck Rama,*' here 'the *ball*' is the subject and '*Rama*' the object. There is one important rule of syntax which should never be forgotten. It is the *Rule of Concord or Agreement* and it is as follows:—"*A verb agrees with its subject in number and person.*" When the subject is singular, the verb should be singular. When the subject undergoes a change, the verb also should undergo change; as, 'A thief *is* found in the kitchen'; 'Two thieves *are* found in the kitchen.'

(2) The *sequence of tenses* is a principle in accordance with which the Tense of the Verb in a subordinate clause *follows* the Tense of the Verb in the principal clause. The sequence of tenses applies chiefly to adverb clauses of Purpose and Noun clauses.

Rule I.—A *Past* Tense in the principal clause is followed by a past tense in the subordinate clause: as,

My sister *replied* that she *felt* better. (noun clause)
I *took* care that he *should* not hear me. (adverb clause)

There are, however, two exceptions to this rule—

(i) A *past* tense in the principal clause *may* be followed by a *present* tense in the subordinate clause when the latter expresses a universal truth ; as, " My teacher *said* that honesty *is* always the best policy." " Euclid *proved* that the three angles of a triangle *are* equal to two right angles."

(ii) When the subordinate clause is introduced by *than,* even if there is a Past Tense in the principal clause, it may be followed by *any* tense according to the tense in the subordinate clause ; as,

" John *liked* you better than he *likes* me."
" That year I *saw* him oftener than I see him now."
" I *valued* his friendship more than I *value* yours."

Rule II.—A *Present* or *Future* tense may be followed by any tense, present, past or future, as required by the sense ; as,

Father *thinks* that sister *is* there.
Father *thinks* that sister *was* there.
Father *thinks* that sister *will* be there.

POEMS

1. UNIVERSAL PRAYER

[This is a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer by Alexander Pope (1668-1744), a leading poet of the 18th century.]

Father of all ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great First Cause, least understood !
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind :

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away :
For God is paid when man receives :
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think the Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand,
Presume Thy bolts to throw
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so
Since quickened by Thy breath
Oh, lead me whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise
All nature's incense rise!

NOTES

1. This is a beautiful prayer to God. God is known as Father and great First Cause.

2. There are so many petitions made to God. Name them.

3. Explain: *God is paid when man receives; impious discontent; all nature's incense rise.*

4. *If best,* if it is best to be.

Thy bolt to throw—to presume to inflict punishment on others which is Thy office (God's).

2. THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

This is a story in verse—a French fable about an ant and a cricket. The cricket is a kind of grasshopper, that has wings—a jumping, chirping insect.

1. A silly young cricket by famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Set off to the home of a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain:
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow,
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

2. Said the ant to the cricket, "I am your servant
and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?"
Said the cricket, "not I,

My heart was so light,
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You sang, Sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

3. Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good;
If you live without work, you must live without
food.

NOTES

1. Like most fables, this has a moral to teach. The ant is proverbially spoken of as *busy* and *wise*.

2. Is *starvation* the same as *famine*? Say in *two words* what the cricket asked for. What do we call a person who collects and stores up wealth but will not give anything away? In your own words give the reply of the ant (a) about himself (b) about the cricket.

3. Give in your own words the cricket's excuse for not working.

4. What do you mean by *wicket* here? Do you know what kind of a "house" the ants build? Is it likely to have a gate at all? What then is the "*wicket*"? In what other sense do we use both *wicket* and *cricket*?

5. Give the meanings of: *set off; lay by; dance away.* Parse *bold* in line 1; *all* in *all trembling* (l. 2); *ending* in *thus ending* (l. 1, stanza 3).

3. ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH

James Montgomery (1771-1854), the author of the poem, was an indolent and inattentive pupil at school. He was imprisoned twice for his revolutionary principles. Some of his poems are inspiring and noble.

1. Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

2. Deeper, deeper, let us toil,
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems,
Than the stars of diadems.

3. Onward, onward, may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

4. Closer, closer, let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather;
O! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

NOTES

1. A young man who aspires to be great in this world should first work hard to obtain knowledge. He should have a keen sense of duty and seek the joys of life at home with his brothers and sisters, and not from outside.

2. *Nature's wealth*—knowledge of science. *Celestial birth*—divine origin.

3. How many clauses are there in the first stanza? Analyse it and give the construction of each clause.

4. NEVER GIVE UP

Martin Tupper (1810-89), was the son of an eminent surgeon. His well-known work, *Proverbial Philosophy,* was published in 1839. He wrote also a number of ballads and poems. Some of his practical inventions—safety horse-shoes, glass screw-tops to bottles and the like—brought him distinction.

1. Never give up! It is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.

2. Never give up! or the burden may sink you,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you [up!"
The watchword of life must be, "Never give

3. Never give up! There are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one;
And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges
Ever success, if you'll only hope on.

4. Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of "Never give up!"

5. Never give up! though the grapeshot may rattle
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.

6. Never give up! If adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
And the best counsel in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of "Never give up!"

NOTES

1. This is a poem of hope and encouragement. "Never give up" should be our ruling principle in life if we wish to succeed in our endeavours.
2. *Canker* is a worm that eats into buds and fruits. *Doubt's cankering fetter,* doubt weighing a man down and consuming his very heart. *Tyrannical care*—anxieties that oppress a man like a tyrant. A man who treats others under him with cruelty is a tyrant. *Grapeshot,* small iron balls as scattering charge for cannon. What do you mean by "mingled the cup?"
3. Parse the words *once* in line 2, *bethink* in line 7 and *burst* in line 18.

5. A PSALM OF LIFE

A Psalm is a song of praise or thankfulness. This noble poem by Longfellow (1807-1882) is full of thanks to God for the gifts of life. It counsels each one of us to do our best to-day, not to dream of to-morrow, or to mourn for the past. "Let the dead Past bury its dead" means that we must resolutely turn our back on the past, do the duties that call us to-day, and march breast forward, "with a heart for any fate."

1. Tell me not in mournful numbers,
   Life is but an empty dream!
   For the soul is dead that slumbers,
   And things are not what they seem.

2. Life is real! Life is earnest!
   And the grave is not its goal;
   "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
   Was not spoken of the soul.

3. Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
   Is our destined end or way;
   But to act, that each to-morrow
   Finds us farther than to-day.

4. Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
   And our hearts, though stout and brave,
   Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
   Funeral marches to the grave.

5. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

6. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

7. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time—

8. Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

9. Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

NOTES

1. This is another poem exhorting us to be earnest in the discharge of our duties in life. We cannot afford to be idle; we should work hard.

2. *Bivouac* means resting at night of soldiers in the open air without tents. *Bivouac of life,* open struggle for existence. Stanza 7 is often quoted. *Solemn main,* the vast ocean.

3. Write a paragraph on "The need for perseverance in life." Explain, "*let the dead Past bury its dead.*" Give the substance of the 8th stanza in simple prose. What do you mean by 'a forlorn and ship-wrecked brother?'

6. CONTENTMENT

This fine poem was written by Sir Edward Dyer, an English Poet and Statesman, who lived at the time of Shakespeare.

1. My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far excels all earthly bliss
That world affords, or grows by kind;
Though much I want, which most men have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

2. Content I live—this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look—what I lack, my mind supplies!
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

3. I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see how those that sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

4. I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;

No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
I brook that is another's pain.
I fear no foe ! I scorn no friend :
I dread no death : I fear no end.

5. Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
I little have, yet seek no more :
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich, with little store.
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give :
They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

6. I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain ; I climb no hill :
In greatest storm I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.
This is my choice ; for why ?—I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

NOTES

1. This poem represents another view of life—a life of happy contentment without high ambitions and lofty aspirations.

2. *Haughty sway*—arrogant conduct. *Those that sit aloft*—people who occupy high positions in life. *Wave*—trouble. *I brook that is another's pain*—I calmly endure so many things which cause pain to others. *I wish but what*—I wish to have only that.

Explain : *In greatest storm I sit on shore ; plenty surfeits oft.*

7. THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

The following poem is one of Lord Byron's "Hebrew Melodies." It is a poetic version of the story told in the fifth chapter of the book of *Daniel*. You should first read the fine prose version given in this Reader under prose (*Lesson* 7). Lord Byron is one of England's great poets. His tales and minor poems are fascinating to youthful minds.

1. The King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall:
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine!

2. In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

3. The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice:
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.

"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth."

4. Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore,
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

5. A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night—
The morrow proved it true.

6. "Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

NOTES

1. Who were the "men of lore" whom the king summoned? What does the word *lore* mean in the expressions—bird *lore*, fairy *lore*, dog *lore*?

2. Who was the "captive in the land, a stranger and a youth?"

3. Is there anything in the poem which tells you whether Daniel was young or old at the time of this incident?

4. Look up *shroud* and *canopy* in your dictionary. Explain:

> The shroud, his robe of state,
> His canopy, the stone.

What is the *stone* referred to above?

5. Give in six sentences a summary of the story told in the poem.

8. STANZAS ON FREEDOM

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), the famous American Poet, who wrote some stirring poems against slavery, was ever a sturdy singer in the cause of freedom. In these lines he admirably expresses the ideal of freedom,—it is better "to be in the right with two or three" than to be comfortably in the wrong with many.

1. Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed?
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

2. Women ! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like lava through your veins
For your sisters now in chains,
Answer ! Are ye fit to be
Mothers of brave and free ?

3. Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?
No ! True Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free !

4. They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

NOTES

1. *Bear*—give birth to ; *New England air*—American atmosphere of freedom ; *Leathern*—made of leather ; *Bloodless*—without feeling. Needs (in stanza 4) is an adverb, meaning necessarily.

2. Who are freemen and who are slaves ?

3. What is true Freedom? When may we call the people of India a *free nation*?

9. UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

One of Wordsworth's excellent sonnets; there are probably no other lines about London more often quoted than these. It was between five and six one summer morning in 1802 that the poet, driving over Westminster Bridge on his way to Dover, was so struck with the grandeur of the scene, the great city still sleeping beneath the early sun, that the poem took shape in his mind, and he wrote the words as he travelled to Dover.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear.

The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air. 8

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still! 14

NOTES

1. A Sonnet is a poem of fourteen ten-syllable lines rhymed according to a certain order. The first eight lines known as

the *octave* may, as in the above poem, follow one order, and the next six lines known as the *sestet* another order of rhyme.

2. The bridge is on the river Thames. The poet stood on it one morning and beheld the city of London around. The calmness impressed him. The factories had not yet begun to work and so there was no smoke. Large buildings with their towers and ships on the river, all were seen distinctly. The boats were at anchor and the business of shipping did not check the flow of water.

3. What do you mean by *that mighty heart?*

Change the comparative degree in the first and the ninth line into the superlative.

4. *Westminster* means West Church. Note it is *minster,* not minister. The bridge near Westminster Abbey is called Westminster Bridge—one of the many bridges that span the river.

10. THE CLOUD

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), the greatest lyric poet of England, is the author of these fascinating lines. He studied at Eton and at Oxford but was expelled from the latter on account of his atheistical views. In 1822, he was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia, near Naples.

1. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.

2. From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

3. I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

4. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

5. I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

NOTES

1. A *flail* is an instrument for threshing corn. The cloud is personified here and spoken of like a person. In personification, inanimate objects, and abstract notions are spoken of as having life and intelligence.

2. Explain: "I am the daughter of Earth and Water." *Nursling*—an infant in relation to its nurse; the cloud is nursed by the sky.

11. DAFFODILS

This poem was written in 1804 and published in 1807. Wordsworth saw the daffodils in April 1802. They grew on the margin of Ullswater—a lake between Cumberland and Westmoreland. The daffodils in the poem are set in lovely surroundings. They grow along the margin of a bay in a lake, fringed with trees. It is a fine day in spring, the breeze blows softly, and the whole scene is bathed in sunlight. The poet, wandering alone, comes upon the golden host unawares.

1. I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

2. Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

3. The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

4. For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

NOTES

1. *A host of golden daffodils*—a whole group of yellow daffodils. *Golden,* because daffodils are little flowers of a yellow colour. *Milky way*—a circle of stars stretching across the heavens.

2. Rewrite in prose the ideas contained in the poem. Where did the poet see the daffodils ? What did they seem to be doing ?

3. Explain the simile and the metaphor in stanza 1.

Parse *tossing* in l. 6 of stanza 2. What is the meaning of, ' a poet could not *but* be gay ' ? Parse the word *but.* Explain : *pensive mood ; that inward eye.*

12. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

This is another of Lord Byron's *Hebrew Melodies*—so called, because he sought to express in them the feelings of the Hebrews in their struggle with the pagan nations around them. In this poem of action, which is one of the series, he describes with great power and imagination, and yet in plain, unaffected language, the defeat of the Assyrian king who sought in vain to conquer the people of Israel.

1. The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

2. Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

3. For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed!
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

5. And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

NOTES

1. You may learn the story of this poem from the 19th Chapter of the 2nd Book of Kings. Sennacherib, the King of Assyria, invaded the kingdom of Judah in 702 B.C. because its king, Hezekiah, refused to pay him the tribute. He took several fortresses and laid siege to Jerusalem. Hezekiah promised to pay the tribute and the invader agreed to withdraw his forces. But the latter did not keep his word and threatened to destroy Jerusalem. Hezekiah went to the temple and prayed to God. In the night, through the intervention of Providence, the whole of the invading army was slain by an unseen hand. Sennacherib fled to his country where he was slain by his own sons.

2. *Cohorts*—troops, bands of fighting men. *Deep Galilee*—the sea of Galilee in Palestine. *Ashur*, another name of Assyria. Baal, the god of the Assyrians. When they were defeated in battle, they broke in anger the images of their gods. *Gentile* is a name applied in the Bible to all who were not Jews and Israelites. Give the different meanings of the word *sleepers*.

3. There are two similes in each of the first two stanzas. Point them out. Parse *but* in the 4th line of the 3rd stanza and in the 2nd line of the 4th stanza.

[Each line consists of twelve syllables divided into four feet of three syllables each. Of the three syllables, the first two are unstressed and the third stressed. The *Assy*|rian came down|like the wolf|on the fold.]

13. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Among the many lesser English poets who have said something that will be long remembered, Mary Howitt has a place of some eminence. This poem is a fable in rhyme. The story itself is an old one, the idea of the spider luring the silly fly to destruction having been a popular illustration of the danger of listening to flattery, long before Mrs. Howitt gave it this versified form.

1. "Will you walk into my parlour?"
Said the spider to the fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy;
The way into the parlour
Is up a winding stair;
And I've many a curious thing
To show when you are there!"

2. "Oh, *no, no,*" said the little fly,
"To ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."
"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
With soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed ? "
Said the spider to the fly.

3. " There are pretty curtains drawn around ;
The sheets are fine and thin ;
And if you like to rest a while,
I'll snugly tuck you in ! "
" Oh, *no, no,*" said the little fly ;
" For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed ! "

4. Said the cunning spider to the fly,
" Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection
I've *always* felt for you ?
I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice ;
I'm sure you're very welcome —
Will you please to take a slice ? "

5. " Oh, *no, no,*" said the little fly,
" Kind sir, that cannot be ;
I've heard what's in your pantry
And I do not wish to see."
" Sweet creature," said the spider,
" You're witty and you're wise ;
How handsome are your gaudy wings
How brilliant are your eyes !

6. " I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlour shelf ;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say;
And bidding you good-morrow now,
I'll call another day."

7. The spider turn'd him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly;

8. Then he came out to his door again,
And merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—
There's a crest upon your head!
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead!"

9. Alas! alas! how very soon
This silly little fly
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by.
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue—

10. Thinking only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing! at last,

Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast !
He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—
But she ne'er came out again !

NOTES

1. This is a simple poem. The fly, though firm at the beginning, was finally drawn by the flattery of the spider into its web and fell a victim to it.

2. *Snugly*—quite comfortably ; *tuck*—to fold closely ; *pantry*—room in which provisions are kept.

3. Rewrite the story as if told by the spider.

Change the direct conversation between the spider and the fly into the reported form.

14. NAPOLEON & THE YOUNG ENGLISH SAILOR

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844). Among his best known poems are *Battle of the Baltic, Ye Mariners of England,* and *The Soldier's Dream.* The following poem illustrates the kindlier side of Napoleon's nature. The poet describes in beautiful verse an incident that is supposed to have happened when Napoleon was preparing at Boulogne for his invasion of England—a threat which he never carried out.

1. I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

2. 'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

3. They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

4. His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain, half way over,
With envy—*they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

5. A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than his sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

6. At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

7. He hid it in a cave, and wrought,
The live-long day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

8. Oh, dear me! 'twas a thing beyond
Description! Such a wretched wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

9. For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—
No sail—no rudder!

10. From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped, he would have passed
The foaming billows.

11. A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

12. With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger.

13. "Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

14. "I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

15. "And so thou shalt," Napoleon said;
"You've both my favour justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

16. He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

17. Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

NOTES

1. Napoleon Bonaparte, born in Corsica in 1769, rose to be the Emperor of the French. About the year 1804, he fitted out a large fleet to sail from Boulogne, on the French coast, and invade England. This expedition was, however, never carried out. *Argo*—the name of the ship in which a number of adventurous Greeks under Jason set sail in quest of the *Golden Fleece*. Here it is applied in fun by the French soldiers to the English sailor's boat. *Tar*—is the colloquial term for a sailor; 'tar' is an abbreviation of *tarpaulin*, a rough waterproof cloth much used by sailors. The magnanimity of Napoleon and the gratitude of the English sailor should be noted.

2. Find out the meanings of:—*homicidal glory, hogshead, wherry, wattled willows, scantily shift*. What is the difference between *sailor* and *sailer, doat* and *dote, sorry* and *sorrowful?*

3. Retell the story as if told by (1) the English sailor; and (2) Napoleon.

4. What does *it* in verse 2 stand for? and *it* in verse 9? Mention the direct and the indirect object of *gave* in verse 16.

15. AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

Robert Browning (1812-89) is one of the most eminent of modern poets. In this short poem he relates an incident that actually took place when Napoleon in 1809 stormed Ratisbon. The only difference between the poet's account of the incident and the actual episode is that the hero was a man and not a boy. This alteration is proof of Browning's artistic instinct, for the tender age of the messenger makes his heroism more striking and his death adds to the pathos of the story. *Ratisbon* is on the south bank of the Danube. Formerly it was the capital of Bavaria.

1. You know, we French stormed Ratisbon ;
   A mile or so away
   On a little mound, Napoleon
   Stood on our storming day ;
   With neck out-thurst, you fancy how,
   Legs wide, arms locked behind,
   As if to balance the prone brow
   Oppressive with its mind.

2. Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
   " That soar, to earth may fall,
   Let once my army-leader Lannes,
   Waver at yonder wall,"—
   Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
   A rider, bound on bound
   Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
   Until he reached the mound.

3. Then off there flung in smiling joy,
   And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

4. "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

5. The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

NOTES

1. In April 1809 the Austrians and the French fought for five days, at the end of which, the former were driven to take refuge within the walls of Ratisbon. The French stormed the town, reducing a great part of it to ashes.

2. The last four lines of stanza 1 describe the manner in which Napoleon used to stand when thinking deeply or watching

anything with interest. *Lannes,* Jean Lannes, one of Napoleon's most trusted marshals. *Flagbird*—the French Imperial flag with an eagle at the top of the staff. *Vans*—wings (used only in poetry in this sense).

3. Explain: *To heart's desire; touched to the quick; all but shot in two.* Explain the simile in stanza 5. Who is compared to the *mother-eagle*? Analyse into clauses stanza 3. Parse the word *but* in "all *but* shot in two."

16. THE INCHCAPE ROCK

Robert Southey (1774-1843) will ever be remembered for his *Life of Nelson* and for his shorter poems. This fine story-poem by him describes with great dramatic effect an old tale. The Inchcape Rock is twelve miles out from the coast of Scotland. It was dangerous for navigators, and so the Abbot of Aberbrothok fixed a bell on a float, which gave notice to the sailors of its whereabouts. Ralph the Rover, a sea-pirate, cut the bell from the float, and was wrecked on his return home on the same rock. The poem is, of course, intended to show that an evil deed will recoil on the head of the offender.

1. No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady on the ocean.

2. Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3. The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;

On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

4. When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

5. The sun in the heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheel'd around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

6. The float of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

7. He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

8. His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

9. The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

10. Down sank the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

11. Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

12. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

13. On deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14. "Canst hear," said one, "the breakers' roar?
Yonder methinks should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

15. They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"Alas! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

16. Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in wild despair!

But the waves rush in on every side,
And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

17. But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

NOTES

1. *Inch* or *Innis* means island.

2. *Aberbrothok* is the same as *Aberbrothwick* or *Abroath*. The abbey there was founded in 1178 by William the Lion, but was destroyed in 1560 during the Protestant Reformation. *Abbot*—the man in charge of a monastery. *Breakers*—waves breaking upon the rocks. *Float*—raft to which the bell was attached. *Knell*—sound of bell at funeral or after death. What do you mean by *keel, swell* and *scoured*?

3. Parse *quoth* in verse 13 and *methinks* in verse 14. Analyse the last stanza into clauses supplying the ellipses in 'as if.'

4. Rewrite the story in your own words.

17. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

In this beautiful poem Thomas Campbell (1774-1844) describes the home-thoughts of soldiers fighting in distant lands. He was himself a spectator of some of the battles in the wars on the Continent of Europe. The beauty of the line, "the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky," has often been admired.

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES

1. *Sang truce*—sounded the order for stopping the fight for a day or two. *Wolf-scaring faggot*—fire lit up to scare away the wolves from the slain. *Pallet*—a small rude bed.

2. *Sentinel stars* and *in life's morning march* are beautiful metaphors. Explain them. What do you mean by *dreadful array?* What is the force of '*dead*' in *dead of the night?* Give the meaning of *dead* in—*dead* heat, *dead* letter office, *dead* beat. How many times did the soldier dream the dream?

3. Parse *aloft* in stanza 4; *pledged* in stanza 5; *fain* in stanza 6.

18. SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN

William Wordsworth (1770-1850), the author of this poem, was the greatest English Poet of the last century. He was a friend of Southey. He wrote a number of lyrics and odes which are among the best in the English language. His poems are characterised by a passionate love of nature and a quiet beauty.

1. In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
An old man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry ;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

2. No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee,
When echo bandied, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage ;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

3. He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind ;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices ;

For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices.

4. But Oh the heavy change !—bereft
Of health, strength, friends and kindred, see !
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty :
His master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
He is the sole survivor.

5. And he is lean and he is sick ;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoll'n and thick ;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village common.

6. Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger ;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer ?

7. Oft, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.

And though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little, all
That they can do between them.

8. Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell—
For still, the more he works the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

9. O Reader ! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader ! you would find
A tale in everything.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it :
It is no tale ; but should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

10. One summer-day I chanced to see
This old man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock totter'd in his hand ;
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

11. " You're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said ;

And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffer'd aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I sever'd,
At which the poor old man so long
And vainly had endeavour'd.

12. The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deed
With coldness still returning;
Alas!—the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.

NOTES

1. *Cardigan* is a country in Western Wales. *Ivor Hall* is the name of the mansion where Simon was employed. *Bandied*—passed to and fro, from one side to another. *Stone-blind*—totally blind. (*Stone-deaf*) *Liveried*—wearing livery—distinctive clothes worn by servants. *Wean*, induce (them) to give up; *mattock*—a tool like pickaxe.

2. Describe the youthful activities of Simon Lee. Write a paragraph on the miserable condition of his old age. Give a summary of the last three stanzas.

3. Analyse the 6th stanza into clauses and give the construction of each sub-clause. What is the force of *over* in *overtasked* in stanza 11? Mention *three* other similar words.

19. THE SOLITARY REAPER

This is one of the most beautiful of the shorter poems of Wordsworth. It shows how the imagination of the poet may be strangely stirred by so simple an incident as a woman reaping in the field and singing while she works.

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

2. No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

3. Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?

Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

4. What'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listen'd till I had my fill;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

NOTES

1. *Highland lass*—Highland girl. The Northern parts of Scotland are called the *Highlands*. The *Hebrides* are a group of islands in the Atlantic ocean to the west of Scotland. Why does the poet use *farthest? Plaintive numbers*, sad song. Why should *numbers* mean *song?*

2. What does the poet mean by, *I bore the music in my heart?* Explain: *I had my fill; Arabian sands; flow for.*

2. Expand the *first* two lines of the last stanza and analyse them into clauses. Recast the first two lines in stanza 2 changing the comparative into (1) the positive degree and (2) the superlative degree. Parse *reaping* in verse 1 and *bending* in verse 4.

20. THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

This charge took place on October 25, 1854, at the battle of Balaklava in the Crimean War. It was the result of a mistaken order from a commanding officer, and in twenty-five minutes, more than two-thirds of the British soldiers were killed or wounded. Lord Tennyson in this famous patriotic poem has given deathless fame to the brave soldiers who went forward fearlessly in obedience to the command, although they knew they were going to almost certain death. Out of 607, only 198 returned alive.

1. Half a league, half a league,
   Half a league onward,
   All in the valley of Death
   Rode the six hundred.
   'Forward, the Light Brigade!
   Charge for the guns!' he said;
   Into the valley of Death
   Rode the six hundred.

2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
   Was there a man dismay'd?
   Not tho' the soldier knew
   Some one had blunder'd;
   Their's not to make reply,
   Their's not to reason why,
   Their's but to do and die;
   Into the valley of Death
   Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

4. Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd,
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

6. 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 !

NOTES

1. *A league,* three miles. *Valley of death,* a valley in which they met their death. *Cossack,* a warlike Turkish tribe in the east and the south of Russia ; they formed very good cavalry soldiers. *Sabres,* heavy one-edged swords used by the cavalry. Lord Cardigan was the officer in command of the Light Brigade, which consisted of the 5th and the 11th Hussars and the 17th Lancers. He mistook the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, as conveyed by his aid-de-camp, Captain Nolan. What is a brigade ?

2. This is a fine Poem of Action setting forth the splendid discipline of the British army. This should be learnt by heart and recited.

3. In the description of the charge given by the *Times* occurred a sentence, "some one had blundered." This gave Tennyson the necessary inspiration to write this spirited poem. Hearing that the army had received this poem with great enthusiasm, Tennyson ordered a thousand copies to be specially printed and distributed among the soldiers at the seat of war.

21. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Few poems have achieved greater popularity than this fine, manly description of simple village life by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), the great American poet. Life in rural parts is much the same in all civilised countries and the village blacksmith is an ordinary sight. The poem teaches us the valuable lesson of honest endeavour.

1. Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can ;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

3. Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

4 And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door ;

They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly,
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

NOTES

1. *Smithy,* the workshop of a smith. *Brawny,* muscular ; powerful. *Forge,* the blacksmith's furnace. *Like the tan,* bark of oak crushed for use in tanning hide—yellowish brown colour. *Sledge,* a large, heavy hammer. Why does he look the whole world in the face ? What is *Paradise* ?

   Sexton, an officer charged with the care of a church and its belongings. He rings the bell and digs the grave.

2. What is the moral of the poem ? Put the last four lines of stanza 8 in simple English.

3. Parse *looks* in v. 2, *like* in v. 3, *singing* in v. 5, and *begun* in v. 7.

22. I REMEMBER

In this famous poem Thomas Hood (1799—1845), seeks to endear to us the innocent joys of childhood. When we are old, we fondly recall to our minds the happy days of long ago—the days of our childhood and boyhood. A happy, bright childhood is the most lasting of all joys on earth.

1. I remember, I remember
   The house where I was born—
   The little window where the sun
   Came peeping in at morn ;
   He never came a wink too soon
   Nor brought too long a day ;
   But now I often wish the night
   Had borne my breath away !

2. I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

3. I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew on feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

4. I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

NOTES

1. The poet compares the innocence and freedom from cares of childhood with the weariness and worries of manhood. His own childhood was bright and joyous, but his old age was dark and sorrowful.

2. *Wink*, a moment. *Flew on feathers* is a fine idiom; it means *free from care*. *Laburnum* is a small tree with beautiful yellow flowers. What do you mean by '*flowers made of light*?'

3. Write sentences of your own using *sew, sow, so*. Write a short paragraph on your own childhood. Parse *too soon* in v. 1, and *than* in v. 4.

23. GOOD KING WENCESLAS

All the world over, where carols are sung in the English tongue, this carol of "Good King Wenceslas" has been very popular at Christmas-time. The lesson of humility which the poem imparts is for all time and for all men.

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Tho' the frost was cruel;
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

2. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what, his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence
By Saint Agne's fountain."

3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze the blood less coldly."

5. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

—*OLD CAROL*

NOTES

1. *Carol,* a song of joy or devotion sung during Christmas. *Feast of Stephen,* a Christian festival in honour of Stephen, the first Christian Martyr. This falls on the 26th December. *Page,* a young male attendant on persons of distinction. Why

is the king called *saint* in the last verse? Who was Saint Agnes?

2. What tense is *shone* in verse 1? Parse and explain the force of *right* in verse 2. What is the force of *right* in (1) '*right* hearty welcome;' (2) 'my good *right* hand;' and (3) 'your answer is *right*'? Parse the word *possessing* in line 6 of the last stanza.

24. THE SCHOLAR

The author of the poem is Robert Southey (1774-1843) poet, historian, and prose-writer. He was a friend of Wordsworth. He wrote some long poems like *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama,* but his shorter poems like *The Battle of Blenheim* and *The Scholar* are better known. Of all his writings, his '*Life of Nelson*' (1823) perhaps is the most read. He was appointed Poet-Laureate in 1813.

1. My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

2. With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

3. My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

4. My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

NOTES

1. Southey gave this poem the title—'Stanzas written in my Library.'

The poet is old and spends all his time in reading books written by men who died long ago. He is grateful to those authors because their books have given him delight and relief. He shares the lessons which those authors teach, loves their virtues, and condemns their faults. He hopes to be remembered by future generations when his own life comes to an end.

2. *The dead,* the works of dead authors. *Mighty minds of old,* great writers of the past like Shakespeare and Milton; *bedewed,* moistened; *in the dust,* (perish) with my body; be forgotten.

3. What do you mean by *thoughtful gratitude?* Parse: *anon* and *leaving* in the last stanza.

25. DORA

The author of this poem, Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892), is one of the greatest poets of the Victorian period. He wrote some long poems like *In Memoriam* and *Idylls of the King,* but his lyrics and ballads are more popular. *Dora* is a tale of simple English country life told in a most natural manner. Tennyson became Poet Laureate in 1850, and a peer in 1884.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often looked at them,
And often thought, ' I'll make them man and wife.'
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan called his son, and said, ' My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die ;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
To look to, thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter ; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora ; take her for your wife ;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years.' But William answer'd short ;
' I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man

Was wroth, and doubled up his hand, and said:
'You will not, boy! You dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack
And never more darken my doors again!'
But William answered madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then, before
The month was out, he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: 'My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law.'
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
'It cannot be! my uncle's mind will change!'
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.
Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

'I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you;
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest; let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that, when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.'

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child, once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, 'Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?'
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, 'This is William's child!'

O

'And did I not,' said Allan, 'did I not
Forbid you, Dora?' Dora said again,
'Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!'
And Allan said, 'I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more.'

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands.
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, 'My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you;
He says that he will never see me more.'
Then answer'd Mary, 'This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;

And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us.'
So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:
'O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora; take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
"God bless him!" he said, "and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!" Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before.'

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
'I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame,
Kiss me, my children.'
Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.
So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

NOTES

1. The poem is remarkable for "the extreme simplicity and yet exquisite finish of its style." The story proves the strong influence which a child can exert over old men.

2. *Is well to look to,* fine looking; *had hard words,* quarrelled; *off the latch,* unfastened; *passed,* died. *All the man,* the whole nature of man. Lines 147-149 show that William had some virtue in him.

3. Analyse the story into three parts and rewrite it as if told by (1) Dora; (2) Allan; (3) Mary.

4. Which of the characters in the poem do you like best? Give reasons for your answer.

RULES OF THE ROAD

The following extract from a pamphlet on the "Rules of the Road," issued by the Madras Government "for the use of students in colleges, secondary and training schools," will be found most useful:—

1. PEDESTRIANS

Remember that it is always easier to prevent an accident than to escape it.

Always look for traffic on either side before you step into the road.

Having got on to the road, always walk on the extreme right, because you will then face all moving traffic, and if there is a footway, use it invariably.

Always pause a moment before crossing the road and look about.

When crossing the road, always look to your right until you reach the middle of the road and then keep looking to your left until you have completely gone across.

If you walk behind a vehicle, always keep at a sufficient distance from it to see the traffic on the other side.

Never, board or get out of vehicles in motion if you can possibly avoid it, and certainly not without first looking at the traffic on the road.

Never get out of a vehicle except on the left-hand side.

When you start moving in any direction, to avoid an on-coming vehicle, never change your mind. Leave it to the driver to avoid you.

Don't travel through a cloud of dust raised by a passing vehicle. Wait till the dust settles and till your visibility is clear.

Don't step off the kerb without first looking to the right.

Don't cross the road in front of a tramway car without making certain that no vehicles are approaching from the right.

Don't cross the road in rear of a tramway car without first ascertaining that your way is clear and that no vehicles are approaching from either direction.

Don't cross busy street intersections at corners. Vehicular traffic is heaviest at these points.

Don't attempt to cross a highway holding your friend's hand or with any part of your clothes tied to another.

Don't monopolise the pavement or encourage its use by hawkers. Your selfishness or thoughtlessness will cause inconvenience to others.

Don't stand behind a stationary vehicle. It may be 'reversed' suddenly and run you down.

Don't cross over a tramway intersection without first ascertaining the direction in which the approaching cars will proceed.

Don't try and attract the attention of your friend when he is driving.

Don't cross the road in rear of the constable on 'point' duty. He cannot see you and you are denied his assistance.

Remember to obey implicitly the directions of the policeman on duty.

Remember to assist the blind and the lame across the carriage way.

2. CYCLISTS

Remember it is always easier to prevent an accident than to escape it.

Remember you are only one of the millions who are entitled to use the road.

Remember it is always best to give way to others. It may cost your life to attempt rudely to precede them.

Remember that if you can afford to get hurt, others cannot.

Remember that there are brakes on your machine and never take your fingers off them.

Always keep a straight course that other people may see you and adjust their own courses.

3. SIGNALS

Remember the following road signals :—

I am going to stop : Hold the right forearm and hand vertical, palm turned to the front.

I am going to turn to the Right : Extend the right arm and hand horizontally palm turned to the front.

I am going to turn to the Left : Extend the right arm and hand horizontally and then carry them forward and towards the left side with a circular sweep on a level with the shoulder.

I am going to slow down : Extend the right hand and arm horizontally as in No. 2, but with the palm

turned downwards and move the arm slowly up and down.

Come past and overtake me on my Right : Extend the right arm and hand below the level of the shoulder-palm to the front—and move them backwards and forwards.

When on the road keep your eyes on the traffic and your mind on possible dangers.

Always keep well to the *left* of the road.

Always see that your brakes are in order.

Always avoid riding with other cyclists too many abreast.

Always overtake vehicles, except tramcars, on the right.

Always signal clearly and in ample time by extending the arm on a level with the shoulder pointing to the direction you intend to turn before turning.

Always carry a good head lamp for night-riding and an efficient reflector on your back wheel properly fitted.

Always light up in good time.

Never try to overtake other traffic at junctions or cross roads.

Never try to race with motor traffic. It is dangerous.

When entering a main road from a side road, give precedence to the traffic on the side of the main road at which you enter. Traffic on the other side of the main road will give precedence to you.

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Arranged and Annotated
By

S. K. Devasikhamani, B.A., L.T.
Headmaster. Bishop Heber High School
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