

STUDIES IN
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
LITERATURE

BY G. H. BELL

*Author of Natural Method in English, Guide to Correct Language,
Familiar Talks on Language, Chart on Punc-
tuation, From Nature's Book, etc.*



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PREFACE.

THIS book differs from most of its kind, both in plan and purpose. It comprises a history of literature, and also special studies by means of selections, with questions and remarks. Part First is a historical outline, with only occasional short selections. Part Second is made up of selections, arranged by subjects, without special reference to chronological order.

The questions and remarks are placed at the end of each Part, instead of being put at the end of each chapter, or at the close of the section to which they refer. It is hoped that these questions will aid materially in analyzing the thought, and that they will prove a decided help both in learning and in teaching the lessons.

In the historical portion, the effort has been to represent every period by the best it produced. For this purpose it has not been thought necessary to call attention to a great number of writers, but only to such as gave tone and character to the literature of their time.

In making selections for such study, regard has been had to their influence upon mind and character, as well as to their literary merits. Selections have not been made from the Bible — the best of all literature — for the reason that it is in everybody's possession, and can be drawn from at will. So, also, only short extracts have been taken from many other excellent and well-known works. But enough is given in this book to cultivate a taste for true literature, if the work

is faithfully done according to the plan indicated ; after that the field may be broadened by private study or by further selections.

The importance of studying our best literature can scarcely be overestimated. Language, like other fine arts, is more effectually acquired through example than by technical instruction alone. Models are as essential in composition as they are in painting or in sculpture. There should be no conscious copying, nor any attempt at imitation ; but when approached earnestly and lovingly, there is an inspiration in the productions of genius : they rouse our latent energies, and quicken our moral and intellectual perceptions.

This volume is not so much a study of authors as of their writings. It is intended as a study of literature rather than of literary people, and is based upon the conviction that a constant association with noble thoughts and pure expression will improve both mind and speech if it can be done by any means at our command.

G. H. BELL.

Battle Creek, Mich.,

June 14, 1898.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE author does not presume to prescribe methods that the teacher is bound to follow, but wishes to make a few friendly suggestions.

The first thing to be considered is the primary object for which the study is to be pursued. It is pleasant to know who wrote this or that book, and to know the history and peculiarities of noted authors ; but all this does not necessarily ennoble one's character, discipline his mind to more vigorous thinking, or materially improve his language. It is not studying literature, but simply its history.

The real study of literature is the becoming acquainted with such writings as are by their intrinsic worth valuable to all people in all times. Such is the Bible ; and such are all writings whose tendency is to call into healthy action the nobler attributes of our nature, thus contributing to the building up of a beautiful and symmetrical manhood.

But to become fully acquainted with such writings is to drink in of their spirit,—to be stirred by the motives and emotions that prompted them. Here is where the help of the teacher is most needed. Reading aloud with the class is one of the best things a teacher can do. His enthusiasm, his appreciation, his sympathy with the thoughts and motives of the author, will be contagious.

It is thought that the questions, remarks, and analyses appended to each Part of the book will promote a thorough study of the text, and teachers are strongly advised to use them, at least so far as they are adapted to the condition of the pupils. The exercises therein required are specimens of

what should be carried out in other instances, so far as the interests of the class may demand, and the time permit.

It is better to be thorough in a few things than to be superficial in many. It will be more profitable to deal faithfully with the selections given in this book, than to neglect them for a wider range. The general reading can come later, after a correct taste has been formed.

This leads us to the paramount object of studying literature in schools ; namely, the developing of so pure a taste that the learner will be able to discriminate at once between real literature and trash. The time will come for our pupils when they cannot have parents, teachers, or friends by their side to tell them whether or not a book is good reading. They must learn to recognize for themselves the moral tendency, the literary character, the trend of influence, which constitute the inherent power for good or evil of any piece of writing. There is but one way for teachers to inculcate this, and that is by getting their pupils so thoroughly enamored with what is true and beautiful that they will instinctively turn away from everything of an opposite nature.

In the author's opinion a teacher cannot do better than to follow the book through by a regular succession of lessons, using the questions and requirements found in the book, with such other questions and exercises as may be suggested by the wants of the class. Asking pupils to look up all they can learn from any source concerning an author or his works would be detrimental to the plan of this book, since the notice of authors has been made brief in order that the mind may be employed with their best productions — not with *anything* and *everything* which they may have written, nor with personal idiosyncrasies which will only encourage a morbid inquisitiveness.

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. . STUDIES IN . .

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTORY.

1. Advantages of Studying Literature.—

In studying the literature of a nation, we become acquainted with the best thoughts of its best minds. In such writings, we have revealed to us the highest ideals and the noblest motives that prevailed during the successive periods of the nation's growth. Daily association with such thoughts and motives has its influence upon the mind of the learner. It calls into action the best that is in him. It fosters a love for pure thoughts and beautiful expression; it creates a distaste for whatever is low or unworthy. Thus one comes at length to turn from coarse or worthless reading as instinctively as from vulgar society.

2. Not Biographical.— We like to form the personal acquaintance of those whose writings have delighted us; but we can do that by private reading. Our time in school would be better taken up with the more important study of the truths which their writings reveal, — subjects in which we need the guidance of a teacher. And besides, it is not always profitable to study the per-

sonal traits of authors. They could never in their lives rise higher than the ideals which they have presented in their writings; and if they had foibles or disagreeable habits, it cannot make us wiser, and should not make us happier, to know them.

We shall, therefore, give attention to the literature itself rather than to the peculiarities of the writers who produced it. What we want is the best an author has to give us,—thoughts that inspire, and language that teaches the art of expression. “Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,”—these we will study and take to ourselves.

3. But One Source of Wisdom.—There is but one original source of light and truth, and that is not among men. All true wisdom comes from the Father of Lights, who rules above, and who has revealed himself in the works of creation, in the Written Word, and in his influence on the inner consciousness of men.

Some are, by nature or by culture, more susceptible to these revelations than are others. They can better read the handwriting of God in nature. Their hearts are so attuned that they more readily vibrate to the pulsations of the great universal Heart of Love. Such are truth’s interpreters, —the “singers” that God has sent to earth—

“That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.”

4. All Men Fallible.—Men possessed of such rare gifts are said to have genius. But genius may err. The choicest gifts are held in earthen vessels. Even

those who are so highly favored, have human passions and weaknesses like other men, and thus the light that shines through them is often more or less obscured. Like flaws in glass, their imperfections of character may sometimes produce distorted images. In literature, as in mining,—even in the richest of mines,—the sands of error must be washed from the pure gold of truth. Nothing but direct revelation can be absolutely perfect. Yet we can find many writings whose chief tendency is in the right direction,—writings that will bring us into closer touch with nature, into truer sympathy with humankind, and into a better attitude for receiving the truth and light with which the great All-Father is ever trying to impress us.

5. The Relation of History to Literature.—

The inner life of men is revealed through their words and through their deeds. Great events are first worked out in some one's brain. The scheme is made known to others by means of language, and then—by the united action of many—the event is consummated. Naturally, the thought—the conception—comes first, and then the deed. Literature is a record of thoughts; history is a record of deeds: hence the former takes precedence of the latter. But they mutually react upon each other, and it is almost impossible to treat of them separately. So, in order to trace the literature of English-speaking people through its different periods, it is necessary to know something of their history.

Part First contains a brief account of the forming of the nation, and of the development of its language, its thought, its literature,—tracing their progress through

successive periods, from the rudest beginnings to the highest state of enlightenment and literary achievement.

Part Second will be devoted more to studies in literature, as such, without direct reference to the date of the selections introduced.

PART FIRST.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

CHAPTER ONE.

ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH NATION AND LANGUAGE.

6. The People.—It is supposed that the early inhabitants of England came originally from the far East, probably from Western Asia. One wave of emigration followed another, until—in the course of many generations—the foremost of them was crowded westward to the shores of the Atlantic. From the coast of what is now France and Spain some of these people, known as the Kelts, found their way to the British Isles, and were there called Britons. These ancient Keltic Britons were in two divisions,—the Kimry and the Gaels. The Gaelic Kelts spread into Scotland, and were afterward known as Picts and Scots.

About sixty years before Christ, the Romans, under Cæsar, conquered the Britons, and held possession of Southeastern England for more than four hundred years. Meantime, another branch, belonging to the same great family as the Kelts, had—in the course of centuries—made their way by degrees across the continent, and settled in Northwestern Europe. These Teutons, as they were called, were bold and warlike in temper, quite unlike the more peaceful and beauty-loving Kelts. After the Romans left England, the adventurous Teutons made their way into that country, and also took possession of Northern France. Some of the Teutons who gained a foothold in England were known as Angles, and from

them the country took its name — Angle-land, or England. The people of England were at this time very rude in their manner of living, and seemed to be fond of war for its own sake. Other bands of Teutons, from time to time, came across the North Sea from the Continent, especially from Denmark, and formed colonies on the east coast of England. Those already in possession of the country resisted these encroachments, and for many years there was almost continual fighting. At one time the country was divided into six or eight petty kingdoms. These were finally united under the good King Alfred, and during his wise reign the country grew rapidly in wealth and intelligence.

The Teutons who had invaded France received the name there of Northmen (Normans) — since they came from the North — and their country was called Normandy. The French, known at that time as Gauls, were even then an affable people, more polite and better educated than the Teutons. The Normans associated freely with the French, adopted their language almost wholly, and became more refined by the intercourse. In the eleventh century, Normandy was ruled by a bold, ambitious prince, afterward known as William the Conqueror. In the year 1066 he invaded England, won the battle of Hastings, and established himself as ruler of the country. For many years there was mutual hatred between the conquerors and the conquered. But when wars arose that threatened the safety of England, they united in defense of their common country, fought side by side, and were afterward better friends. Thus it was that the Kelts, Teutons, and Norman French combined, intermarried, and formed the English people.

7. The Language.—The English language, like the people who speak it, is composite. It was formed from the diverse elements furnished by the different peoples who united to form the nation. These elements, however, were in very unequal proportion.

As the Teutons were the dominant people in forming the nation, so the Teutonic element constituted the basis of the language known as First-English, or Anglo-Saxon. The term "Anglo-Saxon" does not, however, imply a commingling of two different languages; for the speech of the Angles and that of the Saxons was essentially the same.

For nearly a thousand years, this First-English was the prevailing language in England. The Kelts resisted the encroachments of the Teutons with great bravery; but, being a milder people, they were subdued, and finally mingled and intermarried with their more hardy neighbors. Thus, as the slow centuries rolled by, the Keltic tongue gradually fell into disuse. At the present time, scarcely a trace of it can be discovered in modern English writings, though it still characterizes the vernacular of the common people in Wales, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the adjacent parts of England and Scotland.

The Roman occupation of England affected the language but little, and that mainly in the names of a few places. The Danes who formed colonies on the eastern coast of England also left traces of their language in the names of places.

When the Normans, under William, took possession of England, they became the ruling people. Their language, the Norman-French, was the only one allowed at court or in legal proceedings, and soon became the fash-

ionable speech in polite circles. For a long time the two languages remained distinct ; but as succeeding generations forgot the animosities of their fathers, there came a fusion of the languages as well as of the people.

The language spoken by the French people at this time was called a Romanz tongue, because it was derived from the Latin, the language used in Rome. The Romanz tongues were composed mainly of Latin words ; but many of the words had been changed, in their orthography as well as in their pronunciation. This imperfect Latin was still further corrupted by the Normans, and was then called Norman-French. This was the language which was brought into England by the Normans, and which has given our modern English so many Latinized words.

The Old-English words (now called Saxon) are shorter and stronger than the words derived from Latin, and constitute the greater part of the speech of our common people, especially in naming utensils that are in constant use, and in talking of domestic or other ordinary affairs of life. The Latinized words give a smoother flow to language, and are quite freely used in scientific and technical works, as well as in other writings where scrupulous exactness and close discrimination are required.

These different elements give our language greater facility, and by furnishing two or more words of the same meaning enable us to avoid unpleasant repetitions. The following paragraph is quoted from Chambers's *Cyclopedia of English Literature* : —

The great bulk of our laws and social institutions, the grammatical structure of our language, our most familiar and habitual expressions in common life, are derived from our rude northern

invaders; and now, after fourteen centuries, their language, enriched from various and distant sources, has become the speech of fifty millions of people, to be found in all quarters of the globe.* May we not assume that the national character, like the national language, has been molded and enriched by this combination of races? The Keltic imagination and impulsive ardor, the Saxon solidity, the old Norse maritime spirit and love of adventure, the later Norman chivalry and keen sense of enjoyment,—these have been the elements, slowly combined under northern skies, and interfused by a pure ennobling religion, that have gone forth in literature and in life, the moral pioneers and teachers of the world.

* More than one hundred and fifty millions now.

CHAPTER TWO.

BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I. EARLY WRITINGS OF KELTIC ORIGIN.

8. Keltic Character.—The Kelts had an emotional nature, with quick sympathies and a ready appreciation of beauty in form or color. It is not surprising that people with such a temperament should seek to express themselves in history and in song. Accordingly, we find that as early as the third century there were both historians and bards in Ireland, and that they had there what might be termed an incipient school of literature. A distinct literary class was maintained at the public expense, and the gift for literary work was supposed to descend from generation to generation, in the same family. Christianity also found a welcome among these people much earlier than among the Teutons, who seem to have been less susceptible to tender influences. It was by the Gaelic Kelts that Christianity was first carried into Scotland. It has been clearly shown that when Pope Gregory sent the Italian Augustine as a missionary to the South of England, the Keltic missionaries had been at work for generations among the English of the North.

Of the character of these people, Mr. Morley says,—

The pure Gael—now represented by the Irish and Scotch Kelts—was, at his best, an artist. He had a sense of literature, he had active and bold imagination, joy in bright color, skill in

music, touches of a keen sense of honor in most savage times, and in religion fervent and self-sacrificing zeal. In the Kimry—now represented by the Kelts of Wales—there was the same artist nature.

He also says that in the fusion of the two races, Kelts and Teutons, the gift of genius was the contribution of the Kelt. The influence of the Keltic race upon English literature was not exerted directly through their fragmentary writings, nor by the “example set by one people, and followed by another; but in the way of nature,—by the establishment of blood relationship, and the transmission of modified and blended character to a succeeding generation.”

9. Keltic Poetry.—There were a number of Keltic bards who wrote poetic descriptions of battles, and of other events that roused the passions and activities of men to the highest pitch; but, for the most part, only fragments of these not unworthy productions remain.

10. The First Poet.—A little past the middle of the seventh century a Keltic poet called Cædmon wrote in verse a paraphrase of many parts of the Bible. The story of his experiences and conscientious efforts is briefly told in the following lines, which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*. The lines themselves are in imitation of the style of Cædmon's simple yet touching verse.

Dwelt a certain poor man in his day,
Near at hand to Hilda's holy house,
Learning's lighthouse, blessed beacon, built
High o'er sea and river, on the head,

Streaneshalch in Anglo-Saxon speech,
Whitby, after by the Norsemen named.
 Cædmon was he called ; he came and went,
 Doing humble duties for the monks,
 Helping with the horses at behest, —
 Modest, meek, unmemorable man,
 Moving slowly into middle age,
 Toiling on — twelve hundred years ago.

Still and silent, Cædmon sometimes sat
 With the serfs at lower end of hall ;
 There he marveled much to hear the monks
 Singing sweetly hymns unto their harp,
 Handing it from each to each in turn,
 Till his heart-strings trembled. Other while,
 When the serfs were merry with themselves,
 Sung their folk-songs upon festal nights,
 Handing round the harp to each in turn,
 Cædmon, though he loved not lighter songs,
 Longed to sing ; but he could never sing.

Sad and silent would he creep away,
 Wander forth alone — he wist not why —
 Watch the sky and water, stars or clouds
 Climbing from the sea ; and in his soul
 Shadows mounted up and mystic lights,
 Echoes vague and vast returned the voice
 Of the rushing river, roaring waves,
 Twilight's windy whisper from the fells,
 Howl of brindled wolf, and cry of bird ;
 Every sight and sound of solitude
 Ever mingling in a master thought —
 Glorious, terrible — of the Mighty One
 Who made all things. As the Book declared,
 “*In the beginning he made Heaven and Earth.*”

Thus lived Cædmon, quiet year by year ;
 Listened, learned a little, as he could ;
 Worked, and mused, and prayed, and held his peace.

Toward the end of harvest time, the hinds
 Held a feast, and sung their festal songs,
 Handing round the harp from each to each ;
 But before it came where Cædmon sat,
 Sadly, silently, he stole away,
 Wandered to the stable-yard, and wept ;
 Weeping, laid him low among the straw, —
 Fell asleep at last. And in his sleep
 Came a Stranger, calling him by name :
 "Cædmon, sing to me." "I cannot sing.
 Wherefore — wo is me ! — I left the house."
 "Sing, I bid thee !" "What, then, shall I sing ?"
 "Sing the Making of the World." Whereon
 Cædmon sung : and when he woke from sleep,
 Still the verses stayed with him, and more
 Sprang like fountain-water from a rock
 Fed from never-failing secret springs.

Praising Heaven most high, but nothing proud,
 Cædmon sought the steward, and told his tale,
 Who to Holy Hilda led him in,
 Pious Princess Hilda, pure of heart,
 Ruling Mother, royal Edwin's niece.
 Cædmon at her bidding boldly sang
 Of the Making of the World, in words
 Wondrous ; whereupon they wotted well
 'T was an Angel taught him, and his gift
 Came direct from God : and glad were they.

Thenceforth Holy Hilda greeted him
 Brother of the brotherhood. He grew
 Famedst monk of all the monastery ;
 Singing many high and holy songs
 Folk were fain to hear, and loved him for ;
 Till his death-day came, that comes to all.

Cædmon bode that evening in his bed,
 He at peace with men, and men with him ;
 Wrapped in comfort of the Eucharist ;

Weak and silent. "Soon our Brethren sing
 Evensong?" he whispered. "Brother, yea."
 "Let us wait for that," he said; and soon
 Sweetly sounded up the solemn chant.
 Cædmon smiled and listened; when it lulled,
 Sidelong turned to sleep his old white head,
 Shut his eyes, and gave his soul to God,
 Maker of the World.

Twelve hundred years
 Since are past and gone, nor he forgot,
 Earliest Poet of the English Race.
 Rude and simple were his days and thoughts.
 Wisely speaketh no man, howso learned,
 Of the making of this wondrous world,
 Save a Poet, with a reverent soul.

Though so simple in style, the poems of Cædmon are not wanting in dignity, nor marks of genius. In the opening of his description of the creation are these lines :—

Most right it is that we praise with our words,
 Love in our minds, the Warden of the skies !
 Glorious King of all the hosts of men !
 He speeds the strong, and is the head of all
 His high creation, the Almighty Lord.
 None formed him; no first was nor last shall be
 Of the Eternal Ruler, but his sway
 Is everlasting over thrones in heaven.

Of the first state of the earth, he says,—

There had not here, as yet,
 Save cavern shade, aught been;
 But this wide abyss stood deep and dim,
 Strange to its Lord, idle and useless.

It may be noticed that Cædmon's lines are without rime, that they are unequal in length and irregular in meter. They have, however, a rude alliteration, which consists in a recurrence of similar consonant sounds at the beginning of words. This is a characteristic of the earlier poems of our language.

Cædmon's account of Satan's revolt in heaven is strikingly suggestive of Milton's more polished description written a thousand years later. Here are a few lines:—

“Wherefore,” said he, “shall I toil?
 No need have I of master. I can work
 With my own hands great marvels, and have power
 To build a throne more worthy of a god,—
 Higher in heaven. Why shall I, for his smile
 Serve him, bend to him thus in vassalage?
 I may be God as He.
 Stand by me, strong supporters, firm in strife.
 Hard-mooded heroes, famous warriors,
 Have chosen me for chief: one may take thought
 With such for counsel, and with such secure
 Large following. My friends, in earnest they,
 Faithful in all the shaping of their minds:
 I am their master, and may rule this realm.”

And again, after his fall,—

Satan discoursed,—he who henceforth ruled hell
 Spake sorrowing.
 God's angel erst, he had shone white in heaven,
 Till his soul urged, and most of all its pride,
 That of the Lord of Hosts he should no more
 Bend to the word. About his heart his soul
 Tumultuously heaved, hot pains of wrath
 Without him.

The following lines are from the description of the deluge : —

The Lord sent rain from heaven, and also
 Empty let the well-brooks through on the world;
 From every vein the torrent streams
 Dark-sounded;
 The sea rose o'er their shore-walls.
 Stern and strong was he who o'er the waters swayed,
 Covered and overwhelmed the sinful sons of middle
 earth
 With the dark waves.

The extracts here given have been modernized, especially in their spelling; otherwise they would be hard to interpret.

II. EARLIEST LITERATURE OF TEUTONIC ORIGIN.

11. Recreations among the Teutons.—The Teutonic settlers in England were fond of exercising their prowess in war; and when not engaged in bloody strife, they delighted to meet in their great mead-halls made of unhewn logs, indulge in jovial intercourse, and sing the praises of some valorous chief. Their singers were called gleemen, a name suggestive of the nature of their songs.

12. Beowulf.—The most noted chief of whom they sung was Beowulf. The recital of his brave deeds grew into a rugged epic of over six thousand lines. The origin of this savage poem is unknown; but it is thought to have been composed before the Teutons invaded England, and to have been brought into the country by them. It was probably not put into writing earlier than the seventh century.

A comparison of this poem with the writings of Cædmon will show what the refining influence of the Christian faith had done for the Keltic bard. The contrast is striking. In the one, we find coarse wassailing and deadly strife ; in the other, the mild but beautiful light of the gospel of peace.

An epitome of the theme of "Beowulf" is thus given by a noted author :—

Its hero sails from a land of the Goths to a land of the Danes, and there frees a chief named Hrothgar from the attacks of a monster of the fens and moors, named Grendel. Afterward he is himself ruler, is wounded mortally in combat with a dragon, and is solemnly buried under a great barrow on a promontory rising high above the sea. "And round about the mound rode his hearth-sharers, who sang that he was of kings, of men, the mildest, kindest, to his people sweetest, and the readiest in search of praise." In this poem real events are transformed into legendary marvels ; but the actual life of the old Danish and Scandinavian chiefs, as it was first transferred to this country, is vividly painted. It brings before us the feast in the mead-hall, with the chief and his hearth-sharers, the customs of the banquet, the rude beginnings of a courtly ceremony, the boastful talk, reliance upon strength of hand in grapple with the foe, and the practical spirit of adventure that seeks peril as a commercial speculation ; for Beowulf is undisguisedly a tradesman in his sword. The poem includes also expression of the heathen fatalism, "What is to be goes ever as it must," tinged by the energetic sense of men who feel that even fate helps those who help themselves, or, as it stands in Beowulf, that "the Must Be often helps an undoomed man when he is brave."

In directness, force, and brevity, the language of this strange production corresponds, in its homely strength, to the character of the people from whom it sprung. This vigor of expression, united with the ten-

derness of the Kelt and the flexibility of the Norman, has given us the heritage of a language unsurpassed and scarcely equaled in force, adaptability, or beauty.

The following extract from "Morley's English Writers" will give a very good example of the style of "Beowulf" sufficiently modernized to be intelligible to ordinary readers:—

Then came from the moor under the misty hills, Grendel stalking: the wicked spoiler meant in the lofty hall to snare one of mankind. He strode under the clouds until he saw the wine-house, golden hall of men. Came then faring to the house the joyless man; he rushed straight on the door, fast with fire-hardened bands, struck with his hands, dragged open the hall's mouth: quickly then trod the fiend on the stained floor, went wroth of mood, and from his eyes stood forth a loathsome light, likest to flame. He saw in the house many war-men sleeping all together, then was his mood laughter. Hope of a sweet glut had arisen in him. But it was not for him after that night to eat more of mankind. The wretched wight seized quickly a sleeping warrior, slit him unawares, bit his bone-locker, drank his blood, in morsels swallowed him: soon had he all eaten, feet and fingers. Nearer forth he stepped, laid hands upon the doughty-minded warrior at his rest; but Beowulf reached forth a hand and hung upon his arm. Soon as the evil-doer felt that there was not in mid-earth a stronger hand-grip, he became fearful in heart. Not for that could he escape the sooner, though his mind was bent on flight. He would flee into his den, seek the pack of devils; his trial there was such as in his life-days he had never before found. The hall thundered, the ale of all the Danes and earls was spilt. Angry, fierce were the strong fighters; the hall was full of the din. It was great wonder that the wine-hall stood above the warlike beasts, that the fair earth-home fell not to the ground. But within and without it was fast with iron bands cunningly forged. Over the North Danes stood dire fear, on every one of those who heard the gruesome whoop. The friend of earls held fast the deadly guest,— would not leave him

while living. Then drew a warrior of Beowulf an old sword of his father's for help of his lord. The sons of strife sought then to hew on every side, they knew not that no war-blade would cut into the wicked scather; but Beowulf had foresworn every edge. Hygelac's proud kinsman had the foe of God in hand. The fell wretch bore pain; a deadly wound gaped on his shoulder; the sinews sprang asunder; the bone-locker burst; to Beowulf was war-strength given. Grendel fled away death-sick, to seek a sad dwelling under the fen shelters; his life's end was come.

CHAPTER THREE.

FROM CÆDMON TO CHAUCER.

I. FIRST-ENGLISH PERIOD.

13. In the Monasteries.—During this long period of four hundred years there were many good scholars in England; but learning was confined, for the most part, to the monasteries. Schools were established in some of them, and were not without earnest and devoted teachers; but it was expected that the pupils taught there would teach in other monasteries, and so learning, even of the most meager kind, was almost unknown among the people at large.

14. Latin.—During these centuries, and for some time afterward, Latin was regarded as the language of the learned. For this reason the scholars of England wrote in Latin, instead of putting their thoughts into the language that has since won its way over every obstacle. Thus the means of intellectual culture were withheld from the great body of the people.

15. Bede.—This good priest, known as “the venerable Bede,” worked devotedly for fifty years in trying to enlighten all who came within reach of his influence. He gleaned knowledge from obscure and difficult sources, simplified it, and arranged it in convenient forms, so that it might be not only easy of access

but easy of acquirement to all who were studying in the monastery schools. But he entrusted his precious treasures to the Latin language only, and thus placed them beyond the reach of those who most needed help. Toward the close of his life he began the work of translating the Gospels into English, and died a few moments after completing the Gospel of St. John. His most extensive work was the "Ecclesiastical History of England."

16. The Good King Alfred.—In the early part of his reign, King Alfred met with reverses that compelled him to wander for a time in disguise among his lowliest subjects. This was not a lost experience; for it taught him the honest worth and the greatest need of his people.

After many severe struggles he succeeded in subduing his enemies, and securing union and peace. He then set to work to benefit his subjects by giving them the means of mental and moral culture. No one in his realm worked more diligently than he. He translated and wrote almost constantly, and got others to help him. So far as possible, he furnished text-books in language so simple and so familiar that all who could read could understand, and so attractive that those who could not read would be induced to learn the art. He translated many valuable works, and among them were the "Ecclesiastical History of England" and other writings by Bede; the "Consolations of Philosophy," by Boethius; and the best work then extant on ancient history. He instituted the great "Saxon Chronicle," by which the history of the country, so far as it could be obtained,

was recorded down to his day and continued through his lifetime. From the impulse which he gave this important work, it was carried on by the monks in the monasteries for generations after his death. He also prepared accounts of voyages and travels in other lands. Thus he spent his life in educating his people and in trying to build up a healthy, happy kingdom.

Alfréd did more than simply to translate. He gave explanations of difficult or obscure passages, and made many important additions to the text. His writings are considered the purest English of his time. They were gladly received by the people, those who could not read gathering in companies to hear from the lips of those who could.

17. Other Old-English Writings.—The period was not without its thinkers and writers, but there was not much written that was characterized by sufficient genius to keep it from oblivion. It must be remembered, too, that the art of printing was then unknown, and that books had to be produced, one by one, through the slow process of handwriting.

Many works, especially those in verse, were lost for centuries, and remain to us now only in fragments, or in some dingy and worn old manuscript that has been rescued from its obscure hiding-place in some ancient monastery.

18. Object of this Sketch.—Thus we have traced briefly and imperfectly, the beginnings of English literature, not because the writings of that period are profitable for present reading, but because a knowledge of

these first fruits, and of the causes and conditions that produced them, will aid us in the study of more modern productions.

II. THE TRANSITION PERIOD.

19. Sudden Change.—The effect of the Norman Conquest upon the English language and literature was immediate and far-reaching. The English tongue was no longer heard in polite circles nor used in the writing of books. Native genius no longer expressed itself in the mother tongue, but gave its contributions to enrich the literature of other nations. For a time it seemed as if the inspirations of the poet, the wisdom of the philosopher, or the chronicles of the historian would never again come to the people in the words that had become so dear to them by centuries of familiar use.

20. Immediate Causes.—Although the early fathers of the people who invaded England under William were Teutons, like those of the people whom they sought to subdue, they had been entirely transformed and in many ways much improved by their intercourse with the French. The bold Norse adventurers married French maidens, and the French mothers used — and taught their children to use — the only language the mothers knew, — that spoken by the French people. Thus the work of assimilation went on from generation to generation till a new people was formed, having the strength of the North combined with the language and polish of the South.

It is not to be wondered at that to such a people the plain manners of their Northern neighbors should

seem coarse and repulsive, or that the solid worth hidden beneath so rude an exterior should be slow in finding the appreciation which it deserved. Thus the Normans had a strong aversion to the English, and the English as heartily despised and hated their conquerors. From this cause, the two peoples who were destined to form so strong a union were held apart for more than a century.

The kings who now sat on the throne of England were of foreign birth. They did not love the English (whom they called Saxons), but sought to enslave rather than to improve the people among whom they had come to dwell. Saxon thanes were driven from their possessions, to give place to Norman nobles, who ruled as feudal lords, and exercised the despotism of petty kings. The common people were many of them reduced to a vassalage as odious as it was unjust. The king and his nobles wanted hunting-grounds; so they drove the inhabitants from vast tracts of country, depriving the people of their homes in order to make a playground for themselves.

But in nothing was more complete monopoly attempted than in language and literature. How well the attempt succeeded, has already been noticed. No means were neglected that could tend to make the new language universal. The monasteries were still the seats of learning; and these centers of education were ruled by French-speaking abbots appointed by the king. French-speaking nobles ruled in feudal castles all over the land, exercising a wide influence. All the ecclesiastics were men whom the king could trust to carry out his wishes. Even the laws were in French, and all legal proceedings had to be carried on in that language.

The writers of the age deserted the language they had learned at their mother's knee. Latin was the language of learning throughout Europe; so every one who wanted to gain a wide popularity wrote in Latin. Thus did both fashion and power conspire against stout old English.

But the universal language of a people cannot be changed by arbitrary power nor by fashionable neglect, especially a language that has been rooted in their hearts by a thousand years of loving association. The common people were made of tough fiber; they were the descendants of a stern ancestry. Although compelled to submit to outward rule, their inward spirit of independence could not be subdued. Their thoughts, their speech, their love of home and country, their faith in God and themselves,—these were treasures of which no tyrant's hand could despoil them. It was only when common interests and common sympathies united the hearts of these two peoples that there came a peaceable blending of their languages.

21. Confusion of Speech among the Common People.—Before the Norman Conquest, the English language had become firmly established among the scholarly men who wrote in it. Although the spelling of its words was variant, its grammatical forms were well fixed and carefully adhered to. Then, as now, the uneducated classes were careless in their speech, and in different sections of the country peculiar dialects prevailed. But as the effect of the Norman tongue began to be felt, established usages were broken up, and some who still wished to write in their native language uttered loud

complaints against the encroachments of foreign words and idioms. Uncorrected by the influence of the educated classes, the dialects heard in different parts of the country became more and more distinct, so that the people of one section could scarcely be understood by those of another. For nearly a hundred years these conditions seemed, in the main, to grow worse instead of better. When at last the language began to emerge from this chaos, it was not a new language, but it was very much changed. With all its influx of French words it was grammatically a more simple language than ever before, having lost most of its inflections, especially those of the noun. Of course the relations and conditions formerly indicated by inflections had to be expressed by separate words. During this transition period, especially toward the latter part of it, there were not a few who wrote in English; but their works are, for the most part, unimportant in the study of literature. They were principally on religious themes, and are chiefly interesting as indications of the changes that were taking place in the language.

22. Layamon's "Brut." — About one hundred and fifty years after the Conquest, a priest by the name of Layamon wrote in verse a chronicle of Britain. It was mostly derived from Keltic traditions that had been preserved in France and parts of England. The story makes Brutus, a son of the Trojan Æneas, a founder of the British line of monarchs. It was written for the common people of a rural district, and was a specimen of pure Saxon. It is said that the original text did not contain fifty words taken from the French.

23. The "Ormulum."—In the thirteenth century a writer by the name of Orm, or Ormin, wrote in verse a series of homilies based upon portions of the New Testament. It is evidently the work of a good man, with worthy motives but very little genius. The book was called, from its author's name, the "Ormulum." Its language, though quaint, resembles that of modern times much more than does that in the "Brut" of Layamon.

24. Conclusion.—To the critical student of languages and their development, this transition period, of nearly three hundred years, affords a very interesting study; but for the purpose of this book, it might be unprofitable to give it more than this passing notice. With this period closes the Ancient, or Early, English, and also the Middle, or Transition, English. With the writings of the latter part of the fourteenth century begins our Modern English. During the five centuries since that time the language has received many modifications and many new words, but there has been no radical change in its fundamental structure.

CHAPTER FOUR.

THE AWAKENING.

25. Irrepressible Spirit of the English People.— Although checked and impeded by the results of the Norman invasion, the current of English thought could not be restrained for any long period. Its springs were too deep and copious to be dried, even by the withering drought of oppression. The English people were cast in too large a mold to be held under the heel of tyranny. Their native love of independence burned within them, and sooner or later was certain to burst forth. Titles and lands they could be compelled to yield, but their freedom of conscience, never.

26. The Arrogance of Rome.— The Christian religion had been a blessing to the English people. The best literature the nation could boast had been prompted by the pure principles and unselfish motives taught in the Bible. Not only had the moral tone of English literature been improved by contact with these sacred writings, but the language itself was greatly enriched by the bold imagery and refined diction of the tongues in which the Scriptures had been written, and through which they had been translated.

But the Church of Rome had become arrogant. She had presumed to dictate to the people, not only what they should think, and how they should worship, but

what they should do with their hard-earned means. Mendicant friars were sent all through England begging for the church. It was said that the taxes paid to the church were ten times as great as those required by the government. Thus the people were really impoverished by the unnecessary demands of a power that had no love for them and gave them very little in return.

But worst of all, many of these friars, as well as the priests themselves, were corrupt in character. They did not even give the people the benefit of a good example.

27. Romish Abuses Denounced.—At last the exasperation of the people began to break out in sarcasm and denunciation. Men of learning and genius were aroused, and began to write against the abuses practised by the greedy emissaries of Rome. Foremost among these were William Langland and John Wycliffe.

28. Piers Plowman.—Langland wrote a poem called the "Vision of Piers Plowman," in which Peter the Plowman represents the peasantry, or rural working people of the country. The author falls asleep on the Malvern Hills, and sees in vision a company of people. In his poem he records what he saw and heard. In this way, he portrays, in allegory, the injustice that had been exercised toward the common people, not only by the church, but by the State as well. This book set forth the feelings of the people so truly that they eagerly caught it up, and it has been thought that the humble volume finally played a considerable part in preparing the way for the Reformation. A number of years later,

Langland wrote another book, called "The Complaint of Piers Plowman." This book attacked not only the practises of the church but its doctrines, since Langland was a friend of Wycliffe, and followed in his wake.

29. John Wycliffe.—Wycliffe had a powerful mind and great energy of purpose. He was a scholar. After taking his degree at Oxford, he lectured there on divinity, expressing his anti-Romish views freely. He also labored with great zeal in preaching, not on Sundays alone, but on the festival days of the church as well. He is said to have been "a most exemplary and unwearied pastor." His ability was recognized everywhere. He was highly appreciated by the king and court, but continued unhesitatingly to expose the corruptions of the Church of Rome, and was called upon, time after time, to appear before a meeting of the Convocation to answer for his bold words against the pope, to whom he had applied the term of Antichrist. When he appeared at the Convocation, he was accompanied by his powerful friend, John of Gaunt, and by other men of influence. Soon a great tumult began. The citizens of London burst into the chapel, and frightened the synod of clergy so that they were quite willing to let Wycliffe go. Then the ecclesiastics appealed to the pope, who issued several bulls,—three addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops, one to the king, and one to the University of Oxford. These bulls commanded an inquest into the erroneous doctrines of the reformer. Again circumstances favored Wycliffe, and he escaped without harm. These persecutions made Wycliffe the more thorough in his efforts at reform. When

he attacked the doctrine of transubstantiation, many of his most influential friends were alarmed and deserted him. When again brought before Convocation, he defended himself with great ability; but nothing could avail. He was condemned, and orders were issued that all his writings should be burned.

Wycliffe began to see that the only way to enlighten the people permanently, and thus free their consciences, was to give them the Bible in their own tongue, so that they might read and study it for themselves. Consequently, he undertook the work of translating it, and found many willing helpers. There were no printing-presses to multiply the copies, but many poor preachers were glad to transcribe the different portions as fast as they were translated. The people were eager for the treasures of truth thus brought within their reach. It is said that a poor peasant would gladly give a load of hay for a few pages. Wycliffe's strength held out until he had completed this noble task. It is hard to realize that for a thousand years after Christianity was introduced into Britain, there was no Bible in the English tongue.

It is interesting to compare the following verses of the first chapter of Mark, taken from Wycliffe's translation, with the modern version of the same.*

1. The bigynnyng of the gospel of Jhesu Crist, the sone of God.

2. As it is writun in Ysaie, the prophete, Lo! I send myn angel bifore thi face, that schal make thi weye redy before thee.

3. The voyce of oon cryng in desert, Make ye redy the weye of the Lord, make ye his pathis rihtful.

* The orthography is very irregular, the same word being often spelled in two or more different ways on the same page.

4. Jhon was in desert baptisyng, and prechinge the baptysm of penaunce, into remiszioun of synnes.

5. And alle men of Jerusalem wenten out to him, and al the cuntree of Judee ; and weren baptisid of him in the flood of Jordan, knowleching her synnes.

6. And John was clothid with heeris of camelis, and a girdil of skyn abowte his leendis ; and he eet locusts, and hony of the wode and prechide, seyinge :

7. A strengere than I schal come aftir me, of whom I knelinge am not worthi for to *vndo, or vnbynde*, the thwong of his schoon.

8. I have baptisid you in water ; forsothe he shal baptise you in the Holy Goost.

9. And it is don in thoo dayes, Jhesus came fro Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptisid of Joon in Jordan.

10. And anoon he styng vpon of the water, sayth heuenes openyd, and the Holy Goost cummyng doun as a culuere, and dwellyng in hym.

11. And a voys is maad fro heuenes, thou art my scne loued, in thee I haue plesid.

12. And anon the Spirit puttide hym in to desert.

13. And he was in desert fourty dayes and fourty nightis, and was temptid of Sathanas, and was with beestis and angelis mynstriden to hym.

30. Chaucer.—The most polished and versatile writer of the fourteenth century was Geoffrey Chaucer. His language has been called a well of English undefiled; but most people of the present day find his writings hard to read. The chief difficulty, however, arises from the strange spelling. With no spelling-books or dictionaries, and no printing-presses, it is not surprising that the spelling was confused and uncertain. The same words were spelled in various ways by different writers, and often by the same writer.

Chaucer had a wide and varied experience in life. He was well acquainted with all the pomp and parade of courts, both in England and in other countries. He had rich and influential connections. He had been sent as ambassador by the king to distant lands, and even knew by experience the realities of camp life. He was for a time a member of Parliament, was in the king's council, and married one of the queen's maids of honor, thus becoming brother-in-law to John of Gaunt. Yet he was not without his reverses, and knew well the life of the common people. Indeed, judging from his writings, he was more interested in their customs and manners than he was in the ways of people in high life. He seems to have been a favorite everywhere, and in his writings knew equally well how to please. He had something to interest and amuse all classes of society, portraying life and character so naturally and so pleasantly as to charm nearly every reader. His poems were stories which in themselves were of very little account, but incidentally they gave a living picture of the people of his day, including all classes from highest to lowest. The actors pass before you as living realities. You hear them talk, you see them smile, you know just how they are dressed, you know their spirit and bearing as you do that of your friends with whom you daily associate.

His descriptions of nature are especially impressive. You not only see the objects he describes, but you believe at once in the sincerity of his love for them. You know it to be genuine, and besides, he makes you see as he sees, feel as he feels. He was, by far, the greatest genius of the age, and as a delineator of life and nature,

he scarcely has an equal. There is a kindly feeling running through his writings, and they dispose the reader to feel kindly toward all.

But as he has something for all classes, so he has something for all tastes, the vulgar as well as the refined. While some passages have a delicacy that is exquisite, others are so coarse that we cannot but wish they had never been written. His writings did much for the literature of his day and for the enlightenment of the people of his time, but there are few who need them for present reading. That Chaucer was a genius, a scholar, and a pure-minded man, no one can deny; but in his productions are many things that are unprofitable, and some things that are offensive. Poets and antiquaries admire him,—the one class, for his true, poetic genius; the other, for his quaint expressions. Of all his numerous writings the “*Canterbury Tales*” are generally best appreciated and most extensively read.

31. Mandeville.—Sir John Mandeville said that he felt ashamed to lead a life of idleness as so many of the knights and nobles were doing, with scarcely a higher aim in life than to amuse themselves. He had a strong desire to benefit his country; and since most of his countrymen at that time knew so little about other parts of the world and the nations that inhabited them, he determined to travel. He visited many lands, mingling with the common people as well as with the rulers of the nations. He endured hardships, traveled on foot, studied the languages as well as the dress and manners of the people, heard their legends and their own account of themselves, returning at last, after an absence of thirty-

four years. When he reached home, but few of his friends were alive, and no one knew him. There had been great changes since he set forth on his travels. His own country had become, like the others, a strange land. But he did not relinquish his original purpose. He wrote a voluminous account of all his travels and of what he had learned during his absence. He first wrote in Latin, then in French, then in English, so that all classes might read with ease and pleasure. The superstitious narratives that had been told him in different lands were readily believed by the English people, especially such marvels as pertained to the Holy Land. From his experiences he deduced many arguments to show that the world is spherical, and not flat, as had been supposed. Among other evidences, he brought forward the fact (now so well known) that, as he traveled southward, the north star disappeared from the heavens, and the southern cross arose above the horizon at the south; that when he traveled northward again, the southern cross sank from sight, and the north star was seen again in its usual place. This theory concerning the sphericity of the earth no one would believe. Then, as now, truth seemed stranger than fiction. Doubts have been cast on the genuineness of Mandeville's work. This need not disturb us: many are trying to make us believe that Shakespeare was not the author of his plays. In the words of the International Encyclopedia, "Several of his [Mandeville's] statements, once regarded as improbable, have since been verified;" and again, "His book is written in a very interesting manner, was long exceedingly popular, and was translated into many languages."

Such a work, though imperfect in many parts, could hardly fail to broaden the minds of the majority of English readers.

32. The Literature of the Period Adapted to the Needs of the People.—The fourteenth century was a time of general awakening of thought, and there were many able and interesting writers. In this brief outline the aim will be to represent each period by the best it produced. Langland, Wycliffe, Chaucer, and Mandeville were the representative authors of the century. Gower was an able writer, but his works were in Latin. The chief object in presenting these men and their productions is to show by what means the English people and literature were advanced. It is safe to say that the greater part of the people of England could not read at the beginning of this century. One cause of this ignorance was that they had nothing to read, or nothing that they cared to read. It would almost seem that the varied gifts and productions that have been noticed in this chapter were providential. People who were religiously inclined would delight in the works of Wycliffe and his fellow laborers. Those who were eager to learn about other people and other lands would embrace with avidity the strange accounts given by Mandeville. Those who sought for amusement, and who read for a pastime, would find their wants met by the tales of Chaucer. Thus it was that the tastes and desires of all classes of people were satisfied. Reading became more general, knowledge was diffused, the language was greatly improved, and intellectual activity was stimulated.

CHAPTER FIVE.

FROM WYCLIFFE AND CHAUCER TO MILTON.

33. Length of the Period.— This period covers a little more than two hundred years,— from the death of Chaucer in 1400 to that of Shakespeare in 1616. The representative writers of the fourteenth century were, as we have seen, Mandeville, the traveler; Chaucer, the poet; and Wycliffe, the defender of truth and translator of the Bible. Of these men, Chaucer was the greatest genius; Wycliffe, the most successful philanthropist. The one wrote to please the people and throw a genial light upon the monotony of their life; the other, to right their wrongs and enlighten their consciences.

For nearly two centuries after the writings of these men appeared, there was a dearth of anything that could claim pre-eminent merit. Yet there does not seem to have been, during this interim, a lack of activity in the English mind, or of fairly good writers. None of these writers, however, gave evidence of great genius, or produced anything which had a marked influence upon the thought and literature of the age. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, the flowers of poesy burst forth again with added beauty and unwonted profusion. The rapid appearing of literary productions of the highest class was like the blooming of the century-plant, which has for a hundred years been gathering force for a supreme effort.

34. Men of the Period.—The prominent actors during this period were many. But the work of a few may indicate sufficiently well for our present purpose the work of all. Among the representative men of this period were Caxton, the printer; Tyndale, the translator; Spenser, the allegorical poet; Shakespeare, the dramatist; Bacon, the philosopher; and Hooker, the theologian.

35. Language Improving in Euphony.—The writings of Chaucer were much more euphonious than anything which had been hitherto produced. Just before his time, there had been a remarkable awakening of genius in Italy. The writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio had raised the Italian literature above that of any other language. The Italian people were showing their love of freedom by their efforts at independence, and their refined taste by their advances in architecture and other works of art. A similar awakening was felt to a greater or less extent throughout Europe. Chaucer was acquainted with the Italian poets, and their influence can be detected in his verse. The English poets that succeeded Chaucer were devoted admirers of his style, and imitated him; but they, also, felt the direct effects of Italian refinement, and thus poetry steadily improved in ease and grace of expression.

36. The Printing-Press.—The art of printing was invented and carried into effect on the Continent about the middle of the fifteenth century. The first printing in England was done by William Caxton, who set up his press and printed his first book in 1474.

During the next sixteen or seventeen years, he printed sixty-four books, mostly in English, though some of them were translations. Many of the translations were made by Caxton himself. It is easy to see that the use of the printing-press would give a remarkable impetus to literary production, and that by this speedy method of multiplying copies of books, they would be much more widely disseminated among the people; that reading would become more general; and that this freer interchange of ideas would stimulate thought and action throughout the kingdom.

37. Translations.—Translations were also encouraged by the use of the printing-press. Printed copies of the Latin version of the Bible—the one known as the Vulgate—were greatly multiplied, as many as eighty editions being turned out in less than forty years. There was then a very wide-spread effort to correct the errors found in that version, and to produce other versions that should be more true to the original text in which the Bible had been written. But all this did not give the Scriptures to the millions of people who could not read Latin. In order to meet this great need of the common people, men of piety and learning set to work to translate the Bible into their native languages.

38. Tyndale and Luther.—Among the most successful of these translators were Martin Luther and William Tyndale. Their translations were printed about the same time,—Luther's in German, and Tyndale's in English. Luther is known the world over as

the Great Reformer ; but Tyndale was as earnest a reformer as Luther or any other man could be.

At this time, Henry VIII reigned in England. Although one of the coarsest and most corrupt of monarchs, he made a great show of religious zeal, doing all he could to aid the priesthood in tyrannizing over the consciences of men. When it was known that Tyndale had begun to translate the Bible into English, he had to flee to Holland to save his life. There he continued his work ; but his persecutors did not lose sight of him. At last he was treacherously betrayed into the hands of the officers who were searching for him. After being kept a long time in prison, he was condemned as a heretic, strangled, and burned at the stake.

39. Tyndale's Translation.— A new translation of the Bible had become necessary because the language had so changed since the time of Wycliffe as to make his version almost unintelligible. Tyndale was well qualified for the important work which he undertook. He was a man of talent and learning. His translations, as well as the other writings which he produced, were remarkably pure and simple in expression. His style was clear and energetic. All critics admire the excellence of his works. Our modern version of the New Testament is substantially Tyndale's translation with modernized spelling. Scarcely any other writer has done so much to establish pure diction and terse idioms ; and when, after persecution had ceased, the Bible in these beautiful words came to be read all over England, it may be readily seen what an influence it would have upon the language of the people. The

direct and often exquisite wording of the Bible has helped to maintain the strength of English speech down to the present day, insomuch that one of our most eloquent statesmen has said that one's language can scarcely become weak as long as he is a daily reader of his Bible.

40. Sidney and Spenser.— Mainly, perhaps, through the practise of Southern poets and the fashion of Southern courts, it had come to be thought that love was the only proper theme for the poet's effusions. But during the latter part of the sixteenth century our literature was graced by the writings of two men of pure and noble character,— Sir Philip Sidney and Edmund Spenser. It was the aim of these writers to broaden the field of poetry, and elevate it above the excessive sentimentality that had stood in the way of the ennobling effects incident to true poetry. While keeping hold of the popular taste with the one hand, they pointed with the other to more substantial themes. Instead of narrowing the range of a noble sentiment to deifying the personal charms of some perishable human creature, at whose shrine all devotees must worship, they sought to exalt those virtues which endure forever.

Sidney died early ; but Spenser remained to write one of the most remarkable poems in our language.

41. Plan of Spenser's Great Poem.— His plan was to extol what he called the twelve cardinal virtues, devoting a book to each. For the defense and furtherance of each of these virtues, the Queen of Fairyland appointed a knight who was to go forth and battle

against all its foes. The poem was called the "Faerie Queen." First, there was the Red Cross Knight, the champion of *Holiness*, accompanied by Una, the representative of true *Religion*. Next comes Sir Guyon, the champion of *Temperance*, and after him Britomartis, the female champion of *Chastity*. Each of the twelve books was to be divided into twelve cantos. The plan was broad, but the author lived to complete only six books.

42. Character of the Work.—Critics vary greatly in their estimates of this poem. With reference to it, Southey says of its author, "I love him in my heart of hearts." Hallam thinks that Spenser should be ranked next to Shakespeare and Milton, among our great poets. He shows in the "Faerie Queen" a "brilliant imagination, a fertile invention, and a flowing rhythm." His motive is pure, and his language chaste. A higher aim could scarcely be conceived. The whole poem was intended as an allegory representing the efforts of a Christian to perfect his character and make his way heavenward. The name of the Faerie Queen is Gloriana, and means, when freed from the allegory, the "Glory of God." Arthur, the great prince, is the perfection of all virtues,—an emblem of a perfect man. He is the one who by power divine helps all the knights out of their troubles when they find themselves overcome by their foes and realize their own insufficiency. While some read the poem with ever-increasing delight, others find it tedious, and relinquish it after reading a few cantos. The modern reader cannot but regret that the author should have felt compelled by the prevailing

tastes of his day to call in the aid of knight-errantry, and the magic and mystery of a fairyland. The poem was written for its age, and was valuable as the greatest single production, which, up to that time, had been written in the English language.

43. Tendency to Scenic Representation.—

Spenser's "Faerie Queen" was a scenic representation of the contest between right and wrong; truth being arrayed against error, temperance against excess, chastity against lewdness, purity against corruption. This was in keeping with a tendency, long manifest, to realize abstract truth and moral principles. In order to give reality to the events of Scripture narrative, the church had employed "miracle plays," in which priests and choristers were the actors. Then followed the "moral plays," in which the virtues were, by scenic representation, exemplified as they would appear in actual exercise; but the actors were no longer confined to persons in sacred office, and it is to be feared that some of them were degenerate. Among these plays were some that required a number of successive days for their performance.

Spenser chose his own actors, took them into a land created by his own imagination, gave them an allegorical setting, and made them body forth his own ideal of a noble life.

44. The Drama.— But while Spenser's great allegorical play was complete only in his own imagination, genius and intellect were devoting their energies to the scenic exhibition of the passions. Play-writers and

play-actors were multiplied to excess, and theater-going became the leading amusement in the fashionable world at the very time when the Reformation was bearing its fruits in the religious world.

45. Influence of the Drama.—The drama dwelt upon the extremes of passion. The effort was either to freeze with terror or convulse with merriment. Everything had to be tragic or comic; at least this was the prevailing tendency. Hence the drama gave a distorted view of life. Its ideals scarcely touched the ordinary conditions and needs of society; hence it could not instruct in any proper sense. It served to amuse; but the amusement was not healthy, since it was of a nature to make the common occupations of life appear dull, and ordinary joys insipid. It created a feeling of unrest, instead of teaching how to find poetry, beauty, and enjoyment in our daily environments.

But it was on the actors that the worst effects were seen. The alternations from the intensity required in acting to the complete relaxation that followed, seemed to unbalance them. The most of them acquired habits of dissipation, lived in miserable quarters, and died under unenviable conditions.

46. Effects upon the Language.—The language was much improved in strength and versatility by the demands of the drama. The vivacity or intensity of the action, the great variety of characters to be represented, and the wide range of passions and emotions that had to be shadowed forth,—all these called for terse expression, pointed words, and an extensive vocabulary.

47. Dramatic Writers.—The dramatic writers of this period were many of them possessed of rare genius. They have been compared to a galaxy of bright stars, with Shakespeare as a central sun. These men were not generally self-seeking. Their aim seemed to be to perfect the drama, rather than to acquire fame or riches for themselves. Two or more of these writers often joined hands in writing a play; and so well did they blend their individuality and their style that critics have been unable to tell which portions of the play were written by one author, and which by the other.

Many of these play-writers were men of passion rather than principle. They had generous impulses, but lacked self-control. Others were men of good standing, great scholarship, and firm character. Shakespeare seems to have been benefited by his deep study of human nature, despite the questionable influence of a theater, with which he was in close contact for many years. He entered London a wayward youth, without money, and without influence to aid him; he retired with an honest competence, became a magistrate, and set to work to found an ancestral home for his posterity. He did not seem to value his writings enough to preserve them; but they were gathered up by others, and have been regarded by many as being among the most precious treasures of our literature. They abound in passages of the gravest wisdom, the purest motives, the most delicate appreciation of honor, the tenderest feeling, the tersest and aptest expression; but owing to the customs of the times and the practises of the stage, they contain relics of a coarseness too vulgar for

a refined taste, and unfit for indiscriminate reading. They are a most perfect mirror of human nature in all its phases, but some of those phases would better be forgotten than studied.

48. Francis Bacon.—The greatest philosopher of the period, and among the greatest of any age, was Francis Bacon. The powers of his mind seemed almost supernatural; but like Spenser he undertook more than he could accomplish, and, like him, left a great work unfinished. He set forth in the clearest manner the merits and principles of the inductive method of philosophy. He believed that truth should be derived from the study of nature, rather than from abstract reasoning, and showed how to make the study of nature profitable. Men should approach nature as humble inquirers and learners, not as seekers for something to confirm their own theories. He made many experiments himself; and taught the proper method for conducting experiments. He believed that human nature also should be learned by studying its manifestations.

He showed that philosophers, though able men, had been for hundreds of years turning their attention in the wrong direction. They had been using methods of investigation which could result in nothing but doubt and speculation. He says, "Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts, and not opinions, to reason about, and might

have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world."

In speaking of right methods of investigation, he wisely says, "It requires that we should generalize slowly, going from particular things to those which are but one step more general; from those to others of still greater extent, and so on to such as are universal. By such means, we may hope to arrive at principles, not vague and obscure, but luminous and well-defined,—such as Nature herself will not refuse to acknowledge."

If Bacon had been less in public life, he might have done more for philosophy and science; but he coveted wealth and rank as a means of making his philosophy popular. His writings have awakened thought and done much good. "He turned the attention of philosophers from speculations and disputes upon questions remote from use, and fixed it upon inquiries 'productive of works for the benefit of the life of man.'"

But we do not need to go back to them now, since all their good teachings have been retained and improved upon by more modern writers.

49. Richard Hooker.—This great and good man is said to have been "one of the most distinguished prose-writers of this period." He was great in that he possessed the meekness which characterized the Savior of men, and good in that he labored so earnestly not only to benefit his flock, but all mankind as well.

At school, Hooker was noted for his kind disposition, and for the ease with which he mastered his studies. At the university, he showed an increasing

love for his work, and achieved a marked success; and the records say that he "became much respected for modesty, prudence, and piety."

Hooker was a man of superior learning and intellect. Having taken orders, his merits as a preacher became so great that he was appointed Master of the Temple in London. Here he acquitted himself with honor; but he became weary of the strife and turmoil of the city, and begged to be removed to some quiet parsonage "where," to use his own words, "I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother-earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy."

His request was granted, and he found time, in his retirement, to write much. Although his writings were mostly on Ecclesiastical Polity, they are interesting as masterpieces of reasoning and eloquence. Mr. Hallam, who is noted as a just, as well as an able, critic, says of Hooker's language, "So stately and graceful is the march of his periods, so various the fall of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences, so grave and noble his diction, so little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom, of pedantry in his learned phrase, that I know not whether any later writer has more admirably displayed the capacities of our language, or produced passages more worthy of comparison with the splendid monuments of antiquity."

To the modern reader, many of the sentences of this grand old writer appear too long and too much involved. His reasoning, also, is very close, and requires the most attentive perusal in order to be pleas-

ant or profitable. The following short paragraph is quoted from his reasoning on "The Nature and Majesty of Law:"—

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God ; her voice, the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage ; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power ; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

CHAPTER SIX.

LITERATURE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

50. General Character.—Toward the close of the sixteenth century and at the beginning of the seventeenth, the drama monopolized the genius of the nation ; but later on, religion, metaphysics, and philosophy gained the ascendancy.

The drama lost its dignity, especially under the influence of the frivolous court of Charles II. Shakespeare and his associates tried to portray nature faithfully, but the later drama ran into extravagances. It lost sight of the nobler aims of the older drama, and at the same time exaggerated its faults. The idlers and pleasure-seekers followed the example of the court and the corrupt drama. Especially was this true after the austere rule of Cromwell had come to an end, and the monarchy was reinstated.

With the more sober-minded, however, the religious sentiment was strong, and called forth some of the grandest sermons and profoundest treatises that have ever enriched the English language. It also gave us the greatest religious epic that the world has ever known.

51. The Writers of the Period.—The authors of this period were numerous, and many of them were worthy. In poetry John Milton and John Dryden were clearly pre-eminent ; but among prose-writers it is not

so easy to choose. The names and works referred to in this chapter must be taken merely as examples given to show the trend of thought and style of language then prevailing.

52. Order of Presentation.—The prose-writings of this period are so important that they will be noticed first, especially since they better connect with the last topic of the preceding chapter.

53. Chillingworth.—Among the earliest of these writers was William Chillingworth, who died in 1644, at the age of forty-two years. Though an able man, he was so distrustful of his own judgment that he allowed himself to be persuaded to turn from a Protestant to a Catholic, and then from a Catholic, to a Protestant. When writing to a Catholic, he referred to his inconsistency of faith as follows:—

I know a man, that of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so, was convicted in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man afterward, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes than a traveler who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it.

Lord Clarendon, who was intimately acquainted with Chillingworth, says of him, that he was of so rare a temper in debate, that it was impossible to provoke him into any passion.

He became a very firm defender of the Protestant faith, and his greatest work was entitled "The Religion of the Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation." In this

work he maintains that the Scripture is the only rule to which appeal ought to be made in theological disputes, and that no church is infallible. With reference to using force in matters of conscience, he says,—

I have learned from the ancient Fathers of the church, that nothing is more against religion than to force religion; and of St. Paul [that], the weapons of the Christian warfare are not carnal. And great reason; for human violence may make men counterfeited, but cannot make them believe, and is therefore fit for nothing but to breed form without and atheism within.

In defense of the use of reason in determining one's religious belief, he uses the following words:—

But you that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow? their passions, or pluck out their eyes, and go blindfold? No, you say; you would have them follow authority. In God's name, let them; we also would have them follow authority; for it is upon the authority of universal tradition that we would have them believe Scripture. But then, as for the authority which you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it.

The following selection affords a fine illustration of irony. He is showing the folly and wickedness of dueling:—

If thy brother or thy neighbor have offered thee an injury, or an affront, forgive him? By no means; thou art utterly undone, and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How! A man's blood for an injurious, passionate speech—for a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all: that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much dis-

cretion and preparedness, as thou wouldst to the communion : after several days' respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

These brief selections will give some notion of the trend of this author's thought and of his style of composition.

54. Jeremy Taylor.—Of all the eminent religious teachers of his time, Jeremy Taylor was the most eloquent and imaginative. He may be fitly termed a prose-poet. His illustrations are profuse, and abound in figurative expressions. His imagination is so quick and fruitful, that, whichever way he turns, or whatever truth he would set forth, images crowd upon him until he can scarcely find room for them. From this cause, they often crowd upon one another in his writing until his sentences become intolerably long, and propriety and precision are made to suffer not a little. Yet he mostly deals in what is natural and familiar, giving his hearers illustrations from familiar objects of nature, such as birds, trees, flowers, morning beauties, sunset skies, running streams, placid lakes, the sweetness and innocence of childhood, the felicity of domestic peace.

His love of Nature is so great that he never forgets her, and her abundant stores are so familiar to him that he readily finds enough to draw from on all occasions. He is continually surprising his readers with new and quaint, yet beautiful, conceptions. He writes as an orator would speak; and as you peruse his writings, you do not realize that you are reading, but seem to hear him talking to you.

The few selections for which there is room here, can give but a faint idea of the versatility and richness of his style.

In speaking of domestic felicity, he says,—

No man can tell, but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.

In illustration of the progress of sin, he gives the following : —

I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighboring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger.

In giving advice concerning profitable studies, he has this paragraph : —

Spend not your time in that which profits not; for your labor and your health, your time and your studies, are very valuable; and it is a thousand pities to see a diligent and hopeful person spend himself in gathering cockle-shells and little pebbles, in tell-

ing sands upon the shores, and making garlands of useless daisies. Study that which is profitable, that which will make you useful to churches and commonwealths, that which will make you desirable and wise. Only I shall add this to you, that in learning there are variety of things as well as in religion: there is mint and cummin, and there are the weighty things of law; so there are studies more and less useful, and everything that is useful will be required in its time: and I may in this also use the words of our blessed Savior, "These things ought you to look after, and not to leave the other unregarded." But your great care is to be in the things of God and of religion, in holiness and true wisdom, remembering the saying of Origen.— That the knowledge that arises from goodness is something that is more certain and more divine than all demonstrations,— than all other learnings of the world.

55. John Milton as a Prose-Writer.— Milton, the poet, was also a powerful prose-writer. His prose productions were mostly on political subjects. He strongly advocated freedom of the press, regarding it as a good fortune for error to unmask itself, so that it might be met in open combat. He had unbounded confidence in the power of truth to defend itself. He said,—

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously (by licensing and prohibiting) to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her [Falsehood's] confuting is the best and surest suppressing.

And again,—

For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that Error uses against her [Truth's] power; give her [Truth] but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

Milton's ideas on education were thought, in his day, to be wholly impracticable; but not a few of them are now exploited as something wholly new. He believed in teaching to know *things*, as well as to know how to talk about them,—in teaching *to do*, as well as to talk about doing. In speaking of the study of languages, he says,—

Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

Yet it is said of Milton that he had mastered all the learning of his day, and it is possible that he unwittingly set the pace for others by what he himself was able to do. It is certain that his doctrine that an education should include both a knowledge of the practical things of life and an experience in them, would find a more ready acceptance now than it did in his day.

56. Sir Matthew Hale.—During the reign of Charles II, when immorality was so prevalent in high circles, “Sir Matthew Hale stands out with peculiar luster as an impartial, incorruptible, and determined administrator of justice.” He was a man of undoubted ability, was a judge for many years, and was finally raised to the high office of Chief Justice of the King’s

Bench ; yet he was plain in appearance and unassuming in manners. His language was a model of simplicity, clearness, and strength. The following extract is a small portion of a letter of advice with reference to conversation. It has been often quoted, but is such a perfect example of wise counsel and unaffected style that it will bear quoting many times more.

I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech ; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself ; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker ; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it ; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that, as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking ; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment ; weigh the sense of what you mean to

utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak ; or they speak, and then think.

57. Isaac Barrow. — Among the greatest reasoners and most eloquent preachers of his time was Isaac Barrow. He was a thorough scholar, proficient in mathematics and the natural sciences, as well as in ancient literature. He was also a traveler ; and was thus fitted both by education and by experience to take a broad view of life. His eloquence consisted in the depth and clearness of his reasoning, rather than in flights of fancy or flowers of imagination. His language is almost destitute of illustration or ornamentation, the interest of the reader being kept up by a certain richness and profusion of thought. His reasoning has an accumulative force which cannot be shown by brief extracts, but the following will enable the reader to form a notion of the style of one who has by sheer force of reasoning and plain appeal interested thoughtful readers for more than two centuries. In contrasting concord and discord he says,—

How delicious that conversation is which is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complaisance! How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others nor suspects any to be contrived against himself! And contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension,— having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret ; the heart boiling with choler, the face overclouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamor, and reproach ; the whole

frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the worst of passions! . . . How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither complaint, pain, nor clamor do ever enter; but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord; and how a condition of enmity represents the state of hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult. How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content; and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour, each other. How not only philosophy hath placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind and tranquillity of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations; but that Holy Scripture itself, in that one term of peace, most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity: so that the heavenly consort of angels, when they agree most highly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind, could not better express their sense than by saying, "Be on earth peace, and good-will among men."

In discoursing on industry, he has this paragraph:—

It is with us as with other things in nature, which by motion are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, in their luster; rest corrupting, debasing, and defiling them. If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle: if the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up, it groweth thick and putrid: if metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust: if the earth be belabored with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with brakes and thistles; and the better its soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce. All nature is upheld in its being, order, and state by constant agitation: every creature is incessantly employed in action comfortable to its designed end and use. In like manner, the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant exercise.

58. Izaak Walton.— It is not well to pass unnoticed the sweet effusions of a man who has shown more genius, and more of the spirit of a true poet, in writing a little prose book on angling, than many a rimer has shown in ponderous works of verse. The talk about angling seems to be a pretext for taking his readers to the quiet haunts of nature, and there opening their eyes to the beauties which God has created, and to his goodness toward the children of men. No man ever had a heart more open to the charms of nature, or more grateful to Him “from whom all blessings flow.” His language is simple and artless, like the man who wrote it ; but, like him, it is full of sweetness, and of a wisdom that issues from a purer fount than do the selfish maxims so common among men. It is true that some of his instructions in the art of angling savor of cruelty to the very creatures that he should love ; but this only proves him human, and we can spread the mantle of charity over these blemishes, while we enjoy the feast of pure sentiments which he has prepared for us.

Walton wrote many other works, mostly biographies of eminent men, some of whom he had personally known during his long life of ninety years. In all his writings he showed a generous spirit, a just appreciation, and a firm adherence to truth. The extracts given below give a hint of his style.

And first the Lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air ; and, having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the Blackbird and Thrassel with their melodious

voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the Laverock, the Titlark, the little Linnet, and the honest Robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to him that made that sun, and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

When I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little

living creatures, that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord:" and let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine.

59. John Bunyan.—This remarkable man was the son of a poor tinker. His educational advantages were barely sufficient to teach him how to read and write; yet he produced one of the most wonderful books ever printed. The book is known as "Pilgrim's Progress," and has been read by almost every one, having been translated into nearly every language of Europe. It was written in prison, where Bunyan was kept for about twelve years, not for any crime, except the preaching of what he believed to be the true doctrines of the Bible. While in prison, he worked industriously at making a kind of lace tags. This he was obliged to do in order to keep his wife and children from want; so he could write only a little at a time, during spare moments.

At last the work was finished. "He had no assistance. Nobody but himself saw a line till the whole was complete. He then consulted his pious friends. Some were pleased. Others were much scandalized. It was a vain story,—a mere romance about giants, and lions, and hobgoblins, and warriors, sometimes fighting with monsters, and sometimes regaled by fair ladies in stately palaces. . . . Did it become a minister of the gospel to copy the evil fashions of the world?"*

But Bunyan's purpose could not be thwarted by such opposition. The book was printed, and to quote from Macaulay again,— " 'Pilgrim's Progress' stole silently

* Macaulay.

into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained. It is probable that, during some months, the little volume circulated only among poor and obscure sectaries. But soon the irresistible charm of a book which gratified the imagination of the reader with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale ; which exercised his ingenuity by setting him to discover a multitude of curious analogies ; which interested his feelings for human beings, frail like himself, and struggling with temptations from within and from without ; which every moment drew a smile from him by some stroke of quaint yet simple pleasantry, and nevertheless left on his mind a sentiment of reverence for God, and of sympathy for man,—began to produce its effect."

Unlettered as Bunyan was, critics have been compelled to grant him a place among the foremost writers of his age. He wrote a number of books, all of them good ; but " Pilgrim's Progress " is the best. As an allegory it has never been equaled. Bunyan, though denied the advantages of schools, and the refining influence of polished society, had received the training that best fitted him for his work. He had been educated in the school of adversity. He knew the wants of the great mass of uncultured working people, and could sympathize with them from experience. His soul had been tried in the furnace of affliction. He had learned where to find the true source of strength and comfort. His Bible was so familiar to him that he could almost have produced it from memory.

If that language is most excellent which serves its purpose best, Bunyan's is pre-eminently good. Some

have called it homespun. It certainly wears well, is strong in homely Saxon words, and has all the directness of Scripture phraseology. It was the expression of a soul that loved the souls of all men. It was to the people, and for the people, and has reached the hearts of the people from that day to this. Henry Morley says that "In simple, direct phrase, with his heart in every line, he clothed in visible forms that code of religious faith and duty which an earnest mind, unguided by traditions, drew with his own simple strength out of the Bible." Many have marveled at Bunyan's gift of expression, but in the words of Thomas B. Shaw, "We must not forget the immense command which Bunyan had over the whole vast store of Scripture language and imagery. He was emphatically a man of one book, a circumstance which was of itself almost sufficient to give his mind and productions a stamp of sincerity, originality, and force. He was a man of one book, and that book was the best."

"Pilgrim's Progress" is so universally distributed among the people that any description of its theme is unnecessary, and for the same reason no extracts from it are needed to show the author's style.

60. Richard Baxter.— This able preacher and voluminous writer was a man of great earnestness and unwavering courage. He was delicate in health, and often prostrated by sickness ; yet he seemed to be almost superhuman in the amount of labor which he performed. He preached much, took the most assiduous care of several churches, lived in the most troublous times, and yet found it possible to write one hundred and sixty-eight

books, many of them works of considerable size. He says that it was the necessities constantly arising, together with the importunity of friends, that urged him to write so rapidly, and he regrets the want of time to compose more carefully. Although printed without revision, his writings are so energetic, so fearless, so earnest, that we forget blemishes in style, and even pass leniently over some of his extreme views.

His "Saints' Everlasting Rest," which is the one of all his works most read at the present time, was written during a sickness that kept him from his usual labors. The greater part of his writings were of a religious character, but he wrote a very instructive narrative of the most important events of his life and times. This book was much liked by Dr. Johnson.

Whatever errors of doctrine Baxter may have held, no one can doubt his sincerity. His honesty and truthfulness stood out in bold contrast with the dissimulation so common in his day. Coleridge said that he would almost as soon doubt the verity of the Gospels as the veracity of Baxter. The courage of the man was as remarkable as his honesty. Through persecutions, insults, fines, and imprisonments, he labored on without resentment to the end. When tried before the infamous Judge Jeffreys, for the crime of writing a paraphrase of the New Testament, he attempted to speak in self-defense; but was instantly interrupted by the judge, who said, "Richard! Richard! dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow — an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy."

BAXTER ON THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSIES.

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what fathers and schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocal, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world! Experience, since the year 1643, till this year, 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sidings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practises. And my endeavors have not been in vain, in that the ministers of the county where I lived were many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace, rather than any endeavors of mine, are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called men to love and peace, and was for no man as in the contrary way.

61. John Tillotson.—Tillotson was born in the same year as Barrow. He was not so profound a thinker nor so close a reasoner as his great contemporary, but as a preacher he was quite as popular. Though less dignified, his style was more simple than that of Barrow, and required less effort on the part of his hearers. His piety was sincere, and his sermons were full of good sense and earnestness. He came to the people where they were, instead of holding himself aloof and trying to drag them up to him. This familiarity often injured the terseness of his style, caused him to draw out his sentences to

needless length, and led him to employ illustrations that were scarcely in keeping with the solemnity of his subject.

Notwithstanding these defects, Tillotson was a charming speaker and an easy writer. His genial disposition and tolerant spirit won him many friends, and caused him bitter enemies among those who advocated severity. He was made Archbishop of Canterbury, but died three years afterward. In all his public life he put forth earnest efforts to correct abuses in the church, and to promote a feeling of good-will. His sermons were his most interesting literary productions. Of his style of composition Chambers gives the following estimate: "The style of Tillotson is frequently languid, his sentences tedious and unmusical, and his metaphors deficient in dignity; yet there is so much warmth and earnestness in his manner, such purity and clearness of expression, so entire a freedom from affectation and art, and so strong an infusion of excellent sense and amiable feeling, that in spite of all defects, these sermons must ever be valued by the admirers of practical religion and sound philosophy. Many passages might be quoted in which important truths and admonitions are conveyed with admirable force and precision."

EVIDENCE OF A CREATOR IN THE STRUCTURE OF
THE WORLD.

How often might a man, after he hath jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as to make a good discourse in prose. And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colors upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man

easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be managed, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

RESOLUTION NECESSARY IN FORSAKING VICE.

He that is deeply engaged in vice, is like a man laid fast in a bog, who by a faint and lazy struggling to get out, does but spend his strength to no purpose, and sinks himself the deeper into it: the only way is, by a resolute and vigorous effort, to spring out, if possible, at once. When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find a power in themselves which they thought they had not: like a coward driven up to a wall, who, in the extremity of distress and despair, will fight terribly, and perform wonders; or like a man lame of the gout, who, being assaulted by a present and terrible danger, forgets his disease, and will find his legs rather than lose his life.

SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

Nothing is more common, and more to be pitied, than to see with what a confident contempt and scornful pity some ill-instructed and ignorant people will lament the blindness and ignorance of those who have a thousand times more true knowledge and skill than themselves, not only in all other things, but even in the practise as well as knowledge of the Christian religion; believing those who do not relish their affected phrases and uncouth forms of speech to be ignorant of the mystery of the gospel, and utter strangers to the life and power of godliness.

62. John Milton as a Poet.—Milton's poems are too well known to need an extended description. His great epic, "Paradise Lost," is a tragic presentation of war in heaven and the fall of Satan. Up to this time it had been the custom to characterize Satan as a hideous

monster, with horns and tail, and otherwise horrible in appearance. Milton takes a truer view and represents him as an angel of light, fallen at last, to be sure; but still majestic. Some think that such an impersonation of the "father of lies" creates in the reader a mingled feeling of admiration and pity, and thus gives a wrong impression of his character.

Besides, they say that Satan is the central figure and real hero of the poem; that the young reader comes to admire him more for his daring than he detests him for his wickedness, just as he does the bold highwayman or the daring pirate whose exploits and tragic end are set forth in glowing language.

Again: they think that Milton treats the Majesty of heaven too familiarly; that he does not show proper deference for sacred things; that such subjects should be treated with reverential awe; and that the lack of such treatment may produce irreverence in some who read.

To those who raise these objections it may be said that the cure for these effects lies in a deeper study of the poem, in a better appreciation of the poet's motive, and a fuller participation in his exalted feelings.

Of Milton's noble gift of poesy no one can have a doubt. No critic would willingly detract from his just fame; but none are perfect, and it should not be thought a crime to discover defects in any human work. No one thinks that there was any conscious irreverence in the pure mind of Milton; but one who has read his prose will not find it hard to believe that there might have been an intellectual, if not a spiritual, pride so inwoven in his nature as to manifest itself unawares.

It has often been said that if Milton had never written anything but his "Hymn to the Nativity," he would still have been regarded as the greatest poet of his age. "Lycidas" is also a genuine specimen of the highest poetic art. But of all his beautiful conceptions none are more exquisitely set forth than those presented in the "Mask of Comus." In this poem more than in any other is seen the author's all-absorbing love of music. It might almost be said to be an embodiment of music.

SOLILOQUY OF COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heaven doth hold;
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Meanwhile, welcome Joy and Feast,
 Midnight Shout and Revelry,
 Topsy Dance and Jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.
 Rigor now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry quire,*
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;

*The modern spelling is *choir*,

And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
 What hath night to do with sleep?

The language of Milton is always musical, always grand ; but no wing except that of genius can sustain so lofty a flight continuously without a sense of weariness. The reader, like the first dove sent out from the ark, finds no place to rest the sole of his foot. Milton was so familiar with classic languages that he almost thought in them, translating as he went. As a result, the majority of his words are of foreign lineage, and lack the ease and familiarity given by words of native origin. In reading him continuously, one longs to put off his Sunday suit, and enjoy for a time the ease and comfort of every-day apparel. Many of Milton's sentences are so long and so complicated that before the reader gets through with one, he forgets how it began.

If thou beest he — But O how fallen ! how changed
 From him, who in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads, though bright. If he, whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
 In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest
 From what height fallen, so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder ; and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms ? yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
 Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind

And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of spirits armed,
 That durst dislike his reign ; and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
 And shook his throne.

Such a style may be pleasing to some, but to others it becomes wearisome. Many parts of his poems, however, are free from these unpleasant features.

LINES FROM COMUS : THE LADY'S DEFENSE OF CHASTITY.

I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
 In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance ; she, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance :
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and beseeeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessing would be well dispensed
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit incumbered with her store ;
 And then the giver would be better thanked,
 His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.

63. John Dryden.—Next to Milton, Dryden was the greatest poetical genius of his age. For the most part, however, his genius was degraded to the low tastes of a dissolute monarch and a corrupt court. He was not true to his noblest conceptions. With gifts that might have put his name upon the roll of honor for all time, he gave himself to the amusement of the reckless Charles II and the profligate courtiers in whose company the king delighted. He was kept almost constantly occupied in writing for the stage, and earned this unenviable reputation: "All Dryden's plays are marked with licentiousness, the vice of that age, which he fostered rather than attempted to check." *

Dryden always deplored what he falsely deemed the necessity of writing these plays, and toward the close of his life regretted the course he had taken. When Jeremy Collier wrote against the immorality of Dryden's plays, Dryden wrote in reply, "I shall say the less, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defense of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."

Dryden was a complete master of prose, as may be seen from the short quotation just given. As a satirist he scarcely has an equal. Of this gift, if gift it may be called, his "Absalom and Achitophel" is a famous

* Chambers's Cyclopedia of English Literature.

example. His poetry abounds in noble lines and exquisite passages, scattered here and there,— enough to show the capacity of the writer. In his poem of the “Hind and Panther,” the hind represents the Catholic Church,—of which Dryden was a member during the later years of his life,— while the panther represents the Church of England. The following are the opening lines :—

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
 Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged ;
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
 Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
 And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
 Aimed at her heart ; was often forced to fly,
 And doomed to death though fated not to die.

* * * *

The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind,—
 O, could her inborn stains be washed away,
 She were too good to be a beast of prey !
 How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?
 Her faults and virtues lie so mixed that she
 Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.

Here is a fragment from the poem composed in honor of Saint Cecilia’s Day. It sets forth the power which music can exert over human emotions.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

It has been said of Dryden, that though "deficient in the finer emotions of love and tenderness," he "took wide surveys of nature and mankind;" that "his bold pencil was true to nature;" and that his muse, though a "fallen angel," was yet "radiant with light." His language was genuine English. He used foreign derivatives sparingly, saying, "If too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives but to conquer them."

64. John Locke.—Locke has been called the apostle and high priest of common sense. He was a philosopher; but with him, philosophy and practise were inseparable. Everything had to be tested in the field of experiment and experience. His greatest work is the "Essay on Human Understanding." The "Essay" consists of four books. Although profound enough in thought, this work is written in the most plain and simple language. He hated scholastic jargon, and used a style that every person of ordinary intelligence could understand.

"Thoughts Concerning Education" is another valuable work produced by the same author. "Nothing can

surpass the soundness and good sense displayed in the infinite multitude of minute observations respecting the physical, moral, and intellectual treatment of children, with which this excellent treatise abounds: so numerous, indeed, are they, and so valuable, that, though few branches of science have been more sedulously cultivated, particularly of late years, than education, the best writers on the subject would seem to have done little more than complete and extend the plan laid down by Locke, whose whole work bespeaks an intense, though calm, love of truth and goodness; a quality which few have possessed more fully, or known so well how to exert, as this admirable philosopher." *

It is altogether probable that a thoughtful reader of Locke's "Essay on Education" would regard the estimate given by Mr. Shaw as more highly eulogistic than strictly just. The standard of education in the "Essay" is in many respects low, some of the motives are unworthy, the fundamental principles are not all sound, and the whole work shows the bias of the country and the age.

Locke wrote several other important works, among which was the "Essay on the Reasonableness of Christianity." He was a firm defender of civil and religious liberty, and was consequently obliged to spend much of his time in foreign countries to escape the bitter persecutions raised against him in England.

In the words of the excellent author quoted above, "It is delightful to reflect that this great writer, whose mind was so acute and so vigorous, and who devoted all his energies to the furtherance of truth and goodness,

* Shaw's "Outline of Literature."

was as amiable and venerable a man as he was an admirable author. His life was calm, happy, and laborious; and at his death (in 1704) he left behind him, in his immortal works, a monument worthy of the continuer of Bacon, and of the friend of Newton." And it may be added that the most of his works are still good reading. The brief extracts given below will show his habit of logical thinking, and the plainness of his style.

PREJUDICES.

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free, and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault, and a hindrance to knowledge. What, now, is the cure? No other but this — that every man should let alone others' prejudices, and examine his own. Nobody is convinced of his by the accusation of another; he recriminates by the same rule, and is clear. The only way to remove this great cause of ignorance and error out of the world, is for every one impartially to examine himself.

INJUDICIOUS HASTE IN STUDY.

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging.

65. Sir Isaac Newton.—Newton is supposed to have been the profoundest mathematician the world has ever produced. He loved study from a child. His teacher in mathematics was Isaac Barrow; but famous as was the teacher for his great learning, the pupil outstripped him. Newton was a very modest man, and kept some of his greatest discoveries for years before publishing them.

So far as is known, the law of gravitation was never thought of until it was revealed to the studious mind of Newton. Men now see suggestions of it in the Scriptures, but these suggestions do not seem to have been understood. What must have been Newton's feelings when this law,—the immediate power that holds the universe together,—was first suggested to him! It is said that at first he was so excited that he could not perform the mathematical operations necessary to prove his theory. But when his theory had been thoroughly tested, the establishment of the newly-discovered law was beyond contradiction.

By a long series of careful experiments with pieces of glass, which he ground into various forms, Newton made many discoveries in optics. Among these were the laws of the refrangibility of light, and its separation into rays of different colors.

It has been said that in the fields of study which Newton explored, his researches were so thorough and so far-reaching that nothing of note has been discovered in them since his day. He was also a profound student of the Bible, which he prized very highly. He wrote on the prophecies, especially on those of Daniel, and on those revealed to John in the Apocalypse.

66. Historical Writers.—The most noted historical writers of the century were Lord Clarendon (Edward Hyde) and Bishop Burnet. The former wrote a "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England," and the latter, a "History of the Reformation of the Church of England." They both wrote several other works, and Burnet was a very popular preacher. He is said to have been "emphatically an honest, generous, and good-natured man,"—one who "appealed to the God of Truth, that he had, on all occasions, in his work, told the truth." His history has the further reputation of being lively and interesting,—a book of which the reader never tires. Horace Walpole says, "It seems as if he [Burnet] had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his readers, in plain, honest terms, what he had seen and heard."

67. General Remarks on the Period.—This chapter is already longer than it was at first intended to be, yet it gives but a glimpse of the period of which it treats. The metaphysical poets,—Donne, Waller, Cowley, Davenant, Denham, etc., as well as a host of other writers, have not been mentioned; but it is not the purpose of this outline to do more than to give a general conception of the best that the period produced. Details would tend to confuse rather than to make more distinct the impression herein contemplated.

The poetry of any period is sufficient to illustrate the degree of refinement which its language and literature have attained; but there should be something to show the nation's growth in character and thought no less

than that of its esthetic culture. The bone and sinew of its literature should be studied as well as its advance in tasteful ornamentation. Hence the prose-writings of the century have been given a prominent place.

It must be borne in mind that the writings described in this chapter were produced contemporaneously, and mostly during the latter half of the century. If we remember that these poets, preachers, philosophers, scholars, statesmen, philanthropists, reformers, and historians were nearly all of them on the stage of action at the same time, and that it was a period of revolutions, of warring principles and factions, of religious persecutions and fearless martyrdoms for truth, we shall better understand what a tremendous force of mental and emotional activity was stirring the nation. We shall be prepared to feel that the strong arm of an overruling Providence must have been outstretched to preserve the nation.

The table on the opposite page will show at a glance how long the writers named in it were living and writing at the same time.

Of course the lives and works of the writers of any century merge into those of the next. For instance, we may notice Walton, Shakespeare, Newton, and others. A number of the men whose writings will be noticed in the next chapter were born in the seventeenth century. Some of them had begun to write before the eighteenth century opened. But the writers are introduced under the century when most of their writings were produced, and when they were exerting the strongest influence on the thought and language of the nation.



	Elizabeth.	James I.	Charles I.	Com.	Charles II.	as II.	Wm. III.	Anne.	Geo. I.	Geo. II.
(<i>Biography and Description.</i>)	WALTON. Lived. Wrote.	1593	1640	1683						
(<i>Religious Writers.</i>)	CHILCINGWORTH. Lived. Wrote.	1602	1637	1644						
(<i>Prose-Writers and Poets.</i>)	MILTON. Lived. Wrote.	1608	1629	1674						
(<i>Religious Writers.</i>)	TAYLOR. Lived. Wrote.	1613	1647	1667						
(<i>Theologian.</i>)	BAXTER. Lived. Wrote.	1615	1630	1691						
(<i>Religious Allegory.</i>)	BUNYAN. Lived. Wrote.	1628	1660	1688						
(<i>Scholar and Religious-Writer.</i>)	BARROW. Lived. Wrote.	1630	1660	1677						
(<i>Preacher.</i>)	TILLOTSON. Lived. Wrote.	1630	1664	1694						
(<i>Poet.</i>)	DRYDEN. Lived. Wrote.	1631	1650	1700						
(<i>Philosopher.</i>)	LOCKE. Lived. Wrote.	1632	1650	1704						
(<i>Mathematician.</i>)	NEWTON. Lived. Wrote.	1642	1665	1727						
(<i>Historian.</i>)	BURNET. Lived. Wrote.	1643	1676	1715						

CHAPTER SEVEN.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The literature of this period was abundant, and forms an interesting study. Its general scope and tendency is about all that can be considered here ; but that, it is hoped, will be sufficient to inspire the student to further investigation.

68. Its Authors.—The authors who wrote most and best during the first half of the eighteenth century were born well back in the seventeenth, and some of them had begun to write in that century.

At the opening of this eighteenth century — A. D. 1700 — Defoe was thirty-nine ; Swift, thirty-three ; Pope, thirty-two ; Steele and Addison, twenty-eight ; Watts, twenty-six ; Bolingbroke, twenty-two ; and Young, sixteen.

Following these, and for a longer or shorter period contemporary with them, were the poets — Thomson, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns ; the theologians — Butler and Edwards ; the evangelists — Whitefield and Wesley ; the historians — Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon ; Johnson, the lexicographer ; Franklin, the philosopher ; Walpole, the wit ; Burke, the orator ; and Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Smollet, the first great authors of fiction.

Other writers as gifted as these might be mentioned ; but the ones here named have been chosen with a view to setting forth, as clearly as possible, the thought and literature of the period.

69. General Character of the Literature.—

The literature of any period is greatly affected by the moral tone of the nation, and especially by the influences that prevail at court or seat of government. The austerity of the Puritans under the Commonwealth, together with their unnecessary restrictions on the innocent amusements of the people, gave place to the complete abandon of the court under Charles II. The latter state was a reaction from the former. Rigid self-denial was followed by unrestrained indulgence. Concerning either of these extremes, facts might be stated that would sadden the heart of every lover of truth and virtue. This is especially true of the perfect abandon that succeeded the rigorous rule of the Puritans. Even the genius of Dryden was prostituted to this corrupted taste.

But the same period was blessed with some of the ablest and most devoted religious teachers that have ever defended truth and held up the banner of righteousness against the hosts of error. The great body of the people, too, especially those remote from London, were not seriously affected by the vanities and licentiousness of the court and the gay butterflies that hovered about it. Sturdy yeomen and industrious mechanics worked and thought, while the aristocracy were squandering time, health, and character in a continuous round of vain amusements. This substratum of honest integ-

rity was what saved England from destruction during this period of upheavals and commotions. There was the great Rebellion in the middle of the century, and the Revolution, in 1688, which dethroned the ignominious James II, brought in William of Orange, and gave England a constitutional government. But during all this turmoil, the Reformation had been making silent progress in the hearts of honest people ; and the tree of civil and religious liberty, although often mutilated, had been extending its roots broader and deeper, thus preparing the way for a most vigorous growth.

The poetry of Dryden, with all its faults, contains grand and inspiring thoughts. His style, though at times careless, is vigorous, natural, and sometimes grand. His poetry, therefore, was not without its beneficial effects on the language.

During the first third of the eighteenth century, poetry acquired a high degree of polish. Its diction and versification bordered on perfection. But in naturalness and motive power, it was deficient. It treated largely of the frivolous gossip and affected manners of what was falsely called "high life."

The most elaborately-finished and highly-praised poem of this early part of the century was the "Rape of the Lock," which means the stealing of a lock of hair. It consisted of about seven hundred and fifty neatly-wrought lines, all about how a gentleman, having playfully clipped a lock of hair from a lady's head, refused to return it, the result being a family feud, which no persuasion on the part of friends could allay.

The deeper emotions of the soul, its genial communings with God and nature, its higher aspirations toward

the holy and heavenly,—these found no expression. Gradually, however, under the influence of such writers as Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns, poetry was brought back to its normal state. Poesy was lured from the heat and taint of artificial life in the city to dwell once more in nature's sweet solitudes.

The prose-writings of the period had a no less beneficent mission. They had a powerful influence in correcting faults and vain customs, in promoting a more rational view of life and its enjoyments, and in cultivating more correct and refined tastes.

70. The Satirists.—The gift of satire did not die out with Dryden at the close of the seventeenth century. He was followed in the beginning of the next century by three remarkable men, all of them noted for their proficiency in this somewhat doubtful accomplishment. One of them was genial, one spiteful, the other morose; but all were writers of unusual powers. Pope, the poet, was called “The Wicked Wasp of Twickenham;” Addison was a polished gentleman—a man of the world; Swift was regarded as a misanthropist.

71. Alexander Pope (1668–1744).—Of the writings of Alexander Pope, various opinions are held. By some they are greatly admired, and by others they are no doubt greatly undervalued. It is generally conceded that he was a man of an acute, though not a profound, intellect. On account of frail health and a poor constitution he never had the advantages of schools, and his private instruction was limited. He educated himself mostly by reading, in the solitude of his own room.

Without the privilege of mingling in it, he was yet a devotee of society,—a poet of the city rather than of the country or of nature. He was a severe critic, yet could not bear criticism. He spared no pains in giving his poetry the finest finish. One of the graces he introduced was that of the rimed couplet. This, though pleasant at first, becomes monotonous at length. Much of his poetry consists of trite maxims, expressed in a form so exquisite as to make them appear new. He excelled in fanciful writing; and every lover of his poetry must regret that so much genius and skill should have been wasted in the vindictive chastisement of supposed enemies, and in retaliation for imaginary insults. Few poets have furnished more apt quotations than Pope; and few, if any, have acquired so great fame with advantages so meager. Yet it must be admitted that his writings abound in worldly wisdom, rather than in generous love and sympathy for mankind.

72. Joseph Addison (1672–1729).—Addison was a miscellaneous writer, but excelled most in short essays. His poetry was dignified, but not brilliant. Only one of his plays proved a success, and that is now regarded as tame. As a satirist he is so kindly that he ridicules without giving offense. His blade is keen, but has no ragged edge. His style is easy and natural; his words, though well chosen, are not pretentious; his sentences are carefully constructed without being formal or heavy. Of all Addison's writings, his contributions to the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian* are most admired. These essays have a healthy moral tone, but their aim generally falls short of the sublime in motive.

A work on the "Evidences of the Christian Religion" was left unfinished at his death. It may be said that, on the whole, the effect of Addison's writings was uniformly good.

73. Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).— Dean Swift, as he is often called, was a man of powerful intellect. He had quick insight, especially in everything pertaining to practical life and the baser qualities of human nature. He had a keen sense of the farces played in fashionable circles, and exposed them without mercy. He depended upon ridicule rather than persuasion as a means of curing the faults and foibles of society; and whatever may be thought of the correctness of his practise, it must be admitted that his doses were not lacking in copiousness nor strength.

He wrote much, and always with vigor. His political pamphlets were a terror to the party which he opposed, and were the heavy artillery of the cause he advocated.

His poetry was deficient in tenderness, as well as in flights of fancy; but he did not aim high, and it may be fairly said that he usually reached his mark. Some of his lines have a peculiar interest on account of the strangeness of their theme.

Swift's writings would have established his claim to a high rank among authors, even if he had not written "Gulliver's Travels;" but it is on that work that his reputation chiefly rests. It is a burlesque on a grand scale,—an extended satire on the pride and vanity of fashionable life. First he visits the land of the Lilliputians, who are so insignificant in size that they, finding

him asleep, clamber on to him by the aid of tiny ladders, and scramble over him like mosquitoes. Yet the little creatures have their laws, their king and court, their ceremonies, and are as pompous as dignitaries of larger growth. Then he visits the Brobdingnagians, who are so gigantic that he—a large-sized man—is carried about as a doll in the dress pocket of a half-grown girl.

The originality of Swift's style and his terseness of expression have been much admired. "The purity of his prose style renders it a model of English composition."—*Chambers*.

"Vigor and perspicuity mark every page. There is no sign of pedantry in his style; every sentence is homely and rugged and strong. His vocabulary is thoroughly Saxon, and the variety of English idioms used in expressing his thought is greater than can be found in any other writer of his age."—*Backus*.

74. Richard Steele (1672–1745).—Steele was the friend and schoolmate of Addison. He had an impulsive, but a generous, disposition. He was active and enterprising, devoting his energies to reforms, which were much needed at that time. As one means of securing his end, he started a little tri-weekly paper called the *Tatler*. It was insignificant in size; but each sheet contained, besides the news, an essay, written in a pleasant style, and touching good-naturedly upon some needed reform. The *Tatler* became popular at once, had a large circulation for those times, and exercised a healthful influence. In less than two years, Steele having met with some reverses, the *Tatler* had to be discontinued. But with his accustomed irrepressible

energy, he soon started another paper called the *Spectator*. This sheet was issued six times a week. To these periodicals Steele and Addison contributed the best fruits of their genius, and they were assisted more or less by Swift and others. Steele wrote a number of plays, many of them successful; but in all of them he showed the same motive that prompted him in publishing the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. He used his utmost endeavor to show the folly of dueling and many other evil practises that were a disgrace to an enlightened people.

It was no mercenary motive that prompted Steele in his efforts to furnish cheap and pleasant reading. Of the need of such efforts we may form some conception when told that "fine ladies actually prided themselves on their ignorance of spelling, and any allusion to books was scouted as pedantry."

"As an essayist, Steele is remarkable for the vivacity and ease of his composition. He tried all subjects; was a humorist, a satirist, a critic, and a story-teller. His 'Inkle and Yarico' and other tales in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* are exquisite for their simple pathos. His pictures of life and society have the stamp of reality. They are often imperfectly finished, and present trivial and incongruous details; but they abound in inimitable touches. His elevated conception of the female character has justly been remarked as distinguishing him from most writers of his age."—*Chambers*.

75. Daniel Defoe (1661–1731).—Defoe is said to have been the author of two hundred and fifty-four separate publications. He was a man of almost unparalleled

courage and energy. He was born poor, but acquired a good education, was active in business, accumulated something of a fortune, lost it by reverses, wrote political essays, pamphlets, satires, was often imprisoned and severely fined on account of his liberal and independent views, but was cheerful and good-natured through it all. When placed in the pillory on account of something he had written, he forthwith composed an "Ode to the Pillory." He suggested the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and while in prison conducted a tri-weekly paper, called *The Review*. He was sent by the government to Scotland to negotiate a union of that country with England. As soon as this great political negotiation was accomplished, he wrote a history of it. When nearly sixty years old, he was stricken with apoplexy, and it was supposed that his literary career was ended. But it was after this that he performed the crowning work of his life, writing book after book, until he earned the name of being the "founder and father of the English novel."

"Defoe is more natural even than Swift; and his style, though inferior in directness and energy, is more copious. He was strictly an original writer, with strong, clear conceptions ever rising up in his mind, which he was able to embody in language equally perspicuous and forcible."—*Chambers*.

His realistic power was so great that he was accused of forging the handwriting of Nature. Many took his description of the great plague in London as a narrative of real occurrences; and one of his works of fiction was quoted by Lord Chatham as authentic history. Of all his writings there may be left nothing now that we would

care to read ; but so great a genius could hardly be passed by in silence. If for nothing else, he will always be remembered as the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

76. Dr. Isaac Watts (1674-1748). — It has been well said that "*Isaac Watts* is a name never to be pronounced without reverence by any lover of pure Christianity, or by any well-wisher of mankind." Frail in childhood, he never became strong, and on account of ill health he was obliged to spend the last thirty-six years of his life in retirement, preaching only occasionally, and giving most of his time to study and writing.

He wrote a treatise on "Logic" and another on the "Improvement of the Mind." His other prose-writings consisted of theological works and some volumes of sermons. But he is best remembered by his beautiful hymns. As long as Christians worship in the English tongue, these hymns will be sung; and through them will this quiet scholar be remembered when the more dazzling geniuses of his day have been forgotten. Being dead, he yet speaketh; for his sweet words are syllabled by the tongue of childhood, and dwelt upon lovingly by the trembling lips of age. A roused intellect may slumber again; but he who touches the heart, sets in motion a wave that will roll on through the generations till it reaches the shores of the eternal world.

77. Lord Bolingbroke (1678-1751). — Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, was possessed of genius and originality. His style is fascinating and delightful; but his ardor is fitful, his reasoning often unsafe, and his influence not the best. He has some fine passages,

but on the whole his writings are better avoided than studied. Some specimens of his style will be found in Part Second.

78. Edward Young (1684-1765).—This peculiar writer was original and imaginative. But his imagination was somber; it delighted to wander in gloom, in the atmosphere of lurid fancies and of the grave. He has, however, produced many striking pictures of real life, and is, on the whole, much truer to nature than the artificial poets who had just preceded him. His poetry abounds in excellent passages. Yet his writings are more agreeable when read in fragments than when read continuously. His most noted work is his "Night Thoughts." This poem is much admired and quoted by some, while others shrink from it as they would from watching alone with the dead. It cannot be denied that Young has too strong a tendency to intensify and parade his own misfortunes.

79. Bishop Butler (1692-1752).—This theological writer is distinguished for his greatest work, called the "Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature." He reasons that from a close study of the works of God in nature, one is led to expect from the Author of nature a revelation showing the obligation of mankind to their Creator and their duty to one another. He holds that as there are mysteries in nature which no one can explain, so we must expect to find in Revelation some things too profound for the human understanding. His work depends for its popularity upon the talent manifested in it rather than upon its literary excellence.

80. Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758).— This eminent theological and metaphysical writer was born in Windsor, Connecticut. His whole life was an example of tenderness and devotion. His definition of true religion is much to be admired. He says, "True religion, in a great measure, consists in holy affections. A love of divine things, for the beauty and sweetness of their moral excellency, is the spring of all holy affections." So far as they coincide with this definition, the writings of this devout man are acceptable to all earnest Christians. But when he limits this happy condition to those of his own particular faith, it seems a marvel that he could not discern the inconsistency of his position. From Chambers's *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, a British publication, we quote the following estimate of this American author and preacher: "By his power of subtle argument, his religious fervor, and his peculiar doctrines respecting free-will, Edwards has obtained a high and lasting reputation. He has perhaps never been surpassed as a dialectician." And again, "He was . . . a zealous and faithful minister, and like most profound thinkers, a man of childlike simplicity of manners."

Of the temper of his mind, some estimate may be made from the following short extract taken from his writings:—

As I was walking there, and looked upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God that I know not how to express it. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything,—in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature,—which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the

moon a long time, and so in the daytime spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things ; in the meantime singing with a loud voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. I used to be a person uncommonly terrified with thunder ; and it used to strike me with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising ; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God at the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take an opportunity at such times to fix myself to view the clouds and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder.

81. Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790).— In Franklin we have an example of an American born poor, but by his own unaided efforts rising to usefulness and eminence. From a printer's devil he grew to be a statesman and diplomat. He seemed an embodiment of practical wisdom. As a printer, a philanthropist, a patriot, and a minister to foreign courts, he was an honor to his country, being equally earnest and successful in all. He was a lover of mankind and a benefactor to his race. His writings were comparatively few and exceedingly plain, yet they were pointed and full of native strength. He did not write for fame, but for the sole purpose of aiding his fellow men. In his writings he tells us that he "set a greater value on a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation." His *Poor Richard's Almanac* and the memoirs of his own life are most popular. One would not study the writings of Franklin for the sake of improving himself in literary style, unless it should be for the qualities of directness and force. They are to be studied as examples of strong common sense, as an incentive to sturdy manhood, a quickener of thought.

Franklin made valuable discoveries in science. When, by the simple means of a kite, a key, and a hempen string, he discovered the identity of lightning and electricity, he was so overcome by his feelings that he said he could willingly have died at that moment,—a striking expression from a cool-headed philosopher.

82. Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709–1784).— Few men have ever exercised so powerful and so wide-spread an influence over the language and literature of their age as did Samuel Johnson. He has been called the literary dictator, and was the founder of English lexicography. To the production of his dictionary, he gave about eight years of solid study, at the best period of his life. This was his greatest work ; but his “Lives of the Poets,” the narrative of his travels in the Hebrides, his essays in the *Rambler* and the *Idler*, his version of the Parliamentary debates, his “Rasselas,” and other productions, were valuable contributions to our literature, and abound in expressions of sound common sense, and in strong denunciations of everything licentious or immoral.

Johnson’s writings were strongly instrumental in bringing into so-called polite society a higher tone of morals and a juster appreciation of literary excellence. His poetry had many good qualities, but to raise it to the highest rank would have required a more vivid imagination than Johnson possessed. His style was too pompous and too measured to suit any but the profoundest subjects. In this respect his influence was not salutary ; since it banished, for a time, “the naked simplicity of Swift, and the graces of Addison.” His style

THE OUTLINE

...the ... He ...

... historians of ... above ... they ... were ... language ... might be

... was the first his-
... His style was
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... accuracy of state-
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86. Edward Gibbon (1737-1794) was the well-known author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." His history is a truly great work, and is written with masterly skill.

He has been accused of disparaging the Christian religion in a very artful manner, suppressing or belittling its most glorious achievements, and giving undue prominence to every blemish or stigma brought upon it by hypocrisy or fanaticism. Perhaps he should be allowed to speak for himself.

A pure and humble religion gently insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and obscurity, derived new vigor from opposition, and finally erected the triumphant banner of the Cross on the ruins of the capital.— Chap. 15 : 1.

Our curiosity is naturally prompted to inquire by what means the Christian faith obtained so remarkable a victory over the established religions of the earth. To this inquiry an obvious but satisfactory answer may be returned,— that it was owing to the convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and to the ruling providence of its great Author.— 15 : 3.

If we consider the purity of the Christian religion, the sanctity of its moral precepts, and the innocent as well as austere lives of the greater number of those who during the first ages embraced the faith of the gospel, etc.— 16 : 1.

The pure and sublime idea which they entertained of the Supreme Being, escaped the gross conception of the Pagan multitude.— 16 : 7.

The Pagan multitude, reserving their gratitude for temporal benefits alone, rejected the inestimable present of life and immortality, which was offered to mankind by Jesus of Nazareth. His

mild constancy in the midst of cruel and voluntary sufferings, his universal benevolence, and the sublime simplicity of his actions and character, were insufficient, in the opinion of those carnal men, to compensate for the want of fame, of empire, and of success; and while they refused to acknowledge his stupendous triumph over the powers of darkness and of the grave, they misrepresented, or they insulted the equivocal birth, wandering life, and ignominious death, of the divine Author of Christianity.— 16 : 8.

The pure and simple maxims of the gospel.

The faith which is not founded on revelation, must remain destitute of any firm assurance.— 23 : 5.

These extracts are a sufficient endorsement of the Christian faith. Gibbon's disbelief in the natural immortality of the soul may have been one cause of the complaints against him. His shafts do not seem to have been directed against true religion, but against its counterfeit,—the men and institutions that took the name of Christ, but had a spirit wholly at variance with His, as the following brief extract will show.

The zeal of the Christian sects was embittered by hatred and revenge; and in the kingdom of a suffering Messiah, who had pardoned his enemies, they aspired to command and persecute their spiritual brethren.— 57 : 17.

87. Whitefield and Wesley.— No other two men have ever exerted so strong an influence on the religious life of England as did John Wesley and George Whitefield. They were the founders of Methodism, both in England and in America. Whitefield was without a rival in pulpit eloquence and field preaching. Immense

crowds, sometimes numbering not less than twenty thousand people, gathered to listen to his wonderful discourses. When it was known that he was to preach in a place, people would come before daylight with lanterns, and wait for hours, in order to secure a place near enough to hear him. He visited America seven times, and finally died at Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Wesley also had wonderful powers of eloquence and persuasion, with the additional advantages of being a great organizer. He continued his work of traveling, preaching, and organizing till he was eighty-eight years old. He had traveled three hundred thousand miles, and preached about forty thousand sermons. He lived to see the little band of students, known as Methodists at Oxford, increase to a church numbering in the aggregate not less than eighty thousand members; and it has since increased to about eighteen millions.

The writings of Whitefield were tame when compared with his preaching. Wesley wrote much, and fairly well. It is not on account of their writings that these men have been introduced here, but because of their influence upon the thought and character of the English race, and the indirect effect thus produced upon its literature.

88. Horace Walpole (1717-1797).—This man of elegant leisure would scarcely have been known in the literary world but for his letters and memoirs. Son of the great statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, and twenty-six years a member of Parliament himself, he had rare opportunities for becoming acquainted with public men and the affairs of State. His lively correspondence threw

sidelights upon many of the maneuverings of statecraft, and at the same time afforded vivid pictures of the manners and doings of society. His letters were replete with "wit, gaiety, shrewd observation, sarcasm, censoriousness, high life, and sparkling language."

He was neither an orator nor a statesman ; but he was a shrewd observer, and amused himself by recording, in secret, his opinions of his contemporaries, and the impressions which they made upon him.

Walpole's chief writings were his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," "Anecdotes of Painting in England," "Castle of Otranto," "Historic Doubts" as to the character and person of Richard III, and "Memoirs of the Court of George II." He was acute rather than profound ; but the animation of his style and his ingenious modes of expression make his works amusing, if not entertaining.

89. Edmund Burke (1729-1797).—Burke, one of Britain's greatest orators, was born in Dublin. His public career as politician and statesman was honorable and sincere. His efforts were directed toward the removal of some existing wrong, or the preservation of some existing good. He was sagacious and far-seeing, often foretelling public events like a seer. He is regarded as the most eloquent of all writers on national affairs ; and by some he is thought to be the most philosophical of England's statesmen.

United with a philosophic turn of mind, Burke had a poetic temperament and a rich imagination that furnished him with a profusion of illustrations, drawn from every scene in creation and every field of art. These

qualities, united with his earnestness, ardor, and energy, made his speeches irresistible, even when they were at fault both in argument and expression. He wrote works on mental philosophy, but his fame rests upon his speeches and his "Reflections on the French Revolution."

90. James Thomson (1700–1748).—We will now go back to the poets. First in the attempt to restore poetry to its normal state was James Thomson, who took natural scenery as the theme of his best poems. Pope was thirty-two years older than Thomson, and had become famous before Thomson began to write. They were firm friends, and although their poetical tastes differed widely, Pope gave some valuable suggestions which Thomson gladly accepted; for he realized that he was deficient in those artistic touches which Pope knew so well how to bestow.

Thomson was an ardent lover of nature, and so sincere was he in his devotion, that it has been said that to love nature is synonymous with loving Thomson. "The Seasons" and the "Castle of Indolence" are the best works which this author produced. The first dwells upon the varying landscape and the rural life of England, as presented during the four seasons of the year. It must be a dull imagination that is not quickened by seeing how much beauty and sweetness,—how much of divine agency,—a poet's eye can discover in ordinary objects. He teaches the truthfulness of the gifted Russian's remark, that the less one knows, the greater is the contempt he feels for the associations and occupations of common life.

The "Castle of Indolence" is more highly imaginative, and more elegant in finish than "The Seasons," but it scarcely brings us so near the great heart of Him who has given us the objects and operations of nature as a means of cultivating pure tastes and a healthy tone of character.

91. Thomas Gray (1716-1771).—The "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" would have made Gray famous, even if he had written nothing else; indeed, he is admired chiefly for that production rather than for his odes or any of his other more stately pieces. The "Elegy" is simple, natural, and easily understood by all. It appeals to every human heart, while his more pompous and classic poems are appreciated only by the few. It is the *universality* of the "Elegy" that makes it great,—makes it a part of real literature. In this poem the author exemplifies the principle he once expressed in a letter to a friend. He says, "As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to be made the subject." We are not surprised, then, to find some sentiment or reflection growing out of his descriptions. He tells us not only what he sees, but also what the scene suggests to him; thus pleasing and instructing at the same time.

92. William Collins (1721-1759).—Collins was a poet of refined tastes and a vivid imagination. Like Gray, he wrote but little; yet he wrote that little well. When sad, and almost wrecked by misfortunes and discouragements, he was met by Johnson, who noticed

that in his travels he was carrying the New Testament. In reply to Johnson's look of surprise, Collins said, "I have but one book, but it is the best." His poetry abounds in figures; but the figures are appropriate and readily interpreted. His "Ode to the Passions," and the one on "Evening" are among his best. The few lines that follow may serve to illustrate the purity and lucidity, but not the boldest imagery of his composition.

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

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

93. Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774).— Among the most prolific and most versatile writers of the century was Oliver Goldsmith. He was poet, naturalist, historian, biographer, essayist, dramatist, story-teller, moralist; and in all was equally successful. Eminent critics give him the credit of writing the best poem, the best novel, and one of the most delightful comedies of the period. Of his style, it is said that, "Nothing could be more natural, simple, and graceful." Indeed the charm of his writings lies, to a great extent, in this

fascination of style. At one time Dr. Johnson said of him, "He is now writing a natural history, and will make it as agreeable as a Persian tale."

For the periodicals of the day he wrote one hundred and twenty-two "Chinese Letters," as they were called. They have since been published under the title of a "Citizen of the World." Most of them purport to be written by a Chinese traveler in Europe to his friends in the far East. Thus Goldsmith finds opportunity to exercise his wit and good-natured satire against the foibles and inconsistencies of European customs, principles, and manners.

The "Traveler," the "Deserted Village," the "Hermit," and "Retaliation" are the most admired of his poems. Of the "Traveler" it was said that it was "without one bad line." By most readers the "Deserted Village" is liked even better than the "Traveler." The "Hermit" is one of the most simple as well as one of the most touching poems ever written. The "Retaliation" is a fine example of keen satire free from hate or ill-will.

Of the "Vicar of Wakefield," one of his best prose productions, critics speak in terms of the highest praise. They say that the diction is "chaste, correct, and elegant;" and that it "inculcates the purest lessons of morality and virtue."

With all these rare gifts, Goldsmith was lamentably deficient in powers of conversation, in prudence, and sometimes in self-restraint. He was generous to a fault, and had warm friends among the best and wisest of men; but with their love they were forced to mingle pity that one with so sound a head and so good a heart

should not be able to take better care of himself. Goldsmith's influence upon the literature of the day was salutary. By its perfect naturalness it did much to aid in redeeming literature from an artificial, vapid style, and in bringing it back to a normal condition.

94. Dr. Beattie (1735-1803).—James Beattie was a Scotch schoolmaster, who, when introduced to the king, fêted and flattered by great wits and scholars, urged by the dignitaries of the Church of England to take orders, and promised other high preferments, declined all honors, and returned to his humble labors. And what had he done to merit such attentions?—He had written an “*Essay on Truth*,” without any thought of making himself famous, but simply to defend the Scottish church against the bold skepticism of Hume, the historian.

Neither the gift of expression nor the intellectual powers of Beattie were equal to those of Hume; but his pious intentions, warm enthusiasm, and poetic imagery won him many readers. The work was extravagantly praised, and enjoyed for some time a popularity greater than its real literary merits deserved.

Beattie was more at home in poetry than in philosophical argument. His best poem is “*The Minstrel*.” It can scarcely rank among great poems; but it seems as fresh to-day as when it was written,—an unmistakable proof of its universality and genuineness. The author's personality is traceable throughout the poem, for his “gentle, fervent spirit breathes in every line.” The modest simplicity of his unpretentious language is shown in the extract that follows.

IMPARTING TO A BOY THE FIRST IDEA OF A SUPREME BEING.

He had reached his fifth (or sixth) year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little ; but had received no particular information with respect to the author of his being, because I thought he could not yet understand such information, and because I had learned, from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mold, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name, and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it ; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. "Yes," said I carelessly, on coming to the place ; "I see it is so ; but there is nothing in this worth notice ; it is a mere chance ;" and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness : "It cannot be mere chance ; somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it." I pretend not to give his words or my own, for I have forgotten both ; but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood. "So you think," I said, "that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance ?" "Yes," said he with firmness, "I think so." "Look at yourself," I replied, "and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs ; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you ?" He said they were. "Came you then hither," said I, "by chance ?" "No," he answered ; "that cannot be ; something must have made me." "And who is that something ?" I asked. I had now gained the point I aimed at ; and saw that his reason taught him — though he could not so express it — that what begins to be, must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity must have had an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world, concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend.

95. William Cowper (1731-1800).— Cowper was of noble lineage. His sensibilities were so delicate as to be easily jarred. At school he suffered much from the rudeness of coarse natures. Even in manhood he shrank from public life, and declined every position that could bring him in contact with contentious factions or ambitious rivals. Greed for gold, the longing for fame, the struggle for position,— all these seemed deplorable weaknesses to him, and he looked upon them with a feeling akin to contempt. His love of natural scenery, of animals, and of domestic enjoyments is manifest in all his writings.

From his retirement, Cowper looked out upon the mad strivings of the world, not with the eye of a cynic, nor the cold look of a philosopher, but with sad regrets that men should waste their energies in the pursuit of things, which, if obtained, would prove as unsatisfying as the apples of Sodom. As a moralist, he was faithful, yet not stern. As a satirist, he was keen without being bitter. Those who look upon his writings as the productions of a disordered mind, or the morbid effusions of a hypochondriac, should compare his sentiments with those expressed in the New Testament. It would be hard to find in all the annals of literature a writer whose views are so wholly in keeping with the teachings of the lowly Nazarene.

Although averse to the so-called scheming of statesmen, Cowper was a genuine patriot. Few men have so strong a love for country, or so warm a sympathy with the afflicted or oppressed. In language, Cowper had the rare gift of adaptation, suiting his words to the theme, and to the mood he meant to produce; and this

of the "poet" is an "express-
ion of the inner life," and later
in the same paragraph he
says:

"The poet's nature,
like that of the man by
whom he is made:—
the poet's nature, but
the man's nature, but
the man's nature daily
enriched by the com-
plications of seri-
ousness in his
life, and of affec-
tion in his love. We have all
of this in Spenser,
and the paper is a
good deal of it may some-
times be of attractive
beauty, and purity of
color, but it overflows, overflow
with the level."

Spenser Burns came
to the world with Cowper, in
the same year and nature.
The 'Fask' and
the 'Fask' is as literal as
the 'Fask' is described as faith-
ful to the 'Fask' of human life
and is 'Fask' moralized." "His
Fask is 'Fask'. So quick and
Fask he was easily stirred into

lyrical melody by whatever was good and beautiful in nature. Not a bird sang in a bush, nor a burn glanced in the sun, but it was eloquence and music to his ear." "The arch humor, gaiety, simplicity, and genuine feeling of his original song, will be felt as long as 'rivers roll and woods are green.' They breathe the natural character and spirit of the country. . . . Wherever the words are chanted, a picture is presented to the mind; and whether the tone be plaintive and sad, or joyous and exciting, one overpowering feeling takes possession of the imagination. The susceptibility of the poet inspired him with real emotions and passions, and his genius reproduced them with the glowing warmth and truth of nature." "No poet is more picturesque in expression. This was the result equally of accurate observation, careful study, and strong feeling. His energy and truth stamp the highest value on his writings."—*Chambers*.

Of Burns, Mr. Taine says, "At last, after so many years, we escape from measured declamation,—we hear a man's voice, and what is better still, we forget the voice in the emotion which it expresses,—we feel this emotion reflected in ourselves, we enter into relations with the soul."

Such words of praise seem extravagant, yet they are undoubtedly sincere. Burns, at his best, is a charming poet. Morley says of him that Nature made him greatest among lyric poets. Such of his poems as "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Mountain Daisy," "The Mouse's Nest," and others that might be named, claim the unhesitating admiration of all who can appreciate true poetic sentiment. Some of his poems are less happy in their subjects, and less chaste in their allusions. The

irregularity of the poet's character and course in life cannot but sadden the hearts even of those who delight in his poetry. A man who was less susceptible to every influence and whose passions were less intense might have resisted the temptations which overcame Burns, but he could never have put into words such exquisite delicacy of sentiment and feeling. Burns had a noble, generous spirit, and sincerely mourned his own lapses in conduct. In one of his letters he says,—

I have been this morning taking a peep through, as Young says, "the dark postern of time long elapsed;" and you will easily guess 't was a rueful prospect: what a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple; what strength, what proportion, in some parts, what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins, in others. I kneeled down before the Father of Mercies, and said: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." I rose eased and strengthened. I despise the superstition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man.

In another letter he comments upon the peculiar impressions made upon sensitive minds by some ordinary scenes in nature. In speaking of himself, he says,—

I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I

own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities,—a God that made all things, . . . and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.

97. Fiction-Writers.—The leading fiction-writers of the century were Daniel Defoe, Samuel Richardson, Laurence Sterne, Tobias George Smollet, and Henry Fielding. Defoe has already been noticed. Although they were eagerly devoured a century and a half ago, there are now but few who would care to take time to read “Captain Singleton,” “Clarissa Harlowe,” “Tom Jones,” “Humphrey Clinker,” or “Tristram Shandy.” But the writings of these men have a value in that they enable one who is studying the progress of civilization to understand the manners and customs which then prevailed in the middle and lower ranks of society,—classes which the historian too often overlooks. There were in these fictions many touches of genius, some true character-painting, and many genuine croppings-out of those peculiarities of human nature that are much the same in all ages of the world. It is also true that these authors aided in giving language a more easy and natural flow.

With all due credit to their genius, and their usefulness in their day; it must be said that, for the most part, they keep their readers too much in the company of coarse characters, seeming to forget that “Evil communications corrupt good manners.” At present they are interesting to those only who wish to study them as waymarks in the development of our literature.

	Charles II.	William III.	Anne.	George I.	George II.	George III.									
	1660	70	80	90	1703	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	1800
DANIEL DEFOE, (<i>Miscellaneous Writer.</i>)	1661													1731	
JONATHAN SWIFT, (<i>Miscellaneous Writer.</i>)	1667														1745
ALEXANDER POPE, (<i>Poet.</i>)	1668														1744
RICHARD STEALE, (<i>Essayist.</i>)	1672														1729
JOSEPH ADDISON, (<i>Essayist.</i>)	1672														1719
ISAAC WATTS, (<i>Hymn Writer.</i>)	1674														1748
LORD BOLINGBROKE, (<i>Essayist.</i>)	1678														1751
EDWARD YOUNG, (<i>Poet.</i>)	1684														1765
SAM. RICHARDSON, (<i>Fiction.</i>)	1689														1761
BISHOP BUTLER, (<i>Religious Writer.</i>)	1692														1752
JAMES THOMSON, (<i>Poet.</i>)	1700														1748
JONATHAN EDWARDS, (<i>Metaphysical Writer.</i>)	1703														1758
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, (<i>Philosopher.</i>)	1706														1790

HENRY FIELDING. (<i>Fiction.</i>)	1707	1754
SAMUEL JOHNSON. (<i>Miscellaneous Writer.</i>)	1709	1784
DAVID HUME. (<i>Historian.</i>)	1711	1776
LAURENCE STERNE. (<i>Fiction.</i>)	1713	1768
GEORGE WHITEFIELD. (<i>Pulpit Orator.</i>)	1714	1770
THOMAS GRAY. (<i>Poet.</i>)	1716	1771
HORACE WALPOLE. (<i>Letters and Memoirs.</i>)	1717	1797
TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLET. (<i>Fiction</i>)	1721	1771
WILLIAM COLLINS. (<i>Poet</i>)	1721	1759
OLIVER GOLDSMITH. (<i>Miscellaneous Writer.</i>)	1728	1774
EDMUND BURKE. (<i>Orator.</i>)	1729	1797
WILLIAM COWPER. (<i>Poet.</i>)	1731	1800
JAMES BEATTIE. (<i>Religion and Poetry.</i>)	1735	1803
ROBERT BURNS. (<i>Poet.</i>)	1759	1796

CHAPTER EIGHT.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

98. Gradual Development.— The literature of the nineteenth century is not marked by any conspicuous periods or changes. Whatever development there may have been, has been gradual rather than periodic. This is especially true of the last fifty or sixty years. For this reason our outline of the history of English language and literature is near its close. The literary products of this century may be of greater value to us than those of all the centuries that have preceded it; but the influences that have been at work are general rather than particular, and are therefore not easily traced to their source.

99. Dissemination.— There has been a wide dissemination of gifts. The century has given us some writers, it is true, whose genius has raised them above their contemporaries; but in the main it may be said that our literary wealth lies in the excellent contributions of the many rather than in the dazzling productions of the few. The history of literature is like that of the race. At first it has its giants,—its chiefs, on whose prowess rests the result of every issue; but as civilization advances, it comes to depend more and more on the intelligence, the united loyalty to truth, of the great brotherhood of mankind.

100. The Lake Poets.— Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are called the Lake Poets, or the Poets of the Lake School. They were closely associated in their lives and in their writings, especially Wordsworth and Coleridge, who dwelt near Lake Windermere, in Westmoreland, and sometimes assisted each other.

Wordsworth was the leading spirit, and held to the theory that any subject might be made poetical, and that the ordinary expressions of every-day life were wholly adequate to the requirements of poetic diction. This extreme view was a reaction from the stilted and artificial forms so much affected and admired in the preceding century. Time and experience, however, modified both his views and his practise, until he and his associates exerted a strong influence toward weaning the public taste from exaggerated and false ideals of character and emotion.

101. William Wordsworth (1770–1850) is one of the best of our modern English poets. His great theme was the influence of nature upon the character of men. He has been called a worshiper of nature, but he worshiped her only as an expression of the character of God. He looked upon nature as a means by which God would communicate with mankind. Some of his poetry seems almost unworthy of so great a mind. In many passages his meaning is obscure to inexperienced readers. He is one of those poets whom we learn to love more and more as we become better acquainted with them. Some of his shorter poems are beautiful in their simplicity. His greatest poem is "The Excursion." It seems unnecessarily drawn out,

and yet it is only a fragment of what he intended to complete if his eighty years of almost uninterrupted leisure had been long enough for the purpose.

The following estimate of "The Excursion" is found in Chambers's Cyclopaedia:— "In 1814 appeared 'The Excursion,' a philosophical poem in blank verse, by far the noblest production of the author, and containing passages of sentiment, description, and pure eloquence not excelled by any living poet; while its spirit of enlightened humanity and Christian benevolence— extending over all ranks of sentient and animated being— imparts to the poem a peculiarly sacred and elevated character."

102. Samuel T. Coleridge (1772–1834) was a man of varied and versatile accomplishments. He wrote on politics and metaphysics, is described as a most charming preacher, and as a generous critic of character and composition has had few equals. Instead of degrading a man and his productions, he left them the better for the handling. He was magnanimous enough to treat an error kindly, and to show a warm appreciation of every excellence.

In conversation and in public speaking, he was clear, concise, and highly entertaining, showing no hesitation in setting forth the most abstruse reasoning; but in writing, especially in his poems, he is often obscure. He had an active imagination, but had a tendency to leave a conception, or even an entire poem, unfinished. "The Ancient Mariner" is thought to be his best poem. "Christabel" is replete with weird fancies, but the meaning and motive are uncertain, at least they are

so to most readers. As a man, Coleridge loved truth, freedom, nature, mankind, and God; and his writings, when rightly understood, are characteristic of their author.

103. Robert Southey (1774–1843) was a voluminous writer and a profound student of books. Had he studied books less, and men more; had he taken a more active part in the affairs of life, his writings would have been better adapted to the needs of humanity. His prose style is good, and many of his shorter poems are excellent. In his long poems we find those extravagances which seemed to be a part of his character. In them he gives free flight to his imagination, painting pictures, which, though not lacking in originality or splendor, are too gorgeous for earth, but not pure enough for heaven. All through life he took extreme views, never quite losing the character which his uncle gave him, who declared that he had every good quality which a young man needed, except prudence and common sense. Notwithstanding his own inconsistencies, Southey's judgment on other men's writings is held in high respect. His detestation of war and oppression is strongly set forth in some of his poems, and it is to be regretted that such sentiments are not more universal.

104. Sir Walter Scott (1728–1832).—Scott was one of the most prolific, as well as one of the most popular, of authors. He has been called the "Great Magician of the North," so captivating were his writings to nearly all classes of readers. As a story-teller he has scarcely an equal. On being asked his opinion of one

of Scott's books, Lord Holland said, "Opinion! we did not one of us go to bed last night—nothing slept but my gout." Fourteen hundred thousand volumes of his works were sold in France alone. They were entertaining without being vulgar; dignified without being dull. Most of them pertained to feudal times and the border wars between England and Scotland. The author himself was an honest, hearty, genial Scotchman, noted for his hospitality and kindness, and beloved by all his neighbors and contemporaries.

Scott's poems have made the scenery of Scotland famous for all time. A distinguishing feature of his verse is its freedom from complications. Prose itself is not more easy of interpretation. A reader not familiar with poetic forms can understand him without difficulty; yet his lines are far from being prosy. They have an unpretending beauty that wins upon the reader more and more. They are sometimes comprehensive, as when he recounts, in four short lines, the experiences and misfortunes of a long day's hunt.

This morning, with Lord Moray's train,
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here.

The greater part of Scott's prose was hastily and often carelessly written. Its rhetorical improprieties are frequent, and his long, badly-arranged sentences would become tiresome if it were not for the absorbing interest of his theme. The reading of his poetry has a tendency to simplify and improve one's literary style,

but it is hard to say as much for his prose. His writings have a good moral tone, and tend to promote a sense of honor, and a manly dignity of character.

105. Lord Byron (George Gordon) (1788–1824). — Byron was one of the most gifted of poets. When his productions began to appear, they startled the world. Scott, on being asked why he did not write any more poems, said, “Byron beats me.” The ease, gracefulness, and power, with which he wrote, seemed marvelous. His dignity and naturalness of style can hardly be overpraised; and few have portrayed scenes and character so vividly. But running through nearly all his poems, is a morbid self-consciousness, painful to some readers and injurious to others. He had a way of parading his own unhealthy and misanthropic reflections, of posing as the martyr of an unpropitious fate,—the victim of unprecedented woes. In truth, his loneliness arose from the haughtiness of his pride, his sorrows from the thwarting of an ungoverned will. He plucked the rose, then cursed the fates because it withered in his hand. His unhappiness was, without doubt, real, and moves us to pity, even while we censure him.

Some of his writings contain allusions unfit for perusal, and unworthy the mind of a poet. When he chose a right theme, no one could write better. Most of his shorter poems are excellent, as well as considerable portions of his longer productions. Here and there are passages that shine with a luster all their own. As a whole, however, the writings of this great genius are unsafe reading for youth, and unprofitable at any time of life.

106. Charles Lamb (1775-1834).—The writings of this peculiar and very original author are much admired by poets and other men of genius. He imparts a certain grace and beauty to the most common objects, because he sees in them so many interesting features undiscovered by others until pointed out by him. He was a close observer. Nothing escaped his notice. Thus he perceived relations, and received suggestions, which, when told in his quaint way, interested as much by their novelty as by their genuineness. A critic has said that one reason why Lamb wrote so charmingly was because he wrote directly from his own feelings. He did not have to go far for his subjects: he found them in the common walks of life. When placed in the alembic of his mind, ordinary objects, scenes, and events showed qualities, and assumed properties, unknown before. Though of a poetical temperament, his prose is more delightful than his verse. Condemned for the most part to live a solitary life, he yet wrote for children in a very interesting style. He was acquainted with the Lake Poets, was on intimate terms with Coleridge, and was highly prized by a choice circle of friends.

107. Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822).—Although Shelley was a skeptic, so great a poet cannot be passed by unnoticed. His poetical genius was of the highest order. Macaulay ranked his gifts among those of the "great ancient masters." He had an exalted idea of the poetical art. In one of his essays he says, "Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds."

But Shelley's flights of fancy are too ethereal for general reading. To most minds a great share of his poetry seems vague and intangible. It is like a dissolving view,—brilliant, but evanescent. Yet the beauty of his style was such that, next to Wordsworth, he is thought to have had the greatest influence on the poets who immediately succeeded those of his time. As a man, he was temperate in habits, gentle, affectionate, and generous in his disposition, sincere in his opinions, and benevolent in his intentions. He was driven into skepticism by the injustice and cruelty practised upon him at school, and countenanced—or at least allowed—by those who made a high profession of Christianity. His writings contain lofty conceptions of purity and beauty; but while we love the spirit of one who held such kindly feelings to all mankind, we must admit that his misconceptions of truth have marred his poetry in some parts, and made it advisable to read only judicious selections from his works.

108. John Keats (1795–1821).—This promising young poet died before he was twenty-six years of age. He died of consumption; but his death was undoubtedly hastened by the unjust and cruel criticisms on his longest poem—"Endymion." The contemptuous tone of an article in *The Quarterly Review* was what affected young Keats so seriously. Viewed in the light of the present day, it is the criticism itself that appears contemptible.

There is in parts of "Endymion" a vagueness and a want of sequence; the ornamentation is sometimes profuse, if not extravagant; there may be passages too

intense ; but, taken as a whole, it leaves a delightful impression. It seems almost incredible that one so young could write so well. The reader who cannot discover the pulse-beats of poetical genius in the lines of Keats, is certainly not to be envied.

In the unfinished poem "Hyperion" are grander passages and stronger imagery than can be found in "Endymion." Byron regarded it as sublime.

One thing, however, is a source of constant regret,—that so many of these poets should have wasted their heaven-born gifts on subjects so unworthy. Why should they, or we, worship at the shrine of those old myths and fables—the dim shadows of a twilight age—when so much grander themes present themselves in the clearer light of the present, and in our contemplation of the future? Why should we forever be turning our eyes backward? There are grander issues before us than can be found in the dusky records of the past. The airy castles which fancy builds upon foundations of obscurity and mystery may create a wide-eyed wonder in children, or serve to soothe the restless pulse of an overworked brain; but they should not absorb the working hours, or divert the thought, of a vigorous mind.

109. Bishop Heber (1783–1826).—Dr. Reginald Heber was cut off by death at the age of forty-two. Although he was a scholar and a poet, he did not devote his life to literary pursuits. His missionary spirit was so ardent that he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta. He devoted all his energies to the task before him, but did not long endure his labors. He was found one morning dead in his bath, from a stroke of apoplexy.

Before leaving school he wrote prize poems, and one of them, "Palestine," is considered the best ever produced at his university. His sentiments will live forever in the well-known missionary hymn beginning with—

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand.

The following lines are from his poem on Palestine:—

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy palace, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry luster fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force and meager Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

110. Charles Wolfe (1791–1823).—Wolfe was born in Dublin. Though a humble curate, and not a professional poet, he made himself forever famous by one short poem of only thirty-two lines. He probably did not dream that he was doing anything great; but, to use the words of an able critic, the lines are written "with such taste, pathos, and even sublimity, that his poem has obtained an imperishable place in our literature."

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
 But we left him alone with his glory !

111. Mrs. Hemans (1793–1835).—Felicia Dorothea Browne wrote much, and was highly praised. She indeed wrote many touching and beautiful things, but, as Sir Walter Scott said, there were too many flowers for the fruit ; too much for the ear and fancy, and not enough for the heart and intellect.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
 They filled one home with glee ;
 Their graves are severed, far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight —
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
 By a dark stream is laid ;
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea,— the blue lone sea,—hath one ;
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are dressed
 Above the noble slain :
 He wrapped his colors round his breast,
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers —
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree, —
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee !

They that with smile lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth, —
 Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
 And nought beyond, O earth !

112. William Hazlitt (1778–1830).— Hazlitt was one of the most prolific miscellaneous writers of the early part of the century. He wrote on metaphysical subjects, produced a “Life of Napoleon,” and furnished notes of travel ; but he is most noted as a literary critic. He possessed undoubted ability, and his style is fresh, if not brilliant. He was, however, too much affected by prejudices. Perplexities and opposition warped his judgment. As a consequence, his opinions, though clearly expressed, are not always reliable.

113. Henry Hallam (1778–1859).— Hallam was pre-eminently a historian, whether writing on literature, civilization, or the affairs of State. His works are remarkable for candor and accuracy. Lord Macaulay, a contemporary historian, says, “Mr. Hallam is, on the whole, far better qualified than any other writer of our time for the office which he has undertaken. He has great industry and great acuteness. His knowledge is

extensive, varied, and profound. His mind is equally distinguished by the amplitude of its grasp, and by the delicacy of its tact. . . . His work is eminently judicial. The whole spirit is that of the bench, not that of the bar. He sums up with a calm, steady impartiality, turning neither to the right nor to the left, glossing over nothing, exaggerating nothing, while the advocates on both sides are alternately biting their lips to hear their conflicting misstatements and sophisms exposed. On a general survey, we do not scruple to pronounce the 'Constitutional History' the most impartial book that we have ever read."

114. Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859).—This statesman, essayist, historian, and poet has a wide reputation. His popular work on the history of England was written later than that of Hallam, but is not superior to it, except in style. Macaulay is noted for his vigorous use of English. Milman, an eminent writer of a little later period, describes Macaulay's style in these words:—“Its characteristics were vigor and animation, copiousness, clearness; above all, sound English, now a rare excellence. The vigor and life were unabating; perhaps in that conscious strength which costs no exertion, he did not always gauge and measure the force of his own words. . . . His copiousness had nothing tumid, diffuse, Asiatic; no ornament for the sake of ornament. As to its clearness, one may read a sentence of Macaulay twice to judge of its full force, never to comprehend its meaning. His English was pure, both in idiom and in words,—pure to fastidiousness; . . . every word must be genuine English,

nothing that approaches real vulgarity, nothing that had not the stamp of popular use, or the authority of sound English writers, nothing unfamiliar to the common ear."

115. Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868).— This eminent writer is said to have had "one of the best-balanced and most highly-cultivated intellects." His chief works were "The History of the Jews," "The History of Christianity," and "The History of Latin Christianity." He wrote poetry as well as prose, and for years was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. It is as a historian, however, that he has achieved the greatest fame. He had "a rare faculty of sifting and determining the exact value of evidence, a mind singularly free from prejudice, and almost unerring in its power of penetrating to the truth. He moves with the most perfect ease beneath the immense weight of his acquisitions, never allowing them to interfere with his independence of thought." — *Backus*.

116. Washington Irving (1783-1859).— One of the most agreeable, as well as one of the most excellent, prose-writers of the century was Washington Irving. His fame is world-wide. When a mere boy, he began to write, signing himself Jonathan Oldstyle. His articles attracted attention at once, and there was considerable speculation with respect to the identity of the writer. From this time on for more than half a century he continued to write, with ever-increasing delight to his readers. In the words of the poet Bryant: "Since he began to write, empires have risen and passed away; mighty captains have appeared on the stage of the world, per-

formed their part, and been called to their account ; wars have been fought and ended which have changed the destinies of the human race."

Amid all the turmoil and strife of his times, he maintained a calm, equable tone. His writings are always restful. "We read, and are quieted and consoled." The sunshine of a genial temper rests on all his work. His pathos is a gentle shadow, which never deepens into gloom. His landscape is perennial. Summer showers may fall upon it, but the "drear November rains," the fierce storms, the tempests,—these are reserved for more desolate climes.

His writings concern and interest all mankind. Their universality is phenomenal. "In his pages we see that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete ; that truth, and good, and beauty—the offspring of God—are not subject to the changes which beset the empire of man."—*Bryant*. These are the characteristics of true literature,—a literature that will interest all who may yet read it, as it now interests us.

Irving's humor is charming, and capable of being sustained indefinitely. Sir Walter Scott wrote to him thanking him for his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and saying that in reading it, he and his family had laughed until their sides were literally sore. No sarcasm is more potent than that of Irving, and yet it is so good-natured as hardly to give offense.

The English people were greatly pleased with his sketches of rural life in England. When he visited that country, they received him with flattering attentions ; but he says they seemed greatly astonished to find that an American could write fairly good English.

He steadily refused to accept any public office, preferring a quiet life at home, but finally accepted the appointment of minister to Spain. While in that country he made so diligent use of his time that he gathered material for some of the finest works that have ever enriched our literature. His "Moorish Chronicles," "Alhambra," "Conquest of Granada," and "Life of Columbus" grew out of his sojourn in that historic land. His "Astoria," "Tour on the Prairies," and "Bonneville's Adventures" give a picturesque view of our far West in the early part of the century. His "Mahomet and His Successors" is as entertaining as a tale of fiction, and much more profitable reading. A full list of his works cannot be given here. Indeed they constitute quite a library. One of his latest works was the "Life of Washington." A young American could hardly find better historical reading than this work and the "Life of Columbus."

117. William Paley (1743-1805).—In taking notice of the religious writers who exerted an influence during the first years of the century, it is necessary to go back a few years. Irving lived and wrote till past the middle of the century. Dr. William Paley died just as Irving was beginning to write for publication; so his literary labors ended just when those of the great American were bearing their first fruits; but not so his influence: that will never die. Paley was a plain man, noted for his originality and for the remarkable clearness of his intellect. The following description of the man is so terse and strong, and withal so realistic, that it could hardly be improved:—

“There was no doubt or obscurity either about the man or his works: he stands out in bold relief among his brother-divines, like a sturdy oak on a lawn or parterre—a little hard and cross-grained, but sound, fresh, and massive—dwarfing his neighbors with his weight and bulk, and his intrinsic excellence.

He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never.

So says our old version of the Psalms with respect to the fate of a righteous man, and Paley was a righteous man, whose mind yielded precious fruit, and whose leaves will never fade.”

118. William Wilberforce (1759–1833).—This good man exerted a wide influence in bringing about reforms, both in social life and in the laws of the nation. He urged the necessity of vital piety, and his life was a daily illustration of the principles he taught. He keenly appreciated the evils of human slavery, and employed his talents, time, and influence against it. Being a member of Parliament, he labored for twenty years to get a law passed to abolish the slave-trade, and at last he succeeded.

119. Dr. Adam Clarke (1760–1832).—Dr. Clarke wrote a “Commentary on the Bible,” a “Bibliographical Dictionary,” and various religious treatises. He was noted for his earnestness and faithfulness as a preacher and missionary, and for his profound oriental scholar-

ship. He was a native of Ireland, and among other missionary labors he visited the Shetland Islands, and established a mission there. His "Commentary" abounds in the most useful and reliable information.

120. Dr. Chalmers (1780-1847).—Thomas Chalmers, D. D. and LL. D., was a voluminous writer, and a pulpit orator of great fame. Uncouth in appearance and disagreeable in manner, he still had an astonishing power to chain an audience and stimulate thought. This wonderful influence is said to have depended chiefly on his energy and his intense earnestness. He united with these qualities an inexhaustible fund of illustration, but his language is seldom in itself either pleasing or elegant. One who heard him says that the magic of his eloquence lay in his concentrated intensity, which made his hearers forget his awkwardness, and wrapped them in his own enthusiasm. When Canning heard him, he was at first disappointed, but was soon led to exclaim, "We have no such preaching in England." He was a worker as well as a preacher. He looked after the physical as well as the spiritual wants of the poor, not only those among his flock, but also those of the whole city.

Chalmers united the learning of the philosopher with the imagination of the poet. His works were many and extensive. He wrote on theology, the evidences of Christianity, moral philosophy, education, political economy, and astronomy, besides writing sermons, essays, and papers concerning the best methods of caring for the poor. Extracts from his writings will be found in Part Second of this work.

121. Hannah More (1745–1833).— This remarkable woman was the daughter of an English school-master. She was educated by her father. At the age of sixteen she wrote a pastoral drama called “The Search after Happiness.” It soon went through three editions, and the next year she published another. When about twenty-eight, she took up her abode in London, in the house of Garrick the famous actor. Here she met Dr. Johnson, who was greatly pleased with her. She also associated with Burke the orator, Sir Joshua Reynolds the great painter, and with most of the literary celebrities of the day. She met with success on every hand. One of her plays brought her nearly four thousand dollars.

But in the midst of all this prosperity, and while enjoying a degree of popularity almost unequaled, she relinquished this gay life, that she might devote all her energies to doing good. Conceiving the idea of turning fiction- and play-writing to the advancement of religion, she wrote a volume of sacred dramas.

Her plans for good were far-reaching. She addressed her efforts to the high as well as to the lowly. One of her prose volumes was entitled “Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society;” another was “Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.” She wrote a number of tales, published monthly under the title of *The Cheap Repository*, and they soon reached a circulation of a million copies of each number. So she kept on in her work until she was eighty-eight years old. She made about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on her publications; but she knew what to do with her means. She

and her maiden sisters had a home together, and carried on extensive and successful schemes of benevolence. Not far from their home was a wild tract of country in which the people were very poor and very ignorant. Hannah and her sister philanthropists worked for the education and enlightenment of these needy people until at their annual festivals more than a thousand children met, and were entertained at the expense of their benefactors. At her death, Hannah left fifty thousand dollars to charitable institutions. It would require a volume to do justice to her life and labors.

122. Thomas Hood (1798-1845).—Humor and pathos are twin sisters. They walk hand in hand. When one shows her form, the other lies in her shadow, ready to take her place at a moment's notice. While humor plays on the lips in a smile, pathos moistens the eye with a tear. While humor dances lightly from tongue or pen, pathos sits in the heart with downcast eye, ready to assert herself as soon as a solitary moment shall give her an opportunity. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" spring from the same mold; they are blossoms from the same root,—a tender and sensitive spirit. Such a spirit was that of Thomas Hood. He is most widely known as a humorist; but his pathos is even more exquisite than his humor. Take for instance the "Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and the few lines appended to this paragraph. His humor is free from everything coarse or vulgar, and is, in a sense, refined. The few of his poems that are neither humorous nor pathetic, are fine examples of what he might have done in loftier themes than he has usually undertaken.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,—
Her breathing soft and low,—
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied:
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed: she had
Another morn than ours.

123. Alfred Tennyson (1810–1892).— Lord Tennyson is regarded as one of the greatest poets of modern times. His style is clear; his lines are often exquisitely beautiful; yet their flow is so easy and natural as to give the impression that they fell spontaneously from his pen. This is the perfection of art,—to do the best things with no apparent effort. He wrote two dramas,—“Queen Mary” and “Harold.” Next to “Queen Mary,” his longest, and one of the most unsatisfactory of his poems, is “The Princess.” “Enoch Arden” has been much admired, both for its style and for its human interest. “Aylmer’s Field” is less simple, but contains an important lesson. The “Idylls of the King” and other poems pertaining to the times of

King Arthur and his Table Round are among the most graceful of his productions. By some "In Memoriam" is considered Tennyson's noblest effort. It is an elegiac poem of nearly three thousand lines, written as a tribute of affection to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the eminent historian, and the chosen friend of Tennyson in his earlier years at Cambridge. A distinctive feature of this long poem is that the interest is so well sustained throughout.

Many of his subjects are undoubtedly mythical, and the narratives are in themselves of small account; but they afford a thread on which to string gems of thought and pearls of beauty. They cultivate an esthetic taste, and serve to charm a weary hour — "to soothe the restless pulse of care." In all his writings there is a chasteness, a certain elevation of thought, a moral tone, and a human fellowship that puts the author in touch with his readers.

"His verse is the most faultless in our language, both as regards the music of its flow and the art displayed in the choice of words; but the pleasure which his poetry gives, springs largely from the cordial interest he displays in the life and pursuits of men, in his capacity for apprehending their higher and more beautiful aspirations, and in a certain pervasive purity and strength of spiritual feeling."— *International Cyclopaedia*.

124. American Poets.—Contemporary with Tennyson and with one another were a number of our most distinguished American poets. Since they lived and wrote in our own day, and in our own land, they are too well known to need any extended notice: we

know them and love them, "one and all." The names of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes, are household words, honored and revered no less than those of Washington and Lincoln. Their poems are read and appreciated by all classes, and are equally delightful in all stages of life,—from childhood to age. They are a gospel of truth, simple enough to be understood by the lowest, and worthy the contemplation of the highest. Unlike most of the great British poets, they did not live in retirement and make authorship a profession. They bore their share of burdens and responsibilities, and wrote whenever leisure moments gave them opportunity. Not a stain rests upon the character of these men, either in public or in private life, and the tone of their writings is what would be expected from such a source.

125. William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878).—For considerably more than half a century Mr. Bryant was engaged in severe and almost continuous editorial labor. Even while traveling in foreign lands, he wrote letters descriptive of his journeys, instead of embracing the opportunity to cultivate his poetic genius. Yet amid all the responsibilities of his busy life, he found time to write poetry of which his country may well be proud. The evenness of his entire course is a marvel to all who study his history. He began to write poetry in childhood. At the age of thirteen he wrote on profound subjects. In his nineteenth year he wrote "Thanatopsis," one of the best of his productions. When eighty-two he wrote "The Flood of Years," also one of his best. In the sixty-four years that intervened between

the writings of these two poems, there had been no weakening of his poetic power. His sympathies were enlarged as the years went on. The crystal clearness of his mind remained the same, but there was greater depth of human emotion. At the age of seventy he made a translation of the "Iliad," which has been ranked as the best and most attractive yet produced. His last effort was the delivering of a public address in Central Park, New York City. The address was remarkable for its eloquence, although the speaker was then in his eighty-fourth year. This wonderful continuance of undiminished mental power was due to temperate habits and daily physical exercise.

Bryant's poetry may be classed as reflective. No one has ever delineated natural scenery with greater truthfulness, but the peculiarity of Bryant's nature-studies is that he always connects them with human life. They lose none of their charm, but gain dignity, by a treatment which teaches how to read the will of the Creator in his works. The extreme gravity which characterized his boyhood poems, was somewhat relieved in later life by a more cheerful imagination. The same vigor, the same thoughtful earnestness, remained; but there was a lighter step and a less somber garb. Bryant's poems are often less attractive to young readers than are those of some other writers; but the more they are read, the better they are liked. They always leave a good impression. There are no sudden flashes of genius; the feelings are not wrought up to an unhealthy pitch of excitement; but there is an enjoyment of a deeper and more lasting kind. The impressions return again and again, until their influence becomes permanent.

126. Henry W. Longfellow (1807-1882).—This eminent scholar, teacher, gentleman, and poet is a universal favorite. He is the poet of the household. It has been said that his poems are read at more firesides than are those of any other poet the world over. Perhaps he does not penetrate so deeply into the hidden thoughts and emotions of the few as do some others ; he is not so intense ; but to the many he seems a familiar friend.

He seems more than others to satisfy that universal yearning of the human heart to be understood. Here is some one at last who knows how we feel, and can delight us by putting in words what we could never tell. As in his daily life he could be agreeable to all whom he met, so in his poetry he seems to know what will amuse, what will soothe, and what will give satisfaction, if not happiness. Although at heart no more genial than many others, his manner often finds access where others could not enter. It may be safely said that his writings bear the true test of literature,—they never grow old : the more they are read, the better they are enjoyed. Americans do not need to be told what Longfellow has written.

127. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).—Some have said that Whittier was born a poet. There was poetic inspiration in everything he met, whether in human life or the scenery of nature. These conceptions so filled his soul that he could scarcely speak or write on any subject without being poetic. No letters could be more easy and charming than his ; yet the traces of the poet were readily discovered. He was a man of deep moral and religious convictions, as well as of the most tender susceptibilities. He was the friend of the

oppressed, the champion of the slave, the defender of truth and right. His style was like the man,—plain, but strong; simple, yet beautiful in its truthfulness and in the delicacy with which it deals with the higher sensibilities of the soul. The influence of his writings is like that of the man—uniformly good.

128. James Russell Lowell (1819–1891).— Like Longfellow, Lowell had the rare faculty of making many friends. Whether he wrote poems, produced essays on literature, or served as minister to a foreign court, he was received with hearty good fellowship. But he attracted special attention as a humorist. His “Biglow Papers,” written in the Yankee dialect, have afforded merriment to many who did not have the discernment to see the undercurrent of genuine human sympathy, pure sentiment, and worthy motive. Lowell was a thorough student of literature, and his essays on various authors show critical acumen.

129. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894).— Dr. Holmes was an able and a successful physician. For about thirty-five years he was professor of anatomy and physiology in the medical school of Harvard University. He was famous for wit, energy, and practical good sense. He was one of the founders of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and many of its most racy articles were from his pen. His poems are spirited and original, his novels are practical sermons, his essays and memoirs show a clear head and an unbiased mind. His eminent conversational powers made him the life of every social circle of which he was a member. But he is most noted

for his "Table Talks," and for his geniality as a friend. The "Table Talks" were published as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "Professor at the Breakfast Table," "Poet at the Breakfast Table," and "Over the Tea Cups." Few authors have been more sincerely mourned than was Holmes when he died.

130. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864).—Hawthorne was one of the most accomplished of American prose-writers. He was slow in gaining recognition, just as he is sometimes a little slow in gaining the favor of his readers; but he improves upon acquaintance, and is now universally recognized as a master in delineating certain phases of character. His "Twice-told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse" afford good culture in esthetic as well as literary taste. Some regard him as the greatest genius among American authors.

131. Charles Dickens (1812-1870).—Contemporary with Hawthorne, Lowell, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow, and Bryant, was Charles Dickens, one of the best and greatest of fiction-writers. His works are not to be associated with the ordinary novel. Their general tendency is to cultivate a mutual feeling of good-will and appreciation among people of all classes; to lead the rich to relieve the needy, to teach the poor not to make themselves unhappy by envying the rich, but to court contentment by making the most of the enjoyments which they possess. He shows that the rich are often the most unhappy of mankind, and that the poor may have joys that all the wealth of the world could not buy. He wrote with a strong purpose to counteract wrong

and oppression, and as a result of his influence, bad laws were abolished in England, and not a few evil practises were removed.

132. Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-1890).— Among the writers who have had a powerful influence on public events, few hold a higher place than Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the wonder of the age. She wrote it in behalf of a down-trodden race, and to open the eyes of intelligent people to the real character and influence of negro slavery in the United States. It was not simply the production of a great intellect; it glowed with the energy of an impassioned soul, stirred to its depths by sincere love for truth and right. Yet with all its terrible earnestness, the book was written in a kindly spirit. It laid hold upon the consciences of men, and was a strong factor in bringing about the freedom of the slaves. Within three years, more than a million copies were sold. It was read everywhere. People sat up all night to read it. It was translated into nearly every language in Europe. Mrs. Stowe wrote a number of books, but none of them attracted so universal attention as "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

133. Other Distinguished Writers.— Associated with the writers already named, or at least contemporary with them, were many more, equally worthy of notice. Some of them shed a mild yet far-reaching influence, which may have accomplished as much for the good of mankind as that which can be traced to more immediate effects. There have been the poets ~~21~~

Mr. and Mrs. Browning ; the historians — Prescott and Bancroft in America, and Buckle and Froude in England ; there have been the philosophers — John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer ; there have been the scientists and naturalists — Hugh Miller, Charles Darwin, and Thomas Henry Huxley. There have been Emerson, Ruskin, and Arnold ; Thackeray, Kingsley, and Bayard Taylor ; George Eliot and Harriet Martineau ; De Quincey and William Howitt ; Webster, Carlyle, Channing, and a host of others that we cannot even mention here. They are of our own day, hence do not need an extensive notice. Extracts from their writings will appear in Part Second.

134. Conclusion.— In this Part First the endeavor has been to trace the influences that have brought our language and literature to its present state. It would require volumes to do the subject justice, hence much has had to be omitted. Perhaps it is as well ; since this work is intended for those who have not time for so close and critical a study. It contains the essentials for a good general understanding of the development of our literature down to the writers of this present generation. The present value of an author's work must not be estimated from the prominence given him in this outline. An invention or a work of art may have been very important when first produced, yet be of little account now, because better things have taken its place. Just so it is with the works of some authors. There are things, however, that have been written for all time. They can never grow old. The truths they teach are always present : they are universal and eternal.

QUESTIONS ON STUDIES
IN
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTORY.

1. In studying the literature of a nation, with what do we become acquainted ?
2. In such writings what do we have revealed to us ?
3. What are some of the influences exerted by daily association with such thoughts and motives ?
4. What result is finally produced ?
5. Why is it not thought best to take up much space in this book with remarks on the personal traits of authors ?
6. Why is it that this study of the habits and peculiarities of writers is not always profitable ?
7. What is it that we want of an author ?
8. What will we aim to study and take to ourselves ?
9. What is the original source of all light and truth ?
10. How has He revealed himself ?
11. How are some fitted to be truth interpreters ?
12. What is their special mission ?
13. Illustrate the fallibility of genius.
14. What alone can be absolutely perfect ?
15. What other writings may be profitable ?
16. Explain the relation of history to literature.
17. On account of this relation, what becomes necessary in tracing the literature of a people ?
18. What does Part First of this book contain ?
19. To what will Part Second be devoted ?

PART FIRST.
HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

CHAPTER ONE.

Origin of the English Nation and Language.

20. Explain the first peopling of the British Isles.
21. Describe the Roman occupation ?
22. What was the origin of the Teutons ?
23. When did they make their way into England ?
24. What other country did they invade ?
25. From what did the name England originate ?
26. Give a brief outline of English history down to the time of the Norman invasion.
27. Give a history of the Normans.
28. When, and under whom, did they invade England ?
29. Describe the attitude of the Norman and the Saxon inhabitants of England.
30. What is the nature and origin of the English language ?
31. What was the nature of our First English ?
32. How long was it the prevailing language in England ?
33. What was the fate of the Keltic tongue ?
34. What effect was produced on the language by the Danish and Roman occupations ?
35. After the Norman invasion what became the fashionable language in England ?
36. What language was still spoken by the common English people ?
37. How long did the two languages remain distinct ?
38. Describe the origin of the language which the Normans brought into England ?
39. What has it given to our modern English ?
40. What is the character of the old English words ?
41. To what extent do they prevail ?
42. Describe the effect and use of Latinized words ?

43. What advantages are derived from this composite nature of our language?
44. How is the character of our language set forth in the extract from the Cyclopaedia of English Literature?

CHAPTER TWO.

Beginnings of English Literature.

EARLY WRITINGS OF KELTIC ORIGIN.

45. Describe the character of the Kelts.
46. What literary tastes did they manifest at a very early period?
47. What is their record with reference to accepting and promoting the Christian religion?
48. What does Mr. Morley say of the character of these people?
49. What does he say of the influence of this race upon the character and literature of the nation?
50. What is the record concerning their early poetry?
51. When did Cædmon write, and what was his theme?
52. Write an account of Cædmon's experiences and work.
53. Judging from the extracts herein given, what are some of the leading qualities of Cædmon's writings?—*Simplicity, directness, and homely strength.*
54. Describe the peculiar versification of his lines.

EARLIEST LITERATURE OF TEUTONIC ORIGIN.

55. Describe the character and customs of the Teutonic settlers in England.
56. What rude epic poem was sung by their gleemen?
57. What is thought to have been its origin?
58. Compare the "Beowulf" with the poems of Cædmon.
59. To what influence may this difference be traced?
60. Give the theme of the "Beowulf" as described in the extract.
What qualities of style characterized the poem?

62. What qualities have the Teuton, the Kelt, and the Norman severally contributed to our language ?
63. What has been the result ?
64. Write a paraphrase of the extract from " Beowulf."

CHAPTER THREE.

From Cædmon to Chaucer.

FIRST-ENGLISH PERIOD.

65. During the four hundred years from Cædmon to Chaucer, to what was learning mostly confined ?
66. Describe the only system of schools then existing.
67. By what other cause was intellectual culture withheld from the people ?
68. Give an account of Bede and his work.
69. What was his best work ? What his most extensive ?
70. What was King Alfred obliged to do during the first part of his reign ?
71. Why was not this a lost experience ?
72. What was his final success ? What did he do for the English people ?
73. How are his writings regarded ?
74. Tell how they were received by the people.
75. Why is it that only a few of the writings of that age have come down to us ?
76. Why is it that a mere sketch of the literature of this period has been deemed sufficient ?

THE TRANSITION PERIOD.

77. What was the effect of the Norman Conquest ?
78. Describe the effect in detail.
79. What was the origin of the people called the Normans ?
80. How did they come to speak a different language from the Teutons who settled in England ?

81. What was the character of the people thus formed ?
 82. What state of feelings existed for many years between the Norman French and the Saxon English ?
 83. What course did the Normans pursue toward the Saxons ?
 84. What causes conspired to root out the language of Saxon English, and make that of the Norman French universal ?
 85. What prevented such a result ?
 86. What finally brought about a blending ?
 87. How firmly had the original English language become established among educated people before the Norman Conquest ?
 88. How was it among the uneducated classes ?
 89. What was the effect of the Norman tongue upon both these classes ?
 90. How long did these conditions seem to grow worse rather than better ?
 91. Was it a new language that emerged from this chaos ?
 92. For what are the writings produced during this transition period chiefly interesting ?
 93. Describe the " Brut " written by Layamon.
 94. Describe the " Ormulum."
 95. How long did this transition period continue ?
 96. For whom only does it afford an interesting study ?
 97. Of what does this period mark the close ?
 98. What begins with the writings of the latter part of the fourteenth century ?
 99. How has the language been affected by the five centuries that have elapsed since that time ?
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CHAPTER FOUR.

The Awakening.

100. State causes that made it impossible for the Norman invasion to restrain English thought for a long period.
101. What had exerted a potent influence upon the English people and their literature ?

102. How had the English language, as well as the English mind and character, been enriched ?
103. How had the Church of Rome hindered this salutary influence ?
104. How did the exasperation of the people finally express itself ?
105. Who was foremost among those who wrote against the abuses practised by the emissaries of Rome ?
106. Describe the " Vision of Piers Plowman."
107. What influence had this simple poem ?
108. What was the name and nature of a book written a few years later by the same author ?
109. Who had then become the most powerful champion of truth ?
110. Describe him.
111. Give an account of his work.
112. How did the Church of Rome try to put a stop to the energetic work of Wycliffe ?
113. What effect did these persecutions have upon Wycliffe's course ?
114. What caused many of his influential friends to desert him ?
115. What did he finally come to think concerning the permanent enlightenment of the people ?
116. How was this great work accomplished ?
117. What facilities existed at that time for disseminating this precious truth among the people ?
118. How did they appreciate this first Bible in their own tongue ?
119. Who was the most polished and versatile writer of the fourteenth century ?
120. What may be said of his writings, and of the difficulty in reading them ?
121. Describe his advantages.
122. What was the character of his writings ?
123. What may be said in particular of his descriptions of nature ?
124. What spirit characterizes his writings, and how does it affect his readers ?
125. What are some of the objectionable features of his writings ?
126. What prompted Sir John Mandeville to spend so many years in visiting foreign countries ?

127. What were his facilities for traveling ?
128. How did he become acquainted with distant nations ?
129. Describe his experiences on reaching home.
130. What were some of the arguments produced by him to show that the world is spherical ?
131. How long was this before the discovery of America by Columbus ?
132. What opinion of Mandeville's writings is given in the International Cyclopaedia ?
133. How was the fourteenth century distinguished from those that had just preceded it ?
134. Who have been presented as the representative authors of the century ?
135. What has been the chief object of presenting them in this outline ?
136. What may be given as one reason why so many people of England could not read at that time ?
137. Show how the literary productions of the century were of such a nature as to inspire in all classes of people a desire to read.

CHAPTER FIVE.

From Wycliffe and Chaucer to Milton.

138. How long a period is covered by this chapter ?
139. From what event is it reckoned, and with what event does it close ?
140. Who were the representative writers of the period that immediately preceded this ?
141. Which of them was the greatest genius ?
142. Which was the most successful philanthropist ?
143. For what purpose did each of them write ?
144. What may be said of the writings and writers of the next two hundred years ?
145. What remarkable change took place toward the close of the sixteenth century ?

146. Who are here taken as the representative men of this period ?
147. From what causes did poetry, during this period, steadily improve in ease and grace of expression ?
148. When was the printing-press first used on the continent of Europe ?
149. When, and by whom, was the first book printed in England ?
150. How extensively did he print ?
151. What effects would the use of the printing-press naturally produce upon the people and the literature of the nation ?
152. What did the art of printing especially encourage ?
153. How was this manifested ?
154. What great work was set on foot at this time for the benefit of the common people ?
155. Who are most prominent among these translators of the Bible ?
156. What may be said of the character and conduct of Henry VIII ?
157. Describe the persecutions and fate of Tyndale ?
158. Why did the English need a new translation of the Bible ?
159. What was the character of Tyndale's translation ?
160. What effect has it had upon the English language, even down to the present day ?
161. What two men about this time undertook to improve the tone of English literature ?
162. What seems to have been their ultimate aim ?
163. How was Sidney cut short in his career ?
164. What did Spenser write at this time ?
165. Describe the plan of the poem ?
166. What does Southey say of Spenser ?
167. What did Hallam think of him ?
168. What may be said of the motive and aim of Spenser ?
169. What was the whole poem meant to be ?
170. When freed from the allegory, what does Gloriana represent ?
171. Of what is Prince Arthur an emblem ?
172. How has this great poem been received ?
173. How did it rank in the time it was written ?

174. What tendency of the age was exemplified in the "Faerie Queen" ?
175. How had the church employed scenic representations ?
176. Describe the moral plays that had succeeded the miracle plays ?
177. What bold advance did Spenser make in the use of scenic representations ?
178. Describe the rise and the object of the drama.
179. What was its influence, and why ?
180. Where were the worst effects seen, and from what causes ?
181. What effect did the drama have upon the English language ?
182. What may be said of the better class of dramatic writers of this period ?
183. What must be admitted concerning some of the others ?
184. What tribute must be given to the course and character of Shakespeare ?
185. How did he value his own writings ?
186. How are they generally regarded ?
187. What blemishes do they contain ?
188. Who was the greatest philosopher of this period ?
189. What did he set forth in the clearest manner ?
190. What were some of the principles that he laid down ?
191. What mistake did he show that philosophers had been making ?
192. What did he say about methods of investigation ?
193. What hindered Bacon in accomplishing all that he undertook ?
194. Why did he covet wealth and influence ?
195. What effect have his writings produced ?
196. What was the character of Richard Hooker ?
197. What was the strongest element in his greatness ?
198. How did he manifest his goodness ?
199. How did he rank among literary men ?
200. What was his record at school ? At the university ?
201. What did his merits as a preacher secure for him ?
202. How did he acquit himself in this important position ?

- 203. Why did he beg to be removed to some quiet parsonage ?
- 204. What does Hallam say of his writings ?
- 205. How do they appear to the modern reader ?
- 206. Give the substance of the paragraph quoted from him.

CHAPTER SIX.

Literature of the Seventeenth Century.

- 207. During what period did the drama monopolize the genius of the English people ?
- 208. Describe the decline of the drama,
- 209. Contrast the course of the idlers and pleasure-seekers with that of the more sober-minded.
- 210. What may be said of the authors of this period ?
- 211. Why are the prose-writings of this period presented first ?
- 212. Describe the peculiar course of Chillingworth.
- 213. What does he say about these vacillations of faith ? What does Lord Clarendon say of him ?
- 214. What was his most important literary production ?
- 215. In this book what does he say of the use of force in matters of conscience ?
- 216. What does he say of the use of reason in determining one's religious belief ?
- 217. How does he show the folly and wickedness of dueling ?
- 218. How does Jeremy Taylor rank among the religious teachers of his time ?
- 219. Describe his style.
- 220. What may be said of his love of nature ?
- 221. How did this love affect his speaking and writing ?
- 222. Repeat his description of domestic felicity.
- 223. How does he describe the rise and progress of sin ?
- 224. What advice does he give concerning the choice of studies ?
- 225. What should be one's greatest care ?
- 226. What thought does he quote from Origen ?
- 227. What was the nature of Milton's prose-writings ?

228. What does he say of the power of truth to defend itself ?
229. What does he say of the strength of truth ?
230. Of what does truth have no need ?
231. What may be said of Milton's ideas of education ?
232. What does he say when writing about the study of languages ?
233. Describe the character and manners of Sir Matthew Hale.
234. What were his maxims concerning conversation ?
235. Describe the character and attainments of Isaac Barrow.
236. In what did his eloquence chiefly consist ?
237. What can be said of his language, and of his mode of interesting his readers ?
238. Give a synopsis of the extract in which he shows the contrast between concord and discord.
239. How does he show the value of industry ?
240. Describe the character and style of Izaak Walton.
241. On what subjects did he write ?
242. Which of his works has attracted most attention ?
243. What are the peculiarities of this book ?
244. What were some of the reflections awakened in him by the songs of the birds ?
245. How does he find cause for gratitude and praise in the daily blessings which the poorest and humblest of mankind may enjoy ?
246. How does he beget content in himself, and increase his confidence in the power, wisdom, and providence of God ?
247. What may be said of the birth and advantages of John Bunyan ?
248. What did he do that has given him a place among the best authors in the land ?
249. Under what circumstances was the book written ?
250. While in prison, what was he obliged to do to keep his family from want ?
251. What does Macaulay say concerning the originality of Bunyan's book, and of the manner in which it was received by his friends ?
252. What does the same writer say concerning the success of " Pilgrim's Progress " ?

253. What does he point out as the causes of this success ?
254. What were critics obliged to grant Bunyan ?
255. Although deprived of the advantages of schools, what training had Bunyan received which fitted him so well for the work which he accomplished ?
256. Describe the language of " Pilgrim's Progress."
257. Why does it reach the hearts of people so surely ?
258. What does Henry Morley say of it ?
259. How does Thomas B. Shaw account for Bunyan's remarkable gift in language ?
260. Describe the character and labors of Richard Baxter:
261. What does he say concerning the cause of his writing so much and so rapidly-?
262. What good qualities cause us to forget the blemishes of his style, and to pass leniently over some of his extreme views ?
263. Which of his books is most read at the present time ?
264. Under what circumstances was it written ?
265. Which of his works was much liked by Dr. Johnson ?
266. What may be said of Baxter's sincerity ?
267. What did Coleridge say of him ?
268. How did Baxter manifest courage equal to his sincerity ?
269. How did the judge interrupt him when he attempted to speak in self-defense ?
270. What spirit did Baxter manifest throughout all these persecutions ?
271. How does he express himself concerning theological controversies ?
272. How may Tillotson be compared with Barrow ?
273. What was the character of his sermons ?
274. What were some of the adverse effects of this extreme familiarity ?
275. What secured him many friends ?
276. To what were his efforts directed throughout his public life ?
277. What does Chambers say of Tillotson's style ?
278. What excellences do you notice in the quoted paragraph concerning the evidence of a Creator in the structure of the world ?

279. Repeat his illustrations.
280. Fulfil the same requirements concerning the other two paragraphs quoted from this author.
281. What is the subject of Milton's great epic ?
282. What objections do some raise against this apparent exaltation of the evil one ?
283. What other feature of this great poem has been unfavorably criticized ?
284. What is the best cure for these objections ?
285. Does any one think that there was conscious irreverence in the mind of Milton ?
286. What might have exercised some influence over him unawares ?
287. What may be said of his " Hymn to the Nativity " ?
288. What of " Lycidas " ?
289. What may be said of the " Mask of Comus " ?
290. Point out the beauties and excellences in the selections herein quoted ?
291. What may be said of Milton's lofty style ?
292. What is the character of some of his sentences ?
293. Who, next to Milton, was the greatest poet of the age ?
294. Why did he fail to realize the best of which he was capable ?
295. In what degrading work was his noble genius mostly occupied ?
296. What reputation did this low work earn for him ?
297. How did Dryden feel about this toward the close of his life ?
298. When Collier wrote against the immorality of Dryden's plays, how did Dryden reply ?
299. How did Dryden rank as a prose-writer ?
300. What good things may be said of his poetry ?
301. What has been said in commendation of Dryden, his poetry, and his language ?
302. What did he say about the free use of foreign derivatives ?
303. What has John Locke been called ?
304. How did he differ from some other philosophers ?
305. What is regarded as his greatest work ?
306. What was the character of his thought, and of his style of writing ?

307. What is the title of another of his valuable works ?
308. In what terms of extravagant praise does Mr. Shaw speak of this work ?
309. How would a thoughtful reader of the present time be likely to regard this estimate ?
310. What unfavorable criticisms may justly be made upon the essay ?
311. What work of a religious character did he write ?
312. Why did he have to spend much of his time in foreign countries ?
313. What may be said in praise of Locke's character and life ?
314. How does he set forth the evils of prejudices ?
315. What does he prescribe as a remedy ?
316. Give the substance of his remarks on injudicious haste in study.
317. Describe the character and attainments of Sir Isaac Newton.
318. What great law of nature did he discover ?
319. How did the discovery affect him at first ?
320. How did Newton make discoveries in optics ?
321. What were among these discoveries ?
322. What has been said concerning the thoroughness of his researches ?
323. How did he treat the Bible, and on what portions of it did he write ?
324. Who were the most noted historical writers of the century ?
325. What did they write ?
326. What may be said of the character of Burnet and his writings ?
327. How was Horace Walpole impressed by reading Burnet ?
328. What writers of considerable note have not been mentioned in this brief outline of the literature of the seventeenth century ?
329. What is the purpose of this outline ?
330. What would be the effect of entering into details ?
331. What is the poetry of any period sufficient to do ?
332. Why do we need something more ?

333. How may prose be regarded ?
 334. What must be borne in mind with reference to the chronology of the writings described in this chapter ?
 335. What, with reference to the history of the period ?
 336. What will these considerations enable us to understand and feel ?
 337. What must be kept in mind with respect to the overlapping and blending of the writings of one century with those of another ?
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CHAPTER SEVEN.

Literature of the Eighteenth Century.

338. What may be said of the literature of the eighteenth century ?
339. To what extent can it be considered here ?
340. When were the authors born who wrote most and best during the first half of the eighteenth century ?
341. Tell how old some of these writers were at the beginning of the eighteenth century.
342. What distinguished writers followed these, or were contemporary with them ?
343. With what view have these writers been chosen ?
344. How is the literature of any period much affected ?
345. What influences tended to degrade the literature of the period now under consideration ?
346. By what was the same period blessed ?
347. What may be said of the great body of the people, especially those who were remote from London ?
348. What commotions agitated the country during this century ?
349. What had been going on during all this turmoil ?
350. What may be said in praise of Dryden's poetry ?
351. What change took place in English poetry during the first part of the eighteenth century ?
352. What were its defects ?
353. What poem of the time was most praised, and what may be said of it ?

354. What found no expression in the poetry of this period ?
355. What salutary effect was finally brought about, and by whom ?
356. What may be said of the mission and influence of the prose-writings of this century ?
357. Tell about the satirists of this period.
358. How are the writings of Alexander Pope regarded ?
359. What were the advantages, and what the character, of this poet ?
360. What may be said of his style ?
361. In what did he excel ?
362. What must every lover of his poetry regret ?
363. What general estimate is given of his work ?
364. What may be said of Joseph Addison and his writings ?
365. Describe his style.
366. Which of his productions are most admired ?
367. What is the tone, and what has been the effect, of his work ?
368. What may be said of the abilities of Jonathan Swift ?
369. On what did he depend as a means of curing the faults and foibles of society ?
370. What was the general character of his writings ?
371. Describe his poetry.
372. What is considered as the most remarkable production of this writer ?
373. What is the nature of this work ?
374. How is Swift's style of composition regarded ?
375. What was the character of Richard Steele ?
376. What enterprises did he set on foot ?
377. Describe the *Tatler*.
378. What was its success ?
379. How were the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* enriched ?
380. How did Steele succeed in writing plays ?
381. What motive was seen in all his dramatic writings ?
382. What may be said of Steele's motive and of the need for the work he undertook ?
383. For what was his style remarkable ?
384. What may be said of his versatility ?

385. What are some of the defects of his writings ?
386. For what may they be praised ?
387. How extensively did Daniel Defoe write ?
388. Tell something of his character and experiences.
389. At what age was he stricken with apoplexy ?
390. What did every one then suppose ?
391. What did he accomplish after that ?
392. What is said of his style and his power as a writer ?
393. What was he accused of forging ?
394. What proof has been given of his realistic power ?
395. For what will he always be remembered ?
396. Under what disadvantages did Dr. Isaac Watts have to labor ?
397. For what is he best remembered ?
398. What may be said of the influence of these hymns ?
399. What were the qualifications of Lord Bolingbroke ?
400. Describe his style.
401. What may be said of his reasoning and his influence ?
402. What must be said of the general character of his writings ?
403. What was the character of Edward Young ?
404. What has he produced ?
405. In what does his poetry abound ?
406. How are his writings most agreeably read ?
407. What is the name and character of his most noted work ?
408. What tendency mars the good effect of this man's writings ?
409. For what is Bishop Butler distinguished ?
410. What are some of the important points brought out in his reasoning ?
411. What may be said of his style, and of the popularity of his work ?
412. What was the native place of Jonathan Edwards .
413. What was his life and character ?
414. What was his definition of true religion ?
415. How does he in his writings sometimes restrict this definition ?
416. What has been said of his manner ?
417. Give a synopsis of the selection taken from his writings.

418. Describe the character and course of Benjamin Franklin ?
419. What may be said of his writings and his motive for writing ?
420. For what are his writings to be studied ?
421. What were some of the important discoveries made by Franklin ?
422. To what extent did Dr. Samuel Johnson influence the language and literature of his time ?
423. What was his greatest work ?
424. What other important contributions did he make to our literature ?
425. In what do his writings abound ?
426. In what were they strongly instrumental ?
427. What did his poetry lack in order to give it the highest rank ?
428. Describe his style.
429. Who were the leading historians of the eighteenth century ?
430. How did they rank in talent and literary attainment ?
431. Describe the style of David Hume.
432. What destroyed the usefulness of his work as a history ?
433. Describe the character of William Robertson.
434. What were the merits of his historical writings ?
435. What was the greatest work of Edward Gibbon ?
436. What may be said in its favor ?
437. Of what has he been accused ?
438. Show from extracts quoted from his writings that these accusations are not well founded.
439. What may have been one cause of the complaints against him ?
440. Against what do his shafts seem to have been directed rather than against true religion ?
441. Who were the founders of Methodism in England and America ?
442. What may be said of the influence exerted by these two men ?
443. Describe the course of George Whitefield ?
444. What advantage had Wesley over Whitefield ?
445. How long did he continue his work ?
446. What did he accomplish ?

447. What name was given to the little band of students that joined with him at Oxford in trying to carry out their strict views of practical piety ?
448. How did these Methodists increase during the life of Wesley ?
449. What may be said of the writings of Whitefield ? Of Wesley ?
450. Why have these men been introduced in these pages ?
451. What gave Horace Walpole a name and place among literary men ?
452. What advantages did he have for becoming acquainted with public men and the affairs of State ?
453. What made his letters peculiarly interesting ?
454. How did he amuse himself ?
455. What besides letters did he write ?
456. What estimate is put upon his writings ?
457. Describe the public career of Edmund Burke.
458. How does he rank as a writer ?
459. What may be said of his **power of illustration** ?
460. What other qualities combined with these to make his speeches irresistible ?
461. Who was first in the attempt to restore poetry to its normal state ?
462. Describe the relations between Pope and Thomson.
463. What has been said of Thomson's love of nature ?
464. What are his greatest works ?
465. What is said of "The Seasons" ?
466. What is the character of the "Castle of Indolence" ?
467. What production of Thomas Gray's contributed most to his renown ?
468. What is the nature of the poem ?
469. What characteristic of the poem makes it great ?
470. What principle does this poem exemplify ?
471. What does he tell us ?
472. What was the character of Collins as a poet ?
473. In what does he resemble Gray ?
474. In what condition was he met by Dr. Johnson ?

475. What did he say to Johnson's look of surprise ?
476. In what does his poetry greatly abound ?
477. What may be said of this rather extravagant use of figures ?
478. What are among his best productions ?
479. What excellences can you point out in the selection given from him ?
480. What may be said of Oliver Goldsmith as a writer ?
481. What credit has been given him by eminent critics ?
482. What has been said of his style ?
483. What remark was made concerning him by Dr. Johnson ?
484. What may be said of his Chinese letters ?
485. Which are the most admired of his poems ?
486. What high praise has been bestowed upon his "Traveler" ?
487. What do most readers like better than the "Traveler" ?
488. Describe the "Hermit," the "Retaliation," the "Vicar of Wakefield."
489. What were some of the deficiencies of Goldsmith ?
490. How did his friends regard him ?
491. What was Goldsmith's influence upon the literature of his day ?
492. Who was James Beattie ?
493. How did he show his native humility and good sense ?
494. What had he done to make himself renowned ?
495. In what was Beattie inferior to Hume ?
496. What won him so many readers ?
497. Where was Beattie most at home ?
498. What may be said of his poem, the "Minstrel" ?
499. What breathes in every line of it ?
500. Tell how Beattie taught his young son that the world and all its created wonders could not have come by chance.
501. Describe the sensitive nature of William Cowper.
502. How did he look upon the greed for gold, the longing for fame, the struggle for position ?
503. What is manifest throughout all his writings ?
504. How did he, from his retirement, look out upon the mad strivings of the world ?
505. Describe him as a moralist. As a satirist.

506. What should those do who look upon Cowper's writings as the productions of a disordered mind ?
507. What was Cowper's character for patriotism ?
508. What rare gift of expression did Cowper possess ?
509. Where are his best writings to be found ?
510. What estimate of him is given in Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature ?
511. What relation existed between the work of Cowper and that of Robert Burns ?
512. How are their writings compared ?
513. Describe the quick sensibilities of Burns.
514. What qualities will make his poetry felt throughout all time ?
515. What is said of their power and influence ?
516. What did his susceptibility do for him ?
517. How did his genius aid him ?
518. Of what was his picturesque expression the result ?
519. What stamped the highest value on his writings ?
520. How does Taine speak of the writings of Burns ?
521. How may such praise as the critics have bestowed upon Burns seem to us ?
522. Which of his poems claim unhesitating admiration ?
523. What may be said of some others ?
524. What must sadden the hearts of those who most admire Burns's poetry ?
525. Give a synopsis of the extracts that show his devotional nature, and how deeply he regretted his own lapses in conduct.
526. How does he himself wonder at the vivid impressions made upon him by natural scenery ?
527. Who were the leading fiction-writers of the eighteenth century ?
528. How were their writings received in their day ?
529. Are there many who would care to read them now ?
530. For what may their writings still have a value ?
531. What characteristics of real literature did they possess ?
532. What effect did they have upon the language ?
533. What is a great fault in them ?
534. To whom only should they be interesting now ?

CHAPTER EIGHT.

The Nineteenth Century.

535. What has there been peculiar about the development of literature during the nineteenth century ?
536. During what part of the century has this been especially true ?
537. What may be said of the value of the literature of this period ?
538. Where is its aggregate wealth to be found ?
539. How is the history of literature illustrated by the history of the race ?
540. Who have been known as the Lake Poets ?
541. How were they intimately associated ?
542. Who was the leading spirit among them ?
543. What was his peculiar theory ?
544. From what was this extreme view a reaction ?
545. How were both his views and his practise modified ?
546. Toward what did he and his associates exert a strong influence ?
547. What is Wordsworth's rank among poets ?
548. What was his great theme ?
549. What has he been called ?
550. How far was this appellation true ?
551. How did he look upon Nature ?
552. What unfavorable remarks may be made concerning his poetry ?
553. How does he bear acquaintance ?
554. What may be said of some of his shorter poems ?
555. What is regarded as his greatest work ?
556. What may be said of its extent ?
557. What estimate of this poem is quoted from a leading authority ?
558. Describe the accomplishments and work of Samuel T. Coleridge.
559. How was he peculiarly fitted to do good work as a critic ?
560. Compare his conversation and public speaking with his poems.

561. What unfortunate tendency did he possess ?
562. Which is thought to be his best poem ?
563. Describe his "Christabel."
564. In brief, what may be said of him as a man, and of his writings ?
565. How is Robert Southey introduced ?
566. What would have better adapted his writings to the needs of humanity ?
567. What may be said of them in general ?
568. What did his uncle say of him ?
569. How does he rank as a critic on other men's productions ?
570. To what did he have a strong aversion ?
571. How extensively, and with what success, did Sir Walter Scott write ?
572. What has he been called, and why ?
573. How did Lord Holland reply when asked his opinion of one of Scott's books ?
574. What was the character of his works ?
575. What was the character of the author ?
576. What have his poems done for Scotland ?
577. What is a distinguishing feature of his verse ?
578. How has this characteristic had a tendency to make his poems popular ?
579. Illustrate his power of condensation ?
580. What are the faults of his prose style ?
581. What good influences do his writings exert ?
582. How does Byron rank among poets ?
583. What are the excellences of his style ?
584. What unhealthy spirit runs through nearly all his poems ?
585. From what did his loneliness and low spirits arise ?
586. What figure serves to illustrate his course ?
587. By what are some of his writings tainted ?
588. What may be said in favor of many portions of his work ?
589. How must his writings be regarded as a whole ?
590. Who are the special admirers of Charles Lamb's writings ?
591. How was he enabled to impart a certain grace and beauty to the most common objects ?

592. What has been said of the cause of his writing so charmingly?
593. Where did he find his subjects?
594. How were the most ordinary objects apparently transformed when placed in the alembic of his mind?
595. What accomplishment did he have that would not be looked for in a man who lived a solitary life?
596. What may be said of the poetical genius of Percy Bysshe Shelley?
597. How does Macaulay rank his gifts?
598. What does Shelley say about poetry?
599. Why is it that his flights of fancy **cannot** be fully appreciated?
600. How does a great share of his **poetry** appear to some minds?
601. To what may it be **compared**?
602. What was his influence upon the poets that immediately succeeded his time?
603. What may be said of his habits and character?
604. How was he driven to skepticism?
605. What do his writings contain?
606. What do we love in the man?
607. What are we forced to admit?
608. What was the unfortunate fate of John Keats?
609. How was his death hastened?
610. Viewed in the light of the present day, which is it that appears contemptible, the poem, or the criticism?
611. What faults may be noticed in "Endymion"?
612. What may be said of the poem as a whole?
613. How may the unfinished poem "Hyperion" be compared with "Endymion"?
614. How did Byron regard this fragment?
615. What is a source of constant regret?
616. What questions may we well ask?
617. What may be said of the issues that are before us?
618. What purposes may be served by the airy castles which fancy builds upon foundations of obscurity?
619. What should they not be allowed to do?
620. What was the character, the work, and the fate of Bishop Heber?

621. How was his poetic genius manifested ?
622. In what will his sentiments forever live ?
623. What impressions do you receive from the extract quoted from his poem on Palestine ?
624. How did Charles Wolfe make himself forever famous in the literary world ?
625. What has an able critic said of these lines ?
626. What excellences do you discover in the poem ?
627. Does it have the power to make you see what it describes ?
628. What is its general impression upon your feelings ?
629. How were the poems of Mrs. Hemans received ?
630. What did Sir Walter Scott say of them ?
631. Give a synopsis of her little poem called "The Graves of a Household."
632. What touching and beautiful things do you find in it ?
633. Describe the character and work of William Hazlitt.
634. What was Henry Hallam's character as an author ?
635. What tribute does Lord Macaulay give to the talent, faithfulness, and impartiality of this distinguished writer ?
636. In what varied capacities has Lord Macaulay a wide reputation ?
637. In which of these is he probably best known ? — *As a historian.*
638. For what is he particularly noted ?
639. How is his style described by the historian Milman ?
640. What is Henry Hart Milman said to have had ?
641. What were his chief works ?
642. How has he achieved his greatest fame ?
643. What does Mr. Backus say of him ?
644. Who was one of the most agreeable, as well as one of the most excellent, prose-writers of this century ?
645. How did he begin his literary work ?
646. How long did he continue it, and with what success ?
647. What does Mr. Bryant say of the changes that took place during that period ?
648. What was the tone of his writings during all this time of turmoil and strife ?

649. What effect do his writings produce ?
650. What is his pathos ?
651. Describe his landscape.
652. Whom do his writings concern and interest ?
653. What does Bryant say of their universality ?
654. What may be said of his humor ?
655. Describe his sarcasm.
656. How was he received in England ?
657. What was the only public office that he would accept ?
658. What grew out of his sojourn in Spain ?
659. In what works does he give a picturesque view of our far West in the early part of the century ?
660. Which of his works furnish excellent historical reading ?
661. To how late a period in the century did Irving live and write ?
662. What excellent religious writer died about the time that Irving began writing for publication ?
663. What kind of man was Dr. Paley ?
664. How is he described in the quoted extracts ?
665. What was the character and life work of William Wilberforce ?
666. What efforts did he put forth against slavery and the slave-trade ?
667. What literary work was performed by Dr. Adam Clarke ?
668. Where did he establish a mission ?
669. For what was Dr. Thomas Chalmers noted ?
670. What may be said of his appearance and manner ?
671. What astonishing power did he possess ?
672. On what did this wonderful influence chiefly depend ?
673. What was a great aid to these qualities ?
674. What is said of his language ?
675. How did he make his hearers forget his awkwardness ?
676. What did he unite with the learning of a philosopher ?
677. On what subjects did he write ?
678. Give a synopsis of Hannah More's efforts and success during the first part of her life.
679. In the midst of all this prosperity, what did she decide to do ?
680. What did she attempt to turn to the advancement of religion ?

681. To whom did she turn her attention in her endeavors to do good ?
682. How long did she continue her work ?
683. How much money did her writings bring her ?
684. How did she employ her means ?
685. What great work did she and her sisters undertake, and carry forward to a successful issue ?
686. How are humor and pathos related ?
687. By what figures is this intimate relation illustrated ?
688. In what kind of spirit do they both originate ?
689. Who possessed such a spirit in an eminent degree ?
690. How is he most widely known ?
691. What is more exquisite than his humor ?
692. What afford illustrations of this ?
693. What is the nature of his humor ?
694. How has he shown what he might have accomplished in loftier themes ?
695. Write a paraphrase of "The Death-bed."
696. How is Alfred Tennyson regarded ?
697. What is the character of his style ?
698. In what does he show the perfection of art ?
699. Mention some of his longer poems.
700. Which are among the most graceful of his productions ?
701. What do some consider to be his noblest effort ?
702. Describe the poem.
703. What may be said of his subjects and narratives ?
704. What purpose do they serve ?
705. What qualities of his writings put him in touch with his readers ?
706. How is he spoken of in the International Cyclopaedia ?
707. What American writers were contemporary with Tennyson ?
708. Why is it that they need no extended notice ?
709. What names are honored and revered among us no less than those of Washington and Lincoln ?
710. How are their poems received by the American people ?
711. How were these bards unlike most of the great British poets ?

712. Tell how the time and energies of William Cullen Bryant were employed ?
713. What did he find time to do amid all the responsibilities of his busy life ?
714. What appears a marvel to all who study his history ?
715. How early in life did he write poems ?
716. How much time passed between the writing of "Thanatopsis" and "The Flood of Years" ?
717. How are these poems regarded ?
718. Compare his powers and capabilities at nineteen and at eighty-three.
719. What literary work did he perform at the age of seventy ?
720. Describe his last effort and the sequel.
721. How may Bryant's poetry be classed ?
722. What is the peculiarity of his nature-studies ?
723. How does he give them dignity without detracting from their charms ?
724. At what period in his life was his imagination most cheerful and his style most sprightly ?
725. What may be said of the influence of Bryant's poems, and of their improving by long acquaintance ?
726. Who is our poet of the household, and a universal favorite ?
727. How extensively are his poems read ?
728. How does he make up for any lack which there may be in profundity or intensity ?
729. What yearning does he seem to satisfy better than most other poets ?
730. How can he delight us ?
731. How does he often find access where others could not enter ?
732. What can be said of the enduring qualities of his writings ?
733. What has been said of the poetic gift of John Greenleaf Whittier ?
734. What is said of his letters ?
735. What was his character ?
736. Describe his style.
737. What is the influence of his writings ?
738. In what did James Russell Lowell resemble Longfellow ?

739. How is this shown by the way in which he was received in everything he did ?
740. How did he attract special attention ?
741. What is said of his " Biglow Papers " ?
742. What were his literary attainments, and what was his skill as a critic ?
743. What was Oliver Wendell Holmes by profession ?
744. What connection had he with the *Atlantic Monthly* ?
745. What was the character of his novels, his poems, and his essays ?
746. Describe his conversational powers.
747. Which of his writings have made him most noted ?
748. What was the literary merit of Nathaniel Hawthorne ?
749. How is he now universally recognized ?
750. What do his writings afford ?
751. How is he regarded by some ?
752. What great English fiction-writer was contemporary with the great American writers just noticed ?
753. What is the general aim, and what the tendency, of his writings ?
754. What does he show concerning both the rich and the poor ?
755. What was the strong purpose in his writings ?
756. What political and social influence do they exert ?
757. What may be said of the influence of Harriet Beecher Stowe ?
758. How was " Uncle Tom 's Cabin " regarded ?
759. In whose behalf did she write it ?
760. How was it more than the production of a great intellect ?
761. With all its terrible earnestness, what kind of spirit did it show ?
762. What gave it its peculiar power, and how great was its influence ?
763. How was it received, and how extensively has it been sold ?
764. What may be said of other distinguished writers ?
765. What may be said of their influence ?
766. What names are mentioned ?
767. Why is it not necessary to give an extensive notice here ? Where will extracts from their writings appear ?

- 769. What has been the effort in this Part First ?
- 770. What would be required in order to do the subject justice ?
- 771. Why may it be as well that much has been omitted ?
- 772. What does the outline still contain ?
- 773. Why cannot the present value of an author's work be estimated wholly from the prominence given him in a history of literature ?
- 774. What is the character of those writings which constitute literature in the highest sense ?

PART SECOND.

SELECTIONS.

[195]

INTRODUCTORY.

WHAT CONSTITUTES LITERATURE.

In a general sense, literature embraces all written or printed expression of thought. Thus we speak of light literature, meaning such writings as demand but little thought from the reader; of trashy literature, meaning that which has no real worth; of pernicious literature, in referring to that which is positively bad; of polite literature, when referring to that which is esthetic in thought and highly finished in style; of the literature of science, of art, etc.

In a truer and more restricted sense, literature embraces only those productions which have a marked degree of excellence,—writings that are characterized by vigorous thought, a healthy imagination, or a clear insight into human character and the mysteries of nature. Its language must also be pure in diction, clear in expression, and symmetrical in arrangement. Some productions not ideally perfect in all these qualities, justly find a place in standard literature; but it is because their unusual merit so impresses us that for the sake of that merit we are willing to overlook blemishes. They contain so much good gold that we gladly accept them, content to work out the dross as we may.

What we regard as our standard literature is made up of writings that have stood the test of years. Generation after generation has read them with delight and profit. There is something in them that meets the wants of a great variety of people. They have power to interest the high and the low, the educated and the uncultured, alike. There is a catholicity in them that adapts them to the needs of all men at all times. They never grow old. They are as fresh to-day as when written, centuries ago, and are read with as great delight now as then.

The universality already noticed is one of the most important qualities of the best literature. It is this quality in a literary production that gives it a breadth of scope as wide as the earth, and extends its influence as far as the language in which it is written is understood. It addresses itself to no particular class, sect, or party, but to man as man. It touches impulses, emotions, aspirations, that are common, in greater or less degree, to all mankind. It appeals to human nature; and since human nature is essentially the same in all ages of the world, such writings are adapted to every generation and never lose their usefulness. By virtue of this quality they have maintained a place in print, and have been handed down through the centuries to us. Their teachings, promptings, and leadings concern every human being, and no one can say that they are nothing to him.

It is not to be supposed that in a literary work of any great length this characteristic can be traced in every paragraph. It should, nevertheless, be ever present in the general trend of an article or book. The Bible gives

us the most remarkable exhibition of this quality. There are, it is true, some things in it that have a local application, some that have a special application for the time in which they were written ; but in the main, its history, its prophecies, its precepts, its exhortations, its promises, are alike applicable, and should be alike precious, to all mankind. He who created man, knew how, through inspiration, to give him a book that would meet his wants in all times, and in all conditions.

In books of mere human production it is hard, until time has tested them, to tell which will find a permanent place in literature. It is safe to say, however, that books deficient in the quality of universality must be short-lived. Many of them are instructive and useful during their day, but they pass away with the necessity that called them forth. They are good current literature, but have no permanent value. Books of this ephemeral character may be a commercial success, but do not increase the stores — do not add to the real wealth — of literature.

DISTINCTIONS IN GOOD LITERATURE.

Literature may be classified in many ways, but we will here consider only two classes. These may be suggested by the terms Knowledge Literature and Power Literature. The chief aim of the one is to instruct ; of the other, to rouse. There are, however, intermediate writings that partake of the nature of both these classes. For instance, an article whose chief purpose is to impart knowledge may have a certain power of inspiration in its manner of teaching. On the other hand, an article, or a book, whose leading object is to stimulate

thought and strengthen motive may incidentally impart useful knowledge.

The Knowledge Literature includes technical teaching of all kinds. Such works are dry to most people, and are pursued either from a sense of duty or for the benefit they are thought to confer. They aim to instruct and direct in a definite way. They make no appeal to the moral or emotional nature. They are mechanical, accurate; but they exercise the intellect only. They may be termed the Literature of Science—naked science at that. As a treasure-house of facts, they are convenient for reference, and therefore useful in their way; but they are not, as some suppose, the only useful books. There are men, who, having spent the best part of life in storing up facts, have become walking encyclopedias. Such people are honored for their attainments, and have a certain value, like books of reference; but it is often the case that they exert little or no influence in raising their fellow men to a higher plane of thought and action.

The Power Literature has a more exalted office,—that of inspiring and quickening the whole man. It gives play to the intellect, but not to that alone. It works most powerfully on the moral and emotional nature of man. It teaches, enlightens, convinces; but it does more. It has power to make men feel,—and not only to feel, but to act. It touches the heart, and thus creates motives. It shows man his relation to God, to his fellow men, and to nature, inspiring in him a love for all. Thus it gives him the highest power for usefulness; since love is the only real power for good. It continually calls into action the best attributes of his nature, and through this exercise they are strengthened

and disciplined. Nothing can reach its highest development except through its own action. It is by *use* that the hand and the eye gain strength and skill. It is by *use* that the judgment becomes quick and reliable. Just so it is with love, generosity, truthfulness, gratitude, and all the finer faculties of our moral being. They, too, must be developed through their own action, and any book that calls them into healthy exercise, imparts power for good. Such writings must of necessity possess the quality of universality, since the attributes upon which they work are common to mankind in all ages; and it may be safely assumed that all literary productions rise in the scale of excellence just in proportion to the amount or degree which they possess of this power.

There is, however, a power literature that works upon the baser nature of man, stimulating and strengthening his evil passions. Just as the better kind elevates and ennobles him, so does this pernicious kind debase and brutalize him. This species of writing, however, should never be classed as literature, except in the broadest and lowest sense. The harm it has done is incalculable. The characters it has ruined are without number.

USEFUL READING.

What reading is most useful is the important question to be considered in the study of literature. As already shown, useful writings are not confined to a mere compilation of facts. One of the best tests of any piece of writing is the state it leaves us in when we have finished reading it. If it leaves us with a deeper reverence for the Creator; a tenderer feeling toward mankind as a whole; with a warmer admiration for the

works of God in nature, both animate and inanimate ; — if it leaves us with a keener sense of our obligations to God and to our fellow men ; with a more profound feeling of gratitude for the benefits we enjoy ; with a stronger desire for some part in the work which the Savior of the world has undertaken for man ; with a more gentle, tolerant, and generous spirit, — it has been a good thing for us to read.

But perhaps a still better test is the permanent impression it makes on us. Sometimes one feels that he needs time before deciding upon the merits of a book. It may have been so exciting that he must wait for his feelings to subside into a normal state, before he can decide with respect to the permanence of the impressions which he has received.

But there is an all-important test which may be applied to literature, as well as to everything else in life, — the test of permanent value. The question to be asked in regard to any production is this, — *Will it be useful hereafter?* — not simply in this life, but in the life to come.

It is generally believed by good men that we may secure attainments here that will enhance our happiness in the future life. The better we learn to love God now, the greater power we shall have for loving him then, and the more perfect will be our happiness ; for unselfish love is the spring from which the highest happiness flows. The more fervently we enter into the work of doing good, the more fully will we be able to enter into the joy of our Lord, when he shall welcome home those who have been saved through him. The more we delight ourselves in admiring the works of God

in nature, the more we shall, to all eternity, enjoy the wonderful creations which he has yet to make known to us. It is in this way that we may all be laying up treasures in heaven, and the kind of reading that aids most in this work is the most profitable.

The knowledge, the literature, the training, which teaches us how to gain a competency here, how to succeed in business, how to gain a title to respectability, is useful in its way, and should not be neglected; but that which fits us to take a loving part in our Master's work, is better. It is part of that higher culture which prepares us to stand in the presence of God and the angels, and to share in the exalted joys prepared for us by the Author of our being. This is a practical education in the truest sense, and the literature which tends to promote it is as much higher in usefulness than that with a lower aim as heaven is higher than the earth.

CHAPTER ONE.

IN HONOR OF THE CREATOR.

IMMENSITY OF GOD'S WORKS.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colors which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared, one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection: "When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man

that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving around their respective suns — when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we [have] discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; — in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, — were all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the seashore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; and it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huyghens carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible [that] there may be stars whose light has not yet traveled

down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it ; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it ?

ODE.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim :
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator 's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And, nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In Reason 's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 Forever singing as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine."

OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

If we consider him [the Creator] in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, that he does not essentially inhabit it. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose center is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence: he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the sensorium of

the Godhead. Brutes and men have their sensoriola, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation,—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity,—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. “O that I knew where I might find him!” says Job. “Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.” In short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those

who endeavor to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

NATURE WORSHIPS GOD.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far ;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,—
The priesthood of the sea !

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine ;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer ;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
 Or low with sobs of pain,—
 The thunder-organ of the cloud,
 The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
 The twilight forest grieves,
 Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
 From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
 Its transept earth and air,
 The music of its starry march
 The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
 With which her years began,
 And all her signs and voices shame
 The prayerless heart of man.

THE SOURCE OF ALL GOOD.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

In "Life-studies."

Out of the heart of summer the fruits come, while each seed and stalk and tree is diligent in its personal task, as though alone it did the deed of itself. But the transcendent, indwelling sunshine made the fruits and the grains, and set the soil of the earth in the loveliness of the rose. Yea! it was but the life and love of God that invented, and all the lovely living things of the earth came forth to bless,—the fishes in the sea, the grains in the field, the flowers by the wayside, the birds in the air, the children in the home, and the beautiful other-soul that you love better than your life.

Man invents, and it seems that from himself are these great achievements ; but deep within his conscious life is the love of God, making the human earth to be enriched with all these things of the human handiwork. Men realize God and know it not. He is the lovely haunting of these ideals that stir us to do, to create, fellowshiping him in the joys in which his worlds are made.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

From Esaias Tegnér's "Children of the Lord's Supper,"
translated by H. W. Longfellow.

Love is the root of creation,—God's essence ; worlds without
number

Lie in his bosom like children ; he made them for this purpose
only.

Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of
heaven.

Quench, O quench not that flame ! It is the breath of your
being.

Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father nor mother
Loved you as God has loved you ; for 't was that you may be
happy

Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the
death-hour,

Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was completed.
Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
The answer — but dreamed of before — to creation's enigma,—
Atonement !

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection ;

Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is willing ;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy
brethren ;

One is the sun in heaven,—and one, only one, is Love also.

Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead ?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown ? and is he not guided

By the same stars that guide thee ? Why shouldst thou hate then
thy brother ?

Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter

Of the Eternal's language ; — on earth it is callèd Forgiveness !

Knowest thou Him, who forgave with the crown of thorns on his
temples ?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers ? Say, dost thou
know him ?

Ah ! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example ;

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings ;

Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the heavenly, shepherd

Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.

This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.

Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but Love among mortals

Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and stands
waiting ;

Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.

Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,—Hope, the
befriending,

Does what she can ; for she points evermore up to heaven, and
faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and
beneath it

Paints a more beautiful world,—a dim, but a sweet play of
shadows !

Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,

Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in
heaven,

Him, who has given us more ; for to us has Hope been transfigured,

Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living assurance.

Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of affection,
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in
marble.

Faith is the sun of life ; and her countenance shines like the
Hebrew's,

For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem
sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.

CHAPTER TWO.

EDUCATION, MORALS, AND RELIGION.

EXTRACTS FROM REMARKS ON EDUCATION.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

It seems, however, that the community are more disposed to talk of education in general than to enter patiently and minutely into its principles and methods, — more disposed to laud it than to labor for it ; and on this account we feel ourselves bound to say something, however briefly and rapidly, of the obligation of regarding it as the paramount object of society, and of giving encouragement to those who make it their task, or who devote themselves to its promotion. We know that we are repeating a thrice-told tale, are inviting attention to principles which the multitude most courteously acknowledge, and as readily forget. But all great truths are apt to grow trite ; and if the moral teacher should fail to enforce them, because they are worn by repetition, religious and moral teaching would well nigh cease.

* * * * *

We are aware that there are some who take an attitude of defense when pressed with earnest applications on the subject of education. They think its importance overrated. They say that circumstances chiefly determine the young mind ; that the influence of parents

and teachers is very narrow ; and that they sometimes dwarf and distort instead of improving the child, by taking the work out of the hand of nature. These remarks are not wholly unfounded. The power of parents is often exaggerated. To strengthen their sense of responsibility, they are often taught that they are competent to effects which are not within their reach, and are often discouraged by the greatness of the task to which they are summoned. Nothing is gained by exaggeration. It is true, and the truth need not be disguised, that parents cannot operate at pleasure on the minds and characters of the young. Their influence is limited by their own ignorance and imperfection, by the strength and freedom of the will of the child, and by its connection, from its breath, with other objects and beings. Parents are not the only educators of their offspring, but must divide the work with other and numerous agents. And in this we rejoice ; for, were the young confined to domestic influences, each generation would be a copy of the preceding, and the progress of society would cease. The child is not put into the hands of parents alone. It is not born to hear but a few voices. It is brought at birth into a vast, we may say an infinite, school. The universe is charged with the office of its education. Innumerable voices come to it from all that it meets, sees, feels. It is not confined to a few books anxiously selected for it by parental care. Nature, society, experience, are volumes opened everywhere and perpetually before its eyes. It takes lessons from every object within the sphere of its senses and its activity,—from the sun and stars ; from the flowers of spring and the fruits of autumn ; from every

associate ; from every smiling and frowning countenance ; from the pursuits, trades, professions, of the community in which it moves ; from its plays, friendships, and dislikes ; from the varieties of human character ; and from the consequences of its actions. All these, and more than these, are appointed to teach, awaken, develop, the mind of the child. It is plunged amidst friendly and hostile influences, to grow by co-operating with the first, and by resisting the last. The circumstances in which we are placed, form, indeed, a most important school, and by their help some men have risen to distinction in knowledge and virtue, with little aid from parents, teachers, and books.

Still, the influence of parents and teachers is great. On them it very much depends whether the circumstances which surround the child shall operate to his good. They must help him to read, interpret, and use wisely the great volumes of nature, society, and experience. They must fix his volatile glance, arrest his precipitate judgment, guide his observation, teach him to link together cause and effect in the outward world, and turn his thoughts inward on his own more mysterious nature. The young, left to the education of circumstances,—left without teaching, guidance, restraint,—will, in all probability, grow up ignorant, torpid in intellect, strangers to their own powers, and slaves to their passions. The fact that some children, without aid from parents or schools, have struggled into eminence, no more proves such aid to be useless than the fact that some have grown strong under physical exposures which would destroy the majority of the race, would prove the worthlessness of the ordinary precautions which are taken for the security of health.

We have spoken of parents as possessing, and as bound to exert, an important influence on the young. But they cannot do the whole work of education. Their daily occupation, the necessity of labors for the support of their families, household cares, the duty of watching over the health of their children, and other social relations, render it almost impossible for parents to qualify themselves for much of the teaching which the young require, and often deny them time and opportunity for giving instruction to which they are competent. Hence the need of a class of persons who shall devote themselves exclusively to the work of education. In all societies, ancient and modern, this want has been felt ; the profession of teachers has been known ; and to secure the best helps of this kind to children is one of the first duties of parents ; for on these the progress of their children very much depends.

One of the discouraging views of society at the present moment is, that whilst much is said of education, hardly any seem to feel the necessity of securing to it the best minds in the community, and of securing them at any price.

* * * * *

No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, impoverishes his heart. There should be no economy in education. Money should never be weighed against the soul of a child. It should be poured out like water for the child's intellectual and moral life.

* * * * *

Let us, if we can, do good far and wide. Let us send light and joy, if we can, to the ends of the earth.

The charity which is now active for distant objects is noble. We only wish to say that it ranks behind the obscurer philanthropy which, while it sympathizes with the race, enters deeply into the minds, wants, interests, of the individuals within its reach, and devotes itself patiently and wisely to the task of bringing them to a higher standard of intellectual and moral worth.

* * * * *

One great cause of the low estimation in which the teacher is now held may be found in narrow views of education. The multitude think that to educate a child is to crowd into its mind a given amount of knowledge, to teach the mechanism of reading and writing, to load the memory with words, to prepare a boy for the routine of a trade. No wonder, then, that they think almost everybody fit to teach. The true end of education, as we have again and again suggested, is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth power of every kind,—power of thought, affection, will, and outward action; power to observe, to reason, to judge, to contrive; power to adopt good ends firmly, and to pursue them efficiently; power to govern ourselves, and to influence others; power to gain and to spread happiness. Reading is but an instrument; education is to teach its best use. The intellect was created not to receive passively a few words, dates, facts; but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Accordingly, education should labor to inspire a profound love of truth, and to teach the processes of investigation. A sound logic—by which we mean the science or art which instructs us in the laws of reasoning

and evidence, in the true methods of inquiry, and in the sources of false judgments—is an essential part of a good education. And yet how little is done to teach the right use of the intellect in the common modes of training either rich or poor! As a general rule, the young are to be made, as far as possible, their own teachers,—the discoverers of truth, the interpreters of nature, the framers of science. They are to be helped to help themselves. They should be taught to observe and study the world in which they live, to trace the connections of events, to rise from particular facts to general principles, and then to apply these in explaining new phenomena. Such is a rapid outline of the intellectual education, which, as far as possible, should be given to all human beings; and with this, moral education should go hand in hand. In proportion as the child gains knowledge, he should be taught how to use it well,—how to turn it to the good of mankind. He should study the world as God's world, and as the sphere in which he is to form interesting connections with his fellow creatures. A spirit of humanity should be breathed into him from all his studies.

PRACTISE AND HABIT.

JOHN LOCKE.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practise makes it what it is; and most, even of those excellences which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for

pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true that, at first, some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavors that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practise. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practise alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster Hall to the Exchange, will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or inns of court.

To what purpose all this, but to show that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties, as [from] acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger at past fifty. And he will not have

much better success who shall endeavor at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by [the] hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practise must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician, extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker or strict reasoner, by a set of rules showing him wherein right reasoning consists.

BROTHERS AND A SERMON.

JEAN INGELOW.

And the sun went into the west, and down
 Upon the water stooped an orange cloud,
 And the pale milky reaches flushed, as glad
 To wear its colors; and the sultry air
 Went out to sea, and puffed the sails of ships
 With thymy wafts, the breath of trodden grass:
 It took; moreover, music; for across
 The heather belt and over pasture land
 Came the sweet monotone of one slow bell,
 And parted time into divisions rare,
 Whereof each morsel brought its own delight.

“They ring for service,” quoth the fisherman;

“Our parson preaches in the church to-night.”

“And do the people go?” my brother asked.

“Aye, Sir; they count it mean to stay away,
 He takes it so to heart. He’s a rare man,
 Our parson; half a head above us all.”

“That 's a great gift, and notable,” said I.

“Aye, Sir ; and when he was a younger man,
 He went out in the life-boat very oft,—
 Before the ‘ Grace of Sunderland ’ was wrecked.
 He 's never been his own man since that hour ;
 For there were thirty men aboard of her,
 Anigh as close as you are now to me,
 And ne'er a one was saved.

“ They 're lying now,
 With two small children, in a row : the church
 And yard are full of seamen's graves, and few
 Have any names.

“ She bumped upon the reef ;
 Our parson, my young son, and several more
 Were lashed together with a two-inch rope,
 And crept along to her, their mates ashore
 Ready to haul them in. The gale was high,
 The sea was all a boiling, seething froth,
 And God Almighty's guns were going off,—
 And the land trembled.

“ When she took the ground,
 She went to pieces like a lock of hay
 Tossed from a pitchfork. Ere it came to that,
 The captain reeled on deck with two small things,
 One on each arm — his little lad and lass.
 Their hair was long, and blew before his face,
 Or else we thought he had been saved ; he fell,
 But held them fast. The crew, poor luckless souls !
 The breakers licked them off ; and some were crushed,
 Some swallowed in the yeast, some flung up dead,
 The dear breath beaten out of them : not one
 Jumped from the wreck upon the reef to catch
 The hands that strained to reach, but tumbled back
 With eyes wide open. But the captain lay

And clung — the only man alive. They prayed,—
‘For God’s sake, captain, throw the children here!’
‘Throw them!’ our parson cried; and then she struck:
And he threw one, a pretty two-years child;
But the gale dashed him on the slippery verge,
And down he went. They say they heard him cry.

“Then he rose up, and took the other one;
And all our men reached out their hungry arms,
And cried out, ‘Throw her!’ and he did:
He threw her right against the parson’s breast,
And all at once the sea broke over them,
And they that saw it from the shore have said
It struck the wreck, and piecemeal scattered it,
Just as a woman might the lump of salt
That ’twixt her hands into the kneading-pan
She breaks and crumbles on her rising bread.

“We hauled our men in: two of them were dead;—
The sea had beaten them; their heads hung down:
Our parson’s arms were empty; for the wave
Had torn away the pretty, pretty lamb;
We often see him stand beside her grave:
But ’t was no fault of his,—no fault of his.

“I ask your pardon, Sirs; I prate and prate,
And never have I said what brought me here;
Sirs, if you want a boat to-morrow morn,
I’m bold to say there’s ne’er a boat like mine.”
“Aye, that was what we wanted,” we replied;
“A boat, his boat;” and off he went, well pleased.

We, too, rose up (the crimson in the sky
Flushed our faces), and went sauntering on,
And thought to reach our lodging, by the cliff.
And up and down among the heather beds,
And up and down between the sheaves, we sped,
Doubling and winding; for a long ravine

Ran up into the land and cut us off,
 Pushing out slippery ledges for the birds,
 And rent with many a crevice, where the wind
 Had laid up drifts of empty egg-shells, swept
 From the bare berths of gulls and guillemots.

So, as it chanced, we lighted on a path
 That led into a nutwood ; and our talk
 Was louder than beseemed — if we had known —
 With argument and laughter ; for the path,
 As we sped onward, took a sudden turn
 Abrupt, and we came out on churchyard grass,
 And close upon a porch, and face to face
 With those within, and with the thirty graves.

We heard the voice of one who preached within,
 And stopped. “ Come on,” my brother whispered me ;
 “ It were more decent that we enter now ;
 Come on ! we ’ll hear this rare old demigod :
 I like strong men and large ; I like gray heads,
 And grand gruff voices, hoarse though this may be
 With shouting in the storm.”

It was not hoarse,—

The voice that preached to those few fishermen,
 And women, nursing mothers with the babes
 Hushed on their breasts ; and yet it held them not :
 Their drowsy eyes were drawn to look at us,
 Till, having leaned our rods against the wall,
 And left the dogs at watch, we entered, sat,
 And were apprised that, though he saw us not,
 The parson knew that he had lost the eyes
 And ears of those before him ; for he made
 A pause — a long, dead pause — and dropped his arms,
 And stood awaiting, till I felt the red
 Mount to my brow.

And a soft, fluttering stir
 Passed over all, and every mother hushed
 The babe beneath her shawl, and he turned round,
 And met our eyes, unused to diffidence,
 But diffident of his ; then with a sigh
 Fronted the folk, lifted his grand gray head,
 And said, as one that pondered now the words
 He had been preaching on with new surprise,
 And found fresh marvel in their sound, " Behold !
 Behold ! " saith he, " I stand at the door, and knock."

Then said the parson : " What ! and shall he wait,
 And must he wait, not only till we say,
 ' Good Lord, the house is clean, the hearth is swept,
 The children sleep, the mackerel-boats are in,
 And all the nets are mended ; therefore I
 Will slowly to the door and open it ; '
 But must he also wait where still, behold !
 He stands and knocks, while we do say, ' Good Lord,
 The gentefolk are come to worship here,
 And I will up and open to thee soon ;
 But first I pray a little longer wait,
 For I am taken up with them ; my eyes
 Must needs regard the fashion of their clothes,
 And count the gains I think to make by them ;
 Forsooth, they are of much account, good Lord !
 Therefore have patience with me — wait, dear Lord !
 Or come again ? '

" What ! must he wait for *this* —
 For this ? Aye, he doth wait for this ; and still,
 Waiting for this, he, patient, raileth not ;
 Waiting for this, e'en this, he saith, ' Behold !
 I stand at the door, and knock.'

" O patient hand,
 Knocking and waiting — knocking in the night
 When work is done ! I charge you, by the sea

Whereby you fill your children's mouths, and by
 The might of him that made it — fishermen !
 I charge you, mothers ! by the mother's milk
 He drew, and by his Father, God over all,
 Blessèd forever, that ye answer him !
 Open the door with shame, if ye have sinned ;
 If ye be sorry, open it with sighs.
 Albeit the place be bare for poverty,
 And comfortless for lack of plenishing,
 Be not abashed for that, but open it,
 And take him in that comes to sup with thee ;
 ' Behold ! ' he saith, ' I stand at the door, and knock.'

“ Now hear me : there be troubles in this world
 That no man can escape, and there is one
 That lieth hard and heavy on my soul,
 Concerning that which is to come : —

“ I say

As a man that knows what earthly trouble means,
 I will not bear this *one* ; — I cannot bear
 This *one* ; — I cannot bear the weight of you —
 You — every one of you, body and soul ; —
 You, with the care you suffer, and the loss
 That you sustain ; — you, with the growing up
 To peril, maybe with the growing old
 To want, unless before I stand with you
 At the great white throne, I may be free of all,
 And utter to the full what shall discharge
 Mine obligation : nay, I will not wait
 A day ; for every time the black clouds rise,
 And the gale freshens, still I search my soul
 To find if there be aught that can persuade
 To good, or aught forsooth that can beguile
 From evil, that I (miserable man !
 If that be so) have left unsaid, undone.

"So that when any, risen from sunken wrecks,
 Or rolled in by the billows to the edge
 Of the everlasting strand — what time the sea
 Gives up her dead — shall meet me, they may say
 Never, 'Old man, you told us not of this ;
 You left us fisher-lads that had to toil
 Ever in danger of the secret stab
 Of rocks, far deadlier than the dagger ; winds
 Of breath more murderous than the cannon's ; waves
 Mighty to rock us to our death ; and gulfs
 Ready beneath to suck and swallow us in :
 This crime be on your head ; and as for us —
 What shall we do ? ' but rather — nay, not so,
 I will not think it ; I will leave the dead,
 Appealing but to life : I am afraid
 Of you, but not so much if you have sinned
 As for the doubt if sin shall be forgiven.
 The day was, I have been afraid of pride —
 Hard man's hard pride ; but now I am afraid
 Of man's humility. I counsel you,
 By the great God's great humbleness, and by
 His pity, be not humble overmuch.
 See ! I will show at whose unopened doors
 He stands and knocks, that you may never say,
 ' I am too mean, too ignorant, too lost ;
 He knocks at other doors, but not at mine.'

" See here ? it is the night ! it is the night !
 And snow lies thickly, — white untrodden snow ;
 And the wan moon upon a casement shines —
 A casement crusted o'er with frosty leaves,
 That make her ray less bright upon the floor.
 A woman sits, with hands upon her knees,
 Poor tired soul ! and she has naught to do ;
 For there is neither fire nor candle light :
 The driftwood ash lies cold upon the hearth ;
 The rushlight flickered down an hour ago ;

Her children wail a little in their sleep
 For cold and hunger ; and, as if that sound
 Were not enough, another comes to her,
 Over God's undefiled snow — a song —
 Nay, never hang your heads — I say, a song.

“ And doth she curse the ale-house, and the sots
 That drink the night out and their earning there,
 And drink their manly strength and courage down,
 And drink away the little children's bread,
 And starve her, starving by the self-same act
 Her tender suckling, that with piteous eyes
 Looks in her face, till scarcely she has heart
 To work and earn the scanty bit and drop
 That feed the others ?

“ Does she curse the song ?

I think not, fishermen ; I have not heard
 Such women curse. God's curse is curse enough.
 To-morrow she will say a bitter thing,
 Pulling her sleeve down lest the bruises show —
 A bitter thing, but meant for an excuse —
 ‘ My master is not worse than many men : ’
 But now, aye now, she sitteth dumb and still ;
 No food, no comfort ; cold and poverty
 Bearing her down.

“ My heart is sore for her ;

How long, how long ? When troubles come of God,—
 When men are frozen out of work, when wives
 Are sick, when working fathers fail and die,
 When boats go down at sea,— then naught behoves
 Like patience ; but for troubles wrought of men
 Patience is hard — I tell you it is hard.

“ O thou poor soul ! it is the night — the night ;
 Against thy door drifts up the silent snow,
 Blocking thy threshold : ‘ Fall,’ thou sayest, ‘ fall, fall,

Cold snow, and lie and be trod underfoot.
 Am I not fallen ? wake up and pipe, O wind.—
 Dull wind, and beat and bluster at my door :
 Merciful wind, sing me a hoarse rough song ;
 For there is other music made to-night
 That I would fain not hear. Wake, thou still sea,
 Heavily plunge. Shoot on, white waterfall.
 O, I could long, like thy icicles,
 Freeze, freeze, and hang upon the frosty cliff
 And not complain, so I might melt at last
 In the warm summer sun, as thou wilt do !

“ ‘ But woe is me ! I think there is no sun :
 My sun is sunken, and the night grows dark :
 None care for me. The children cry for bread,
 And I have none, and naught can comfort me ;
 Even if the heavens were free to such as I,
 It were not much ; for death is long to wait,
 And heaven is far to go.’

“ And speakest thou thus,
 Despairing of the sun that sets to thee,
 And of the earthly love that wanes to thee,
 And of the heaven that lieth far from thee ?
 Peace, peace, fond fool ! One draweth near thy door
 Whose footsteps leave no print across the snow :
 Thy sun has risen with comfort in his face,
 The smile of heaven, to warm thy frozen heart
 And bless with saintly hand. What ! is it long
 To wait, and far to go ? Thou shalt not go ;
 Behold, across the snow to thee He comes,—
 Thy heaven descends ; and is it long to wait ?
 Thou shalt not wait : ‘ This night, this night,’ He saith,
 ‘ I stand at the door, and knock.’

“ It is enough : can such a one be here —
 Yea, here ? O God forgive you fishermen !
 One ! is there only one ? But do thou know,

O woman pale for want, if thou art here,
 That on thy lot much thought is spent in heaven ;
 And, coveting the heart a hard man broke,
 One standeth patient, watching in the night,
 And waiting in the daytime.

“ What shall be

If thou wilt answer ? — He will smile on thee ;
 One smile of his shall be enough to heal
 The wound of man's neglect ; and He will sigh,
 Pitying the trouble which that sigh shall cure ;
 And He will speak — speak in the desolate night —
 In the dark night : ‘ For me a thorny crown
 Men wove, and nails were driven in my hands
 And feet : there was an earthquake, and I died ; —
 I died, and am alive forevermore.

“ ‘ I died for thee ; for thee I am alive,
 And my humanity doth mourn for thee,
 For thou art mine ; and all thy little ones,
 They, too, are mine, are mine ! Behold, the house
 Is dark, but there is brightness where the sons
 Of God are singing ; and, behold, the heart
 Is troubled : yet the nations walk in white :
 They have forgotten how to weep ; and thou
 Shalt also come, and I will foster thee,
 And satisfy thy soul ; and thou shalt warm
 Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God.
 A little while — it is a little while —
 A little while, and I will comfort thee ;
 I go away, but I will come again.’ ”

ADVANTAGES OF TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

BISHOP TILLOTSON.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better ; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to ? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretense of a good quality, as to have it ; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labor to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction ; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit ; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it ;

it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them ; whereas integrity gains strength by use ; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation ; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger ; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretenses are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out ; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business ; it creates confidence in those we have

to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words ; it is like traveling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than byways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect ; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests ; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter—speaking as to the concerns of this world—if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw; but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

THE BAD BARGAIN.

HANNAH MORE.

See, there the Prince of Darkness stands
 With baits for souls in both his hands!
 To one he offers empire whole,
 And gives a scepter for a soul;
 To one he freely gives in barter
 A peerage, or a star and garter;
 To one he pays polite attention,
 And begs him just to take a pension.

Some are so fixed with love of fame
 He bribes them with an empty name.
 For fame they toil, they preach, they write,
 Give alms, build hospitals, or fight;
 For human praise renounce salvation,
 And sell their souls for reputation.

See at yon needy tradesman's shop
 The universal tempter stop!
 "Wouldst thou," he cries, "increase thy treasure?"

Use lighter weights and scantier measure :
Thus thou shalt thrive." The trader's willing,
And sells his soul to get a shilling.

PARADISE.—THE GOSPEL OF LABOR.

BISHOP HALL.

Every earth was not fit for Adam, but a garden, a paradise. What excellent pleasures and rare varieties have men found in gardens planted by the hands of men ! And yet all the world of men cannot make one twig, or leaf, or spire of grass. When he that made the matter, undertakes the fashion, how must it needs be, beyond our capacity, excellent ! No herb, no flower, no tree, was wanting there, that might be for ornament or use, whether for sight, or for scent, or for taste. The bounty of God wrought further than to necessity, even to comfort and recreation. Why are we niggardly to ourselves, when God is liberal ? But, for all this, if God had not there conversed with man, no abundance could have made him blessed.

Yet, behold ! that which was man's storehouse was also his workhouse ; his pleasure was his task : paradise served not only to feed his senses, but to exercise his hands. If happiness had consisted in doing nothing, man had not been employed ; all his delights could not have made him happy in an idle life. Man, therefore, is no sooner made than he is set to work ; neither greatness nor perfection can privilege a folded hand ; he must labor because he was happy ; how much more we, that we may be ! This first labor of his was, as without

necessity, so without pains, without weariness ; how much more cheerfully we go about our businesses, so much nearer we come to our paradise.

TRUE SENSIBILITY.

HANNAH MORE.

A gift is not peculiar to the good ;
 'T is often but the virtue of the blood ;
 And what would seem compassion's moral flow,
 Is but a circulation swift or slow.
 But to divert it to its proper course,
There wisdom's power appears, there reason's force.
 If, ill directed, it pursues the wrong,
 It adds new strength to what before was strong ;
 But if religious bias rules the soul,
 Then Sensibility exalts the whole.

ELEMENTS OF TRUE GREATNESS.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

In "Life-studies."

Spiritual brotherhood does not mean equality of talents, but the appreciation of the great works of another, although those works lie beyond the possibility of our hands to do. He is the spiritual brother of Emerson who can appreciatively think Emerson's thoughts after him, and not he only who can utter first-hand thoughts as great and original as Emerson's. He is the spiritual brother of Shakespeare who can interpret Shakespeare, and he who, although unable to interpret Shakespeare to others, responds to him when interpreted, feels, when reading him, the majesty of

genius, the fascination of the pity and pathos of our human life moving through his plays. Not he alone who can write noble songs, but he who can feel their spell when written, who can answer to their inspiration, who can somewhat live out their beauty, is spiritual brother to Whittier.

* * * * *

The greatness of your soul is measured to you in your appreciation of the greatness of others, although there may be a humility about you, refusing to call yourself great. When your heart is stirred with a great book, you have a greatness within you that is akin to the greatness in the book. That you are moved with the concord of sweet sounds is an evidence to you that there is music in your soul, although you may never be able to sing it forth, or make the violin, for you, enchant it to the winds. If a noble action stirs your soul into some ecstasy, it is because in your soul there is a kindred nobleness to his who did the deed. If a beautiful life fills you with admiration, it is because within your own soul there is a kindred beauty. If human goodness, as embodied in some man or woman, stirs your heart as heroic bugles the hearts of warriors, it is because something of your human nature is woven of the same great fabric.

* * * * *

Except for the religious spirit within us, there could be no response to the religious teachers God has sent into the world for our help. The greatness of their words is already within us, as music is in the instrument, and needs only the help of a master's hand to sing out its glories.

THE SABBATH.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

The Sabbath is here !
 Like a dove out of heaven descending,
 Toil and turmoil suspending,
 Comes in the glad morn !
 It smiles on the highway,
 And down the green byway,
 'Mong fields of ripe corn.

The Sabbath is here !
 Behold ! the full sheaves own the blessing,
 So plainly confessing
 A Father's mild care.
 In Sabbath-noon stillness,
 The crops in their fulness
 How graceful and fair !

The Sabbath is here !
 No clank of the plow-chain we hear, now,—
 No lash, far or near, now,—
 No creaking of wheels.
 With million low voices
 The harvest rejoices
 All over the fields.

The Sabbath is here !
 The seed we in faith and hope planted ;
 God's blessing was granted,
 It sprang to the light ;
 We gaze now, and listen
 Where fields wave and glisten,
 With grateful delight.

The Sabbath is here !
 Give praise to the Father, whose blessing
 The fields are confessing !

Soon the reapers will come,
With rustling and ringing
Of sickles, and bringing
The yellow sheaves home.

The Sabbath is here !
The seed we in fond hope are sowing
Will one day rise, glowing
In the smile of God's love,
In dust though we leave it,
We trust to receive it
In glory above !

POWER OF INTERPRETATION.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

In "Life-studies."

Unto its illumination in the brain, the light needs the eye, else must it abide a darkness. Light within us interprets the light without us. Only by our responsiveness to the sound, only by our unity with it, can there be any hearing at all. Otherwise we are abiding in the unbroken silence. Everything without us can have a meaning to us only as there is established a unity between what lies within and what lies without. There is a great and unsearched kinship between the world that lies within man and the world that lies without him. By the grace of that fact we are alive in the world and the world is alive in us. Except for a rose-beauty in us, the rose in our garden could have no charms for our eye. Except for a bird-beauty in us, the thrush without could be no enchantment for our ear. Except for a child-beauty within us, the little child

would be no joy to our hearts. Except for a great human love within us, the men and women of the world could not interest us, could not become a part of us, could not make us great.

FORGIVENESS.

WHITTIER.

My heart was heavy ; for its trust had been
 Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong ;
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow men,
 One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
 The green mounds of the village burial-place ;
 Where, pondering how all human love and hate
 Find one sad level ; and how, soon or late,
 Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
 And cold hands folded over a still heart,
 Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave !

GOD SEES NOT AS MAN SEES.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

“Now he [David] was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to.” As Samuel beheld with pleasure the handsome, manly, modest shepherd boy, the voice of the Lord spoke to the prophet, saying, “Arise, anoint him ; for this is he.” David had proved himself brave and faithful in the humble office of a shepherd, and now God had chosen him to be captain of his people. “Then Samuel took

the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of [from among] his brethren ; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward." The prophet had accomplished his appointed work, and with a relieved heart he returned to Ramah.

Samuel had not made known his errand, even to the family of Jesse, and the ceremony of anointing David had been performed in secret. It was an intimation to the youth of the high destiny awaiting him, that amid all the varied experiences and perils of his coming years, this knowledge might inspire him to be true to the purpose of God to be accomplished by his life.

The great honor conferred upon David did not serve to elate him. Notwithstanding the high position which he was to occupy, he quietly continued his employment, content to await the development of the Lord's plans in his own time and way. As humble and modest as before his anointing, the shepherd boy returned to the hills, and watched and guarded his flock as tenderly as ever. But with new inspiration he composed his melodies, and played upon his harp. Before him spread a landscape of rich and varied beauty. The vines, with their clustering fruit, brightened in the sunshine. The forest trees, with their green foliage, swayed in the breeze. He beheld the sun flooding the heavens with light, coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. There were the bold summits of the hills, reaching toward the sky ; in the far-away distance rose the barren cliffs of the mountain wall of Moab ; above all spread the tender blue of the overarching heavens. And beyond was God. He [David] could not see him, but his works were full of

his praise. The light of day, gilding forest and mountain, meadow and stream, carried the mind up to behold the Father of lights, the Author of every good and perfect gift. Daily revelations of the character and majesty of his Creator, filled the young poet's heart with adoration and rejoicing. In contemplation of God and his works, the faculties of David's mind and heart were developing and strengthening for the work of his after-life. He was daily coming into a more intimate communion with God. His mind was constantly penetrating into new depths, for fresh themes to inspire his song, and to wake the music of his harp. The rich melody of his voice poured out upon the air, echoed from the hills as if responsive to the rejoicing of the angels' songs in heaven.

Who can measure the results of those years of toil and wandering among the lonely hills? The communion with nature and with God, the care of his flocks, the perils and deliverances, the griefs and joys, of his lowly lot, were not only to mold the character of David, and to influence his future life, but through the psalms of Israel's sweet singer, they were, in all coming ages, to kindle love and faith in the hearts of God's people, bringing them nearer to the ever-loving heart of Him in whom all his creatures live.

David, in the beauty and vigor of his young manhood, was preparing to take a high position with the noblest of earth. His talents, as precious gifts from God, were employed to extol the glory of the divine Giver. His opportunities of contemplation and meditation served to enrich him with that wisdom and piety that made him beloved of God and angels. As he con-

templated the perfections of his Creator, clearer conceptions of God opened before his soul. Obscure themes were illuminated, difficulties were made plain, perplexities were harmonized, and each ray of new light called forth fresh bursts of rapture and sweeter anthems of devotion to the glory of God and the Redeemer. The love that moved him, the sorrows that beset him, the triumphs that attended him, were all themes for his active thought; and as he beheld the love of God in all the providences of his life, his heart throbbed with more fervent adoration and gratitude, his voice rang out in a richer melody, his harp was swept with more exultant joy; and the shepherd boy proceeded from strength to strength, from knowledge to knowledge; for the Spirit of the Lord was upon him.

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

N. P. WILLIS.

Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance —
Her thin pale fingers clasped within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there —
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh

Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
 She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
 And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk
 Upon his knees, and in the drapery
 Of the rich curtains buried up his face ;
 And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
 Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
 Had ceased its pressure — and he could not hear,
 In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
 Came through her nostrils ; — and her temples gave
 To his nice touch no pulse ; — and, at her mouth,
 He held the lightest curl that on her neck
 Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
 Ached with its deathly stillness.

* * * * *

It was night, —

And softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,
 Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
 Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
 The breaking waves played low upon the beach
 Their constant music ; but the air beside
 Was still as starlight, and the Savior's voice,
 In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
 Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,
 Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
 With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
 He stood, and taught the people. At his feet
 Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
 And staff, — for they had waited by the sea
 Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
 For his wont teachings as he came to land.
 His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
 And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
 As he leaned forward earnestly ; and still
 The same calm cadence, passionless and deep —
 And in his looks the same mild majesty —
 And in his mien the sadness mixed with power —

Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
 As on his words entrancedly they hung,
 The crowd divided, and among them stood
 JAIROS THE RULER. With his flowing robe
 Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
 And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
 The twelve disciples to their Master's side ;
 And silently the people shrunk away,
 And left the haughty Ruler in the midst
 Alone. A moment longer on the face
 Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze ;
 And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light
 Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
 Steal to his silver beard ; and, drawing nigh
 Unto the Savior's feet, he took the hem
 Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
 Pressed it upon his lids, and murmured low,
 " *Master ! my daughter !* " —

* * * * *

The same silvery light
 That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
 Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,
 As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
 Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
 The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
 Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
 Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
 Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
 As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
 He trod the winding stair ; but ere he touched
 The latchet, from within a whisper came,
 " *Trouble the Master not, — for she is dead !* "
 And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
 And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
 Choked in its utterance ; — but a gentle hand
 Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
 The Savior's voice sank thrillingly and low,
 " *She is not dead — but sleepeth.* "

They passed in.

The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
 Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
 Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
 The silken curtains slumbered in their folds —
 Not even a tassel stirring in the air —
 And as the Savior stood beside the bed,
 And prayed inaudibly, the Ruler heard
 The quickening division of his breath,
 As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
 A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face ;
 And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
 The silken curtains silently apart,
 And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form
 Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay —
 The linen vesture folded on her breast,
 And over it her white transparent hands,
 The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
 A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
 And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
 The breathing curve was mockingly like life ;
 And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
 Ran the light branches of the azure veins ;
 And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
 Matching the arches penciled on her brow.
 Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
 Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
 In curls of glossy blackness ; and about
 Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
 Like airy shadows, floating as they slept.
 'T was heavenly beautiful. The Savior raised
 Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
 The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
 “ *Maiden, arise!* ” — and suddenly a flush
 Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
 And through her cheek the rallied color ran ;

And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture ; and she clasped
The Savior's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance — *arose!*

EVILS OF AN ENVIOUS SPIRIT.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

The demon of jealousy entered the heart of the king. He was angry because David was exalted above himself in the song of the women of Israel. In place of subduing these envious feelings, he displayed the weakness of his character, and exclaimed, "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands ; and what can he have more but the kingdom ?"

One great defect in the character of Saul was his love of approbation. This trait had had a controlling influence over his actions and thoughts ; everything was marked by his desire for praise and self-exaltation. His standard of right and wrong was the low standard of popular applause. No man is safe who lives that he may please men, and does not seek first for the approbation of God. It was the ambition of Saul to be first in the estimation of men ; and when this song of praise was sung, a settled conviction entered the mind of the king, that David would obtain the hearts of the people, and reign in his stead.

Saul opened his heart to the spirit of jealousy by which his soul was poisoned. Notwithstanding the lessons which he had received from the prophet Samuel, instructing him that God would accomplish whatsoever

he chose, and that no one could hinder it, the king made it evident that he had no true knowledge of the plans or power of God. The monarch of Israel was opposing his will to the will of the Infinite One. Saul had not learned, while ruling the kingdom of Israel, that he should rule his own spirit. He allowed his impulses to control his judgment, until he was plunged into a fury of passion. He had paroxysms of rage, when he was ready to take the life of any who dared oppose his will. From this frenzy he would pass into a state of despondency and self-contempt, and remorse would take possession of his soul.

* * * * *

David's blameless character aroused the wrath of the king; he deemed that the very life and presence of David cast a reproach upon him, since by contrast it presented his own character to disadvantage. It was envy that made Saul miserable, and put the humble subject of his throne in jeopardy. What untold mischief has this evil trait of character worked in our world! The same enmity existed in the heart of Saul that stirred the heart of Cain against his brother Abel, because Abel's works were righteous, and God honored him, and his own works were evil, and the Lord could not bless him. Envy is the offspring of pride, and if it is entertained in the heart, it will lead to hatred, and eventually to revenge and murder.

MAGNANIMITY.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Saul rose up and went out of the cave to continue his search, when a voice fell upon his startled ears, saying, "My lord the king." He turned to see who was addressing him, and lo! it was the son of Jesse,—the man whom he had so long desired to have in his power that he might kill him. David bowed himself to the king, acknowledging him as his master. Then he addressed Saul in these words: "Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave; and some bade me kill thee; but mine eye spared thee; and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand; for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it."

When Saul heard the words of David, he was humbled, and could not but admit their truthfulness. His feelings were deeply moved as he realized how completely he had been in the power of the man whose life he sought. David stood before him in conscious innocence. With a softened spirit, Saul exclaimed, "Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice, and wept." Then he declared to David: "Thou art more righteous than I; for thou hast rewarded me

good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil. . . . For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away? Wherefore the Lord reward thee good for that thou hast done unto me this day. And now, behold, I know well that thou shalt surely be king, and that the kingdom of Israel shall be established in thine hand." And David made a covenant with Saul that when this should take place he would favorably regard the house of Saul, and not cut off his name.

Knowing what he did of Saul's past course, David could put no confidence in the assurances of the king, nor hope that his penitent condition would long continue. So when Saul returned to his home, David remained in the strongholds of the mountains.

POWER OF TRUE POETRY.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

He spoke of Burns : men rude and rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise of one
 Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff
 As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
 Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
 His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
 From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
 Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
 As if in him who read they felt and saw
 Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
 And slavish tyranny to see,—
 A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
 In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
 Promptings their former life above,
 And something of a finer reverence
 For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
 Freely among his children all ;
 And always hearts are lying open wide,
 Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
 Of a more true and open life,
 Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds,
 With wayside beauty rife.

* * * * *

All thoughts that mold the age begin
 Deep down within the primitive soul,
 And from the many slowly upward win
 To one who grasps the whole :

In his broad breast the feeling deep
 That struggled on the many's tongue,
 Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
 O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling ; wide
 In the great mass its base is hid,
 And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,—
 A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes : in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls,
A blessing to his kind.

Never did poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century; —

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men ; —

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for ay.

EFFECTS OF RELIGION IN OLD AGE AND ADVERSITY.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigor ; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion ; but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us — when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us — then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, is it to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach ; or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavors and elude his grasp ! To such a one, gloomily, indeed, does the evening of life set in ! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope ; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismissal is at hand ; that his redemption draweth nigh. While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God ; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim perhaps and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance,—“to

those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." What striking lessons have we had of the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions! Wealth, and power, and prosperity,—how peculiarly transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion is less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches and splendor, and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture.

**THE STATUTE-BOOK NOT NECESSARY TOWARD
CHRISTIANITY.**

DR. CHALMERS.

How comes it that Protestantism made such triumphant progress in these realms when it had pains and penalties to struggle with? and how came this progress to be arrested from the moment it laid on these pains and penalties in its turn? What have all the enactments of the statute-book done for the cause of Protestantism in Ireland? and how is it, that when single-handed Truth walked through our island with the might and prowess of a conqueror, so soon as

propped by the authority of the State, and the armor of intolerance was given to her, the brilliant career of her victories was ended? It was when she took up the carnal and laid down the spiritual weapon — it was then that strength went out of her. She was struck with impotency on the instant that, from a warfare of principle, it became a warfare of politics. There are gentlemen opposed to us, profound in the documents of history; but she has really nothing to offer half so instructive as the living history that is now before our eyes. With the pains and penalties to fight against, the cause of Reformation did almost everything in Britain; with the pains and penalties on its side, it has done nothing, and worse than nothing, in Ireland.

INEFFICACY OF MERE MORAL PREACHING.

DR. CHALMERS.

And here I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upward of twelve years amongst you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villainy of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny — in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and the disturbers of human society. Now, could I, upon the strength of these warm expostulations, have got the thief to give up his stealing, and the evil-speaker his sensoriousness, and the liar his deviations from truth, I should have felt all the repose of one who had gotten

his ultimate object. It never occurred to me that all this might have been done, and yet the soul of every hearer have remained in full alienation from God ; and that even could I have established, in the bosom of one who stole, such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely unturned to God, and as totally unpossessed by a principle of love to Him, as before. In a word, though I might have made him a more upright and honorable man, I might have left him as destitute of the essence of religious principle as ever. But the interesting fact is, that during the whole of that period in which I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the mind toward God, while I was inattentive to the way in which this enmity is dissolved, even by the free offer on the one hand, and the believing acceptance on the other, of the gospel salvation ; while Christ, through whose blood the sinner, who by nature stands afar off, is brought near to the heavenly Lawgiver whom he has offended, was scarcely ever spoken of, or spoken of in such a way as stripped him of all the importance of his character and his offices,— even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honor, and truth, and integrity among my people ; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed by the

utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God ; it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions ; it was not till I took the Scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them ; it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers ; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interests with God and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforesaid made the earnest and the zealous, but, I am afraid, at the same time the ultimate, object of my earlier ministrations. Ye servants, whose scrupulous fidelity has now attracted the notice [of,] and drawn forth in my hearing a delightful testimony from, your masters,—what mischief you would have done had your zeal for doctrines and sacraments been accompanied by the sloth and the remissness, and what, in the prevailing tone of moral relaxation, is counted the allowable purloining of your earlier days ! But a sense of your heavenly Master's eye has brought another influence to bear upon you ; and while you are thus striving to adorn the doctrine of God your Savior in all things, you may, poor as you are, reclaim the great ones of the land to the acknowledgment of the faith. You have at least taught me that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches ;

and out of your humble cottages have I gathered a lesson, which I pray God I may be enabled to carry with all its simplicity into a wider theater, and to bring with all the power of its subduing efficacy upon the vices of a more crowded population.

BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

N. P. WILLIS.

From a poem delivered at the departure of the senior class of Yale College, in 1827.

* * * * *

We shall go forth together. There will come
 Alike the day of trial unto all,
 And the rude world will buffet us alike.
 Temptation hath a music for all ears ;
 And mad ambition trumpeteth to all ;
 And the ungovernable thought within
 Will be in every bosom eloquent :
 But when the silence and the calm come on,
 And the high seal of character is set,
 We shall not all be similar. The flow
 Of lifetime is a graduated scale ;
 And deeper than the vanities of power,
 Or the vain pomp of glory, there is set
 A standard measuring our worth for Heaven.
 The pathway to the grave may be the same,
 And the proud man shall tread it, and the low —
 With his bowed head — shall bear him company.
 And there will be no precedence of power,
 In waking at the coming trump of God !
 But in the temper of the invisible mind,
 The godlike and undying intellect,
 There are distinctions that will live in heaven
 When time is a forgotten circumstance !

The elevated brow of kings will lose
 The impress of regalia, and the slave
 Will wear his immortality as free,
 Beside the crystal waters; but the depth
 Of glory in the attributes of God,
 Will measure the capacities of mind ;
 And as the angels differ, will the ken
 Of gifted spirits glorify him more.
 'T is life's probation task. The soul of man
 Createth its own destiny of power ;
 And, as the trial is intenser here,
 His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.

* * * * *

So lives the soul of man. It is the thirst
 Of his immortal nature ; and he rends
 The rock for secret fountains, and pursues
 The path of the illimitable wind
 For mysteries — and this is human pride !
 There is a softer winding path through life,
 And man may walk it with unruffled soul,
 And drink its wayside waters till his heart
 Is stilled with its o'erflowing happiness.
 The chart by which to traverse it is writ
 In the broad book of nature. 'T is to have
 Attentive and believing faculties ;
 To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
 Of beautiful and well-created things ;
 To love the voice of waters and the sheen
 Of silver fountains leaping to the sea ;
 To thrill with the rich melody of birds,
 Living their life of music ; to be glad
 In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm ;
 To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
 And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree ;
 To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
 Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world !
 It is to linger on " the magic face

Of human beauty," and from light and shade
 Alike to draw a lesson : 't is to know
 The cadences of voices that are tuned
 By majesty and purity of thought ;
 To gaze on woman's beauty, as a star
 Whose purity and distance make it fair ;
 And from the spell of music to awake,
 And feel that it has purified the heart !
 It is to love all virtue, like the light,
 Dear to the soul as sunshine to the eye ;
 And when the senses and the mind are filled
 Like wells from these involuntary springs,
 It is to calm the trembling depths with prayer,
 That it may be but a reflected Heaven.

Thus would I, at this parting hour, be true
 To teachings which to me have priceless been.
 Thus would I — like a just-departing child,
 Who lingers on the threshold of his home —
 Strive, with vague murmurings and lingering looks,
 To store up what were sweetest to recall.
 And O, be this remembered ! — that when life
 Shall have become a weariness, and hope
 Thirsts for serener waters, we may go
 Forth to God's wild-wood temples, and while all
 Its choirs breathe music, and its leafy aisles
 Are solemn with the beauty of the world,
 Kneel at its unwrought altar ; and the cup
 That holds the "living waters " will be near.

SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS.

CHARLES LAMB.

So far from the position holding true, that great wit
 (or genius, in our modern way of speaking) has a neces-
 sary alliance with insanity, the greatest wits, on the

contrary, will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakespeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them. "So strong a wit," says Cowley, speaking of a poetical friend,—

"— did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame ;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below."

The ground of the mistake is, that men, finding in the raptures of the higher poetry a condition of exaltation, to which they have no parallel in their own experience,—besides the spurious resemblance of it in dreams and fevers,—impute a state of dreaminess and fever to the poet. But the true poet dreams being awake. He is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it. In the groves of Eden he walks familiar as in his native paths. He ascends the empyrean heaven, and is not intoxicated. He treads the burning marl without dismay ; he wins his flight without self-loss through realms of chaos "and old night." Or if, abandoning himself to that severer chaos of a "human mind untuned," he is content awhile to be mad with Lear, or to hate mankind (a sort of madness) with Timon, neither is that madness, nor this misanthropy, so unchecked, but that,—never letting the reins of reason wholly go, while most he seems to do so,—he has his better genius still whispering at his ear,

with the good servant Kent suggesting saner counsels, or with the honest steward Flavius recommending kinder resolutions. Where he seems most to recede from humanity, he will be found the truest to it. From beyond the scope of nature if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. He is beautifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he appears most to betray and desert her. His ideal tribes submit to policy; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus. He tames, and he clothes them with attributes of flesh and blood till they wonder at themselves, like Indian Islanders forced to submit to European vesture. Caliban, the Witches, are as true to the laws of their own nature (ours with a difference), as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Herein the great and the little wits are differenced,—that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves—and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions, nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active—for to be active is to call something into act and form—but passive, as men in sick dreams. For the supernatural—or something superadded to what we know of nature—they give you the plainly non-natural. And if this were all, and that these mental hallucinations were discoverable only in the treatment of subjects out of nature, or transcending it, the judgment might with some plea be pardoned if it ran riot, and a little wantonized: but even in the describing of real and every-day life—that which is before their eyes—one of these lesser wits shall more

deviate from nature—show more of that inconsequence, which has a natural alliance with frenzy,—than a great genius in his “maddest fits,” as Withers somewhere calls them.

SUPERIORITY OF THE MORAL OVER THE INTELLECTUAL NATURE OF MAN.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

Strength of will is the quality most needing cultivation in mankind. Will is the central force which gives strength and greatness to character. We overestimate the value of talent, because it dazzles us; and we are apt to underrate the importance of will, because its works are less shining. Talent gracefully adorns life; but it is will which carries us victoriously through the struggle. Intellect is the torch which lights us on our way; will is the strong arm which rough-hews the path for us. The clever weak man sees all the obstacles on his path; the very torch he carries, being brighter than that of most men, enables him, perhaps, to see that the path before him may be directest,—the best; yet it also enables him to see the crooked turnings by which he may, as he fancies, reach the goal without encountering difficulties. If, indeed, intellect were a sun, instead of a torch—if it irradiated every corner and crevice—then would man see how, in spite of every obstacle, the direct path is the only safe one, and he would cut the way through by manful labor. But constituted as we are, it is the clever weak men who stumble most—the strong men who are most virtuous and happy. In this

world, there cannot be virtue without strong will ; the weak " know the right, and yet the wrong pursue."

No one, I suppose, will accuse me of deifying obstinacy, or even mere brute will ; nor of depreciating intellect. But we have had too many dithyrambs in honor of mere intelligence ; and the older I grow, the clearer I see that intellect is *not* the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant. Knowledge, after all, is not the greatest thing in life ; it is not the " be-all and the end-all here." Life is not science. The light of intellect is truly a precious light ; but its aim and end is simply to shine. The moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced — that without intelligence we should be brutes — but it is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us. Strength of character seldom, if ever, astonishes ; goodness, lovingness, and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world.

A PERFECT EDUCATION.

JOHN W. FRANCIS.

From "The Relation of Literature to a Republican Government."

In casting about for the means of opposing the *sensual*, *selfish*, and *mercenary* tendencies of our nature (the real Hydra of free institutions), and of so elevating man as to render it not chimerical to expect from him the safe ordering of his steps, no mere human agency can be compared with the resources laid up in the great Treasure-house of Literature. There, is collected the

accumulated experience of ages,—the volumes of the historian, like lamps, to guide our feet ;—there stand the heroic patterns of courage, magnanimity, and self-denying virtue ;—there are embodied the gentler attributes, which soften and purify while they charm the heart ;—there lie the charts of those who have explored the deeps and shallows of the soul ;—there, the dear-bought testimony, which reveals to us the ends of the earth, and shows that the girdle of the waters is nothing but their Maker's will ;—there stands the poet's harp, of mighty compass and many strings ;—there hang the deep-toned instruments through which patriot eloquence has poured its inspiring echoes over oppressed nations ;—there, in the sanctity of their own self-emitted light, repose the heavenly oracles. This glorious fane, vast, and full of wonders, has been reared and stored by the labors of lettered men ; and could it be destroyed, mankind might relapse to the state of savages.

A restless, discontented, aspiring, vital principle, placed in a material form, whose clamorous appetites, bitter pains, and final languishing and decay, are perpetually at war with the peace and innocence of the spiritual occupant — and have, moreover, power to jeopard its lasting welfare — is the mysterious combination of human nature. To *employ* the never-resting faculty ; to turn off its desires from the dangerous illusions of the senses to the ennobling enjoyments of the mind ; to place before the high-reaching principle, objects that will excite and reward its efforts, and, at the same time, not unfit a thing immortal for the probabilities that await it when time shall be no more ;—these are the legitimate aims of a perfect education.

CHAPTER THREE.

STUDIES IN NATURE.

THE SKY.

JOHN RUSKIN.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this

doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few ; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them : he injures them by his presence ; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all ; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food ;" it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart ; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful ; never the same for two moments together ; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it ; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. We look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, — upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, — only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of ? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded

the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary: and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

In this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand,
And, at its head, to stay the eye,
Those dark-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand.

Birds here make song ; each bird has his
Across the girdling city's hum :
How green under the boughs it is !
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come !

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy ;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead,
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass !
What endless, active life is here !
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass !
An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, — his spotted trout.

In the huge world which roars hard by,
Be others happy — if they can ;
But, in my helpless cradle, I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I, on men's impious uproar hurled,
Think often, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world,
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace forever new !
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass,
The flowers close, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give !
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

**THE BRIGHTNESS OF NATURE CONTRASTED WITH
HUMAN SORROWS.**

GEORGE ELIOT.

Bright February days have a stronger charm of hope about them than any other days in the year. One likes to pause in the mild rays of the sun, and look over the gates at the patient plow-horses turning at the end of the furrow, and think that the beautiful year is all before one. The birds seem to feel just the same : their notes are as clear as the clear air. There are no leaves on the trees and hedgerows, but how green all the grassy fields are ! and the dark purplish brown of the plowed earth and of the bare branches is beautiful too. What a glad world this looks like, as one drives or rides along the valleys and over the hills ! I have often thought so when in foreign countries, where the fields and woods have looked to me like our English Loamshire—the rich land tilled with just as much care, the woods rolling down the gentle slopes to the green meadows. I have come on something by the roadside which has reminded me that I am not in Loamshire : an image of a great agony—the agony of the cross. It has stood perhaps

by the clustering apple blossoms, or on the broad sunshine by the corn-field, or at a turning by the wood where a clear brook was gurgling below ; and surely, if there came a traveler to this world who knew nothing of the story of man's life upon it, this image of agony would seem to him strangely out of place in the midst of this joyous nature. He would not know that hidden behind the apple blossoms, or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the wood, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a young, blooming girl, not knowing where to turn for refuge from swift-advancing shame ; understanding no more of this life of ours than a foolish lost lamb wandering farther and farther in the nightfall on the lonely heath ; yet tasting the bitterest of life's bitterness.

Such things are sometimes hidden among the sunny fields and behind the blossoming orchards ; and the sound of the gurgling brook, if you come close to one spot behind a small bush, would be mingled for your ear with a despairing human sob. No wonder man's religion has much sorrow in it : no wonder he needs a suffering God.

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From "Aurora Leigh."

The thrushes sang,
And shook my pulses and the elm's new leaves —
And then I turned, and held my finger up,
And bade him mark, that howsoe'er the world
Went ill, as he related, certainly
The thrushes still sang in it. At which word
His brow would soften — and he bore with me
In melancholy patience, not unkind,

While, breaking into voluble ecstasy,
 I flattered all the beauteous country round,
 As poets use — the skies, the clouds, the fields,
 The happy violets, hiding from the roads
 The primroses run down to, carrying gold ;
 The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
 Their tolerant horns and patient churning mouths
 'Twixt dripping ash-boughs — hedgerows all alive
 With birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies,
 Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
 And palpitated forth upon the wind ;
 Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist ;
 Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
 And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
 And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
 And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
 Confused with smell of orchards. “ See,” I said,
 “ And see, is God not with us on the earth ?
 And shall we put him down by aught we do ?
 Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile,
 Save poverty and wickedness ? Behold ! ”
 And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
 And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

Blue-bird ! on yon leafless tree,
 Dost thou carol thus to me :
 “ Spring is coming ! Spring is here ! ”
 Say'st thou so, my birdie dear ?
 What is that, in misty shroud,
 Stealing from the darkened cloud ?
 Lo ! the snow-flakes' gathering mound.
 Settles o'er the whitened ground,
 Yet thou singest, blithe and clear :
 “ Spring is coming ! Spring is here ! ”

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain ?
Winds are piping o'er the plain ;
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
With a black and threatening eye ;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still ;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold ?
Hath he not a nose of blue ?
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring 's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry :
Hast thou wooed some wingèd love
To a nest in verdant grove ?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower ?
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care ?
Prythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song ?
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee ?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by ;
Though thy curtained chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be ;
Love shall make it spring for thee.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

Where is the person, who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person, so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling — admiration !

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beautiful petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses ; whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose.

* * * * *

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty

and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of sunlight, upward, downward, to the right, and to the left. In this manner, it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following, with great precaution, the advances of the season, and retreating with equal care at the approach of autumn.

THE CLOUD.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

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 noonday dreams.
 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.
 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.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 't is my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the Blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
 Lightning my pilot sits;

In a cavern under, is fettered the Thunder ;
 It struggles and howls at fits.
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the Genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains ;
 And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead :
 As on the jag of a mountain-crag
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And, when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the Moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The Stars peep behind her and peer.
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,

Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,—
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

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.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof ; —
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;
The Sphere-fire above, its soft colors wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

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.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

APOSTROPHE TO WINTER.

WILLIAM COWPER.

O Winter ! ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,—
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou holdest the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.

A WINTER MORNING.

COWPER.

'T is morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb
 Ascending, fires the horizon : while the clouds,
 That crowd away before the driving wind,
 More ardent as the disk emerges more,
 Resemble most some city in a blaze,
 Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
 And tingeing all with his own rosy hue,
 From every herb and every spiry blade
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.

Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportioned limb
Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they designed to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half-petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder, not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied, but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,
Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass;
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the ax
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropped short, half lurcher, and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now with many a frisk

Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or plows it with his snout ;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark ; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighboring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves
To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye
The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared
As oft return, a pert, voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut, and wading at their head
With well-considered steps, seems to resent
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.

THE ICE PALACE.

COWPER.

Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ !
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the north ! No forest fell
When thou wouldst build ; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls ; but thou didst hew the floods,

And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear :
In such a palace poetry might place
The armory of winter ; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons,— arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow that often blinds the traveler's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side ; a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy ; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that feared no enemy but warmth,
Blushed on the panels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous ; but in order due,
Convivial table, and commodious seat
(What seemed at least commodious seat) were there,—
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch ;— a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas ! 't was but a mortifying stroke
Of undesigned severity, that glanced
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,—

On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
 'T was transient in its nature as in show
 'T was durable ; as worthless as it seemed
 Intrinsically precious ; to the foot
 Treacherous and false : it smiled, and it was cold.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have played
 At hewing mountains into men, and some
 At building human wonders mountain high.
 Some have amused the dull sad years of life —
 Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad —
 With schemes of monumental fame ; and sought
 By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
 Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.
 Some seek diversion in the tented field,
 And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
 But war 's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
 Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
 To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
 Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
 Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
 Because men suffer it, their toy — the world.

DESCENT OF THE OHIO.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape-painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the Indian summer. The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a splash of his tail disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch; for, on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveler ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size

and value ; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, and the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us ; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed, some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio ; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt ; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

* * * * *

When I think of the times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores ; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the ax of the settler ; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians ; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist ; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard ; that the woods are fast disappearing under the ax by day, and the fire by night ; that hundreds of steam-boats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and prosper at every spot ; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses ; — when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and — although I know all to be fact — can scarcely believe its reality.

PRECIPICES OF THE ALPS.

RUSKIN.

Dark in color, robed with everlasting mourning, forever tottering like a great fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength, and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns and unhumiliating threatening ; forever incapable of comfort or healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge, but to the utmost desolate ; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind, nor of grass beside the stream — no other motion but their own mortal shivering, the dreadful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stones ; knowing no sound of living voice or living tread, cheered neither by the kid's bleat nor the marmot's cry ; haunted only by uninterrupted echoes from afar off, wandering hither and thither among their walls, unable to escape, and by the hiss of angry torrents, and sometimes the shriek of a bird that flits near the face of them, and sweeps frightened back from under their shadow into the gulf of air ; and sometimes, when the echo has fainted, and the wind has carried the sound of the torrent away, and the bird has vanished, and the moldering stones are still for a little time, — a brown moth, opening and shutting its wings upon a grain of dust, may be the only thing that moves or feels in all the waste of weary precipice darkening five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven.

NATURE AND INNOCENCE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these gray rocks ; that household lawn ;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay ; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode,—
In truth, together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream,—
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep ;
But, O fair creature ! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, vision as thou art,—
I bless thee with a human heart.
God shield thee to thy latest years !
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away ;
For never saw I mien, nor face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness ;
Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer ;
A face with gladness overspread !

Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !
 And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
 With no restraint, but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
 Of thy few words of English speech,—
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
 Thus beating up against the wind.

AN EVENING EXCURSION ON THE LAKE.

WORDSWORTH.

No sooner had he ceased
 Than, looking forth, the gentle lady said,
 "Behold the shades of afternoon have fallen
 Upon this flowery slope ; and see — beyond —
 The silvery lake is streaked with placid blue,
 As if preparing for the peace of evening.
 How temptingly the landscape shines ! The air
 Breathes invitation ; easy is the walk
 To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored
 Under a sheltering tree." Upon this hint
 We rose together ; all were pleased ; but most
 The beauteous girl, whose cheek was flushed with joy.
 Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills
 She vanished, eager to impart the scheme
 To her loved brother and his shy compeer.
 Now was there bustle in the vicar's house,
 And earnest preparation. Forth we went,
 And down the vale along the streamlet's edge
 Pursued our way — a broken company —
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.
 Thus having reached a bridge, that overarched

The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A twofold image,— on a grassy bank
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
 Another and the same ! Most beautiful,
 On the green turf, with his imperial front
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
 The breathing creature stood ; as beautiful,
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
 And each seemed center of his own fair world,—
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight !

“ Ah ! what a pity were it to disperse
 Or to disturb so fair a spectacle,—
 And yet a breath can do it ! ”

These few words

The lady whispered, while we stood and gazed,
 Gathered together, all in still delight,
 Not without awe. Thence passing on, she said
 In like low voice to my particular ear,
 “ I love to hear that eloquent old man
 Pour forth his meditations, and descant
 On human life from infancy to age.
 How pure his spirit ! in what vivid hues
 His mind gives back the various forms of things,
 Caught in their fairest, happiest attitude !
 While he is speaking, I have power to see
 Even as he sees ; but when his voice hath ceased,
 Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,
 That combinations so serene and bright
 Cannot be lasting in a world like ours ;
 While highest beauty, beautiful as it is,
 Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,
 Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose peace
 The sufferance only of a breath of air ! ”

More had she said — but sportive shouts were heard,
 Sent from the jocund hearts of those two boys,
 Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
 Down the green field came tripping after us.
 With caution we embarked ; and now the pair
 For prouder service were addressed ; but each,
 Wishful to leave an opening for my choice,
 Dropped the light oar his eager hand had seized.
 Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
 Their place I took, and for a grateful office
 Pregnant with recollections of the time
 When, on thy bosom, spacious Windermere !
 A youth, I practised this delightful art,
 Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew
 Of joyous comrades. Soon as the reedy marge
 Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant, oars
 Free from obstruction ; and the boat advanced
 Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,
 That, disentangled from the shady boughs
 Of some thick wood — her place of covert — cleaves
 With correspondent wings the abyss of air.
 “ Observe,” the vicar said, “ yon rocky isle
 With birch-trees fringed ; my hand shall guide the helm,
 While thitherward we shape our course ; or while
 We seek that other, on the western shore,
 Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,
 Supporting gracefully a massive dome
 Of somber foliage, seem to imitate
 A Grecian temple rising from the deep.”

“ Turn where we may,” said I, “ we cannot err
 In this delicious region.” Cultured slopes,
 Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,
 And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
 Surrounded us ; and, as we held our way
 Along the level of the glassy flood,
 They ceased not to surround us ; change of place,

From kindred features diversely combined,
 Producing change of beauty ever new.
 Ah ! that such beauty, varying in the light
 Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
 By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill ;
 But is the property of him alone
 Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
 And in his mind recorded it with love !
 Suffice it, therefore, if the rural muse
 Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her poet speaks
 Of trivial occupations well devised,
 And unsought pleasures springing up by chance ;
 As if some friendly genius had ordained
 That, as the day thus far had been enriched
 By acquisition of sincere delight,
 The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,
 A gypsy-fire we kindled on the shore
 Of the fair isle with birch-trees fringed ; and there,
 Merrily seated in a ring, partook
 A choice repast, served by our young companions
 With rival earnestness and kindred glee.
 Launched from our hands, the smooth stone skimmed
 the lake ;
 With shouts we raised the echoes ; stiller sounds
 The lovely girl supplied,— a simple song,
 Whose low tones reached not to the distant rocks
 To be repeated thence, but gently sank
 Into our hearts, and charmed the peaceful flood.
 Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
 From land and water,— lilies of each hue,
 Golden and white, that float upon the waves,
 And court the wind ; and leaves of that shy plant
 (Her flowers were shed), the lily of the vale,
 That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds
 Her pensive beauty ; from the breeze, her sweets.

Such product, and such pastime, did the place
 And season yield ; but, as we re-embarked,
 Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore
 Of that wild spot, the Solitary said
 In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,
 "The fire that burned so brightly to our wish,—
 Where is it now ?— Deserted on the beach—
 Dying, or dead ! Nor shall the fanning breeze
 Revive its ashes. What care we for this,
 Whose ends are gained ? Behold an emblem here
 Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys !
 And, in this unpremeditated slight
 Of that which is no longer needed, see
 The common course of human gratitude !"

This plaintive note disturbed not the repose
 Of the still evening. Right across the lake
 Our pinnacle moves ; then, coasting creek and bay,
 Glades we behold, and into thickets peep,
 Where couch the spotted deer ; or raise our eyes
 To shaggy steeps, on which the careless goat
 Browsed by the side of dashing waterfalls ;
 And thus the bark, meandering with the shore,
 Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier
 Of jutting rock invited us to land.

Alert to follow as the pastor led,
 We climbed a green hill's side ; and, as we climbed,
 The valley, opening out her bosom, gave
 Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,
 O'er the flat meadows and indented coast
 Of the smooth lake, in compass seen. Far off,
 And yet conspicuous, stood the old church-tower,
 In majesty presiding over fields
 And habitations seemingly preserved
 From all intrusion of the restless world
 By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied
 And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon we couched
 Or sat reclined ; admiring quietly
 The general aspect of the scene ; but each
 Not seldom over-anxious to make known
 His own discoveries ; or to favorite points
 Directing notice, merely from a wish
 To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
 That rapturous moment never shall I forget,
 When these particular interests were effaced
 From every mind ! Already had the sun,
 Sinking with less than ordinary state,
 Attained his western bound ; but rays of light —
 Now suddenly diverging from the orb,
 Retired behind the mountain tops, or veiled
 By the dense air — shot upward to the crown
 Of the blue firmament — aloft, and wide ;
 And multitudes of little floating clouds,
 Through their ethereal texture pierced — ere we,
 Who saw, of change were conscious — had become
 Vivid as fire ; — clouds separately poised,—
 Innumerable multitude of forms,
 Scattered through half the circle of the sky,
 And giving back, and shedding each on each,
 With prodigal communion, the bright hues
 Which from the unapparent fount of glory
 They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.
 That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep
 Repeated ; but with unity sublime !

While from the grassy mountain's open side
 We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes intent
 On the refulgent spectacle, diffused
 Through earth, sky, water, and all visible space,
 The priest in holy transport thus exclaimed :
 " Eternal Spirit ! universal God !
 Power inaccessible to human thought,
 Save by degrees and steps which thou hast deigned

To furnish ; for this effluence of thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed,— this local transitory type
Of thy paternal splendors, and the pomp
Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,
The radiant cherubim,— accept the thanks
Which we, thy humble creatures, here convened,
Presume to offer ;— we, who, from the breast
Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
The faint reflections only of thy face,
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore !
Such as they are who in thy presence stand
Un sullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty streamed forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth
Shall be, divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonor, cleansed from mortal stain.
Accomplish, then, their number ; and conclude
Time's weary course ! Or, if by thy decree
The consummation that will come by stealth
Be yet far distant, let thy word prevail,—
O ! let thy word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the law,
As it is written in thy Holy Book,
Throughout all lands ; let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey,
Both for the love of purity, and hope
Which it affords, to such as do thy will
And persevere in good, that they shall rise
To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.
Father of good ! this prayer in bounty grant,—
In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons !
Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,
And cruel wars expire. The way is marked,
The guide appointed, and the ransom paid."

* * * * *

This vesper-service closed, without delay,
From that exalted station to the plain
Descending, we pursued our homeward course,
In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,
Under a faded sky. No trace remained
Of those celestial splendors; gray the vault —
Pure, cloudless ether; and the star of eve
Was wanting; but inferior lights appeared,
Faintly, — too faint almost for sight; and some
Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth
In twinkling luster, ere the boat attained
Her mooring-place; where, to the sheltering tree
Our youthful voyagers bound fast her prow,
With prompt yet careful hands.

SCENE IN AN INDIAN FOREST.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

On the further side of a little lawn, the stream leaped through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foaming into a clear rock-basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its further side, the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which drooped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with the reflection of their gorgeousness. At its more quiet outfall, it was half-hidden in huge, fantastic leaves and tall, flowering stems; but near the waterfall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream, and there, on palm-leaves strewn upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now

he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream.

For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth, or the deep toll of the bell-bird, came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit.

PICTURE OF AN ISLAND.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

The island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently,—
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;
The brook comes tinkling down its side ;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

MOUNTAINS.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

From "The Book of the Seasons."

There is a charm connected with mountains, so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude ! how the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks ! How our hearts bound to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts ! How inspiring are the odors that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine ! how beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture !

At this season of the year [autumn] the ascents of our mountains are most practicable. The heat of summer has dried up the moisture with which winter rains saturate the spongy turf of the hollows ; and the atmosphere, clear and settled, admits of the most extensive prospects. Whoever has not ascended our mountains

knows little of the beauties of this beautiful island. Whoever has not climbed their long and heathy ascents, and seen the trembling mountain-flowers, the glowing moss, the richly-tinted lichens at his feet ; and scented the fresh aroma of the uncultivated sod, and of the spicy shrubs ; and heard the bleat of the flock across their solitary expanses, and the wild cry of the mountain-plover, the raven, or the eagle ; and seen the rich and russet hues of distant slopes and eminences, the livid gashes of ravines and precipices, the white glittering line of falling waters, and the cloud tumultuously whirling round the lofty summit ; and then stood panting on that summit, and beheld the clouds alternately gather and break over a thousand giant peaks and ridges of every varied hue, but all silent as images of eternity ; and cast his gaze over lakes and forests, and smoking towns, and wide lands to the very ocean, in all their gleaming and reposing beauty — knows nothing of the treasures of pictorial wealth which his own country possesses.

But when we let loose the imagination from even these splendid scenes, and give it free charter to range through the far more glorious ridges of continental mountains, — through Alps, Apennines, or Andes, — how is it possessed and absorbed by all the awful magnificence of their scenery and character ! The skyward and inaccessible pinnacles, the —

“ Palaces where Nature thrones
Sublimity in icy halls ! ”

the dark Alpine forests, the savage rocks and precipices, the fearful and unfathomable chasms filled with the sound of ever-precipitating waters ; the cloud, the silence, the

avalanche, the cavernous gloom, the terrible visitations of heaven's concentrated lightning, darkness, and thunder ; or the sweeter features of living, rushing streams, spicy odors of flower and shrub, fresh, spirit-elating breezes sounding through the dark pine-grove ; the ever-varying lights and shadows, and aerial hues ; the wide prospects, and, above all, the simple inhabitants !

We delight to think of the people of mountainous regions ; we please our imagination with their picturesque and quiet abodes ; with their peaceful, secluded lives, striking and unvarying costumes, and primitive manners. We involuntarily give to the mountaineer heroic and elevated qualities. He lives amongst noble objects, and must imbibe some of their nobility ; he lives amongst the elements of poetry, and must be poetical ; he lives where his fellow beings are far, far separated from their kind, and surrounded by the sternness and the perils of savage nature ; his social affections must therefore be proportionably concentrated, his home ties lively and strong ; but, more than all, he lives within the barriers, the strongholds, the very last refuge which Nature herself has reared to preserve alive liberty in the earth, to preserve to man his highest hopes, his noblest emotions, his dearest treasures, his faith, his freedom, his hearth, and his home. How glorious do those mountain-ridges appear when we look upon them as the unconquerable abodes of free hearts ; as the stern, heaven-built walls from which the few, the feeble, the persecuted, the despised, the helpless child, the delicate woman, have from age to age, in their last perils, in all their weaknesses and emergencies, when power and cruelty were ready to swallow them up, looked down

and beheld the million waves of despotism break at their feet ; have seen the rage of murderous armies, and tyrants, the blasting spirit of ambition, fanaticism, and crushing domination recoil from their bases in despair. Thanks be to God for mountains ! is often the exclamation of my heart as I trace the history of the world. From age to age they have been the last friends of man. In a thousand extremities they have saved him. What great hearts have throbbed in their defiles from the days of Leonidas to those of Andreas Hofer ! What lofty souls, what tender hearts, what poor and persecuted creatures have they sheltered in their stony bosoms from the weapons and tortures of their fellow men !

“ Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ! ”

was the burning exclamation of Milton's agonized and indignant spirit, as he beheld those sacred bulwarks of freedom for once violated by the disturbing demons of the earth ; and the sound of his fiery and lamenting appeal to Heaven will be echoed in every generous soul to the end of time.

Thanks be to God for mountains ! The variety which they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet were no small advantage ; the beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters, their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splendid gift ; the sublimity which they pour into our deepest souls from their majestic aspects ; the poetry which breathes from their streams, and dells, and airy heights, from the sweet abodes, the garb and manners of their inhabitants, the songs and legends which have awoke

[awaked] in them, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds ; — but what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain.

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountains of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as distinctly walled out by God's hand with mountain ramparts from the eruptions and interruptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies, — I am lost in an exulting admiration. Look at the bold barriers of Palestine ! see how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized North by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodope ! behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonic hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations !

Thanks to God for mountains ! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself ; the geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world ; and it is there, too, that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights. While a multitude of changes has remolded the people of Europe, while

languages, and laws, and dynasties, and creeds have passed over it, like shadows over the landscape, the children of the Kelt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and show us in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were,—show us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them ; and show us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of freedom is found forever.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stand here by my side, and turn, I pray,
On the lake below, thy gentle eyes ;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies ;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow ;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still, in the depths below ;
Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd

That whiten by night the milky way ;
 There broader and burlier masses fall ;
 The sullen water buries them all —

Flake after flake —

All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
 From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
 Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
 Come clinging along their unsteady way ;
 As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
 Makes hand in hand the passage of life ;

Each mated flake

Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo ! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
 Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
 As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
 They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
 The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
 What speed they make, with their grave so nigh ;

Flake after flake,

To lie in the dark and silent lake !

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;
 They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;
 Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
 Who were for a time, and now are not ;
 Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
 That glisten a moment and then are lost,

Flake after flake —

All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;
 A gleam of blue on the water lies ;
 And far away, on the mountainside,
 A sunbeam falls from the opening skies ;

But the hurrying host that flew between
 The cloud and the water, no more is seen ;
 Flake after flake,
 At rest in the dark and silent lake.

**AUTUMN: TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THE
 DYING YEAR.**

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

W. L. G. 1850

Nay, William, nay,— not so ! the changeful year,
 In all its due successions, to my sight
 Presents but varied beauties,— transient all,
 All in their season good. These fading leaves,
 That with their rich variety of hues
 Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
 So beautiful, in you awake the thought
 Of winter,— cold, drear winter,— when the trees,
 Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
 Its bare, brown boughs ; when not a flower shall spread
 Its colors to the day, and not a bird
 Carol its joyance ; but all nature wear
 One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
 To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
 To me their many-colored beauties speak
 Of times of merriment and festival,—
 The year's best holiday : I call to mind
 The schoolboy-days, when in the falling leaves
 I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
 Of coming Christmas ; when at morn I took
 My wooden calendar, and, counting up
 Once more its often-told account, smoothed off
 Each day with more delight the daily notch.
 To you the beauties of the autumnal year
 Make mournful emblems ; and you think of man
 Doomed to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken,
 Bending beneath the burden of his years,

Sense-dulled and fretful, "full of aches and pains,"
 Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
 The calm decay of nature when the mind
 Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
 Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
 That makes old age look lovely. All to you
 Is dark and cheerless: you in this fair world
 See some destroying principle abroad,—
 Air, earth, and water full of living things,
 Each on the other preying; and the ways
 Of man a strange, perplexing labyrinth,
 Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
 Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
 That should in death bring comfort. O, my friend,
 That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
 Death still producing life, and evil still
 Working its own destruction! couldst behold
 The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
 With the strong eye that sees the promised day
 Dawn through this night of tempest! All things then
 Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
 Be healed and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
 God always, everywhere, and all in all.

THE GARDENS OF THE VATICAN.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Sweet fountains, flashing with a dreamy fall,
 And mosses green, and tremulous veils of fern,
 And banks of blowing cyclamen, and stars
 Blue as the skies, of myrtle blossoming;
 The twilight shade of ilex overhead,
 O'erbubbling with sweet song of nightingale,
 With walks of strange, weird stillness, leading on
 'Mid sculptured fragments half to green moss gone,
 Or breaking forth amid the violet leaves
 With some white gleam of an old world gone by.

Ah! strange, sweet quiet! wilderness of calm,
 Gardens of dreamy rest, I long to lay
 Beneath your shade the last long sigh, and say :
 Here is my home, my Lord, thy home and mine ;
 And I, having searched the world with many a tear,
 At last have found thee and will stray no more. ,
 But vainly here I seek the Gardener
 That Mary saw. These lovely walls beyond,
 That airy, sky-like dome, that lofty fane,
 Is as a palace whence the king is gone,
 And taken all the sweetness with himself.
 Turn again, Jesus, and possess thine own !
 Come to thy temple once more as of old !
 Drive forth the money-changers ; let it be
 A house of prayer for nations. Even so,
 Amen ! Amen !

MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

An Extract.

Blessed was the sunshine when it came again, at the close of another stormy day, beaming from the edge of the western horizon, while the massive firmament of cloud threw down all the gloom it could, but served only to kindle the golden light into a more brilliant glow by the strongly-contrasted shadows. Heaven smiled at the earth long unseen from beneath its heavy eyelid. To-morrow for the hilltops and the woodpaths !

Or it might be that Ellery Channing came up the avenue to join me in a fishing-excursion on the river. Strange and happy times were those when we cast aside all irksome forms and strait-laced habitudes, and delivered ourselves up to the free air, to live like the

Indians or any less conventional race during one bright semicircle of the sun. Rowing our boat against the current between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lonely stream than this for a mile above its junction with the Concord has never flowed on earth—nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It is sheltered from the breeze by woods and a hillside; so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently that the mere force of the boatman's will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flowing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers it to be quiet, while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing each other to sleep. Yes, the river sleeps along its course and dreams of the sky and of the clustering foliage, amid which fall showers of broken sunlight, imparting specks of vivid cheerfulness, in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tint. Of all this scene the slumbering river had a dream-picture in its bosom. Which, after all, was the most real—the picture or the original, the objects palpable to our grosser senses or their apotheosis in the stream beneath? Surely the disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul. But both the original and the reflection had here an ideal charm, and, had it been a thought more wild, I could have fancied that this river had strayed forth out of the rich scenery of my companion's inner world; only the vegetation along its banks should then have had an Oriental character.

Gentle and unobtrusive as the river is, the tranquil woods seem hardly satisfied to allow its passage. The trees are rooted on the very verge of the water, and dip their pendent branches into it. At one spot there is a lofty bank on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream with outstretched arms, as if resolute to take the plunge. In other places the banks are almost on a level with the water; so that the quiet congregations of trees set their feet in the flood, and are fringed with foliage down to the surface. Cardinal-flowers kindle their spiral flames, and illuminate the dark nooks among the shrubbery. The pond-lily grows abundantly along the margin,—that delicious flower which, as Thoreau tells me, opens its virgin bosom to the first sunlight, and perfects its being through the magic of that genial kiss. He has beheld beds of them unfolding in due succession as the sunrise stole gradually from flower to flower,—a sight not to be hoped for unless when a poet adjusts his inward eye to a proper focus with the outward organ. Grape-vines here and there twine themselves around shrub and -tree, and hang their clusters over the water within reach of the boatman's hand. Oftentimes they unite two trees of alien race in an inextricable twine, marrying the hemlock and the maple against their will, and enriching them with a purple offspring of which neither is the parent. One of these ambitious parasites has climbed into the upper branches of a tall white pine, and is still ascending from bough to bough, unsatisfied till it shall crown the tree's airy summit with a wreath of its broad foliage and a cluster of its grapes.

The winding course of the stream continually shut out the scene behind us, and revealed as calm and lovely

a one before. We glided from depth to depth, and breathed new seclusion at every turn. The shy kingfisher flew from the withered branch close at hand to another at a distance, uttering a shrill cry of anger or alarm. Ducks that had been floating there since the preceding eve were startled at our approach, and skimmed along the glassy river, breaking its dark surface with a bright streak. The pickerel leaped from among the lily-pads. The turtle, sunning itself upon a rock or at the root of a tree, slid suddenly into the water with a plunge. The painted Indian who paddled his canoe along the Assabeth three hundred years ago could hardly have seen a wilder gentleness displayed upon its banks and reflected in its bosom than we did.

Nor could the same Indian have prepared his noon-tide meal with more simplicity. We drew up our skiff at some point where the overarching shade formed a natural bower, and there kindled a fire with the pinecones and decayed branches that lay strewn plentifully around. Soon the smoke ascended among the trees, impregnated with a savory incense— not heavy, dull, and surfeiting, like the steam of cookery within-doors,— but sprightly and piquant. The smell of our feast was akin to the woodland odors with which it mingled. There was no sacrilege committed by our intrusion there; the sacred solitude was hospitable, and granted us free leave to cook and eat in the recess that was at once our kitchen and banqueting-hall. It is strange what humble offices may be performed in a beautiful scene without destroying its poetry. Our fire, red-gleaming among the trees, and we beside it, busied with culinary rites, and spreading out our meal on a

moss-grown log,— all seemed in unison with the river gliding by and the foliage rustling over us. And, what was strangest, neither did our mirth seem to disturb the propriety of the solemn woods, although the hobgoblins of the old wilderness and the will-o'-the-wisps that glimmered in the marshy places might have come trooping to share our table-talk and have added their shrill laughter to our merriment. It was the very spot in which to utter the extremest nonsense or the profoundest wisdom, or that ethereal product of the mind which partakes of both and may become one or the other in correspondence with the faith and insight of the auditor.

So, amid sunshine and shadow, rustling leaves and sighing waters, up gushed our talk like the babble of a fountain. The evanescent spray was Ellery's, and his, too, the lumps of golden thought that lay glimmering in the fountain's bed, and brightened both our faces by the reflection. Could he have drawn out that virgin gold and stamped it with the mint-mark that alone gives currency, the world might have had the profit, and he the fame. My mind was the richer merely by the knowledge that it was there. But the chief profit of those wild days, to him and me, lay, not in any definite idea, not in any angular or rounded truth which we dug out of the shapeless mass of problematical stuff, but in the freedom which we thereby won from all custom and conventionalism and fettering influences of man on man. We were so free to-day that it was impossible to be slaves again to-morrow. When we crossed the threshold of the house or trod the thronged pavements of a city, still the leaves of the trees that overhang the

Assabeth were whispering to us, "Be free! Be free!"
 Therefore along that shady river-bank there are spots
 marked with a heap of ashes and half-consumed brands
 only less sacred in my remembrance than the hearth of
 a household fire.

TO A MOUSE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 O what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma request:
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the laive,
 And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
 And naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green,
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter passed
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou 's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 And cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my ee,
 On prospects drear !
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME.

BURNS.

Inhuman man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye ;
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field !
 The bitter little that of life remains :
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
 No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom pressed.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
 The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
 And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

RURAL SCENES: REFLECTIONS.

COWPER.

Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
 The distant plow slow moving, and beside
 His laboring team, that swerved not from the track,
 The sturdy swain diminished to a boy.
 Here, Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
 Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
 Stand, never overlooked, our favorite elms,
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
 While far beyond, and overthwart the stream
 That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
 The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;
 Displaying, on its varied side, the grace
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless ; square tower ;
 Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
 Just undulates upon the listening ear ;
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily viewed,
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years,—
 Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
 Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
 Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
 In matted grass, that, with a livelier green,
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
 But animated nature sweeter still,
 To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The livelong night : nor these alone, whose notes
 Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud ;
 The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake.

* * * * *

Descending now (but cautious lest too fast)
 A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge,
 We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip

Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
 Hence, ankle-deep in moss and flowery thyme,
 We mount again, and feel at every step
 Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
 Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.
 He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
 Disfigures earth, and plotting in the dark,
 Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
 That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gained, behold the proud alcove
 That crowns it ! yet not all its pride secures
 The grand retreat from injuries impressed
 By rural carvers, who with knives deface
 The panels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
 In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
 So strong the zeal to immortalize himself
 Beats in the breast of man, that even a few,
 Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorred
 Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
 And even to a clown. Now roves the eye,
 And posted on this speculative height
 Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
 Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
 At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
 The middle field ; but scattered by degrees,
 Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
 There, from the sunburnt hay-field, homeward creeps
 The loaded wain, while, lightened of its charge,
 The wain that meets it passes swiftly by,
 The boorish driver leaning o'er his team,
 Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
 Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
 Diversified with trees of every growth,
 Alike, yet various. Here the gray, smooth trunks
 Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
 Within the twilight of their distant shades ;

There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
 Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs.
 No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
 Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,
 And of a wannish gray ; the willow such,
 And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
 And ash far stretching his umbrageous arm ;
 Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,
 Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
 Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,—
 The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
 Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
 Diffusing odors : nor unnoted pass
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,
 Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
 Hath changed the woods, in scarlet honors bright.
 O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
 Of hill and valley interposed between),
 The Ouse, dividing the well-watered land,
 Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
 As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
 And such the reascent ; between them weeps
 A little naiad her impoverished urn
 All summer long, which winter fills again.
 The folded gates would bar my progress now,
 But that the lord of this enclosed demesne,
 Communicative of the good he owns,
 Admits me to a share : the guiltless eye
 Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
 Refreshing change ! where now the blazing sun ?
 By short transition we have lost his glare,
 And stepped at once into a cooler clime.
 Ye fallen avenues ! once more I mourn
 Your fate unmerited,— once more rejoice
 That yet a remnant of your race survives.

How airy and how light the graceful arch,
 Yet awful as the consecrated roof
 Re-echoing pious anthems ! while beneath,
 The checkered earth seems restless as a flood
 Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light
 Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
 Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
 And darkening, and enlightening, as the leaves
 Play wanton, every moment, every spot.

And now, with nerves new-braced and spirits cheered,
 We tread the wilderness, whose well-rolled walks,
 With curvature of slow and easy sweep —
 Deception innocent — gives ample space
 To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next ;
 Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
 We may discern the thresher at his task.
 Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
 That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
 Full on the destined ear. Wide flies the chaff ;
 The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
 Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.
 Come hither, ye that press your beds of down
 And sleep not ; see him sweating o'er his bread
 Before he eats it. 'T is the primal curse,
 But softened into mercy ; made the pledge
 Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaseless action, all that is subsists.
 Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
 That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
 Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
 An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
 Its own revolency upholds the world.
 Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
 And fit the limpid element for use,
 Else noxious : oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,

All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
 By restless undulation. Even the oak
 Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm :
 He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
 The impression of the blast with proud disdain,
 Frowning as if in his unconscious arm
 He held the thunder. But the monarch owes
 His firm stability to what he scorns,
 More fixed below, the more disturbed above.
 The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
 Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
 No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
 From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
 The sedentary stretch their lazy length
 When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
 For none they need : the languid eye, the cheek
 Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
 And withered muscle, and the vapid soul,
 Reproach their owner with that love of rest
 To which he forfeits even the rest he loves.
 Not such the alert and active. Measure life
 By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
 And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
 Good health, and its associate in the most,
 Good temper ; spirits prompt to undertake,
 And not soon spent, though in an arduous task,—
 The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs ;
 Even age itself seems privileged in them
 With clear exemption from its own defects.
 A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
 The veteran shows, and gracing a gray beard
 With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
 Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
 Farthest retires,— an idol, at whose shrine
 Who oftenest sacrifice are favored least.

The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
 Is Nature's dictate. Strange ! there should be found,
 Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
 Renounce the odors of the open field
 For the unscented fictions of the loom ;
 Who, satisfied with only penciled scenes,
 Prefer to the performance of a God
 The inferior wonders of an artist's hand.
 Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art,
 But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
 None more admires, the painter's magic skill.
 Who shows me that which I shall never see,
 Conveys a distant country into mine,
 And throws Italian light on English walls :
 But imitative strokes can do no more
 Than please the eye — sweet Nature every sense ;
 The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
 And music of her woods,— no works of man
 May rival these ; these all bespeak a power
 Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
 Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;
 'T is free to all,—'t is every day renewed ;
 Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

BURNS.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou 's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
 Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

HOW TO FIND THE HIGHEST ENJOYMENT IN NATURE.

COW PER.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before ;
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain top with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires, but rests content
With what he views The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed

The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
 And such well-pleased to find it, asks no more.
 Not so the mind that has been touched from heaven,
 And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
 To read His wonders, in whose thought the world,
 Fair as it is, existed, ere it was.
 Not for its own sake merely, but for his
 Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praise ;
 Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,
 To earth's acknowledged sovereign, finds at once
 Its only just proprietor in him.
 The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed
 New faculties, or learns at least to employ
 More worthy the powers she owned before,
 Discerns in all things (what with stupid gaze
 Of ignorance till then she overlooked)
 A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
 Terrestrial in the vast and the minute,
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God
 Who gives its luster to an insect's wing,
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.

* * * * *

Thee we reject, unable to abide
 Thy purity, till pure as Thou art pure,
 Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
 For which we shunned and hated thee before.
 Then we are free ; then liberty, like day,
 Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heaven
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
 A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not
 Till thou hast touched them : 't is the voice of song,—
 A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,—
 Which he that hears it, with a shout repeats,
 And adds his rapture to the general praise.
 In that blest moment, Nature, throwing wide
 Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile

The Author of her beauties, who, retired
Behind his own creation, works, unseen
By the impure, and hears his power denied.
Thou art the source and center of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word !
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honor, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor and his glad success,
His strength to suffer and his will to serve.
But O, thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor ;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

CELIA THAXTER.

Swept by every wind that blows, and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak, and bare. At first sight, nothing can be more rough and inhospitable than they appear. The incessant influences of wind and sun, rain, snow, frost, and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks, that they look hoary, as if with age, though in the summer-time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks here and there the stern outlines, and softens somewhat their rugged aspect. Yet so forbidding are their shores, it seems scarcely worth while to land upon them,—mere heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea,—when all the smiling, “sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land” lies ready to woo the voyager back again, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sights and

sounds and scents that the wild wastes of water never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that will see, and ears that will hear, nature appeals with such a novel charm that the luxurious beauty of the land is half forgotten before one is aware. Its sweet gardens, full of color and perfume ; its rich woods and softly swelling hills ; its placid waters, and fields, and flowery meadows, are no longer dear and desirable ; for the wonderful sound of the sea dulls the memory of all past impressions, and seems to fulfil and satisfy all present needs. Landing for the first time, the stranger is struck only by the sadness of the place,—the vast loneliness ; for there are not even trees to whisper with familiar voices,—nothing but sky and sea and rock. But the very wilderness and desolation reveal a strange beauty to him. Let him wait till evening comes,—

“ With sunset purple soothing all the waste,”

and he will find himself slowly succumbing to the subtle charm of that sea atmosphere. He sleeps with all the waves of the Atlantic murmuring in his ears, and wakes to the freshness of a summer morning ; and it seems as if morning were made for the first time. For the world is like a new-blown rose, and in the heart of it he stands, with only the caressing music of the water to break the utter silence, unless, perhaps, a song-sparrow pours out its blissful warble like an embodied joy. The sea is rosy, and the sky : the line of land is radiant ; the scattered sails glow with the delicious color that touches so tenderly the bare, bleak rocks. These are lovelier than sky or sea or distant sails, or graceful gulls' wings reddened with the dawn ; nothing takes color so beautifully as the

bleached granite ; the shadows are delicate, and the fine, hard outlines are glorified and softened beneath the fresh first blush of sunrise. All things are speckless and spotless ; there is no dust, no noise,— nothing but peace in the sweet air and on the quiet sea. The day goes on ; the rose changes to mellow gold, the gold to clear, white daylight, and the sea is sparkling again. A breeze ripples the surface, and wherever it touches, the color deepens. A seine-boat passes, with the tawny net heaped in the stern, and the scarlet shirts of the rowers brilliant against the blue. Pleasantly their voices come across the water, breaking the stillness. The fishing-boats steal to and fro, silent, with glittering sails ; the gulls wheel lazily ; the far-off coasters glide rapidly along the horizon ; the mirage steals down the coast-line, and seems to remove it leagues away. And what if it were to slip down the slope of the world and disappear entirely ? You think, in a half-dream, you would not care. Many troubles, cares, perplexities, vexations, lurk behind that far, faint line for you. Why should you be bothered any more ?

“ Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.”

And so the waves, with their lulling murmur, do their work, and you are soothed into repose and transient forgetfulness.

THE SNOW-STORM.

JAMES THOMSON.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'T is brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is,—
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms,— dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men,— the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind

Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

THOMSON.

These, as they change, Almighty Father ! — these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn, unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear ! — a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming a harmonious whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,

Man marks not thee ; — marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,—
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :
 O talk of Him in solitary glooms !
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise : whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous noon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,—
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,

Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world ;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills. Ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun' :
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ; —
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey ;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play
“ And O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might :
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.”

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam' o'er the moor

To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappin' youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love ! — where love like this is found !
 O heartfelt raptures ! — bliss beyond compare !
 I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare, —
 If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, —
 One cordial in this melancholy vale, —
 'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food ;
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell ;
 And aft he 's pressed, and aft he ca's it gude ;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 't was towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the-ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride ;
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
 Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison ha'e they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,—
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command.

Then, kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days,
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,—
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,—
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart.
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way,
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,

And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 " An honest man 's the noblest work of God ; "
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ? — a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand, a wall of fire, around their much-loved isle.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

INFLUENCE OF HOME.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

Home gives a certain serenity to the mind, so that everything is well defined, and in a clear atmosphere, and the lesser beauties [are] brought out to rejoice in the pure glow which floats over and beneath them from the earth and sky. In this state of mind, afflictions come to us chastened; and if the wrongs of the world cross us in our door-path, we put them aside without anger. Vices are about us, not to lure us away, or make us morose, but to remind us of our frailty, and keep down our pride. We are put into a right relation with the world; neither holding it in proud scorn, like the solitary man, nor being carried along by shifting and hurried feelings, and vague and careless notions of things, like the world's man. We do not take novelty for improvement, or set up vogue for a rule of conduct; neither do we despair, as if all great virtues had departed with the years gone by, though we see vices, frailties, and follies taking growth in the very light which is spreading over the earth.

Our safest way of coming into communion with mankind is through our own household. For there our sorrow and regret at the failings of the bad are in proportion to our love, while our familiar intercourse with the good has a secretly assimilating influence upon our characters. The domestic man has an independence of thought which puts him at ease in society, and a cheerfulness and benevolence of feeling which seem to ray out from him, and to diffuse a pleasurable sense over those near him, like a soft, bright day. As domestic life

strengthens a man's virtue, so does it help to a sound judgment and a right balancing of things, and gives an integrity and propriety to the whole character. God, in his goodness, has ordained that virtue should make its own enjoyment, and that wherever a vice or frailty is rooted out, something should spring up to be a beauty and delight in its stead. But a man of a character rightly cast, has pleasures at home, which, though fitted to his highest nature, are common to him as his daily food ; and he moves about his house under a continued sense of them, and is happy almost without heeding it.

CHILDREN ASLEEP.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

They sleep in sheltered rest,
Like helpless birds in the warm nest,
On the castle's southern side,
Where feebly comes the mournful roar
Of buffeting wind and surging tide
Through many a room and corridor.
Full on their window the moon's ray
Makes their chamber as bright as day ;
It shines upon the blank white walls,
And on the snowy pillows falls,
And on the two angel heads doth play,
Turned to each other,— the eyes closed,
The lashes on the cheeks reposed.
Round each sweet brow the cap close-set
Hardly lets peep the golden hair ;
Through the soft-opened lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet.
One little wandering arm is thrown
At random on the counterpane,

And often the fingers close in haste,
 As if their baby owner chased
 The butterflies again.

REPRESSION.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

. . . And now for the moral — and that is, that life consists of two parts — *Expression* and *Repression* — each of which has its solemn duties. To love, joy, hope, faith, pity, belongs the duty of *expression*: to envy, malice, revenge, and all uncharitableness, belongs the duty of *repression*.

Some very religious and moral people err by applying *repression* to both classes alike. They repress equally the expression of love and hatred, of pity and of anger. Such forget one great law, as true in the moral world as in the physical, — that repression lessens and deadens. Twice or thrice mowing will kill off the sturdiest crop of weeds: the roots die for want of expression. A compress on a limb will stop its growing; the surgeon knows this, and puts a tight bandage around a tumor; but what if we should put a tight bandage about the heart and lungs, as some young ladies of my acquaintance do, — or should bandage the feet, as they do in China? And what if we bandage a nobler inner faculty, and wrap *love* in grave-clothes?

How many live a stingy and niggardly life in regard to their richest inward treasures! They live with those they love dearly, whom a few more words and deeds expressive of this love would make so much richer, hap-

pier, and better; and they cannot, will not, turn the key and give it out. People who in their very souls really do love, esteem, reverence, almost worship each other, live a barren, chilly life side by side, busy, anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go by as a matter of course, a last year's growth, with no present buds and blossoms.

Are there not sons and daughters who have parents living with them as angels unawares,—husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in whom the material for a beautiful life lies locked away in unfruitful silence,—who give time to everything but the cultivation and expression of mutual love?

The time is coming, they think, in some far future, when they shall find leisure to enjoy each other, to stop and rest side by side, to discover to each other hidden treasures which lie idle and unused.

Alas! time flies, and death steals on; and we reiterate the complaint of one in Scripture: "It came to pass, while thy servant was busy hither and thither, the man was gone."

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." "I did not know what he was to me till he was gone." Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots backward at us from the door of the sepulcher.

How much more might we make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language

of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must of course love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of the gardener, and love can dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower-seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.

A NEW ENGLAND SNOW-STORM AND A HOME SCENE.

SYLVESTER JUDD.

An event common in New England is at its height. It is snowing, and has been for a whole day and night, with a strong northeast wind. Let us take a moment when the storm intermits, and look in at Margaret's and see how they do. But we cannot approach the place by any of the ordinary methods of travel; the roads, lanes, and by-paths are blocked up: no horse or ox could make his way through those deep drifts, immense mounds, and broad plateaus of snow. If we are disposed to adopt the means of conveyance formerly so much in vogue — whether snow-shoes or magic — we may possibly get there. The house, or hut, is half sunk

in a snow-bank ; the waters of the pond are covered with a solid enamel as of ivory ; the oxen and the cow in the barn-yard, look like great horned sheep in their fleeces of snow. All is silence, and lifelessness, and if you please to say, desolation. Hens there are none, nor turkeys, nor ducks, nor birds, nor Bull, nor Margaret. If you see any signs of a human being, it is the dark form of Hash, mounted on snow-shoes, going from the house to the barn. Yet there are the green hemlocks and pines and firs, green as in summer, some growing along the flank of the hill that runs north from the Indian's Head, looking like the real snowballs, blossoming in midwinter, and nodding with large white flowers. But there is one token of life, the smoke coming from the low gray chimney, which, if you regard it as one, resembles a large, elongated, transparent balloon ; or if you look at it by piecemeal, it is a beautiful current of bluish-white vapor, flowing upward unendingly ; and prettily is it striped and particolored as it passes successively the green trees, the bare rocks, and white crown of the hill behind ; nor does its interest cease even when it disappears among the clouds. Some would dwell a good while on that smoke, and see in it manifold out-shows and denotements of spiritualities ; others would say, the house is buried so deep, it must come up from the hot mischief-hatching heart of the earth ; others still, would fancy the whole pond lay in its winding-sheet, and that if they looked in, they would behold the dead faces of their friends. Our own sentiment is, that that smoke comes from a great fire in the great fireplace, and that if we should go into the house, we should find the family as usual there ; a part which,

as the storm begins to renew itself, we shall do well to take the opportunity to verify.

Flourishing in the center of these high-rising and broad-spreading snows, unmoved amid the fiercest onsets of the storm, comfortable in the extremity of winter, the family are all gathered in the kitchen, and occupied as may be. In the cavernous fireplace burns a great fire, composed of a huge green backlog, a large green forestick, and a high cobwork of crooked and knotty refuse-wood — ivy, hornbeam, and beech. Through this the yellow flame leaps and forks, and the bluish-gray smoke flows up the ample sluiceway of the chimney. From the ends of the wood the sap fries, and drips on the sizzling coals below, and flies off in angry steam. Under the forestick great red coals roll out, sparkle a semibrieve, lose their grosser substance, indicate a more ethereal essence in prototypal forms of white, down-like cinders, and then fall away into brown ashes.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

THOMAS HOOD.

O, 't is a touching thing, to make one weep,—
A tender infant with its curtained eye,
Breathing as it would neither live nor die,
With that unchanging countenance of sleep!
As if its silent dream, serene and deep,
Had lined its slumber with a still blue sky,
So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie,
With no more life than roses,— just to keep
The blushes warm, and the mild, odorous breath.
O blossom boy! so calm is thy repose,
So sweet a compromise of life and death,

'T is pity those fair buds should e'er unclose
 For memory to stain their inward leaf,
 Tingeing thy dreams with unacquainted grief.

Thine eyelids slept so beauteously, I deemed
 No eyes could wake so beautiful as they :
 Thy rosy cheeks in such still slumbers lay,
 I loved their peacefulness, nor ever dreamed
 Of dimples ; — for those parted lids so seemed,
 I never thought a smile could sweetlier play,
 Nor that so graceful life could chase away
 Thy graceful death,— till those blue eyes upheamed.
 Now slumber lies in dimpled eddies drowned,
 And roses bloom more rosily for joy,
 And odorous silence ripens into sound,
 And fingers move to sound.— All-beauteous boy !
 How thou dost waken into smiles, and prove,
 If not more lovely, thou art more like Love !

HOME LIFE OF THE PRIMROSES.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before ; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosure, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness ; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them

with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments,— one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner : by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony (for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship), we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner ; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down ; but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests : sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper,

would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad,—“Johnny Armstrong’s Last Good Night,” or the “Cruelty of Barbary Allen.” The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor’s box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, I found them still secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular, their behavior served to mortify me; I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendor,—their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order

my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command ; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife, "we can walk it perfectly well : we want no coach to carry us now." "You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach ; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us." "Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him." "You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it ; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbors.

"No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut ; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had a proper effect ; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress ; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

SALUTARY EFFECTS OF PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Obedience is our universal duty and destiny ; wherein whoso will not bend must break : too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that *would*, in this world of ours, is as mere zero to *should*, and for most part as the smallest of fractions even to *shall*. Hereby was laid for me the basis of worldly discretion, nay, of morality itself. Let me not quarrel with my upbringing. It was rigorous, too frugal, compressively secluded, every way unscientific ; yet in that very strictness and domestic solitude might there not lie the root of deeper earnestness, of the stem from which all noble fruit must grow ? Above all, how unskilful soever, it was loving, it was well-meant, honest ; whereby every deficiency was helped. My kind mother, for as such I must ever love the good Gretchen, did me one altogether invaluable service : she taught me, less indeed by word than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, her own simple version of the Christian faith. Andreas, too, attended church ; yet more like a parade-duty, for which he in the other world expected pay with arrears,—as, I trust, he has received ; but my mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation religious. How indestructibly the good grows, and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of evil ! The highest whom I knew on earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable, before a higher in heaven : such things, especially in infancy, reach inward to the very core of your being ;

mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps ; and reverence, the divinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of fear. Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there is a God in heaven and in man ; or a duke's son that only knew there were "two-and-thirty quarters on the family coach" ?

CHAPTER FIVE.

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

THE LAST DAYS OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

From the "Life of George Washington."

Winter had now set in, with occasional wind and rain and frost ; yet Washington still kept up his active round of indoor and outdoor avocations, as his diary records. He was in full health and vigor, dined out occasionally, and had frequent guests at Mount Vernon, and, as usual, was part of every day in the saddle, going the rounds of his estates, and, in his military phraseology, "visiting the outposts."

He had recently walked with his favorite nephew about the grounds, showing the improvements he intended to make, and had especially pointed out the spot where he purposed building a new family vault ; the old one being damaged by the roots of a tree which had overgrown it and caused it to leak. "This change," said he, "I shall make the first of all ; for I may require it before the rest."

"When I parted from him," adds the nephew, "he stood on the steps of the front door, where he took leave of myself and another. . . . It was a bright frosty morning ; he had taken his usual ride, and the clear healthy flush on his cheek, and his sprightly manner,

brought the remark from both of us that we had never seen the general look so well. I have sometimes thought him decidedly the handsomest man I ever saw; and when [he was] in a lively mood, so full of pleasantry, so agreeable to all with whom he associated, I could hardly realize that he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him."

2 For some time past, Washington had been occupied in digesting a complete system on which his estate was to be managed for several succeeding years; specifying the cultivation of the several farms, with tables designating the rotation of the crops. It occupied thirty folio pages, and was executed with that clearness and method which characterized all his business papers. This was finished on the 10th of December, and was accompanied by a letter of that date to his manager, or steward. It is a valuable document, showing the soundness and vigor of his intellect at this advanced stage of his existence, and the love of order that reigned throughout his affairs. "My greatest anxiety," said he on a previous occasion, "is to have all these concerns in such a clear and distinct form that no reproach may attach itself to me when I have taken my departure for the land of spirits."

It was evident, however, that full of health and vigor, he looked forward to his long-cherished hope,—the enjoyment of a serene old age in this home of his heart.

According to his diary, the morning on which these voluminous instructions to his steward were dated was clear and calm, but the afternoon was lowering. The next day (11th), he notes that there was wind and rain, and "at night a large circle round the moon."

The morning of the 12th was overcast. That morning he wrote a letter to Hamilton, heartily approving of a plan for a military academy, which the latter had submitted to the Secretary of War. "The establishment of an institution of this kind upon a respectable and extensive basis," observes he, "has ever been considered by me an object of primary importance to this country; and while I was in the chair of government, I omitted no proper opportunity of recommending it, in my public speeches and otherwise, to the attention of the legislature. But I never undertook to go into any detail of the organization of such an academy, leaving this task to others, whose pursuit in the path of science, and attention to the arrangement of such institutions, had better qualified them for the execution of it. . . . I sincerely hope that the subject will meet with due attention, and that the reasons for its establishment which you have clearly pointed out in your letter to the secretary, will prevail upon the legislature to place it upon a permanent and respectable footing." He closes his letter with an assurance of "very great esteem and regard," the last words he was ever to address to Hamilton.

About ten o'clock he mounted his horse, and rode out as usual to make the rounds of the estate. The ominous ring round the moon, which he had observed on the preceding night, proved a fatal portent. "About one o'clock," he notes, "it began to snow, soon after to hail, and then turned to a settled, cold rain." Having on an overcoat, he continued his ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to the house until after three.

100

His secretary approached him with letters to be franked, that they might be taken to the post-office in the evening. Washington franked the letters, but observed, that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Mr. Lear perceived that snow was hanging from his hair, and expressed fears that he had got wet; but he replied, that his greatcoat had kept him dry. As dinner had been waiting for him, he sat down to table without changing his dress. "In the evening," writes the secretary, "he appeared as well as usual."

On the following morning the snow was three inches deep and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride. He complained of a sore throat, and had evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and he went out on the grounds between the house and [the] river, to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A hoarseness which had hung to him through the day grew worse toward night, but he made light of it.

He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, amusing himself with the papers which had been brought from the post-office. When he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he would read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit, or he listened and made occasional comments, while Mr. Lear read the debates of the Virginia Assembly.

On retiring to bed, Mr. Lear suggested that he should take something to relieve the cold. "No," replied he, "you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

In the night he was taken extremely ill with ague and difficulty of breathing. Between two and three o'clock in the morning he awoke Mrs. Washington, who would have risen to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At daybreak, when the servant woman entered to make a fire, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. He found the general breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. Washington desired that Dr. Craik, who lived in Alexandria, should be sent for, and that in the meantime Rawlins, one of the overseers, should be summoned, to bleed him before the doctor could arrive.

A gargle was prepared for his throat, but whenever he attempted to swallow any of it, he was convulsed and almost suffocated. Rawlins made his appearance soon after sunrise, but when the general's arm was ready for the operation, became agitated. "Don't be afraid," said the general, as well as he could speak. Rawlins made an incision. "The orifice is not large enough," said Washington. The blood, however, ran pretty freely, and Mrs. Washington, uncertain whether the treatment was proper, and fearful that too much blood might be taken, begged Mr. Lear to stop it. When he was about to untie the string, the general put up his hand to prevent him; and as soon as he could speak, murmured, "More — more;" but Mrs. Washington's doubts prevailed, and the bleeding was stopped, after about half a pint of blood had been taken. External applications were now made to the throat, and his feet were bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief.

His old friend, Dr. Craik, arrived between eight and nine, and two other physicians, Drs. Dick and Brown, were called in. Various remedies were tried, and additional bleeding, but all of no avail.

19 "About half-past four o'clock," writes Mr. Lear,
 20 "he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk two wills, which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them, he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet.

"After this was done, I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: 'I find I am going: my breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun.' I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I could recollect nothing; but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that, as it was the debt which we must all pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation."

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. Mr.

Lear endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much ease as possible. "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," the general would say. Upon being assured to the contrary, "Well," observed he, gratefully, "it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind, you will find it."

His servant, Christopher, had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The general noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down.

About five o'clock his old friend, Dr. Craik, came again into the room, and approached the bedside. "Doctor," said the general, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it; — my breath cannot last long." The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire, absorbed in grief.

Between five and six, the other physicians came in, and he was assisted to sit up in his bed. "I feel I am going," said he; "I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." He lay down again; all retired excepting Dr. Craik. The general continued uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was.

Further remedies were tried without avail in the evening. He took whatever was offered him, did as he was desired by the physicians, and never uttered sigh or complaint.

"About ten o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, 'I am just going. Have me

decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes.' 'T is well,' said he."

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his [the general's] eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

"While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked, with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'T is well,' said she in the same voice. 'All is now over; I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through.'"

THE CARPENTER.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The afternoon sun was warm on the five workmen there, busy upon doors and window-frames and wainscoting. A scent of pine-wood from a tent-like pile of planks outside the open door mingled itself with the scent of the elder-bushes, which were spreading their summer snow close to the open window opposite;

the slanting sunbeams shone through the transparent shavings that flew before the steady plane, and lit up the fine grain of the oak paneling which stood propped against the wall. On a heap of those soft shavings a rough gray shepherd-dog had made himself a pleasant bed, and was lying with his nose between his forepaws, occasionally wrinkling his brows to cast a glance at the tallest of the five workmen, who was carving a shield in the center of a wooden mantelpiece. It was to this workman that the strong barytone belonged which was heard above the sound of plane and hammer, singing,—

“Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth ——”

Here some measurement was to be taken which required more concentrated attention, and the sonorous voice subsided into a low whistle ; but it presently broke out again with renewed vigor :—

“Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear.”

Such a voice could only come from a broad chest, and the broad chest belonged to a large-boned, muscular man, nearly six feet high, with a back so flat and a head so well-poised, that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeve, rolled up above the elbow, showed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength ; yet the long, supple hand, with its bony finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill.

CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL.

DR. PALEY.

From the "Horæ Paulinæ."

Here, then, we have a man of liberal attainments, and, in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him, in the prosecution of his purpose, traveling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment, sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labor, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death. Such was Paul. We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow travelers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of *him*, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and that of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry, the ocular witnesses, or pretending to be such, of his miracles and of his resurrection. We

moreover find this same person referring in his letters to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history ; and which accompanying circumstances, if all or any of them be true, render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked the miracles, strictly and properly so called, in support of the mission which he executed ; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion. The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books ; but is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril ; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonment, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what was false, and what, if false, he must have known to be so ?

MEN OF OUR TIMES.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Our times have been marked from all other times as the scene of an immense conflict which has not only shaken to its foundation our own country, but has been felt like the throes of an earthquake through all the nations of the earth.

Our own days have witnessed the closing of the great battle, but the preparations for that battle have been the slow work of years.

The Men of Our Times are the men who indirectly by their moral influence helped to bring on this great final crisis, and also those who, when it was brought on, and the battle was set in array, guided it wisely, and helped to bring it to its triumphant close.

In making our selection we find men of widely different spheres and characters. Pure philanthropists, who, ignoring all selfish and worldly politics, have labored against oppression and wrong; far-seeing statesmen, who could foresee the working of political causes from distant years; brave naval and military men, educated in the schools of our country; scientific men, who helped to perfect the material forces of war by their discoveries and ingenuity,—all are united in one great crisis, and have had their share in one wonderful passage of the world's history.

Foremost on the roll of "men of our times," it is but right and fitting that we place the honored and venerated name of the man who was called by God's providence to be the leader of the nation in our late great struggle, and to seal with his blood the proclamation of universal liberty in this country—the name of—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The revolution through which the American nation has been passing was not a mere local convulsion. It was a war for a principle which concerns all mankind. It was the war for the rights of the working class of society as against the usurpation of privileged aristocra-

cies. You can make nothing else of it. That is the reason why, like a shaft of light in the judgment day, it has gone through all nations, dividing the multitudes to the right and the left. *For* us and our cause, all the common working classes of Europe,—all that toil and sweat, and are oppressed. *Against* us, all privileged classes, nobles, princes, bankers, and great manufacturers,—all who live at ease. A silent instinct, piercing to the dividing of soul and spirit, joints and marrow, has gone through the earth, and sent every soul with instinctive certainty where it belongs. The poor laborers of Birmingham and Manchester, the poor silk weavers of Lyons, to whom our conflict has been present starvation and lingering death, have stood bravely *for* us. No sophistries could blind or deceive *them*; they knew that *our* cause was *their* cause, and they suffered their part heroically, as if fighting by our side, because they knew that our victory was to be their victory. On the other side, all aristocrats and holders of exclusive privileges have felt the instinct of opposition, and the sympathy with a struggling aristocracy; for they, too, felt that our victory would be their doom.

This great contest has visibly been held in the hands of Almighty God, and is a fulfilment of the solemn prophecies with which the Bible is sown thick as stars, that he would spare the soul of the needy, and judge the cause of the poor. It was he who chose the instrument for this work, and he chose him with a visible reference to the rights and interests of the great majority of mankind, for which he stood.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies

Fallen, cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen, cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done:
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck where my Captain lies

Fallen, cold and dead.

JOAN OF ARC.

. THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so did they to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the scepter was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of the invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent: no! for her feet were dust. Pure,

innocent, noble-hearted girl ! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in, as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth [sincerity],—that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honors from man. Coronets for thee ! O no ! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee ! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do,—that was thy portion in this life ; that was thy destiny ; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short : and the sleep which is in the grave is long ! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature,—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious,—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death ; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the

volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints ; — these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that she heard forever.*

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it : but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her* ; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them* ; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries [they] had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them ; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.

* * * * *

When Joanna appeared, he [the dauphin] had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, distressed as they were, and of flying to the south of France. She taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war, and then beleaguered by the English with an elaborate application of engineering skill unprecedented in Europe. Entering the city after sunset, on the 29th of April, she sang mass on Sunday, May 8, for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June, she fought and

gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay ; on the 9th of July, she took Troyes by a *coup-de-main* from a mixed garrison of English and Burgundians ; on the 15th of that month, she carried the dauphin into Rheims ; on Sunday the 17th, she crowned him ; and there she rested from her labor of triumph. All that was to be *done*, she had now accomplished : what remained was — to *suffer*.

All this forward movement was her own : excepting one man, the whole council was against her. Her enemies were all that drew power from earth. Her supporters were her own strong enthusiasm, and the headlong contagion by which she carried this sublime frenzy into the hearts of women, of soldiers, and of all who lived by labor.

* * * * *

But she, the child that, at nineteen, had wrought wonders so great for France, was she not elated ? Did she not lose, as men so often *have* lost, all sobriety of mind when standing upon the pinnacle of success so giddy ? Let her enemies declare. During the progress of her movement, and in the center of ferocious struggles, she had manifested the temper of her feelings, by the pity which she had everywhere expressed for the suffering enemy. She forwarded to the English leaders a touching invitation to unite with the French, as brothers, in a common crusade against infidels, thus opening the road for a soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded ; she mourned over the excesses of her countrymen ; she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English soldier, and to com-

fort him with such ministrations, physical or spiritual, as his situation allowed. "*Nolebat,*" says the evidence, "*uti ense suo, aut quemquam interficere.*" She sheltered the English, that invoked her aid, in her own quarters. She wept as she beheld, stretched on the field of battle, so many brave enemies that had died without confession. And, as regarded herself, her elation expressed itself thus: — On the day when she had finished her work, she wept; for she knew that, when her *triumphal* task was done, her end must be approaching. Her aspirations pointed only to a place which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered, between smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, and yet was half-fantastic, a broken prayer, that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more.

CHARLES SUMNER.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Sumner indignantly repelled the suggestion of introducing any such amendments into the constitution, as working dishonor to that instrument by admitting into it, in any form, or under whatsoever pretext, the doctrine of the political inequality of races of men. In this we recognize a faultless consistency of principle.

Sumner was cheered in the choice which he made in the darkest hour, by that elastic hope in the success of the right, which is the best inheritance of a strong and

healthy physical and moral organization. During the time of the Fugitive Slave Law battle, while the conflict of his election was yet uncertain, he was speaking incidentally to a friend, of the tremendous influences which the then regnant genius of Daniel Webster could bring to crush any young man who opposed him. He spoke with feeling of what had to be sacrificed by a Boston young man who set himself to oppose such influences. The friend, in reply, expressed some admiration of his courage and self-sacrificing. He stopped, as he was walking up and down the room, and said, with simplicity, "Courage! No, it does n't require so very much courage, because I know that in a few years we shall have all this thing down under our feet. We shall set our heel upon it," and he emphasized the sentence by bringing his heel heavily down upon the carpet.

"Do you really think so?"

"I know so; of course we shall."

Those words, spoken in the darkest hour of the anti-slavery conflict, have often seemed like a prophecy, in view of all the fast rushing events of the years that followed. Now they are verified. Where is the man who counseled the North to conquer their prejudices? Where is the man who raised a laugh in popular assemblies at the expense of those who believed the law of God to be higher than the law of men? There is a most striking lesson to young men in these histories.

The grave of the brilliant and accomplished Douglas lay far back on the road by which Lincoln rose to fame and honor, and the grave of Webster on that of Charles Sumner, and on both of these graves might be inscribed, "Lo, this is the man that made not God his trust."

Both scoffed at God's law, and proclaimed the doctrine of expediency as above right, and both died broken down and disappointed ; while living and honored at this day, in this land and all lands, are the names of those, who in its darkest and weakest hour, espoused the cause of Liberty and Justice.

MAY AND NOVEMBER.

N. HAWTHORNE.

From "The House of the Seven Gables."

Phœbe Pyncheon slept, on the night of her arrival, in a chamber that looked down on the garden of the old house. It fronted toward the east, so that at a very seasonable hour a glow of crimson light came flooding through the window, and bathed the dingy ceiling and paper-hangings in its own hue. There were curtains to Phœbe's bed ; a dark, antique canopy and ponderous festoons, of a stuff which had been rich, and even magnificent, in its time ; but which now brooded over the girl like a cloud, making a night in that one corner, while elsewhere it was beginning to be day. The morning light, however, soon stole into the aperture at the foot of the bed, betwixt those faded curtains. Finding the new guest there,—with a bloom on her cheeks like the morning's own, and a gentle stir of departing slumber in her limbs, as when an early breeze moves the foliage,—the dawn kissed her brow. It was the caress which a dewy maiden—such as the Dawn is, immortally—gives to her sleeping sister, partly from the

impulse of irresistible fondness, and partly as a pretty hint that it is time now to unclothe her eyes.

At the touch of those lips of light, Phœbe quietly awoke, and, for a moment, did not recognize where she was, nor how those heavy curtains chanced to be festooned around her. Nothing, indeed, was absolutely plain to her, except that it was now early morning, and that, whatever might happen next, it was proper, first of all, to get up and say her prayers. She was the more inclined to devotion, from the grim aspect of the chamber and its furniture, especially the tall, stiff chairs ; one of which stood close by her bedside, and looked as if some old-fashioned personage had been sitting there all night, and had vanished only just in season to escape discovery.

When Phœbe was quite dressed, she peeped out of the window, and saw a rose-bush in the garden. Being a very tall one, and of luxurious growth, it had been propped up against the side of the house, and was literally covered with a rare and very beautiful species of white rose. A large portion of them, as the girl afterward discovered, had blight or mildew at their hearts ; but, viewed at a fair distance, the whole rose-bush looked as if it had been brought from Eden that very summer, together with the mold in which it grew. The truth was, nevertheless, that it had been planted by Alice Pyncheon,—she was Phœbe's great-great-grand-aunt,—in soil which, reckoning only its cultivation as a garden-plot, was now unctuous with nearly two hundred years of vegetable decay. Growing as they did, however, out of the old earth, the flowers still sent a fresh and sweet incense up to their Creator ; nor could

it have been the less pure and acceptable because Phœbe's young breath mingled with it as the fragrance floated past the window. Hastening down the creaking and carpetless staircase, she found her way into the garden, gathered some of the most perfect of the roses, and brought them to her chamber.

Little Phœbe was one of those persons who possess, as their exclusive patrimony, the gift of practical arrangement. It is a kind of natural magic that enables these favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them ; and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home. A wild hut of underbrush, tossed together by wayfarers through the primitive forest, would acquire the home aspect by one night's lodging of such a woman, and would retain it long after her quiet figure had disappeared into the surrounding shade. No less a portion of such homely witchcraft was requisite, to reclaim, as it were, Phœbe's waste, cheerless, and dusky chamber, which had been untenanted so long — except by spiders, and mice, and rats, and ghosts — that it was all overgrown with the desolation which watches to obliterate every trace of man's happier hours. What was precisely Phœbe's process, we find it impossible to say. She appeared to have no preliminary design, but gave a touch here, and another there ; brought some articles of furniture to light, and dragged others into the shadow ; looped up or let down a window-curtain ; and, in the course of half an hour, had fully succeeded in throwing a kindly and hospitable smile over the apartment. No longer ago than the night before, it had resembled noth-

ing so much as the old maid's heart ; for there was neither sunshine nor household fire in one nor the other, and, save for ghosts and ghostly reminiscences, not a guest, for many years gone by, had entered the heart or the chamber.

There was still another peculiarity of this inscrutable charm. The bed-chamber, no doubt, was a chamber of very great and varied experience, as a scene of human life : the joy of bridal nights had throbbled itself away here ; new immortals had first drawn earthly breath here ; and here old people had died. But—whether it were the white roses, or whatever the subtle influence might be—a person of delicate instinct would have known, at once, that it was now a maiden's bed-chamber, and had been purified of all former evil and sorrow by her sweet breath and happy thoughts. Her dreams of the past night, being such cheerful ones, had exorcised the gloom, and now haunted the chamber in its stead.

MARTIN LUTHER.

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

From the "History of Charles V."

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a-gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the Protestant church, Luthur was saved, by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eysleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts

of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colors. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned everything which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with the admiration and gratitude which they thought he merited as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian Church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure or the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, that ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain his own system, abilities — both natural and acquired — to defend his principles, and unwearied industry in propagating them, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behavior, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity and even austerity of manners as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such

perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honors and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor of the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out — on many occasions — with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance ; his courage in asserting them, to rashness ; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy.

CHARACTER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible ; polite,

affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity; sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting; impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen; no stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government; not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her: we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither of these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part

of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration : and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties ; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to purer virtue.

VICTORY THROUGH SUFFERING.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In that delightful land which is washed' by the Delaware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they
molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,—
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a
stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers ;
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her
footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the
distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but trans-
figured ;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,—
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman
repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the
suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the
market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but
an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the
meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the
oppressor ;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger ; —
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-
lands :

Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord : — “ The poor ye always have with
you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The
dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and
silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and
beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the
east wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of
Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church
at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;
Something within her said, " At length thy trials are ended ; "
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-
side.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed ; for her
presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped
from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the
darkness,—

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking;
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their
shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes, and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name; for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would
have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into
darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now,— the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing;
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, “Father, I thank
thee!”

MEN OF GENIUS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind. It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of mammon in this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of mind,—the intellectual backwoodsmen, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of their happier brethren. Pity that, from all their conquests, so rich in benefit to others, themselves should reap so little! But it is vain to murmur. They are volunteers in this cause; they weighed the charms of it against the perils; and they must abide the results of their decision, as all must. The hardships of the course they follow are formidable, but not all inevitable; and to such as pursue it rightly, it is not without its great rewards. If an author's life is more agitated and more painful than that of others, it may also be made more spirit-stirring and exalted. Fortune may render him unhappy; it is only himself that can make him despicable. The history of genius has, in fact, its bright side as well as its dark. And if it is distressing to survey the misery—and what is worse, the debasement—of so many gifted men, it is doubly cheering, on the other hand, to reflect on the few, who, amid the temptations and sorrows to which life in all its provinces, and most in theirs, is liable, have traveled through it in calm and virtuous majesty, and are now hallowed in our memories not less for

their conduct than [for] their writings. Such men are the flower of this lower world: to such alone can the epithet of *great* be applied with its true emphasis. There is a congruity in their proceedings which one loves to contemplate: he who would write heroic poems, should make his whole life a heroic poem.

MEN OF REAL GENIUS ARE RESOLUTE WORKERS.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

There is, in the present day, an overplus of raving about genius and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common sense. Common sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the men of real genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a frenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind share with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook, unless they devoted their whole energies to the task.

Would Michael Angelo have built St. Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? would Beethoven and Mozart have poured their souls into such abun-

dant melodies? would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works — had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?

“Use the pen,” says the thoughtful and subtle author: there is no magic in it; *but it keeps the mind from staggering about.*” This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you *can* do you *will* do; inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint: act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings; because the failure is absolute, it is precise, it stands boldly before you, your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with, you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rime is there or not there; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do* so, the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so; as long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible to say accurately what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one subject. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your

nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle, until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin: necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this, — they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they *could* do.

Impatient reader! if I am tedious, forgive me. These lines may meet the eyes of some to whom they are especially addressed, and may awaken thoughts in their minds not unimportant to their future career. Forgive me, if only because I have taken what is called the prosaic side. I have not flattered the shallow sophisms which would give a gloss to idleness and incapacity. I have not availed myself of the splendid tirades, so easy to write, about the glorious privileges of genius. My "preaching" may be very ineffectual, but at any rate it advocates the honest dignity of labor: let my cause excuse my tediousness.

HUMBLE WORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The pastor, pressed by thoughts which round his theme

Still lingered, after a brief pause, resumed;

"Noise is there not enough in doleful war,

But that the heaven-born poet must stand forth,

And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
 To multiply and aggravate the din ?
 Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love —
 And, in requited passion, all too much
 Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear —
 But that the minstrel of the rural shade
 Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
 The perturbation in the suffering breast,
 And propagate its kind, far as he may ?
 Ah who (and with such rapture as befits
 The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate
 The good man's purposes and deeds ; retrace
 His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,
 His triumphs hail, and glorify his end ;
 That virtue, like the fumes and vapory clouds
 Through fancy's heat redounding in the brain,
 And like the soft infections of the heart,
 By charm of measured words may spread o'er field,
 Hamlet, and town ; and piety survive
 Upon the lips of men in hall or bower ;
 Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,
 And grave encouragement, by song inspired ?
 Vain thought ! but wherefore murmur or repine ?
 The memory of the just survives in heaven :
 And, without sorrow, will the ground receive
 That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best
 Of what lies here confines us to degrees
 In excellence less difficult to reach,
 And milder worth : nor need we travel far
 From those to whom our last regards were paid,
 For such example.

Almost at the root
 Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
 And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
 Oft stretches toward me, like a long, straight path
 Traced faintly in the greensward ; there, beneath
 A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
 From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn

The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul ;
And this deep mountain-valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons ; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted ; not for him
Murmured the laboring bee. When winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture : evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labors ; the steep mountainside
Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog ;
The plow he guided, and the scythe he swayed ;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers. For himself —
All watchful and industrious as he was —
He wrought not ; neither field nor flock he owned ;
No wish for wealth had place within his mind, —
Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.
Though born a younger brother, need was none
That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew.
And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
Of rights to him ; but he remained well pleased,
By the pure bend of independent love,
An inmate of a second family, —
The fellow laborer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight
That pressed upon his brother's house ; for books

Were ready comrades whom he could not tire ;
Of whose society the blameless man
Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, with unabated charm
Beguiled his leisure hours ; refreshed his thoughts ;
Beyond its natural elevation raised
His introverted spirit ; and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,
The stormy day, each had its own resource ;
Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
Science severe, or word of Holy Writ
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of just men
Made perfect, and from injury secure.
Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field
To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint.
And they who were about him did not fail
In reverence, or in courtesy ; they prized
His gentle manners ; and his peaceful smiles,—
The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,—
Were met with answering sympathy and love.

At length, when sixty years and five were told,
A slow disease insensibly consumed
The powers of nature : and a few short steps
Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
To the profounder stillness of the grave.
Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief,—
Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
And now that monumental stone preserves
His name, and unambitiously relates
How long, and by what kindly outward aids.
And in what pure contentedness of mind,

The sad privation was by him endured.
 And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing sound
 Was wasted on the good man's living ear,
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity ;
 And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,
 Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

Soul-cheering light, most bountiful of things !
 Guide of our way, mysterious comforter !
 Whose sacred influence, spread through earth and heaven.
 We all too thanklessly participate,
 Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him
 Whose place of rest is near yon ivied porch.
 Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained ;
 Ask of the channeled rivers if they held
 A safer, easier, more determined course.
 What terror doth it strike into the mind
 To think of one, blind and alone, advancing
 Straight toward some precipice's airy brink.
 But, timely warned, he would have stayed his steps,
 Protected, say enlightened, by his ear ;
 And on the very edge of vacancy
 Not more endangered than a man whose eye
 Beholds the gulf beneath. No floweret blooms
 Throughout the lofty range of these rough hills,
 Nor in the woods, that could from him conceal
 Its birthplace ; none whose figure did not live
 Upon his touch. The bowels of the earth
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious mind ;
 The ocean paid him tribute from the stores
 Lodged in her bosom ; and, by science led,
 His genius mounted to the plains of heaven.
 Methinks I see him,— how his eyeballs rolled,
 Beneath his ample brow, in darkness paired ;
 But each instinct with spirit ; and the frame
 Of the whole countenance alive with thought,
 Fancy, and understanding ; while the voice

Discoursed of natural or moral truth
 With eloquence, and such authentic power
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed.

SOCIAL RELATIONS.

LILIAN WHITING.

From "The World Beautiful."

To leave undone those things which we ought to do, to leave unspoken the word of recognition or appreciation that we should have said, is perhaps as positive a wrong as it is to do the thing we should not have done.

We talk of success as an aim of life ; but what better form can it take than that of easy and sympathetic relation with every one with whom we have to do ? Social relations are not the mere amusements or even enjoyments of life, but are an integral part of its conduct.

* * * * *

There is a vast amount, however, of sufficiently agreeable and amiable social intercourse which passes current for friendship, that has in it no staying power, that is not under any intelligent or controlled direction, but is at the chance of every tide and impulse, or of popular sentiment. This amiable mutual intercourse may exist for years, — for half a lifetime or more, — flowing on smoothly, and its undisturbed shallowness may be mistaken for depth, until some vital impulse enters into the life of one, and then the depth of this amiable understanding is suddenly tested. Whether it is genuine or not is swiftly revealed. The test sooner or later comes

into every life. . . . Every professed and alleged feeling must sometime be "winnowed through and through." It must survive the fire or be melted away with the refuse.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL."

LILIAN WHITING.

Happiness is a condition attained through worthiness. To find your life, you must lose it. It is the law and the prophets. One's personal enjoyment is a very small thing; one's personal usefulness is a very important one. In one way or another the Lord bids us all to fly, and we have need to trust him for the wings, and live in that intimate and close relation to him that alone can receive the divine guidance.

The one great truth to which we all need to come is, that a successful life lies not in doing this, or going there, or possessing something else: it lies in the quality of the daily life.

Everything is possible to courtesy and to love. They are spiritually expansive, and like the miracle of the loaves and the fishes, the more they are given, the more they increase; the more they are divided, the more they are multiplied.

The earnest and sympathetic student of human nature will find more of the divine in each and every one than, on mere superficial knowledge, he would have

believed. Humanity is not worse, but rather better, than it is invariably held to be.

To hold one's self in readiness for opportunity ; to keep the serene, confident, hopeful, and joyful energy of mind,— is to magnetize it, and draw privileges and power toward one. The concern is not as to whether opportunity will present itself, but as to whether one will be ready for the opportunity. It comes not to doubt, and denial, and disbelief. It comes to sunny expectation, eager purpose, and to noble and generous aspirations.

Unfailing thoughtfulness of others in all those trifles that make up daily contact in daily life, sweetness of spirit, the exhilaration of gladness and of joy, and that exaltation of feeling which is the inevitable result of mental peace and loving thought,— these make up the "World Beautiful," in which each one may live as in an atmosphere always attending His presence.

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

PAUL L. DUNBAR.

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing !
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest ;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,
No lips to lift a word of praise,
But still, with faith unfaltering,
I live, and laugh, and love, and sing ;
What matters you unheeding throng,
That cannot feel my spirit's spell ?
Since life is sweet, and love is long,
I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease ;
I till my ground, and prune my trees.
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labor hard, and toil, and sweat,
While others dream within the dell ;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot ;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me ;
And then, with throes of bitter pain,
Rebellious passions rise and swell ;
But life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.

CHAPTER SIX.

DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

A BATTLE OF ANTS.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

One day when I went out to my wood-pile or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants — the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black — fiercely contending with each other. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, — a war between two races of ants, — the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday

prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board ; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was — "Conquer or die." In the meanwhile, there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle, — probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs, — whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar, — for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red, — drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants ; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members ; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself

excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce ; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity, such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again, the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them ; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know ; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war ; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

THE THREE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Long lines of cliff, breaking, have left a chasm ;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moldered church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill ;
And high in heaven, behind it, a gray down,
With Danish barrows ; and a hazel-wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here, on this beach, a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses,— Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port ;
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son ;
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad,
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,—
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint, daily washed away.

ARDEN ON THE ISLAND.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Half the night,
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle — at morn —
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,—
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ;
 Nor, save for pity, was it hard to take
 The helpless life, so wild that it was tame.
 There, in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge,
 They built, and thatched with leaves of palm, a hut,—
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
 Lay lingering out a three-years' death-in-life.
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,
 The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
 In those two deaths he read God's warning " wait."

The mountain, wooded to the peak ; the lawns
 And winding glades, high up like ways to heaven ;
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes ;
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird ;
 The luster of the long convolvuluses,
 That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
 Even to the limit of the land ; the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,—
 All these he saw : but what he fain had seen
 He could not see,— a kindly human face,—
 Nor ever heard a kindly voice ; but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees, that branched
 And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long

Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail :
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east ; —
 The blaze upon his island overhead ; —
 The blaze upon the waters to the west :
 Then the great stars, that globed themselves in heaven:
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise ; — but no sail.

There, often as he watched, or seemed to watch,
 So still the golden lizard on him paused,
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved
 Before him, haunting him ; or he himself
 Moved, haunting people, things, and places, known
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line ; —
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-colored seas.

Once, likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
 Though faintly, merrily — far and far away —
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells ;
 Then, though he knew not wherefore, started up
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous, hateful isle
 Returned upon him, had not his poor heart
 Spoken with That, which, being everywhere,
 Lets none who speak with Him seem all alone,
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus, over Enoch's early-silvering head,
 The sunny and rainy seasons came and went --
 Year after year. His hopes to see his own,

And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stayed by this isle, not knowing where she lay ;
For since the mate had seen at early dawn,
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle,
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew, that, landing, burst away
In search of stream or fount, and filled the shores
With clamor. Downward from his mountain-gorge
Stepped the long-haired, long-bearded solitary,—
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seemed,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what : and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
And ever, as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosened, till he made them understand ;
Whom, when their casks were filled, they took aboard .
And there the tale he uttered brokenly,
Scarce credited at first, but more and more
Amazed and melted all who listened to it :
And clothes they gave him, and free passage home :
But oft he worked among the rest, and shook
His isolation from him.

THE FUNERAL OF A BELOVED TEACHER.

HANNAH MORE.

Who else has ever been so attended, so followed to the grave? Of the hundreds who attended, all had some token of mourning in their dress. All the black gowns in the village were exhibited ; and those who had

none, had—some broad, some little bits of narrow—ribbon, such as their few spare pence could provide. The house, the garden, the place before the door, was full. But how shall I describe it? Not one single voice or step was heard; their very silence was dreadful. But it was not the least affecting part to see their poor little ragged pocket-handkerchiefs, not half sufficient to dry their tears. Some had none; and the tears that did not fall to the ground they wiped off with some part of their dress. When the procession moved off, Mr. Boake, who was so good as to come to the very house, preceded the corpse with his gown and hat-band, which, being unusual, added somewhat to the scene; then the body, then her sister and myself as chief mourners,—a presumptuous title amid such a weeping multitude; then the gentry, two and two; next her children, near two hundred; then all the parish in the same order;—and though the stones were rugged, you did not hear one single footstep.

When we came to the outer gate of the churchyard, where all the people used to wait to pay their duty to her by bows and courtesies, we were obliged to halt for Mr. Boake to get in and get his surplice on to receive the corpse with the usual texts. This was almost too much for every creature; and Mr. Boake's voice was nearly lost. When he came to, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he could scarcely *utter* it; but to *feel* it was a better thing. On her entrance into the church, the little remaining sight we had left, disclosed to us that it was nearly full. How we were to be disposed of I could not tell. I took my old seat with the children; and [standing] close by her [accustomed] place, Mr.

Boake gave us a discourse of thirty-five minutes, entirely on one subject. His text was from St. John. He said he chose it because it was the last she made use of to him (I was sitting on her bed at the time). He added : "She looked around her, and observed [that] it was comfortable to have kind friends, but much better to have God with one." His sermon was affecting and bold ; as a proof of the latter, though the vicar was there, and he himself was curate, he said, with an emphasis in his voice and a firmness in his look, "This eminent Christian first taught salvation in Cheddar."

When we drove near to the grave, and the last solemn rite was performed, and "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" was pronounced, every lady threw in her nosegay. I was almost choked. When Robert Reeves, John Marshal, and the six favorites let down the coffin, they stood over it in an attitude never to be described, and exhibited a grief never to be forgotten. They feared at one time Mr. Gelling would have to be taken out of the church. The undertaker from Bristol wept like a child, and confessed that without emolument it was worth going a hundred miles to see such a sight.

THE PANTHER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

From "The Pioneers."

By this time they had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm,

and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk ; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed,—

“Listen ! there are the cries of a child on this mountain ! is there a clearing near us ? or can some little one have strayed from its parents ?”

“Such things frequently happen,” returned Louisa. “Let us follow the sounds : it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill.”

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried,—

“Look at the dog !”

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity ; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on

the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter ; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

“ Brave ! ” she said, “ be quiet, Brave ! what do you see, fellow ? ”

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire, by a short, surly barking.

“ What does he see ? ” said Elizabeth : “ there must be some animal in sight. ”

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

DEATH SCENE OF LITTLE EVA.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

So bright and placid was the farewell voyage of the little spirit,—by such sweet and fragrant breezes was the small bark borne toward the heavenly shores,—that it was impossible to realize that it was death that was approaching. The child felt no pain,—only a tranquil, soft weakness, daily and almost insensibly increasing; and she was so beautiful, so loving, so trustful, so happy, that one could not resist the soothing influence of that air of innocence and peace which seemed to breathe around her. St. Clare found a strange calm coming over him. It was not hope,—that was impossible; it was not resignation; it was only a calm resting in the present, which seemed so beautiful that he wished to think of no future. It was like that hush of spirit which we feel amid the bright, mild woods of autumn, when the bright hectic flush is on the trees, and the last lingering flowers by the brook; and we joy in it all the more, because we know that soon it will all pass away.

* * * * *

Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful, that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had

done since her sickness ; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia,—“Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all ; she is certainly better ;” and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight,—strange, mystic hour !—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin,—then came the messenger !

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who, at the turn of the night, had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call “a change.” The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert, in a moment.

“Go for the doctor, Tom ! lose not a moment,” said Miss Ophelia ; and, stepping across the room, she rapped at St. Clare’s door.

“Cousin,” she said, “I wish you would come.”

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they ? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still ? Why was no word spoken between the two ? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee ;—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint,—only a high and almost sublime expression,—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments, Tom returned, with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

“When did this change take place?” said he, in a low whisper, to Miss Ophelia.

“About the turn of the night,” was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared, hurriedly, from the next room.

“Augustine! Cousin! — O! — what!” she hurriedly began.

“Hush!” said St. Clare, hoarsely; “*she is dying.*”

Mammy heard the words, and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused,—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda, and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing; — he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

“O, if she would only wake, and speak once more!” he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear,—“Eva, darling!”

The large blue eyes unclosed,—a smile passed over her face; — she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

“Do you know me, Eva?”

“Dear papa,” said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again, and, as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face; — she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

“O, God, this is dreadful!” he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom’s hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. “O, Tom, my boy, it is killing

me!" Tom had his master's hands between his own; and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare, — "this wrings my heart."

"O, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear Master!" said Tom; "look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted,—the large, clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her, in breathless stillness.

"Eva," said St. Clare, gently.

She did not hear.

"O, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly,— "O! love,—joy,—peace!"

LITTLE NELL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

If the peace of the simple village had moved the child more strongly, because of the dark and troubled ways that lay beyond, and through which she had journeyed with such failing feet, what was the deep impression of finding herself alone in that solemn building, where the very light, coming through sunken windows, seemed old and gray, and the air, redolent of earth and

mold, seemed laden with decay, purified by time of all its grosser particles, and sighing through arch and aisle, and clustered pillars, like the breath of ages gone ! Here was the broken pavement, worn, so long ago, by pious feet, that Time, stealing on the pilgrim's steps, had trodden out their track, and left but crumbling stones. Here were the rotten beam, the sinking arch, the sapped and moldering wall, the lowly trench of earth, the stately tomb on which no epitaph remained,— all,— marble, stone, iron, wood, and dust, one common monument of ruin. The best work and the worst, the plainest and the richest, the stateliest and the least imposing—both of Heaven's work and man's—all found one common level here, and told one common tale.

Some part of the edifice had been a baronial chapel, and here were effigies of warriors stretched upon their beds of stone, with folded hands, cross-legged,— those who had fought in the Holy Wars,— girded with their swords, and cased in armor, as they had lived. Some of these knights had their own weapons, helmets, coats of mail, hanging upon the walls hard by, and dangling from rusty hooks. Broken and dilapidated as they were, they yet retained their ancient form, and something of their ancient aspect. Thus violent deeds live after men upon the earth, and traces of war and bloodshed will survive in mournful shapes long after those who worked the desolation are but atoms of earth themselves.

The child sat down, in this old, silent place, among the stark figures on the tombs— they made it more quiet there, than elsewhere, to her fancy— and gazing around with a feeling of awe, tempered with a calm

delight, felt that now she was happy, and at rest. She took a Bible from the shelf, and read ; then, laying it down, thought of the summer days and the bright springtime that would come,—of the rays of sun that would fall in aslant upon the sleeping forms,—of the leaves that would flutter at the window, and play in glistening shadows on the pavement,—of the songs of birds and growth of buds and blossoms out of doors,—of the sweet air, that would steal in, and gently wave the tattered banners overhead. What if the spot awakened thoughts of death ! Die who would, it would still remain the same ; these sights and sounds would still go on, as happily as ever. It would be no pain to sleep amidst them.

She left the chapel — very slowly, and often turning back to gaze again — and coming to a low door, which plainly led into the tower, opened it, and climbed the winding stair in darkness ; save where she looked down, through narrow loop-holes, on the place she had left, or caught a glimmering vision of the dusty bells. At length she gained the end of the ascent and stood upon the turret top.

O ! the glory of the sudden burst of light ; the freshness of the fields and woods, stretching away on every side, and meeting the bright blue sky ; the cattle grazing in the pasturage ; the smoke, that, coming from among the trées, seemed to rise upward from the green earth ; the children yet at their gambols down below — all, everything, so beautiful and happy ! It was like passing from death to life ; it was drawing nearer heaven.

The children were gone when she emerged into the porch and locked the door. As she passed the school-

house, she could hear the busy hum of voices. Her friend had begun his labors only on that day. The noise grew louder, and, looking back, she saw the boys come trooping out and disperse themselves with merry shouts and play. "It's a good thing," thought the child, "I'm very glad they pass the church." And then she stopped, to fancy how the noise would sound inside, and how gently it would seem to die away upon the ear.

Again that day, yes, twice again, she stole back to the old chapel, and in her former seat read from the same book, or indulged the same quiet train of thought. Even when it had grown dusk, and the shadows of coming night made it more solemn still, the child remained, like one rooted to the spot, and had no fear or thought of stirring.

They found her there, at last, and took her home. She looked pale, but very happy, until they separated for the night; and then, as the poor schoolmaster stooped down to kiss her cheek, he thought he felt a tear upon his face.

THE SILENT SLEEPER.

CHARLES DICKENS.

There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird,—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed,—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues?—All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. . . .

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile,—the hand that had led him on, through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her nevermore.

MYSTERY OF LIFE.

JOHN RUSKIN.

My thoughts have changed also, as my words have; and whereas in earlier life what little influence I obtained was due perhaps chiefly to the enthusiasm with which I was able to dwell on the beauty of the physical clouds, and of their colors in the sky; so all the influence I now desire to retain must be due to the earnestness with which I am endeavoring to trace the form and beauty of another kind of cloud than those,—the bright cloud of which it is written,—

“What is your life?—It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

I suppose few people reach the middle or latter period of their age, without having, at some moment of change or disappointment, felt the truth of those bitter words, and been startled by the fading of the sunshine from the cloud of their life, into the sudden agony of the knowledge that the fabric of it was as fragile as a dream, and the endurance of it as transient as the dew. But it is not always that, even at such times of melancholy surprise, we can enter into any true perception that this

human life shares, in the nature of it, not only the evanescence, but the mystery, of the cloud ; that its avenues are wreathed in darkness, and its forms and courses no less fantastic than spectral and obscure ; so that not only in the vanity which we cannot grasp, but in the shadow which we cannot pierce, it is true of this cloudy life of ours, that " man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain."

And least of all, whatever may have been the eagerness of our passions or the height of our pride, are we able to understand in its depth the third and most solemn character in which our life is like those clouds of heaven : that to it belongs not only their transience, not only their mystery, but also their power ; that in the cloud of the human soul there is a fire stronger than the lightning, and a grace more precious than the rain ; and that though of the good and evil it shall one day be said alike, that the place that knew them knows them no more, there is an infinite separation between those whose brief presence had there been a blessing, like the mist of Eden that went up from the earth to water the garden, and those whose place knew them only as a drifting and changeful shade, of whom the heavenly sentence is, that they are " wells without water ; clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved forever."

* * * * *

I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it, and the

children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them I thought were a little frightened because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers; sweet, grassy banks for rest; and smooth lawns for play; and pleasant streams and woods; and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while; but presently they separated themselves into parties, and then each party declared it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarreled violently [about] which pieces they would have. And at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower-beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; then they trampled down each other's bits of the garden out of spite, and the girls cried till they could cry no more; and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.

Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also, in their manner. For them there had been provided every kind of indoors pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum full of the most curious shells

and animals and birds ; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenters' tools, for the ingenious boys ; and there were pretty fantastic dresses for the girls to dress in ; and there were microscopes and kaleidoscopes and whatever toys a child could fancy ; and a table in the dining-room loaded with everything nice to eat. But in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more "practical" children that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs, and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently the others, who were reading or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like ; and in a little while all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out they were not satisfied ; and then everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared that nothing was of any real consequence that afternoon except to get plenty of brass-headed nails ; and that the books and the cakes and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only if they could be exchanged for nail-heads. And at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there a despaired one shrunk away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book, in the midst of the noise ; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon, even though they knew that they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no ! it was, "Who has most nails ? I have a hundred, and you have fifty ;" or, "I have a thousand, and you have two. I must have as many as you before I leave the

house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace." At last they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, "What a false dream that is of *children*." The child is the father of the man, and wiser. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do.

FROM THE "DESERTED VILLAGE."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed ;
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene :
 How often have I paused on every charm,—
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !

* * * * *

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below,—
 The swain, responsive as the milk-maid sung ;
 The sober herd, that lowed to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool ;
 The playful children, just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whispering wind ;
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ; —

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled,—
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;—
She only, left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran,
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their care distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven ; —
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes,— for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned :
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew,—
'T was certain he could write, and cipher, too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill ;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place,—
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock, that clicked behind the door ;

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,—
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth — except when winter chilled the day —
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay ;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendor ! could not all
 Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round :
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art :
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,—
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay !
 'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.

THE "BAS BLANC" (THE WHITE STOCKING).

HANNAH MORE.

A letter sent by Miss More to Mrs Pepys, with a pair of stockings knitted
 for one of her children

Dear Madam,—

I beg to dedicate the inclosed work, the fruit of a few days' leisure at St. Albans, to either of your little children of whose capacity of receiving it you will be the best judge upon trial; for there is a certain fitness without which the best works are of little value. Though it is so far of a moral cast that its chief end is utility, I hope that the child will be able to run through it with pleasure. I may say, without vanity, that it is founded upon the precepts of the great masters of the epopœia, with but few exceptions. The subject is simple; but it has a beginning, [a] middle, and [an] end. The exordium is the natural introduction by which you are let into the whole work. The middle, I trust, is free from any unnatural tumor or inflation, and the end from any disproportionate littleness. I have avoided bringing about the catastrophe too suddenly, as I know that would hurt him at whose feet I lay it. For the same reason, I took care to shun too pointed a conclusion, still reserving my greatest acuteness for this part of my subject. I had materials for a much longer work, but the art to stop has always appeared to me no

less the great secret of a poet than the art to blot ; and whoever peruses this work will see that I could not have added another line without such an unraveling as would have greatly perplexed the conclusion. My chief care has been to unite the two great essentials of composition,— ease and strength. I do not pretend to have paid any great attention to the passions, and yet I hope my work will not be found deficient either in warmth or softness ; but these will be better felt than expressed. Now and then, partly from negligence and partly from temerity, I have broken the thread of my narration, but have pieced it so happily that none but the eye of a professor, which looks into the interior, will detect it ; and the initiated are generally candid because they are in the secret. What little ornament there is I have bestowed, not injudiciously I trow, on the slenderest part. You will find but one episode, and even that does not obstruct the progress of the main subject ; and for parallels, I will be bold to say Plutarch does not furnish one so perfect. The rare felicity of this species of composition is the bold attempt to unite poetry with mechanics,— for which see the clockwork in the third section. As all innovation is a proof of a false taste or a fantastic vanity, I was content to use the old machinery in working up the piece. I have taken care not to overlay the severe simplicity of the ancients (my great precursors in this walk) with any finery of my own invention ; and like other moderns, you will find I have failed only in proportion as I have neglected my model. After all, I wish the work may not be thought too long ; but of this he to whose use it is dedicated will be the best judge. His feelings must determine, and that is a decision from

which there lies no appeal; for in this case, as in most others, *le tact* is a surer standard than the rules. I beg your pardon for so tedious a preface to so slight a performance; but the subject has been near my heart as often as I have had the work in hand, and as I expect it will long survive all my other productions, I am desirous to place it in the Pepysian collection, humbly hoping that though neither defaced nor mutilated, it may be found as useful as many a black-letter manuscript of more recondite learning.

I am, dear madam, etc.,

L'AMIE DES ENFANTS.

A LETTER.

HANNAH MORE.

This hot weather makes me suffer terribly; yet I have now and then a good day, and on Sunday was enabled to open the school. It was an affecting sight. Several of the grown-up youths had been tried at the last assizes; three were the children of a person lately condemned to be hanged; many, thieves,—all ignorant, profane, and vicious beyond belief. Of this banditti we have enlisted one hundred and seventy; and when the clergyman, a hard man, who is also the magistrate, saw these creatures kneeling round us, whom he had seldom seen but to commit or punish in some way, he burst into tears. I can do them little good, I fear, but the grace of God can do all. . . . Have you never found your mind, when it has been weak, now and then touched and raised by some little incident? Some musical

gentlemen, drawn from a distance by curiosity, just as I was coming out of church with my ragged regiment, much depressed to think how little good I could do them, quite unexpectedly struck up that beautiful and animating anthem, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

DESCRIPTION OF A MENDIP FEAST.*

HANNAH MORE.

The clergy of most of the parishes attended, and led the procession. A band of rustic music,—a tribute of gratitude from all the neighboring villages,—stepped forward, and preceded the whole, playing "God Save the King." We followed the clergy; then Ma'am Baker and her two hundred Cheddarites; and so on, the procession ending with Nailsea,—the girls having fine nose-gays, and the boys carrying white rods in their hands, the gentlemen and ladies weeping as though we had exhibited a deep tragedy, though the pleasing idea of the hungry going to be fed, I believe, caused these tears—rather those of joy than of sorrow.

At the entrance of our circle the music withdrew, and the children then struck up their psalms and hymns. All were then seated in circles, fifteen completing the whole. The effect was really very interesting. When all were served, they arose; and each pastor, stepping into the midst, prayed for his [God's] blessing on his own flock. And this part of the ceremony they did well. Examinations, singing, etc., took place. At

* This feast was a dinner of beef and plum pudding given to the children from all the schools.

length every voice on the hill was permitted, nay, invited, to join in one general chorus of "God Save the King." This is the only pleasure in the form of a song we ever allow. Instantaneously the children, their masters and mistresses, keeping their eyes on the clergy and ourselves, fell into the procession as at the beginning, walked to the place where we first met, and every school marched off to their several districts singing hallelujahs till they sank into the valley, and their voices could no more be heard. At this moment every heart seemed softened and subdued, and many eyes shed tears.

Seven or eight thousand people attended, and behaved as quietly as the sheep that grazed around us. Thus did this day open to us much matter for reflection. Farmers and their wives mixed with their own poor, and rode in the same conveyances,—their own wagons. The clergy headed this ragged procession, with hats in their hands. Seven thousand people showed us they could be *quiet* on a day of merriment, not to say *innocent*. Upwards of nine hundred children were well fed as a reward for a year's labor, and that labor learning the Bible. The meeting took its rise from religious institutions. The day passed in the exercise of duties, and closed with joy. Nothing of a gay nature was introduced, but loyalty to the king; and this never interfered with higher duties to the King of kings. The examinations were in the repetition of the Bible, Catechism, and Psalms, when the children received prizes according to their proficiency. Either then, or at the annual school feasts, brides of good character were presented with a Bible, a pair of stockings, and five shillings,—almost a fortune when a spinning-wheel cost four-and-six-pence.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

PUBLIC SPEECHES AND PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT.

ORATION ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Our grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words, and no relief in tears. The president of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office with which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindness of nature, could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their resting-place in the valley of the Mississippi. His funeral knell vibrates through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every clime are his mourners.

Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood, to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which, in their softness and beauty, expressed nothing but benevolence and gentle-

ness, are closed in death ; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood ; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world.

Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose ; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy ; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them ; that when he went to Washington, the ground on which he trod, shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation ; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged ; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free ; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom ; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a republic between Slave States

and Free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee ; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss, threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was growing into indefinable proportions ; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away ; the country is cast into another mold, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope forever. And as to himself, personally : he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now against usage of later years and in spite of numerous competitors, he was the unbiased and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason, he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition ; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle-field, and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty.

How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death ? How shall it best honor his memory ? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and in strict conformity with duty was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a victim. The standard which he held in his

hand must be uplifted again higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the parts of the country in rebellion, the freedom of all persons who had been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained. . . .

No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs.

* * * * *

His death, which was meant to sever it [the Union] beyond repair, binds it more closely and more firmly than ever. The blow aimed at him, was aimed not at the native of Kentucky, not at the citizen of Illinois, but at the man, who, as President, in the executive branch of the government, stood as the representative of every man in the United States. The object of the crime was the life of the whole people; and it wounds the affections of the whole people. From Maine to the southwest boundary on the Pacific, it makes us one. The country may have needed an imperishable grief to touch its inmost feeling. The grave that receives the remains of Lincoln, receives the costly sacrifice to the Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his enduring memory will assist during countless ages to bind the States together, and to incite to the love of our own undivided, indivisible country. Peace to the ashes of our departed friend,—the friend

of his country and of his race ! He was happy in his life ; for he was the restorer of the republic : he was happy in his death ; for his martyrdom will plead forever for the Union of the States and the freedom of man.

LINCOLN'S SPEECH IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

On Washington's birthday, 1861, when Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated as the great successor to the great first President, it was arranged that he should raise a new flag at Independence Hall in Philadelphia. He did so, and on the occasion made the following speech. It was in this hall that his body lay when it was on its way to Springfield after his assassination.

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sirs, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in, and were given to the world from, this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here, and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that Independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of

the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it be forced upon the Government. The Government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed it was merely to do something toward raising a flag;—I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [Cries of “No, No.”] But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, die by.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our ~~poor~~ power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,
 The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep ;
 Fair as a garden of the Lord
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
 When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
 Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

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

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
 Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
 Bravest of all in Frederick town,
 She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
 To show that one heart was loyal yet.
 Up the street came the rebel tread,
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead ;

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
 He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.
 " Halt ! "— the dust-brown ranks stood fast ;
 " Fire ! "— out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
“ Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word.

“ Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog. March on ! ” he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ; —

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host ;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds, that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shown over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier !
Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, in Frederick town !

**DIFFICULTIES AND TORMENTS IN TRYING
TO CONCEAL CRIME.**

DANIEL WEBSTER.

He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! Gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the resi-

dence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him ; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed ; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

EMANCIPATION.

J. G. WHITTIER.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,
 And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong.

Arise and flee ! shake off the vile restraint
Of ages ; but, like Ballymena's saint,
 The oppressor spare,
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him ! like him return again,
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain
Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed.

NATIONAL PARTIALITY AND PREJUDICE.

BOLINGBROKE.

There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other ; and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions, the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese mandarins were strangely surprised, and almost incredulous, when the Jesuits showed them how small a figure their empire made in the general map of the world. . . . Now, nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity, than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth, in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilized states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with a hat on his head, and a gonilla round his neck, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his

cruelty. I might show, by a multitude of other examples, how history prepares us for experience, and guides us in it ; and many of these would be both curious and important.

PATRIOTISM ; LIBERTY ; FREEDOM.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
 Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
 Designed by loud declaimers on the part
 Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
 Incurs derision for his easy faith
 And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough ;
 For when was public virtue to be found
 Where private was not ? Can he love the whole
 Who loves no part ? He be a nation's friend
 Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there ?
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
 Who slight the charities for whose dear sake
 That country, if at all, must be beloved ?

* * * * *

But there is yet a liberty unsung
 By poets, and by senators unpraised,
 Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
 Of earth and hell confederate take away ;—
 A liberty which persecution, fraud,
 Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind ;
 Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
 'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
 Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
 And sealed with the same token.

* * * * *

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
 That hellish foes confederate for his harm
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,
 Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
 And smiling say,—“ My Father made them all ! ”
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,
 And by an emphasis of interest his,
 Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
 That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
 So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man ?
 Yea, ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
 In senseless riot ; but ye will not find
 In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
 A liberty like his, who unimpeached
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
 And has a richer use of yours, than you.
 He is indeed a freeman ; — free by birth
 Of no mean city, planned or e'er the hills
 Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.
 His freedom is the same in every state ;
 And no condition of this changeful life,

So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less;
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine,
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain,
And that to bind him is a vain attempt
Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

REFLECTIVE.

THE NIGHT JOURNEY OF A RIVER.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O River, gentle River ! gliding on
In silence underneath the starless sky !
Thine is a ministry that never rests
Even while the living slumber. For a time
The meddler, man, hath left the elements
In peace : the plowman breaks the clods no more ;
The miner labors not, with steel and fire,
To rend the rock, and he that hews the stone,
And he that fells the forest, he that guides
The loaded wain, and the poor animal
That drags it, have forgotten, for a time,
Their toils, and share the quiet of the earth.

Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,
O darkling River ! Through the night I hear
Thy wavelets rippling on the pebbly beach ;
I hear thy current stir the rustling sedge,
That skirts thy bed ; thou intermittest not
Thine everlasting journey, drawing on
A silvery train from many a woodland spring
And mountain-brook. The dweller by thy side,
Who moored his little boat upon thy beach,
Though all the waters that upbore it then
Have slid away o'er night, shall find, at morn,
Thy channel filled with water freshly drawn

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From distant cliffs, and hollows where the rill
Comes up amid the water-flags. All night
Thou givest moisture to the thirsty roots
Of the lithe willow and o'erhanging plane,
And cherishest the herbage of thy bank,
Spotted with little flowers, and sendest up
Perpetually the vapors from thy face,
To steep the hills with dew, or darken heaven
With drifting clouds, that trail the shadowy shower.

O River ! darkling River ! what a voice
Is that thou utterest while all else is still,—
The ancient voice that, centuries ago,
Sounded between thy hills, while Rome was yet
A weedy solitude by Tiber's stream !
How many, at this hour, along thy course,
Slumber to thine eternal murmurings,
That mingle with the utterance of their dreams !
At dead of night the child awakes, and hears
Thy soft, familiar dashings, and is soothed,
And sleeps again. An airy multitude
Of little echoes, all unheard by day,
Faintly repeat, till morning, after thee,
The story of thine endless goings forth.

Yet there are those who lie beside thy bed
For whom thou once didst rear the bowers that screen
Thy margin, and didst water the green fields ;
And now there is no night so still that they
Can hear thy lapse ; their slumbers, were thy voice
Louder than Ocean's, it could never break.
For them the early violet no more
Opens upon thy bank, nor, for their eyes,
Glitter the crimson pictures of the clouds
Upon thy bosom when the sun goes down.
Their memories are abroad,— the memories
Of those who last were gathered to the earth,
Lingering within the homes in which they sat,

Hovering above the paths in which they walked,
Haunting them like a presence. Even now
They visit many a dreamer in the forms
They walked in, ere at last they wore the shroud.
And eyes there are which will not close to dream,
For weeping and for thinking of the grave,—
The new-made grave, and the pale one within.
These memories and these sorrows all shall fade,
And pass away, and fresher memories
And newer sorrows come and dwell awhile
Beside thy borders, and, in turn, depart.

On glide thy waters, till at last they flow
Beneath the windows of the populous town,
And all night long give back the gleam of lamps,
And glimmer with the trains of light that stream
From halls where dancers whirl. A dimmer ray
Touches thy surface from the silent room
In which they tend the sick, or gather round
The dying ; and the slender, steady beam
Comes from the little chamber in the roof,
Where, with a feverous crimson on her cheek,
The solitary damsel, dying, too,
Plies the quick needle till the stars grow pale.
There, close beside the haunts of revel, stand
The blank, unlighted windows, where the poor,
In hunger and in darkness, wake till morn.
There, drowsily, on the half-conscious ear
Of the dull watchman, pacing on the wharf,
Falls the soft ripple of the waves that strike
On the moored bark ; but guiltier listeners
Are nigh, the prowlers of the night, who steal
From shadowy nook to shadowy nook, and start
If other sounds than thine are in the air.

O, glide away from these abodes, that bring
Pollution to thy channel, and make foul
Thy once clear current ; summon thy quick waves

And dimpling eddies ; linger not, but haste,
With all thy waters, haste thee to the deep,
There to be tossed by shifting winds, and rocked
By that mysterious force which lives within
The sea's immensity, and wields the weight
Of its abysses, swaying to and fro
The billowy mass, until the stain, at length,
Shall wholly pass away, and thou regain
The crystal brightness of thy mountain-springs.

EXTRACT FROM "THE VOYAGE."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in life,—what vicissitudes might occur in it—what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again ! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence, or when he may return, or whether it may be ever his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood ?

I said that at sea all is vacancy ; I should correct the expression. To one given to day dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation ; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and

muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea ; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own ; to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols,— shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship ; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface ; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a specter, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me ; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys ; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth ; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence ! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave ; has brought the ends of the world into communion ; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south ; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life ; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over; — they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; — their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety — anxiety into dread — and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known, is that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more!”

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage.

The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funereal wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the side of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey: the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering

gayly over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant, she appears! — how she seems to lord it over the deep! I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea voyage; for with me it is almost a continual reverie; — but it is time to get to shore.

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

HANNAH MORE.

Lord, when dejected I appear,
 And love is half absorbed in fear,
 E'en then I know I'm not forgot:
 Thou 'rt present, though I see thee not.
 Thy boundless mercy's still the same,
 Though I am cold, nor feel the flame;
 Though dull and hard my sluggish sense,
 Faith still maintains its evidence.
 O, would thy cheering beams so shine
 That I might always feel thee mine!
 Yet, though a cloud may sometimes rise,
 And dim the brightness of my skies,
 By faith thy goodness I will bless:
 I shall be safe, though comfortless.
 Still, still my grateful soul shall melt
 At what in brighter days I felt.
 O wayward heart, thine be the blame;
 Though I may change, God is the same.
 Not feebler faith, nor colder prayer,
 My state and sentence shall declare;
 Nor nerves nor feeling shall decide:
 By safer signs I shall be tried.
 Is the fixed tenor of my mind
 To righteousness and Christ inclined?
 For sin is my contrition deep?

For past offenses do I weep ?
 Do I submit my stubborn will
 To Him who guards and guides me still ? —
 Then shall my peaceful bosom prove
 That God not *loving* is but *Love*.

SILENCE.

THOMAS HOOD.

There is a silence where hath been no sound ;
 There is a silence where no sound may be,—
 In the cold grave — under the deep, deep sea,
 Or in wide desert where no life is found,
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound.
 No voice is hushed — no life treads silently ;
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
 That never spoke, over the idle ground :
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where man hath been,—
 Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,—
 There the true silence is, self-conscious and alone.

THE SEA OF DEATH.

HOOD.

Methought I saw
 Life swiftly treading over endless space ;
 And, at her footprint, but a bygone pace,
 The ocean-past, which, with increasing wave,
 Swallowed her steps like a pursuing grave.

Sad were my thoughts that anchored silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,
Unstirred by any touch of living breath :
Silence hung over it ; and drowsy Death,
Like a gorged sea-bird, slept with folded wings
On crowded carcasses,— sad, passive things
That wore the thin gray surface like a veil,
Over the calmness of their features pale.

And there were spring-faced cherubs that did sleep
Like water-lilies on that motionless deep,—
How beautiful ! with bright unruffled hair
On sleek unfretted brows, and eyes that were
Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse !
And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips,
Meekly apart, as if the soul intense
Spake out in dreams of its own innocence :
And so they lay in loveliness, and kept
The birth-night of their peace, that Life even wept
With very envy of their happy fronts ;
For there were neighbor brows scarred by the brunts
Of strife and sorrowing — where Care had set
His crooked autograph, and marred the jet
Of glossy locks — with hollow eyes forlorn,
And lips that curled in bitterness and scorn —
Wretched,— as they had breathed of the world's pain,
And so bequeathed it to the world again,
Through the beholder's heart, in heavy sighs.
So lay they garmented in torpid light,
Under the pall of a transparent night,
Like solemn apparitions lulled sublime
To everlasting rest,— and with them Time
Slept, as he sleeps upon the silent face
Of a dark dial in a sunless place.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

JOHN RUSKIN.

If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! So stately, so eternal,—the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth,—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example,—that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—[a] monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.

CONTRASTED VIEWS.

W. WORDSWORTH.

We safely may affirm that human life
Is either fair and tempting,— a soft scene,
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,—
Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view ;
Even as the same is looked at or approached.
Thus, when in changeful April, fields are white
With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen north
Your walk conduct you hither, ere the sun
Hath gained his noontide height, this churchyard, filled
With mounds transversely lying side by side
From east to west, before you will appear
An unilluminated, blank, and dreary plain,

With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom
 Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back ;
 Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,
 Of life, of love and gladness doth dispense
 His beams, which, unexcluded in their fall,
 Upon the southern side of every grave
 Have gently exercised a melting power ;
Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye,
 All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
 Hopeful and cheerful : — vanished is the pall
 That overspread and chilled the sacred turf,—
 Vanished or hidden ; and the whole domain,
 To some, too lightly minded, might appear
 A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.
 This contrast, not unsuitable to life,
 Is to that other state more apposite,
 Death and its twofold aspect ! wintry, one,—
 Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut out ;
 The other, which the ray divine hath touched,
 Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart :
 It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
 Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colored like his own, and having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
 Make enemies of nations, who had else

Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
 And worse than all, and most to be deplored
 As human Nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes that Mercy with a bleeding heart
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man ? And what man seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush,
 And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
 No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

* * * * *

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
 By strides of human wisdom. In His works,
 Though wondrous, he commands us in his Word
 To seek him rather where his mercy shines.
 The mind indeed, enlightened from above,
 Views him in all ; ascribes to the grand cause
 The grand effect ; acknowledges with joy
 His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.
 But never yet did philosophic tube,
 That brings the planets home into the eye
 Of observation, and discovers, else
 Not visible, His family of worlds,
 Discover him that rules them : such a veil
 Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
 And dark in things divine. Full often too
 Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
 Of nature, overlooks her Author more ;
 From instrumental causes proud to draw

Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
 But if his Word once teach us, shoot a ray
 Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
 Truths undiscerned but by that holy light,
 Then all is plain. Philosophy baptized
 In the pure fountain of eternal love
 Has eyes indeed ; and viewing all she sees,
 As meant to indicate a God to man,
 Gives Him his praise, and forfeits not her own.

* * * * *

The only amaranthine flower on earth
 Is virtue ; the only lasting treasure, truth.
 But what is truth ? 'T was Pilate's question put
 To Truth itself, that deigned him no reply.
 And wherefore ? will not God impart his light
 To them that ask it ?— Freely — 't is his joy,
 His glory, and his nature to impart.
 But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
 Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.
 What 's that which brings contempt upon a book,
 And him who writes it, though the style be neat,
 The method clear, and argument exact ?
 That makes a minister in holy things
 The joy of many, and the dread of more,
 His name a theme for praise and for reproach ?
 That while it gives us worth in God's account,
 Depreciates and undoes us in our own ?
 What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
 That learning is too proud to gather up,
 But which the poor, and the despised of all
 Seek and obtain, and often find unsought ?
 Tell me, and I will tell thee what is truth.
 O friendly to the best pursuits of man,
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
 Domestic life in rural pleasures passed !
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,
 Though many boast thy favors, and affect
 To understand and choose thee for their own.

LETTER ON MORNING.—TO MRS. J. W. PAIGE.

Richmond, Va.,

Five o'clock, A. M., April 29, 1852.

My Dear Friend,—

Whether it be a favor or an annoyance, you owe this letter to my early habits of rising. From the hour marked at the top of the page, you will naturally conclude that my companions are not now engaging my attention, as we have not calculated on being early travelers to-day.

This city has a "pleasant seat." It is high; the James River runs below it, and when I went out, an hour ago, nothing was heard but the roar of the Falls. The air is tranquil, and its temperature mild. It is morning,—and a morning sweet and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period the "morning of life." Of a lovely young woman we say she is "bright as the morning," and no one doubts why Lucifer is called "son of the morning."

But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, no one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning; their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them morning is not a new issuing of light,—a new bursting forth of the sun,—a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God,—the heavens and

the earth ; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of the day,"— this they never enjoy ; for they never see it.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest perhaps in the East, where the sun is often an object of worship.

King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the sun of righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings,"— a rising sun that shall scatter life, health, and joy through the universe.

Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning, might be filled. . . .

The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning," and fresh every moment.

We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw ; and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of the millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the

morning — I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is — a daily new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

“ONLY A YEAR.”

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

From Religious Poems.

One year ago, — a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year, — no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die !

One year ago, — what loves, what schemes,
Far into life !
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife !

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone,
Of all that beauty, life, and joy
Remain alone !

One year, — one year — one little year,
And so much gone !
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
 Above that head ;
 No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
 Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds,
 That sing above,
 Tells us how coldly sleeps below
 The form we loved.

* * * * *

Lord of the living and the dead,
 Our Savior dear !
 We lay in silence at thy feet
 This sad, sad year !

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

Borne upon the ocean's foam,
 Far from native land and home,
 Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,
 Brooding o'er our venturous path,
 While the mountain wave is rolling,
 And the ship's bell faintly tolling,—
 Savior ! on the boisterous sea,
 Bid us rest secure in thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting hoarse,
 Sweep us on with headlong force ;
 And the bark, which tempests surge,
 Moans and trembles at their scourge :
 Yet, should wildest tempests swell,
 Be Thou near, and all is well.
 Savior ! on the stormy sea,
 Let us find repose in thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn
When to us afar they turn ;
Eyes that show the rushing tear
If our uttered names they hear.
Savior ! o'er the faithless main
Bring us to those homes again,
As the trembler, touched by thee,
Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,
Where with lonely keel we go ;
Gentle brows and bosoms brave
Those abysses richly pave :
If beneath the briny deep
We, with them, should coldly sleep,
Savior ! o'er the whelming sea,
Take our ransomed souls to thee.

FROM THE SERMON ON AUTUMN.

REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

There is an eventide in the day — an hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom ; it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendors of the day.

Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eye the descending sun ; we

listen to the decaying sounds of labor and of toil ; and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression there is a second which naturally follows it : in the day we are living with men, in the eventide we begin to live with nature ; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardor of every impure desire ; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a further scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendors of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being ; our hearts follow the successive splendors of the scene ; and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these."

There is, in the second place, an "eventide" in the year,— a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy ; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy ; yet it is a melancholy

so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it, feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power ; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose ;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches ; and the earth is strewn with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the wayfaring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also in a few years will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay ; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop forever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass ; the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave ; the wicked, wherever active, will "cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, will "be

at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds, which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions ; we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all ; we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us ; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A mighty Hand, from an exhaustless Urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years,
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them ! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life. The Present there
Tosses and foams, and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy swain —
Woodman, and delver with the spade — is there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen,
The flood sweeps over them, and they are gone.
There groups of revelers whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups, and touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath

The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armèd men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider, the plumèd chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train! — the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies, men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout, —
The cry of an applauding multitude,
Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul!
The waters choke the shout, and all is still.
Lo! next a kneeling crowd, and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; — the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
Gathers upon his canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under, while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe, that smiles to her again;
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray

To glistening pearls ; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell, and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart : the youth goes down ; the maid
With hands outstretched in vain, and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave, to follow him.
An aged man succeeds ; his bending form
Sinks slowly. Mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks, and then are seen no more.

Lo ! wider grows the stream ; — a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities ; massive palaces
Crumble before it ; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters ; populous realms
Swept by the torrent see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost ; their very languages
Stifled, and never to be uttered more.

I pause, and turn my eyes, and looking back
Where that tumultuous flood has been, I see
The silent ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal ; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshiper.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'eturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities, and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard,
On all the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels, far within
The sleeping waters, — diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust ; and all around
Strewn on the surface of that silent sea,

Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from dear brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten, haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship, and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes ;
For I behold in every one of these
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrows, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days too brief
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope and broke their peace.

Sadly I turn and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers,
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To forms of grisly aspect such as Fear
Shapes from the idle air — where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on,
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way —
Long, low, and distant, where the Life to come
Touches the Life that is. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond ?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness, still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed

And lost to sight,— all that in them was good,
 Noble, and truly great, and worthy of love,—
 The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
 Sages, and saintly women who have made
 Their households happy ; all are raised and borne
 By that great current in its onward sweep,
 Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
 Around green islands with the breath
 Of flowers that never wither. So they pass
 From stage to stage along the shining course
 Of that bright river, broadening like a sea.
 As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
 They bring old friends together ; hands are clasped
 In joy unspeakable ; the mother's arms
 Again are folded round the child she loved
 And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
 Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
 That overpays them ; wounded hearts that bled
 Or broke, are healed forever. In the room
 Of this grief-shadowed present, there shall be
 A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
 The heart, and never shall a tender tie
 Be broken ; in whose reign the eternal Change
 That waits on growth and action shall proceed
 With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

“ DOWN TO SLEEP.”

HELEN HUNT.

November woods are bare and still ;
 November days are clear and bright ;
 Each noon burns up the morning's chill ;
 The morning's snow is gone by night ;
 Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
 As through the woods I reverent creep,
 Watching all things lie “ down to sleep.”

I never knew before what beds,
 Fragrant to smell and soft to touch,
 The forest sifts, and shapes, and spreads :
 I never knew before how much
 Of human sound there is in such
 Low tones as through the forest sweep
 When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
 Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight ;
 Sometimes the viewless mother bids
 Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight ;
 I hear their chorus of "good night."
 And half I smile, and half I weep,
 Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still ;
 November days are bright and good ;
 Life's noon burns up life's morning chill ;
 Life's night rests feet which long have stood ;
 Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
 The mother will not fail to keep,
 Where we can lay us "down to sleep."

COURAGE.

CELIA THAXTER.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
 And will not let the bitterness of life
 Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
 Its tumult and its strife ;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
 Where the sun shines, and the broad breezes blow.
 By every ray and every raindrop kissed
 That God's love doth bestow ;—

Think you I find no bitterness at all ?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack ?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
Because I keep them back ?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me ? Nay !
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine ;
Grateful I take his slightest gift : no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past.
One weary day redeems a weary year ;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness : me
The powers of light befriend.

CHAPTER NINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The road crosses the hill behind the city, between the Forest of Pines and a long track of red sand-hills next the sea. It was a lovely morning, not too bright and hot, for light fleecy vapors hung along the sides of Lebanon. Beyond the mulberry orchards, we entered on wild, half-cultivated tracts, covered with a bewildering maze of blossoms. The hillside and stony shelves of soil overhanging the sea fairly blazed with the brilliant dots of color which were rained upon them. The pink, the broom, the poppy, the speedwell, the lupin, . . . and a number of unknown plants dazzled the eye with their profusion, and loaded the air with fragrance as rare as it was unfailing. Here and there, clear, swift rivulets came down from Lebanon, coursing their way between thickets of blooming oleanders. Just before crossing the little river Damoor, François pointed out on one of the distant heights, the residence of the late Lady Hester Stanhope. During the afternoon we crossed several offshoots of the Lebanon, by paths incredibly steep and stony, and toward evening reached Saïda, the ancient Sidon, where we obtained permission to pitch our tent in a garden. The town is built on a

narrow point of land, jutting out from the center of a bay, or curve in the coast, and contains about five thousand inhabitants. It is a quiet, sleepy sort of place, and contains nothing of the old Sidon except a few stones and the fragments of a mole, extending into the sea. The fortress in the water, and the Citadel, are remnants of Venetian sway. The clouds gathered after nightfall, and occasionally there was a dash of rain on our tent. But I heard it with the same quiet happiness, as when, in boyhood, sleeping beneath the rafters, I have heard the rain beating all night upon the roof. I breathed the sweet breath of the grasses whereon my carpet was spread, and old Mother Earth, welcoming me back to her bosom, cradled me into calm and refreshing sleep. There is no rest more grateful than that which we take on the turf or the sand, except the rest below it.

We rose in a dark and cloudy morning, and continued our way between fields of barley, completely stained with the bloody hue of the poppy, and meadows turned into golden mosaic by a brilliant yellow daisy. Until noon our road was over a region of alternate meadow-land and gentle though stony elevations, making out from Lebanon. We met continually with indications of ancient power and prosperity. The ground was strewn with hewn blocks, and the foundations of buildings remain in many places. Broken sarcophagi lie half-buried in grass, and the gray rocks of the hills are pierced with tombs. The soil, though stony, appeared to be naturally fertile, and the crops of wheat, barley, and lentils were very flourishing. After rounding the promontory which forms the southern boundary of the

Gulf of Sidon, we rode for an hour or two over a plain near the sea, and then came down to a valley which ran up among the hills, terminating in a natural amphitheater. An ancient barrow, or tumulus, nobody knows of whom, stands near the sea. During the day I noticed two charming little pictures. One, a fountain gushing into a broad square basin of masonry, shaded by three branching cypresses. Two Turks sat on its edge, eating their bread and curdled milk, while their horses drank out of the stone trough below. The other, an old Mohammedan, with a green turban and white robe, seated at the foot of a majestic sycamore, over the high bank of a stream that tumbled down its bed of white marble rock to the sea.

The plain back of the narrow, sandy promontory on which the modern Soor is built, is a rich black loam, which a little proper culture would turn into a very garden. It helped me to account for the wealth of ancient Tyre. The approach to the town, along a beach on which the surf broke with a continuous roar, with the wreck of a Greek vessel in the foreground, and a stormy sky behind, was very striking. It was a wild, bleak picture, the white minarets of the town standing out spectrally against the clouds. We rode up the sand-hills back of the town, and selected a good camping-place among the ruins of Tyre. Near us there was an ancient square building, now used as a cistern, and filled with excellent fresh water. The surf roared tremendously on the rocks, on either hand, and the boom of the more distant breakers came to my ear like the wind in a pine forest. The remains of the ancient sea-wall are still to be traced for the entire circuit of the city,

and the heavy surf breaks upon piles of shattered granite columns. There were half a dozen small coasting vessels lying in the road, but the old harbors are entirely destroyed. Isaiah's prophecy is literally fulfilled: "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish; for it is laid waste, so that there is no house, no entering in."

We set out from Tyre at an early hour, and rode along the beach around the head of the bay to the Rasel-Abiad, the ancient Promontorium Album. The morning was wild and cloudy, with gleams of sunshine that flashed out over the dark violet gloom of the sea. The surf was magnificent, rolling up in grand billows, which broke and formed again, till the last of the long, falling fringes of snow slid seething up the sand. Something of ancient power was in their shock and roar, and every great wave that plunged and drew back again, called in its solemn bass: "Where are the ships of Tyre? where are the ships of Tyre?" I looked back on the city, which stood advanced far into the sea, her feet bathed in thunderous spray. By and by the clouds cleared away, the sun came out bold and bright, and our road left the beach for a meadowy plain, crossed by fresh streams, and sown with an inexhaustible wealth of flowers. Through thickets of myrtle and mastic, around which the rue and lavender grew in dense clusters, we reached the foot of the mountain, and began ascending the celebrated Ladder of Tyre. The road is so steep as to resemble a staircase, and climbs along the side of a promontory, hanging over precipices of naked white rock, in some places three hundred feet in height. The mountain is a mass of magnesian limestone, with occasional beds of marble. The surf has worn its foot into

hollow caverns, into which the sea rushes with a dull, heavy boom, like distant thunder. The sides are covered with thickets of broom, myrtle, arbutus, ilex, mastic, and laurel, overgrown with woodbine, and interspersed with patches of sage, lavender, hyssop, wild thyme, and rue. The whole mountain is a heap of balm,—a bundle of sweet spices.

**THE WORLD WAS MADE WITH A BENEVO-
LENT DESIGN.**

DR. PALEY.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased: yet is it only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety

of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement,—all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the seaside in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had

meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment ; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view !

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavors to walk, or rather to run, which precedes walking, although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say ; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking-hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are, to a man, impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails.

There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others; for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

“The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures

the green-sickness, long sea-voyages, and campaigns." Both by sea and land! I will not answer for the distempers called "sea-voyages, and campaigns," but I dare say [that] that of green-sickness might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment; to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when, sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, "More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!" But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly [to] promise to those who will not receive him as a great man; to wit, That from eight to twelve, and from two to six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence.

SECURITY OF OUR BEST BLESSINGS.

BOLINGBROKE.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, lies most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of

nature — the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours ; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons ; and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun ; whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them ; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD.

E. B. BROWNING.

What's the best thing in the world? —
 June-rose, by May-dew impearled ;
 Sweet south-wind, that means no rain ;
 Truth, not cruel to a friend ;
 Pleasure, not in haste to end ;
 Beauty, not self-decked and curled
 Till its pride is over-plain ;
 Light, that never makes you wink ;
 Memory, that gives no pain ;
 Love, when, *so*, you're loved again ; —
 What's the best thing in the world ?
 — Something out of it, I think.

ON REVENGE.

DR. JOHNSON.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom and malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, — a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage ; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin ; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own suffer-

ings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another — may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings,—among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and to ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unfailling and universal axiom, that “all pride is abject and mean.” It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives

from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; a habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they have never examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight, till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence, he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign — has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty, eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Savior of the world has been born in vain.

FROM THE ESSAY ON HISTORY.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

History, it has been said, is philosophy teaching by examples. Unhappily, what the philosophy gains in soundness and depth, the examples generally lose in vividness. A perfect historian must possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque. Yet he must control it so absolutely as to content himself with the materials which he finds, and to refrain from supplying deficiencies by additions of his own. He must be a profound and ingenious reasoner. Yet he must possess sufficient self-command to abstain from casting his facts in the mold of his hypothesis. Those who can justly estimate these almost insuperable difficulties will not think it strange that every writer should have failed, either in the narrative or in the speculative department of history.

* * * * *

As the narrative [that of Herodotus] approached their own times, the interest became still more absorbing. The chronicler had now to tell the story of that great conflict from which Europe dates its intellectual

and political supremacy,—a story which, even at this distance of time, is the most marvelous and the most touching in the annals of the human race,—a story abounding in all that is wild and wonderful, with all that is pathetic and animating ; with the gigantic caprices of infinite wealth and despotic power ; with the mightier miracles of wisdom, of virtue, and of courage. He told them of rivers dried up in a day, of provinces famished for a meal ; of a passage for ships hewn through the mountains ; of a road for armies spread upon the waves ; of monarchies and commonwealths swept away ; of anxiety, of terror, of confusion, of despair ! — and then of proud and stubborn hearts tried in that extremity of evil and not found wanting ; of resistance long maintained against desperate odds ; of lives dearly sold when resistance could be maintained no more ; of signal deliverance, and of unsparing revenge. Whatever gave a stronger air of reality to a narrative so well calculated to inflame the passions and to flatter national pride was certain to be favorably received.

* * * * *

Some capricious and discontented artists have affected to consider portrait-painting as unworthy of a man of genius. Some critics have spoken in the same contemptuous manner of history. Johnson puts the case thus :— The historian tells either what is false or what is true. In the former case he is no historian. In the latter, he has no opportunity for displaying his abilities. For truth is one ; and all who tell the truth must tell it alike.

It is not difficult to elude both the horns of this dilemma. We will recur to the analogous art of portrait-painting. Any man with eyes and hands may be taught to take a likeness. The process, up to a certain point, is merely mechanical. If this were all, a man of talents might justly despise the occupation. But we could mention portraits which are resemblances, but not mere resemblances ; faithful, but much more than faithful ; portraits which condense into one point of time, and exhibit, at a single glance, the whole history of turbid and eventful lives ; in which the eye seems to scrutinize us, and the mouth to command us ; in which the brow menaces, and the lip almost quivers with scorn ; in which every wrinkle is a comment on some important transaction. The account which Thucydides has given of the retreat from Syracuse is, among narratives, what Vandyck's Lord Strafford is among paintings.

Diversity, it is said, implies error ; truth is one, and admits of no degree. We answer, that this principle holds good only in abstract reasonings. When we talk of the truth of imitation in the fine arts, we mean an imperfect and a graduated truth. No picture is exactly like the original ; nor is a picture good in proportion as it is like the original. When Sir Thomas Lawrence paints a handsome peeress, he does not contemplate her through a powerful microscope, and transfer to the canvas the pores of the skin, the blood-vessels of the eye, and all the other beauties which Gulliver discovered in the Brobdingnagian maids of honor. If he were to do this, the effect would not merely be unpleasant, but unless the scale of the picture were proportionably enlarged, would be absolutely *false*. And, after all, a

microscope of greater power than that which he had employed, would convict him of innumerable omissions. The same may be said of history. Perfectly and absolutely true, it cannot be; for, to be perfectly and absolutely true, it ought to record *all* the slightest particulars of the slightest transactions,—all the things done, and all the words uttered, during the time of which it treats. The omission of any circumstance, however insignificant, would be a defect. If history were written thus, the Bodleian library would not contain the occurrences of a week. What is told in the fullest and most accurate annals bears an infinitely small proportion to what is suppressed. The difference between the copious work of Clarendon, and the account of the civil wars in the abridgment of Goldsmith, vanishes, when compared with the immense mass of facts respecting which both are equally silent.

No picture, then, and no history, can present us with the whole truth; but those are the best pictures and the best histories which exhibit such parts of the truth as most nearly produce the effect of the whole. He who is deficient in the art of selection may, by showing nothing but the truth, produce all the effect of the grossest falsehood. It perpetually happens that one writer tells less truth than another, merely because he tells more truths. In the imitative arts we constantly see this. There are lines in the human face, and objects in landscape, which stand in such relations to each other, that they ought either to be all introduced into a painting together, or all omitted together. A sketch into which none of them enters may be excellent; but if some are given and others left out, though there are

more points of likeness, there is less likeness. An outline scrawled with a pen, which seizes the marked features of a countenance, will give a much stronger idea of it than a bad painting in oils. Yet the worst painting in oils that ever hung in Somerset House resembles the original in many more particulars. A bust of white marble may give an excellent idea of a blooming face. Color the lips and cheeks of the bust, leaving the hair and eyes unaltered, and the similarity, instead of being more striking, will be less so.

History has its foreground and its background ; and it is principally in the management of its perspective that one artist differs from another. Some events must be represented on a large scale, others diminished : the great majority will be lost in the dimness of the horizon ; and a general idea of their joint effect will be given by a few slight touches.

“THEY SAY.”

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

“ They say,” is the monarch of this country, in a social sense. No one asks “ *who* says it,” so long as it is believed that “ *they* say it.” Designing men endeavor to persuade the public, that already “ they say,” what these designing men wish to be said, and the public is only too much disposed blindly to join in the cry of “ they say.”

This is another consequence of the habit of deferring to the control of the public, over matters in which the public has no right to interfere.

Every well-meaning man, before he yields his faculties and intelligence to this sort of dictation, should first ask himself "who" is "they," and on what authority "they say" utters its mandates.

FROM THE HISTORY OF HYPATIA.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Of all the ladies of antiquity I have read of, none was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypatia, the daughter of Leon the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born in Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her own age, but the glory of her sex.

From her father she learned geometry and astronomy ; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences. What cannot be conquered by natural penetration, and a passion for study? The boundless knowledge which,

* A Neoplatonic philosopher of Alexandria, at the end of the 4th and the beginning of the 5th century, celebrated for her beauty and her unhappy fate.— *Century Dictionary*.

The celebrity of Theon is obscured by that of his daughter Hypatia, whose sex, youth, beauty, and cruel fate have made her the most interesting martyr of philosophy. . . . Headed by an ecclesiastic named Peter, a band of fanatics attacked Hypatia, in the spring of A. D. 415, as she was passing through the streets in her chariot, dragged her to one of the churches, where they pulled her clothes from her back, and then cast her out into the street, pelted her to death with fragments of earthenware, tore her body to pieces, and committed her mutilated remains to the flames.— *K. O. Müller*.

at that period of time, was required to form the character of a philosopher, no way discouraged her ; she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexandria understood so perfectly as she all the difficulties of these two philosophers.

But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect were quite familiar to her ; and to this knowledge she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking, a virtue that might repress the most assuming ; and though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty ; though in a city, the resort of all the learning then existing in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge ; still, with such accomplishments, Hypatia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues ; and though in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals, or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice, when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue.

This great reputation, of which she so justly was possessed, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

CYRIL, THE PERSECUTOR OF HYPATIA.

ALONZO T. JONES.

In "The Two Republics."

In A. D. 412, Cyril, the nephew of Theophilus, became bishop of Alexandria. He was one of the very worst men of his time. He began his episcopacy by shutting up the churches of the Novatians, "the most innocent and harmless of the sectaries," and taking possession of all their ecclesiastical ornaments and consecrated vessels, and stripping their bishop, Theopemptus, of all his possessions. Nor was Cyril content with the exercise of such strictly episcopal functions as these: he aspired to absolute authority, civil as well as ecclesiastical.

He drove out the Jews, forty thousand in number, destroyed their synagogues, and allowed his followers to strip them of all their possessions. Orestes, the prefect of Egypt, displeased at the loss of such a large number of wealthy and industrious people, entered a protest, and sent up a report to the emperor. Cyril likewise wrote to the emperor. No answer came from the court, and the people urged Cyril to come to a reconciliation with the prefect, but his advances were made in such a way that the prefect would not receive them. The monks poured in from the desert to the number of about five hundred, to champion the cause of Cyril.

Orestes was passing through the streets in his chariot. The monks flocked around him, insulted him, and denounced him as a heathen and [an] idolater. Orestes, thinking that perhaps they thought this was so, and knowing his life to be in danger, called out that he was a Christian, and had been baptized by Atticus, bishop of Constantinople. His defense was in vain. In answer, one of the monks threw a big stone which struck him on the head, and wounded him so that his face was covered with blood. At this all his guards fled for their lives; but the populace came to the rescue, and drove off the monks, and captured the one who threw the stone. His name was Ammonius, and the prefect punished him so severely that shortly afterward he died. "Cyril commanded his body to be taken up; the honors of a Christian martyr were prostituted on this insolent ruffian, his panegyric was pronounced in the church, and he was named Thaumasius — the wonderful." — *Milman*.

But the party of Cyril proceeded to yet greater violence than this. At that time there was in Alexandria a teacher of philosophy, a woman, Hypatia by name. She gave public lectures which were so largely attended by the chief people of the city, that Cyril grew jealous that more people went to hear her lecture than came to hear him preach. She was a friend of Orestes, and it was also charged that she, more than any other, was the cause why Orestes would not be reconciled to Cyril. One day as Hypatia was passing through the street in a chariot, she was attacked by a crowd of Cyril's partizans, whose ring-leader was Peter the Reader. She was torn from her chariot, stripped naked in the street, dragged into a church, and there beaten to death with a club, by

Peter the Reader. Then they tore her limb from limb, and with shells scraped the flesh from her bones, and threw the remnants into the fire. . . . This was Cyril,—now Saint Cyril,—bishop of Alexandria.

FINE WRITING.

ARLO BATES.

From "Talks on Writing English."

An effeminate form of striving for effect is what is known as "fine writing." "Fine writing" is a fault so gross that it is not necessary to waste many words on it. It need only be said that there is no more certain indication of a hopelessly diseased literary taste, or of a hopelessly depraved habit of composition, than this absurdly antiquated verbal vice. Of course no writer who produces literature is guilty of it, but I somewhere have picked up an example which so happily illustrates all that could be said on the subject, that I cannot forbear to quote it. It is from a novel called "Barabbas," by Miss Marie Correlli, and is part of the description of the appearance of Christ before Pontius Pilate. Water having been brought, Pilate, according to Miss Correlli, thus proceeded:—

"Slowly lowering his hands, he dipped them in the shining bowl, rinsing them over and over again in the clear, cold element, which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against the fire."

The Bible finds it possible to say all of this that is necessary in the words:—

"Pilate took water, and washed his hands."

Miss Correlli's ingenuity in expanding and distorting has won its reward,—her novel has been warmly commended by Queen Victoria.

A GOLDEN PERIOD IN ROMAN HISTORY.

EDWARD GIBBON.

In the second century of the Christian Era, the empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind. The frontiers of that extensive monarchy were guarded by ancient renown and disciplined valor. The gentle but powerful influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces. Their peaceful inhabitants enjoyed and abused the advantages of wealth and luxury. The image of a free constitution was preserved with decent reverence: the Roman senate appeared to possess the sovereign authority, and devolved on the emperors all the executive powers of government. During a happy period of more than fourscore years, the public administration was conducted by the virtue and abilities of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines.

* * * * *

If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. The vast

extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power, under the guidance of virtue and wisdom. The armies were restrained by the firm but gentle hand of four successive emperors, whose characters and authority commanded involuntary respect. The forms of the civil administration were carefully preserved by Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, who delighted in the image of liberty, and were pleased with considering themselves as the accountable ministers of the laws. Such princes deserved the honor of restoring the republic, had the Romans of their days been capable of enjoying a rational freedom.

The labors of these monarchs were overpaid by the immense reward that inseparably waited on their success ; by the honest pride of virtue, and by the exquisite delight of beholding the general happiness of which they were the authors. A just but melancholy reflection embittered, however, the noblest of human enjoyments. They must often have recollected the instability of a happiness which depended on the character of a single man. The fatal moment was perhaps approaching, when some licentious youth, or some jealous tyrant, would abuse, to the destruction, that absolute power, which they had exerted for the benefit of their people. The ideal restraints of the senate and the laws might serve to display the virtues, but could never correct the vices, of the emperor. The military force was a blind and irresistible instrument of oppression ; and the corruption of Roman manners would always supply flatterers eager to applaud, and ministers prepared to serve, the fear or the avarice, the lust or the cruelty, of their masters.

These gloomy apprehensions had been already justified by the experience of the Romans. The annals of the emperors exhibit a strong and various picture of human nature, which we should vainly seek among the mixed and doubtful characters of modern history. In the conduct of those monarchs we may trace the utmost lines of vice and virtue; the most exalted perfection, and the meanest degeneracy of our own species. The golden age of Trajan and the Antonines had been preceded by an age of iron. It is almost superfluous to enumerate the unworthy successors of Augustus. Their unparalleled vices, and the splendid theater on which they were acted, have saved them from oblivion. The dark, unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the feeble Claudius, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius, and the timid, inhuman Domitian, are condemned to everlasting infamy. During fourscore years (excepting only the short and doubtful respite of Vespasian's reign) Rome groaned beneath an unremitting tyranny, which exterminated the ancient families of the republic, and was fatal to almost every virtue and every talent that arose in that unhappy period.

FALSE GROUNDS FOR "HOLY WARS."

EDWARD GIBBON.

So familiar, and as it were so natural to man, is the practise of violence, that our indulgence allows the slightest provocation, the most disputable right, as a sufficient ground of national hostility. But the name and nature of a holy war demands a more rigorous

scrutiny ; nor can we hastily believe, that the servants of the Prince of Peace would unsheathe the sword of destruction, unless the motive were pure, the quarrel legitimate, and the necessity inevitable. The policy of an action may be determined from the tardy lessons of experience ; but, before we act, our conscience should be satisfied of the justice and propriety of our enterprise. In the age of the Crusades, the Christians, both of the East and West, were persuaded of their lawfulness and merit ; their arguments are clouded by the perpetual abuse of Scripture and rhetoric ; but they seem to insist on the right of natural and religious defense, their peculiar title to the Holy Land, and the impiety of their Pagan and Mahometan foes. I. The right of a just defense may fairly include our civil and spiritual allies : it depends on the existence of danger ; and that danger must be estimated by the twofold consideration of the malice, and the power, of our enemies. A pernicious tenet has been imputed to the Mahometans,—the duty of extirpating all other religions by the sword. This charge of ignorance and bigotry is refuted by the Koran, by the history of the Mussulman conquerors, and by their public and legal toleration of the Christian worship. But it cannot be denied, that the Oriental churches are depressed under their iron yoke ; that, in peace and war, they assert a divine and indefeasible claim of universal empire ; and that, in their orthodox creed, the unbelieving nations are continually threatened with the loss of religion or liberty. In the eleventh century, the victorious arms of the Turks presented a real and urgent apprehension of these losses. They had subdued, in less than thirty years, the kingdoms of Asia, as far

as Jerusalem and the Hellespont ; and the Greek empire tottered on the verge of destruction. Besides an honest sympathy for their brethren, the Latins had a right and interest in the support of Constantinople, the most important barrier of the West ; and the privilege of defense must reach to prevent, as well as to repel, an impending assault. But this salutary purpose might have been accomplished by a moderate succor ; and our calmer reason must disclaim the innumerable hosts, and remote operations, which overwhelmed Asia and depopulated Europe. II. Palestine could add nothing to the strength or safety of the Latins ; and fanaticism alone could pretend to justify the conquest of that distant and narrow province. The Christians affirmed that their inalienable title to the promised land had been sealed by the blood of their divine Savior ; it was their right and duty to rescue their inheritance from the unjust possessors, who profaned his sepulcher, and oppressed the pilgrimage of his disciples. Vainly would it be alleged that the pre-eminence of Jerusalem and the sanctity of Palestine, have been abolished with the Mosaic law ; that the God of the Christians is not a local deity, and that the recovery of Bethlehem or Calvary, his cradle or his tomb, will not atone for the violation of the moral precepts of the gospel. Such arguments glance aside from the leaden shield of superstition ; and the religious mind will not easily relinquish its hold on the sacred ground of mystery and miracle. III. But the holy wars which have been waged in every climate of the globe, from Egypt to Livonia, and from Peru to Hindostan, require the support of some more general and flexible tenet. It has been often

supposed, and sometimes affirmed, that a difference of religion is a worthy cause of hostility ; that obstinate unbelievers may be slain or subdued by the champions of the cross ; and that grace is the sole fountain of dominion as well as of mercy.

REST.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil !
Is not true leisure
One with true toil ?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best ;
Use it, not waste it —
Else 't is no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee ? All round ?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'T is the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt ;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'T is loving and serving
 The highest and best ;
 'T is onward ! unswerving ! —
 And that is true rest.

COUNSEL.

MARY EVELYN MOORE DAVIS.

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,—
 But for one night though that farewell should be,—
 Press thou his hand in thine : how canst thou tell
 How far from thee

Fate or Caprice may lead his feet
 Ere that to-morrow come ? Men have been known
 Lightly to turn the corner of a street,
 And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
 Before they looked in loving eyes again.
 Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears,—
 With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
 Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
 The palm of him who goeth forth. Unseen,
 Fate goeth too !

Yea, find thou always time to say
 Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,
 Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
 Regret should walk.

CHAPTER TEN.

SHORT EXTRACTS.

Do we ever call any man good unless we believe that he is interested in the happiness of others ; unless he uses his power and his means for the promotion of their welfare ?

To be good, one must be "good for something ;" one must fill a place, and make an unselfish use of power. Goodness always means good-will ; and good-will implies relations with other beings.—*Rev. Charles Gordon Ames.*

With every person, even if humble or debased, there may be some good worth lifting up and saving ; in each human being, though seemingly immaculate, there are some faults which need pointing out and correcting ; and all circumstances of life, however trivial they may appear, may possess those alternations of the comic and pathetic, the good and bad, the joyful and sorrowful, upon which walk the days and nights, the summers and winters, the lives and deaths, of this strange world.—*From preface to "Farm Ballads," Will Carleton.*

There are no compensations in life more delightful and soul-satisfying than those that come from service and sacrifice for the welfare of our fellow men. . . .

It has never troubled me to be in the minority. If you want real genuine pleasure in a battle, go in with a minority on some great principle affecting the welfare of society. You feel the bracing of muscle and nerve, the rising of will-power, the determination not to go down. It is glorious! — *Charles C. Coffin.*

John G. Whittier wrote to Mr. Coffin in 1889: “I hear of thee very often, Friend Coffin, and always on the right side.”

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't care most for those flat pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.—
O. W. Holmes.

Holmes once said to Mrs. Phelps Ward: “Outside I laugh. Inside I never laugh. It is impossible. The world is too sad.”

How shrink the snows upon this upland field,
 Under the dove-gray dome of brooding noon !
 They shrink with soft, reluctant shocks, and soon
 In sad, brown ranks the furrows lie revealed.
 From radiant cisterns of the frost unsealed,
 Now wakes through all the air a watery rune,—
 The babble of a million brooks atune,
 In fairy conduits of blue ice concealed.
 Noisy with crows, the wind-break on the hill
 Counts o'er its buds for summer. In the air
 Some shy foreteller prophesies with skill,—
 Some voyaging ghost of bird, some effluence rare ;
 And the stall-wearied cattle dream their fill
 Of deep June pastures where the pools are fair.

— *Charles G. D. Roberts, in Current Literature.*

Literature is the fragment of fragments. The smallest part of what has been done and spoken has been recorded ; and the smallest part of what has been recorded has survived.— *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.*

Behold there in the woods the fine madman . . . he accosts the grass and the trees ; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover, and the lily, in his veins ; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.— *Emerson.*

And O, my heart has understood
 The spider's fragile line of lace,
 The common weed, the woody space !

— *Norman Gale.*

James Whitcomb Riley asks,—

What is the lily and all of the rest
 Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast
 That was dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew
 Of the sweet clover blossoms his babyhood knew ?

“I remember,” Hannah Adams once said, “that my first idea of the happiness of heaven, was of a place where we should find our thirst for knowledge fully gratified.”

Life takes its complexion from inferior things. It is little attentions and assiduities that sweeten the bitter draught and smooth the rugged road.— *From a letter to John Adams, by his wife, Abigail Adams.*

A man’s conversation may be his own ; his conduct may vibrate with the extinct movements of his ancestors.— *James Lane Allen.*

The happiness of life depends very much on the little things ; and one can be brave and great and good while making small sacrifices, and doing small duties faithfully and cheerfully.— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

Emerson said after a visit to the Alcotts : —

“Their manners and behavior in the house, and in the field, are those of superior men,—of men of rest. What had they to conceal? — What had they to exhibit ?”

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o’er,
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
 Still gazing at them through the open door,
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
 By promises of others in their stead,

It is hard to believe long together that anything is worth while unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another soul.— *George Eliot.*

The world's memory is equally bad for failure or success ; if it will not keep your triumphs in mind as you think it ought, neither will it dwell long upon your defeats.— *William Dean Howells.*

I pray you, O excellent wife, do not cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this visitor, if he will, in our accent and our behavior read our hearts and earnestness, our thoughts and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard in order to behold.— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

It is true, O Christ in heaven, that the highest suffer most ;
That the strongest wander farthest, and most hopelessly are lost ;
That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain.

The world's most royal heritage is his who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives.— *Bulwer.*

There are few prophets in the world — few heroes.
I cannot afford to give all my love and reverence to such

rarities. I want a great deal of these feelings for my every-day fellow men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch. It is more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, than at deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay.— *George Eliot.*

By earnest endeavor strive to gladden the human circle in which you live — to open your heart to the gospel of life and nature, seizing each moment and the good which it brings, be it friendly glance, spring breeze, or flower, extracting from every moment a drop of the honey of eternal life.— *James Russell Lowell.*

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And, if they fall, shall dash themselves to pieces.

— *William Shakespeare.*

Wolsey.— Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,
Say, *Wolsey* — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fallest, O Cromwell,
Thou fallest a blessed martyr. Serve the king,
And,— prithee lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny : 't is the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

— *Shakespeare.*

QUESTIONS AND REQUIREMENTS.

PART SECOND.

SELECTIONS.

CHAPTER ONE.

In Honor of the Creator.

IMMENSITY OF GOD'S WORKS.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1. Describe the sunset-walk and the author's enjoyment of it.
2. As the rich colors faded from the sky, what other beauties took their place?
3. How was the grandeur and loveliness of the scene completed?
4. What thought arose in the author's mind as he was surveying the moon?
5. How does the psalmist David express this reflection? Psalm 139.
6. Give Addison's conception of the immensity of the universe.
7. What thought did this view awaken in him?
8. Why is it that our planetary system would scarcely be missed if it were extinguished?
9. How is this thought illustrated?— *By a grain of sand on the seashore.*
10. How are men continually discovering heavenly bodies that were before unknown?
11. Why is it difficult for our imagination to set any bounds to the infinity of God's created works?

ANALYSIS.— 1. Description of heavenly scenery at night. 2. Apparent insignificance of man when compared with the infinity of God's works. 3. Comparative insignificance of our planetary system.

ODE.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1. Compare this ode with the prose article that has just preceded it.
2. How does its analysis differ from that of the other, and in what respects does it agree?
3. Write a paraphrase of the ode.

OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1. What view does the author take of the omnipresence of God?
2. To what extent does the Creator permeate all his works?
3. What does he essentially inhabit?
4. How immediately present is God in the substance of every being which he has made?
5. What would be an imperfection in him?
6. In what language did the old philosopher try to express this thought?
7. From what does his omniscience naturally flow?
8. Why is it that he cannot but be conscious of every motion or activity in the material world, and of every thought in the intellectual world?
9. How have some moralists considered the creation?
10. How have others regarded it?
11. What name did Sir Isaac Newton give to the infinite space which God fills?
12. What may be said of the extent and efficiency of the sensoria that brutes and men possess?
13. Since God resides in everything, for what does infinite space give him room?

14. Of what does it thus become an organ ?
15. How impossible is it to get beyond the presence of God ?
16. How does the psalmist give expression to this mysterious truth ?
17. On the other hand, how does Job show his perplexity at not being able to locate Him whose presence is everywhere ?
18. Of what does reason as well as revelation assure us ?
19. In view of these things, need there be any fear that God will overlook any of his creatures ?
20. Whom is he likely to remember with particular care and mercy ?

NATURE WORSHIPS GOD.

WHITTIER.

1. What is said of the harp that was strung at Nature's advent ?
2. What song has never died away ?
3. By what are prayer and praise continually offered ?
4. How does ocean show a reverent attitude ?
5. What is said of the devotion of its waves ?
6. How do the hills take up the song sung by the waves ?
7. Whence does earth send up incense ?
8. Whence does she pour her sacred wine ?
9. How do the mists rise above the morning rills ?
10. What constitutes the altar-curtains of the hills ?
11. Describe the worship of the winds.
12. Describe the attitudes and actions of the forest, as viewed by the poet.
13. What is said of the temple in which all this worship is carried on ?
14. How does the poet set forth the constancy of Nature's worship ?
15. Write a paraphrase of the poem.

THE SOURCE OF ALL GOOD.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

1. By what alone do the leaves and fruit of summer seem to be produced ?

2. What is really the active agent in forming the fruits and grains, and in setting the soil of the earth in the loveliness of the rose ?
3. What invented all and is back of all ?
4. What blessings result from this all-potent and ever-present activity ?
5. When man invents, what does he think of the source of his achievements ?
6. By what are all these inventions and achievements suggested and carried into effect ?
7. How is it that men realize God, and know it not ?
8. In thus stirring men to create, how does God give them fellowship with him ?

THE LOVE OF GOD.

From *Esaias Tegnér*, translated by H. W. Longfellow.

1. What is the root of creation ?
2. For what purpose did God make the worlds ?
3. When man was created from the dust of the earth, what warmed his heart ?
4. What admonition does the poet urge with reference to this flame ?
5. How are love and hatred contrasted ?
6. How has God manifested his exceedingly great love for mankind ?
7. When did this love solemnize its triumph ?
8. By what visible signs was this triumph celebrated ?
9. With what is atonement synonymous ?
10. What should prompt our obedience ?
11. Contrast the obedience of fear with that of love.
12. How will the real love of God show itself ?
13. By what figure is the unity of love illustrated ?
14. What considerations does the poet present, to show why we should love all men ?
15. How is forgiveness urged ?
16. What attitude does the poet recommend toward the failings of others ?

17. By what allusion is this admonition enforced ?
18. How is the love of mortals contrasted with that of Jesus ?
19. How does the poet set forth the offices of hope ?
20. Show how the hope of the Christian transcends all other hope.
21. Into what is it transfigured ?
22. Describe the offices of faith.

CHAPTER TWO.

Education, Morals, and Religion.

EXTRACTS FROM REMARKS ON EDUCATION.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

1. What attitudes are communities too apt to take toward education ?
2. On this account what does the writer feel bound to do ?
3. Why do great truths and important principles need to be constantly reiterated ?
4. What adverse claim do some thinkers present with reference to what they regard as excessive educating on the part of parents and teachers ?
5. Is such a claim wholly unfounded ?
6. Is it true that parents can operate at pleasure upon the minds of their children ?
7. How is their influence limited ?
8. With whom must parents divide the work of educating their offspring ?
9. What would be the result if children were confined to domestic influences ?
10. How wide and various are the influences that take part in the education of a child ?
11. What volumes are opened everywhere, and kept perpetually before his eyes ?
12. From what does he take lessons ?
13. Amidst what is he plunged ?

14. How is he to make use of both these classes of influences ?
15. What, after all, depends very largely upon the influence of parents and teachers ?
16. What must they help him to do ?
17. What important office should they perform for him ?
18. What is the usual result of leaving children to the education of circumstances, without teaching, guidance, or restraint ?
19. How are we to look upon the instances in which children without the aid of parents or schools have struggled into eminence ?
20. Show why it is that parents need the aid of teachers and institutions of learning.
21. What are the writer's views with reference to employing cheap teachers, and of other economical measures in education ?
22. What does he think of the charity that is active for distant objects, but careless of the interests of individuals within its reach ?
23. What narrow views are held by many with reference to education ?
24. What broader view of its offices is taken by the writer ?
25. What relation exists between reading and education ?
26. For what was the intellect created ?
27. What, therefore, should education labor to inspire and teach ?
28. What is an essential part of a good education ?
29. As far as possible, what should we cause the young to be ?
30. How are they best helped ?
31. What should they be taught to do ?
32. What should go hand in hand with this intellectual education which has just been outlined ?
33. As fast as a child gains knowledge, what should he be taught with reference to it ?
34. How should he study the world ?
35. What kind of spirit should be breathed into him ?
36. Write a review of this article.

PRACTISE AND HABIT.

JOHN LOCKE.

1. How does Mr. Locke show that unusual mental activities are oftener the product of repeated exercise than of natural endowment ?
2. What leads people to suppose that these gifts and proficiencies must be the effect of pure nature ?
3. How are people often led into practises that may result in remarkable acquirements ?
4. What is it alone that can bring either the powers of the mind or body to perfection ?
5. How does the author illustrate his point by contrasting city and country life ?
6. Can the best precepts of logic or oratory make a man reason well, or speak handsomely ?
7. Can the committing of rules make one proficient in anything ?
8. What is the only way in which such a result can be accomplished ?
9. Repeat the author's illustration.
10. Give a synopsis of the article.

BROTHERS AND A SERMON.

JEAN INGELOW.

1. What did the sultry air do ?
2. What did it take out to sea besides the sweet odor of trodden grass ?
3. Over what did the tones of the bell come ?
4. What did the fisherman say of them ?
5. Relate the conversation concerning the pastor.
6. How does the fisherman introduce his account of the ship-wreck ?
7. Describe the attempt to rescue the crew.
8. Tell about the efforts made to save the two children.
9. How did the fisherman conclude his talk ?
10. Describe the departure of the two young men.

11. Write a paraphrase of that part of the poem already considered.
12. Tell how the young men came unexpectedly on the church.
13. Since they had unwittingly disturbed the church by their loud talking, what was the most decent thing they could do ?
14. Describe the congregation.
15. How did the blind preacher reprove them for giving their attention to the young men instead of the sermon ?
16. How did he charge them to open the door of the heart to Him who was patiently waiting and asking for admittance ?
17. How were those to open the door who had sinned ?
18. How were they to open it who were sorry ?
19. How did he show that they were not to hesitate because of their own unworthiness ?
20. What was the great burden that lay so heavy upon his soul ?
21. How did he purpose to free himself of obligation ? Why would he not delay ?
22. How does he graphically describe what might occur and what might be said to him in the Judgment Day if he should neglect his duty ?
23. What does the parson mean by saying he was afraid of man's humility ? — *He feared that they might feel themselves unworthy of God's notice.*
24. How does the poet introduce the scene of the woman who is perishing from hunger and cold ?
25. What is the condition of the room ?
26. What is heard from the children in their sleep ?
27. What sound comes to her from the ale-house ?
28. What is her husband doing there ?
29. How does the sight of her infant affect her as it looks into her face with piteous eyes ?
30. Why does she not curse the song as it comes to her from the ale-house ?

31. When the morrow comes, how will she be likely to excuse her husband for beating her ?
32. Why does she now sit so dumb and still ?
33. What is the preacher led to exclaim ?
34. What troubles are hardest to bear ?
35. What blocks up the poor woman's doorway ?
36. What does she exclaim ?
37. How does she address the wind ?
38. How does she apostrophize the sea and the waterfall ?
39. How does she describe the hopelessness of her condition ?
40. What words of comfort has the preacher for such a one ?
41. Why will she not have to wait ?
42. Where is much thought spent upon the lot of such an unfortunate being ?
43. What does the One covet who patiently watches and waits night and day ?
44. How will he comfort the sufferer who will open the heart to him ?
45. By what words will he give assurance of his sympathy for all who are afflicted ?
46. What does he say about the little ones ?
47. How would he comfort, therefore, the darkness of her house ?
48. What would he have her think of when her sorrows press her down ?
49. What promises does he make her ?
50. Paraphrase different portions of this selection.

REMARKS.— This extract, though somewhat long, is but a portion taken from the middle of the poem. The first part of the poem relates to the talk which the two young men had with the old fisherman, and to the spot where the "Grace of Sunderland" was wrecked. The concluding portion contains two other sketches as affecting as the one concerning the woman and her children

who were perishing from cold and hunger. No one can afford to miss the reading of the entire poem.

Its deep human interest, the quaintness of its style, and the extreme simplicity of its language, make it worthy of being studied.

ADVANTAGES OF TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

TILLOTSON.

1. What is the best way for a man to make good his pretensions to any excellence ?
2. By what considerations and illustrations does Bishop Tillotson establish the truth of this statement ?
3. How does he show that in the long run, it is as difficult to maintain a false claim, as it is to secure the thing itself ?
4. How does he show that it is wisdom, in all the affairs of this world, to maintain absolute sincerity ?
5. How does he contrast deceit and integrity ?
6. What is of untold value in life's business affairs ?
7. Mention some of the conveniences of truth.
8. What are some of the inconveniences of deception ?
9. By what figure does he illustrate these things ?
10. How does the crafty man often deceive himself ?
11. How does the writer set forth the economy of sincerity ?
12. What is the sad condition of a man who has forfeited a reputation for integrity ?
13. What does God seem to have hidden from men of false and dishonest minds ?
14. How, and to what extent, are such men blinded ?
15. Why are they thus allowed to grope in darkness ?
16. Give a synopsis of the article.

THE BAD BARGAIN.

HANNAH MORE.

1. By what baits does Satan tempt men to sell their souls ?
2. Write a paraphrase of the poem.

PARADISE: THE GOSPEL OF LABOR.

BISHOP HALL.

1. How was Adam especially favored at creation ?
2. Why must the Garden of Eden have been supremely excellent ?
3. How abundantly was it supplied ?
4. Did the bounty of God stop at mere necessities ?
5. What may we learn from this ?
6. What besides this abundance is required to make man truly blessed ?
7. What purpose did the Garden of Eden serve besides that of administering to his wants and his delight ?
8. What did Paradise furnish besides food for the senses ?
9. Why did the Creator give man work to do ?
10. What is the concluding thought ?— *The more cheerfully we labor, the nearer we come to our Paradise.*

TRUE SENSIBILITY.

HANNAH MORE.

1. What lesson is taught by this selection ?
2. Write a paraphrase of the lines.

ELEMENTS OF TRUE GREATNESS.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

1. In what does spiritual brotherhood consist rather than in equality of talents ?
2. Who may be the spiritual brother of Emerson ?
3. Who may claim kinship to Shakespeare ?
4. Who, besides those who can write noble songs, may be counted as partaking of the spirit of Whittier ?
5. How can one measure the greatness of his own soul ?
6. When one's heart is stirred with a great book, what credit may he modestly take to himself ?
7. What may one take as an evidence that there is music in his soul ?

8. If one's soul is stirred to the depths by a noble action, what does the fact indicate ?
9. Why is it that some people are filled with admiration for a beautiful life ?
10. What may be said of the nature of those who are thrilled and moved to noble endeavor by beholding goodness in others ?
11. Give a synopsis of the selection.

THE SABBATH.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

1. How does the poet describe the advent of the Sabbath ?
2. What evidences are seen of the Father's care and mercy ?
3. What harsh sounds have ceased, and what low voices does the poet imagine that he hears ?
4. What evidence does he see of the fruition of faith ?
5. What scene will soon be enacted in the fields ?
6. What figurative application does the poet make ?
7. Write in prose a synopsis of the poem.

POWER OF INTERPRETATION.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

1. What does the light need before it can be recognized as such by the brain ?
2. How must light be interpreted to us ?
3. What is the only condition under which there can be any hearing ?
4. What is the only condition under which anything without us can have a meaning to us ?
5. What interprets to us the beauty of the rose ? The enchanting gracefulness of the bird ? The charm of innocent childhood ?
6. What is necessary in order that the men and women of the world may interest us, influence us, and make us great ?

FORGIVENESS.

WHITTIER.

1. Tell how the writer's pride was swept away, and a spirit of forgiveness awakened in him.
2. Write a paraphrase of these lines.

GOD SEES NOT AS MAN SEES.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

1. How is David described ?
2. Describe the anointing of the future king.
3. Was this a public anointing ?
4. What was it meant to do for David ?
5. How did David's subsequent conduct show that he was not elated by the honor that had been conferred upon him ?
6. What was there in his surroundings that naturally would cultivate in him an esthetic taste and a reverence for God ?
7. How was the young poet's heart filled with adoration and rejoicing ?
8. What experiences were molding the character of David ?
9. How were they to exert an influence through many generations after the poet king should be in his grave ?
10. What have these beautiful psalms done for the people of God ?
11. How was the character of David affected by this course of training ?

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. Describe the death-bed scene as given in the first twelve lines.
2. What were the last manifestations of affection between the father and daughter ?
3. Describe the scene as twilight fell.
4. Describe the scene on the Sea of Galilee.
5. What was the situation, and what were the surroundings of the Savior, as he stood, and taught the people ?

6. Describe his appearance as given by the poet.
7. Who appeared suddenly among the entranced listeners ?
8. As the ruler approached Jesus, what did the disciples and the people do ?
9. What strange scene did they soon behold ?
10. What beautiful description is given by the poet of the ruler's stately dwelling, and of Jesus and his disciples entering in ?
11. How did the interior of the house appear ?
12. When they reached the room where the sick girl lay, what whisper came from within ?
13. How was the ruler affected by these words ?
14. Describe the room where the ruler's daughter lay dead ?
15. What did Jesus do ?
16. How does the poet describe the beautiful maiden as she lay there before the Savior ?
17. Tell how she was brought to life.

EVILS OF AN ENVIOUS SPIRIT.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

1. What caused the demon of jealousy to enter the heart of King Saul ?
2. How did Saul allow a normally good trait to run to so great excess as to poison his happiness and ruin his life ?
3. What low standard of right and wrong did he adopt ?
4. What is the only safe course for any man to pursue ?
5. What caused Saul to hate David ?
6. How did Saul make it evident that he had no true knowledge of the plans or power of God ?
7. In ruling the kingdom of Israel, what important lesson had he failed to learn ?
8. What controlled his judgment ?
9. Into what state of misery did this drive him ?
10. What was it that wrought this baneful influence upon the character and life of Saul ?

11. How were the evil effects of envy shown in the early history of mankind ?
12. From what does envy spring, what are its sure results, and to what is it likely to lead, if entertained in the heart ?

MAGNANIMITY.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

1. How was Saul surprised on searching for David to take his life ?
2. How did David address the king ?
3. How did he prove that he had no desire to harm his master ?
4. Why did David hold the person of Saul as in a manner sacred ?
5. How was Saul affected by the words of David ?
6. What confession did he make ?
7. Of what was Saul now fully convinced ?
8. What covenant was made between Saul and David ?
9. Why did David still remain in the strongholds of the mountains ?

POWER OF TRUE POETRY.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1. Why were rough, rude men so attracted to the poet Burns ?
2. How did they listen to the reading of his poetry ?
3. What kind of spirit came over them as they listened ?
4. What does Mr. Lowell say of such a sight ?
5. How did he think these rude men would be affected by the lines to which they so eagerly listened ?
6. How does God scatter his love ?
7. What is sown by every wind ?
8. What will this broadcast sowing always find ? and what fruits may be expected ?
9. Where do all thoughts begin that are to mold the age ?
10. What is their course of development ?
11. In what does all thought originate ?
12. Where does the base of all great achievements lie hidden ?

13. Whence comes every hope which rises and grows broad in every heart ?
14. What is the state of hope in common souls ?
15. Who gives it point, and makes it a blessing to mankind ?
16. When did poesy appear fullest of heaven to the writer of this selection ?
17. What is the highest achievement of the poet ?
18. What will come true of the poet who accomplishes such work ?

EFFECTS OF RELIGION IN OLD AGE AND ADVERSITY.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

1. When do the pleasures of religion show their superiority over dissipation and vanity to the greatest advantage ?
2. Describe the condition of an old person who is destitute of the consolations of religion, but is still catching at the pleasures of his younger years.
3. How is it with the aged Christian, who relies on the assured mercy of his Redeemer ?
4. How can he lift up his eye at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death ?
5. Show the folly of trusting in sublunary possessions.
6. When does Religion dispense her choicest cordials ?
7. When is the superiority of religion most apparent ?

**THE STATUTE-BOOK NOT NECESSARY TOWARD
CHRISTIANITY.**

DR. CHALMERS.

1. With what important questions does the writer introduce this article ?
2. When was it that the strength went out of the church ?
3. What was the effect of substituting a warfare of politics for a warfare of principles ?
4. How did the cause of reformation prosper when it had to fight against pains and penalties ?
5. What has it done with pains and penalties in its favor ?

INEFFICACY OF MERE MORAL PREACHING.

DR. CHALMERS.

1. How did Dr. Chalmers preach to his flock for twelve years ?
2. What results would have satisfied him ?
3. What important thought never occurred to him during all this time ?
4. In what condition might a man be, and still be upright and honorable in the eyes of society ?
5. What essential principles had the doctor been neglecting during all these twelve years ?
6. What had he, nevertheless, been pressing upon his people ?
7. What reformations occurred as the result of his preaching ?
8. How did he have to change his manner of preaching, before even the partial results he had aimed at were realized ?
9. How does he tell his parishioners that they, poor as they are, may reclaim the great ones of the land to the acknowledgment of the Christian faith ?
10. What lesson have they taught him ?
11. What does he hope to do with this lesson which he has gathered from their humble cottages ?

BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. In what respects will the experiences of the graduating class be alike ?
2. When is it that a difference will be seen in them ?
3. What standard of character lies deeper than the vanities of power, or the pomp of glory ?
4. How does the poet speak of the common lot and common experiences of all men ?
5. In what do we find marked distinctions among men ?
6. In the eternal world what equality will exist between kings and slaves ?
7. How will the capacities of mind be measured ?

8. What is life's probation task ?
9. What does the soul of man create for itself ?
10. What tends to give it a nobler strength in heaven ?
11. What does pride lead men to do ?
12. Describe the softer path through life.
13. Where is the chart written that tells us how to traverse that path ?
14. What is it to walk in that delightful way ?
15. What are we to do when life shall have become a weariness, and hope thirsts for serener waters ?

SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS.

CHARLES LAMB.

1. What does Mr. Lamb think about the position—taken by some—that high poetic genius is allied to insanity ?
2. How does true poetic genius manifest itself ?
3. How does Cowley speak of this supreme control of the judgment ?
4. What is the ground of the mistake which supposes a poet's mind to be in an abnormal state when he pours out his best effusions ?
5. How does the true poet dream ?
6. What position does he maintain toward his subject ?
7. How does he walk the groves of his imaginary Eden ?
8. What regions can his imagination traverse without becoming intoxicated ?
9. To what sovereign is he beautifully loyal, even when he appears most to betray and desert her ?
10. How are great and little wits [poets] distinguished ?
11. What weakness does the would-be poet show, even in describing real and every-day life ?

**SUPERIORITY OF THE MORAL OVER THE INTELLECTUAL
NATURE OF MAN.**

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

1. Why is it that strength of will is the quality that most needs to be cultivated in mankind ?
2. Why are we apt to overestimate the value of talent, and underrate the importance of the will ?
3. What are the offices of each ?
4. By what figure does the writer show why it is that the man with a strong intellect and a weak will so often goes astray ?
5. Of what does the writer become more thoroughly convinced as he grows older ?
6. How does he show that knowledge is not the greatest thing in the world ?
7. What is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions ?
8. What are worth more than all the talents in the world ?

A PERFECT EDUCATION.

JOHN W. FRANCIS.

1. What does Mr. Francis regard as the real Hydra of free institutions ?
2. What does he propose as a means of counteracting these evil tendencies ?
3. What comparison does he make between these treasures of choice literature and other human agencies ?
4. To what degree of elevation may these resources help to raise a man ?
5. What do we find collected there ?
6. For what may the volumes of the historian serve ?
7. What patterns does literature afford ?
8. What does it embody ?
9. What charts may be found there ? What testimony ?
10. What harp stands there ?

11. What instruments hang there ?
12. What repose there in the sanctity of their self-emitted light ?
13. How has the vast fane been raised and stored that contains such wondrous treasures ?
14. What constitutes the mysterious combination called human nature ?
15. What are the legitimate aims of a perfect education ?

CHAPTER THREE.

Studies in Nature.

THE SKY.

JOHN RUSKIN.

1. In what part of creation does Nature seem to have done most for the mere purpose of pleasing man ?
2. By what remarks does the author proceed to make this view apparent ?
3. In what uninteresting way might the sky answer every essential purpose, so far as we know ?
4. Of all the objects in nature, what is the sky alone continually producing for our delight ?
5. Are these beauties and changes in the sky confined to any particular portions of the earth ?
6. Does it require wealth, or facilities for traveling, in order to enjoy them ?
7. How is it, in this respect, with the noblest scenes of earth ?
8. For what good influences is the sky fitted, in all its functions ?
9. Through what varied aspects does it affect us ?
10. What do most people fail to see in these wonderful manifestations ?
11. How do they look upon them ?
12. If, in our moments of insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resort, which of its phenomena are we most likely to speak of ?

13. Are most people apt to look upon and admire those exquisite features which are meant to exalt the soul of man ?
14. What significant questions are asked by the author of this article ?
15. Can the highest effects of the sublime be produced by the fierce, destroying elements of the tempest and the whirlwind ?
16. What allusion is made to the Scriptures ?
17. What is the character of those susceptibilities of our nature which can be moved only through lampblack and lightning ?
18. Enumerate and describe the means through which the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught.

REMARKS.— This selection combines the strength of prose with the charm of poetry. In many parts, it is a prose poem ; for the imagery is poetic. The author's views may appear visionary to some ; but what he portrays is a reality to him, and may be made so to others.

The beauties he describes really exist, and when the scales have fallen from our eyes, we shall see them as he does. The genial and inspiring influences which he describes are also realities, and may become such to all who will open their hearts to them.

LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

1. How is the poet situated as he writes, or thinks, this poem ?
2. What stand at the head of the glade ?
3. What sounds does he hear ?
4. What movements does he behold ?
5. What is he lead to exclaim, as he meditates upon the endless activity of the vegetable life about him ?
6. What picture does he draw of the tired angler who has been fishing in a mountain stream ?

7. Why cannot the poet be happy in the huge world which roars hard by ?
8. What does he mean by being breathed upon by the rural Pan ? — *He was early imbued with a love of rural scenes.*
9. What has the poet often been made to think, when surrounded by the distracting turmoil of city life ?
10. How does he express his pleasure at having found so peaceful a place as that in which he now rests ?
11. How does he describe the change that will take place at the close of the day ?
12. What does he pray that it may be his to feel ?
13. What kind of will does he desire ?
14. What power would he have given him ?
15. What influence does he wish to have exerted upon him ?
16. What does he mean by not wishing to die before he has begun to live ? — *He wishes to live long enough to learn how to appreciate and enjoy life in the highest and truest sense.*
17. Write a paraphrase of the poem.

**THE BRIGHTNESS OF NATURE CONTRASTED WITH
HUMAN SORROWS.**

GEORGE ELIOT.

1. What thoughts does one like to cherish at the opening of spring ?
2. What creatures seem to share the same feeling with us ?
3. How does the landscape appear ?
4. How do these things impress one as he drives or rides over the valleys and hills ?
5. How has the writer been reminded of these scenes when traveling in foreign countries ?
6. What, standing by the roadside, has, at such times, saddened her feelings ?
7. By what beauties of nature was it often environed ?
8. How would this image of agony appear to a traveler who should suddenly come to this world, knowing nothing of the story of man's life upon it ?

9. What might be hidden behind the apple blossoms, among the golden corn, or under the boughs of the wood, without his knowing of it or dreaming of it ?
10. Why is it no wonder that man's religion has much of sorrow in it, and that he needs a suffering Savior ?

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From "Aurora Leigh."

REMARKS.— This little extract is a cutting rebuke to those who take a pessimistic view of life ; and yet it is all done in a playful and delightful manner. There are exquisite touches in it that can be enjoyed, but never described. Notice one in the introductory lines, and another in the questions near the close. The description of an English landscape is all included in fifteen short lines ; yet where can a more true, a more vivid, or a more comprehensive panorama be found ? It affords a fine study for those who need to learn the art of putting much in little.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

1. What effect should the beauty and grace of the humming-bird have upon every one who beholds him ?
2. When does the humming-bird appear in our climate ?
3. What friendly office does the humming-bird perform for the flowers which he visits ?
4. Describe the movements of the bird as he examines the flowers.
5. What are all visited by him in their turn ?
6. What does he meet with everywhere ?

7. How is his throat described? The upper part of his body?
His flight?
8. How does he move from one flower to another?
9. How far north does he extend his journeyings?
10. How does he avoid being caught by the severe cold of a northern climate?

THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1. What does the cloud do for the flowers? For the leaves?
The buds?
2. Where are the buds rocked?
3. How does the cloud laugh?
4. Point out the rhetorical figures in the first stanza, and explain their literal meaning, showing why they are appropriate.
5. What suggests the idea that the pines groan aghast? How does the cloud sleep?
6. Who is the cloud's pilot? Where does he sit?
7. Where is the thunder imprisoned? How does it behave?
8. Where does the lightning pilot guide the cloud?
9. In what does the upper cloud bask, even when rain is falling on the earth beneath?
10. How is the sunrise described? What does it do
11. By what simile is this action illustrated?
12. Describe the evening scene. Explain the metaphor in the last part of the stanza. The simile.
13. Paraphrase the fourth stanza. Note and literalize the eight rhetorical figures which it contains.
14. How does the cloud embellish the sun and the moon?
15. When are the volcanoes dimmed and the stars made to reel and swim?
16. How is the cloud represented as bridging the sea?
17. What are the columns, or abutments, of the bridge?
18. Describe the rainbow scene.
19. Paraphrase the sixth stanza.
20. Note and explain its rhetorical figures.

ANALYSIS.— 1. Useful offices of the cloud. 2. Journeys. 3. Sunrise and sunset effects. 4. Moonlight scenes. 5. The bridge of cloud, and the triumphal arch of the rainbow. 6. Origin and evanescent character of the cloud.

REMARKS.— The most striking characteristics of this poem are its profusion of figures and luxuriance of imagination. To the casual reader the subject may seem hidden under extravagant ornamentation; but careful examination will show that the figures—nearly all of them at least—are not only delicate and beautiful, but well-founded. The flights of imagination, though bordering on the fanciful, are not affected. They traverse the natural air of the writer; though it must be confessed that he inhabits an atmosphere too rare for ordinary beings to sustain themselves in for any great length of time, and that he is sometimes hard to follow.

AN APOSTROPHE TO WINTER.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1. How is personified winter described?
2. How is winter commonly regarded?
3. Why is it dreaded?
4. How does the poet regard winter, notwithstanding its unloveliness to others?
5. What does the poet mean by saying that the sun is held a prisoner in the undawning east?
6. Why is winter said to be impatient of the sun's stay, hurrying him down to the rosy west?
7. How does winter compensate for the loss of these hours of daylight?

8. What is as much dispersed during the busy cares of daylight as the members of the family may have been ?

ANALYSIS.— 1. Personification and portraiture of winter. 2. Affection for the gloomy season. 3. Shortened days and lengthened evenings.

REMARKS.— This selection includes much in little. Its imagery is strong and vivid, without a trace of obscurity. It is crystallized thought ; hence it is true poetry.

A WINTER MORNING.

COWPER.

1. What fires the horizon this winter morning ?
2. When do the clouds appear more ardent to flee from the fiery orb of the sun ?
3. What do they most resemble ?
4. Describe the effect of the sun's slanting rays upon the landscape.
5. How is the poet amused at his own shadow ?
6. By what is the verdure of the plain deeply buried ?
7. What effect have these early rays of sunlight upon weeds and coarse grass that are usually so unsightly ?
8. Give the poet's description of the unsheltered cattle.
9. How does he picture the carving of the haystack to obtain food for the cattle ?
10. Give his portrait of the woodman, and of the dog that follows him.
11. How does the woodman regale himself, as he strides onward to his work ?
12. Describe the actions of the domestic fowls that come at the housewife's call.
13. Write a paraphrase of this selection.
14. Point out the rhetorical figures.

ANALYSIS.— 1. The rising sun and its effect upon the landscape. 2. The patient cattle and the swain who feeds them. 3. The woodman with his dog and pipe. 4. The housewife and her fowls.

REMARKS.— This poem is remarkably realistic. Each scene is accurately and minutely drawn. Nothing is omitted, yet every detail is interesting. Those who paraphrase the selection will soon be convinced that the poet has wasted no words, and that he has chosen them with consummate skill. Nothing could be more simple than the subjects here presented ; yet one needs but to yield himself to the influences of the lines, in order to find that they are genuinely poetic. What a contrast between this and the artificial style of Pope, who had been so popular !

THE ICE-PALACE.

COWPER.

1. With what rhetorical figure does the selection begin ?
2. How is the building of the palace poetically described ?
3. What might poetry, in imagination, place in such a palace ?
4. What are winter's troops, and what his weapons ?
5. How silently did the fabric rise ?
6. How was it made one solid whole ?
7. How was it lighted ?
8. How was it furnished ?
9. What was the origin, and what was the destiny, of this scene of evanescent glory ?
10. How was it a fit emblem of human grandeur and the court of kings ?
11. How do great princes, like children, try to delight themselves in play ?
12. How do some of them amuse the dull, sad years of an indolent life ?

13. How do these great princes seem to regard the world ?
14. Paraphrase the selection.
15. Point out and amplify the rhetorical figures.
16. Give an analysis of the selection.
17. Select passages that impress you as apt or beautiful.

REMARKS.— It will be noticed that, on whatever subject Cowper writes, he infuses into it a wise philosophy, pure morals, and a reverent tone. But these important lessons are not obtrusive : they grow out of the subject naturally, and afford real pleasure to a thinking mind. It is true, however, that in his reflective mood he sometimes wanders on and on from one thing to another until the reader forgets where he started in, and the author seems to have forgotten it also. Yet we have trodden a delightful path with him, and perhaps we have no need to retrace it, since he can still lead us on, showing us new beauties without end.

DESCENT OF THE OHIO.

AUDUBON.

1. Describe the shores of the Ohio as, in their primeval state, they appeared to the naturalist in the month of October.
2. What phenomenon was wrought by the rich and glowing hue of the sun ?
3. Describe the descent of the river.
4. What seems to have been the attitude of nature toward this portion of our country ?
5. What peculiarity may the traveler observe as he ascends or descends the Ohio ?
6. What makes the river in some places seem a lake of moderate extent instead of a stream ?
7. How did the naturalist look upon the alteration that cultivation would soon produce upon the banks of this river ?

8. What were the sounds of evening, and what was their effect ?
9. How were the travelers greeted when daylight returned ?
10. What traffic did they observe ?
11. What does the writer say of the pleasure given him on this trip ?
12. What reflections pass through the mind of the naturalist, as he contemplates this journey ?
13. How do these considerations affect him ?

PRECIPICES OF THE ALPS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

1. Describe the appearance of these awful precipices of the Alps.
2. How is their desolation set forth ?
3. What is unknown to them ?
4. What sounds are never heard there ?
5. How is this mysterious silence sometimes broken ?
6. What is sometimes the only thing that moves or feels in all the waste of weary precipice that darkens five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven ?

NATURE AND INNOCENCE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1. How old is the maiden here described ?
2. Portray the environments of her home.
3. What benediction does the poet pronounce upon her ?
4. Why does he feel prompted to pray for her when he is far away ?
5. To what does he compare her ?
6. Of what has she no need ?
7. What does she wear upon her forehead ?
8. From what do the smiles spring that overspread her countenance ?
9. What are the causes of the only restraint she manifests ?

10. How do they affect her gestures ?
11. To what does the poet compare her strife with these thoughts that are beyond her power of expression in words ?

REMARKS.— This extract is characteristic of Wordsworth. He presents us with a natural scene which comprises grandeur, beauty, and quiet loveliness. There are the gray old rocks, the trees, the lawn, the waterfall, the silent lake, the little bay, the quiet road, the humble home. With these he associates a human embodiment of natural loveliness, purity, and simplicity. She seems a part of the scene just described — a picture with an appropriate setting.

Having thus given interest to the landscape by associating with it a living soul, he proceeds to the study of character, and the interpretation of thought and motive ; and with all, he mingles his own emotions. Thus it is throughout the most of his writings. They are a study of the thoughts and motives that underlie character. Natural scenery, though clearly and healthfully presented, seems introduced for the sole purpose of showing how it may soften and refine the human heart, directing it upward to the Creator of all things.

AN EVENING EXCURSION ON THE LAKE.

WORDSWORTH.

1. What remarks did the lady make ?
2. What did these remarks suggest ? — *A ride on the lake.*
3. Who of all the company seemed the most delighted at this suggestion ?
4. What did she do ?
5. Describe the walk down to the lake.

6. Describe the beautiful view that was presented to them as they came to the bridge over the little stream.
7. What did the lady whisper, as she viewed this perfect reflection ?
8. With what feelings did the rest of the company view the scene ?
9. As the company passed on, what did the lady say to one who was walking beside her ?
10. What power did she say was given her while listening to the old man's words ?
11. How did she sometimes feel afterward ?
12. What illustration did she use ?
13. How was the conversation broken off ?
14. How does the poet express his delight in using the oars, as he had so often used them in earlier years ?
15. By what figure does he describe the progress of the boat ?
16. What choice did the vicar place before them with regard to a place for landing ?
17. How did the poet answer them ?
18. Describe the scenery that surrounded them.
19. As they passed onward, what was produced by the same features differently combined ?
20. Can such beauty be fully portrayed by poet or painter ?
21. Who, alone, can make it his property ?
22. What is the best that pencil or pen can do ? — *It is to describe the sweet influences which such scenes produce.*
23. How did the company regale and amuse themselves on the island where they landed ?
24. What did one of the company say about the fire that had lately burned so brightly for them ?
25. Of what did he regard it as an emblem, and what did it illustrate ?
26. Describe the sylvan scenery that was presented to them as they meandered along the shore on their homeward voyage ?
27. What invited them to land ?
28. As they climbed the hill, what views opened up before them ?

29. As they admired this quiet scene, what was each anxious to do ?
30. What inspired this feeling ?
31. What finally centered all their thoughts upon one grand display ?
32. Describe this sunset scene.
33. As the good priest burst forth in a prayer of thanksgiving and praise, of what did he say these glories were but a faint reflection ?
34. Like what, will those become who are at last divested of all dishonor, and cleansed from mortal stain ?
35. What did he pray to have spread throughout all lands ?
36. Why should every nation hear, and every heart obey ?
37. How has the way been prepared ?
38. Describe the remainder of the homeward voyage.
39. Write a paraphrase of each topic given in the analysis.

ANALYSIS.— 1. Preparation for the voyage. 2. The twofold image, and the thoughts it suggested. 3. The outward voyage. 4. Meditations on the scenery. 5. On the island. 6. Sylvan scenery on the homeward voyage. 7. View from the headland height. 8. The glories of the sunset. 9. The pastor's prayer. 10. Closing scene.

SCENE IN AN INDIAN FOREST.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1. Describe the inflowing of the stream at the further side of the lawn.
2. Give a word-picture of the bank that rose up from the rocky basin.
3. Describe the place where the stream left the lawn.
4. What else was there that could delight the senses ?
5. How were the necessities supplied ?

PICTURE OF AN ISLAND.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

1. How is the island situated, and what is its character ?
2. What sounds are heard there ?
3. Under what conditions does it present a beautiful scene ?
4. Describe the inland dell.
5. What mingles with the sounds of the Sabbath bell ?
6. Where are the flocks feeding ?
7. Write a paraphrase of the poem.

MOUNTAINS.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

1. How potent is the charm of mountains ?
2. What impresses the mind with their sublimity ?
3. What causes the heart to bound ?
4. What has an inspiriting effect ?
5. What beauties have a softer influence ?
6. What advantages has autumn for the visiting of the mountains of Great Britain ?
7. Draw a pictorial word-sketch of the scenes presented from their summits.
8. Where may still more imposing views be had ?
9. What are some of the scenes of awful grandeur presented there ?
10. What are some of their milder features ?
11. What pleasant imaginings do we indulge concerning the inhabitants of such regions ?
12. What character do we naturally attribute to them, and why ?
13. How does a home among mountains foster a spirit of freedom and independence ?
14. When do these mountain ridges appear most glorious ?
15. Who have looked forth from those stern, heaven-built walls ?
16. What have they beheld, as they have looked down from these God-given defenses ?

17. Repeat the author's outburst of gratitude when contemplating what mountains have done for man.
18. What was Milton's exclamation?
19. What was it that so stirred his spirit?
20. How do mountains give beauty to the earth?
21. How do they furnish a proud heritage to an imaginative mind?
22. What causes the writer to be lost in admiration?
23. In what instances have mountains thus guarded the germinating of great principles and the beginnings of a higher civilization?
24. What does the geologist find among mountains?
25. How is it that the inhabitants of mountainous countries serve a like purpose as a record of the past?
26. What do they show us?

ANALYSIS.— 1. Charm and influences of mountains in general. 2. Autumn beauties of the mountains of Britain. 3. Grandeur features of European mountains. 4. Influences of mountains upon character. 5. The stronghold of freedom and home ties. 6. Rhapsody of the author.

REQUIREMENTS.

1. Develop each of the topics given in the analysis, making it either a written or an oral exercise, as circumstances may warrant.
2. Point out some of the beauties and other excellences of the selection.
3. Notice the defects, if there are any.
4. Point out the rhetorical figures.
5. Tell how the entire article impresses you.

REMARKS.— The piece clearly indicates the sincerity of the writer. He evidently feels all that he has written—and more. He realizes his inability to express his

conceptions, hence his exclamatory outbursts. He seems to be writing from actual experience. He scarcely mentions himself, and yet a strong personality pervades the entire production. He is an ardent painter, but his very ardor causes him to crowd his canvas till his objects become confused, to minds that are not highly imaginative.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

REMARKS.— In the first two lines, the poet addresses his wife. He then goes on to describe the lake, the sky, and the falling of the snow. In the first stanza, he gives us a premonition of a pathetic sadness that runs like a thread through the entire poem. It is indicated in the fourth and eighth lines of the first stanza, and continued in the last line of all the others by the reiteration of the words — “In the dark and silent lake.” Even in this short poem may be traced the characteristic tendency of the poet to find in everything an illustration of the serious, or pathetic, side of life. He calls the snow-flakes a “living swarm;” they come from “chambers” beyond a misty veil. In these words he seems to refer to the mysterious origin of human life. The next two lines may suggest that some people lead for a time a careless, joyous life, while others, full of toil and care, push on with unflagging energy to the end of life; but all, “dropping swiftly or settling slow, meet, and are still, in the depths below.” “Flake after flake,” the snow drops into the “dark and silent lake:” one by one, men drop into the dark and silent grave.

The third stanza seems still to be allegorical, illustrating the different temperaments, characters, and conditions in human life. But "the sullen water buries them all." In the fourth stanza, the poet himself has explained his meaning by a figure of simile. The mated flakes, like the others, sink in "the dark and silent lake." In the fifth stanza the poet sees in the snowflakes myriads of people,— many of them fair, frail creatures,— hurrying on with headlong speed to their goal and dropping into oblivion.

The tears in the lady's eyes show that similar thoughts have been suggested to her. She has been thinking of dear friends, "who were for a time, and now are not." They seem to her "like these fair children of cloud and frost, that glisten a moment and then are lost." But the poet calls her attention to an emblem of hope; for—

"A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountainside,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies."

AUTUMN: TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THE DYING YEAR.

ROBERT SOUTHEY..

1. How does Southey look upon the successive changes of the year?
2. What thoughts do the autumn leaves awaken in the mind of Southey's friend?
3. What forlorn view does this friend take of the approaching winter?
4. How do the many-colored, dying leaves speak to Southey?
5. What emblem does his friend find in the beauties of the autumnal year?

6. What do these same things show to Southey ?
7. What does his friend continually discover in this fair world ?
8. What does Southey wish that his friend might have ?
9. How could he then look upon life, evil, and the strifes and troubles of the world ?
10. What effect would thus be produced ?

THE GARDENS OF THE VATICAN.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1. Describe the gardens.
2. Repeat the apostrophe.
3. What does the writer seek in vain in this lovely garden ?
4. How does she describe the spiritual desolation of the Vatican ?
5. What prayer does she utter at the close ?
6. Write a paraphrase of the poem.

MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.

N. HAWTHORNE.

An Extract.

1. Describe the sunset that came at the close of a stormy day.
2. In what spirit did Hawthorne and his friend Channing take their excursions into the solitudes of nature ?
3. Describe the stream against whose current they rode, on one of these outings.
4. Whence does the stream come flowing ?
5. How do the river and the wood seem to be talking to each other ?
6. Of what does the river dream, as it sleeps along its course ?
7. What did the slumbering river hold in its bosom ?
8. What strange questions does Hawthorne propose ?
9. What partial answer does he suggest ?
10. How do the trees seem to resist the passage of the river ?
11. How does the writer describe the banks of the river ?
12. What flowers does he mention as adorning the scene ?

13. What does he say of the grape-vines ?
14. What effect had the sinuous course of the stream on the view ?
15. By what living creatures was the slumbrous quiet enlivened ?
16. Describe the landing, and the cooking of their rude meal.
17. What effect had their mirth and their cooking upon the solemnity of the forest ?
18. What is said of the conversation ?
19. What was the chief profit of those wild days ?
20. What whispers did they continue to hear after they had returned to their homes and the thronged pavements of the city ?
21. Note the allusions and exquisite passages in this selection.

REMARKS.— One can scarcely imagine anything more beautiful than the nature-picture which Hawthorne here gives us. But without the allusions, the reflections and peculiar suggestions, which frame and ornament the picture, making it glow with living freshness, it would be comparatively tame. This selection is characteristic of the style which gives such a charm to all the writings of this gifted author. To those who are susceptible to such charms, no remarks are necessary, and to those who have not acquired this susceptibility it can only be recommended that, aided by the poet's interpretation, they become more intimate with nature, learning thus to hear the suggestions which she has for us all.

TO A MOUSE.

ROBERT BURNS.

1. In what tender words does the poet address the mouse, and assure it of his kind intentions ?
2. How does the poet excuse what we call the thievish habits of the little creature ?

3. In what touching words does he bewail the destruction of the mouse's dwelling ?
4. How does he describe the mouse's comfortable expectations, and the calamity that so suddenly destroyed them ?
5. How does he express sympathy for the unfortunate little thing ?
6. How does the mouse's experience find a parallel in that of men ?
7. How does he compare the creature's condition with that of his own ?

NOTE.—“Pattle” means a *plowstaff* ; “whyles,” *sometimes* ; “maun,” *must* ; “a daimen icker in a thrave,” *an ear of corn in 24 sheaves* ; “laive,” *rest* ; “big,” *build* ; “foggage,” *rank grass* ; “snell,” *sharp* ; “thole,” *endure* ; “cranreuch,” *hoar-frost*. “But house or hald” means *without house or hold*.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME.

ROBERT BURNS.

1. Write a paraphrase of the poem.

RURAL SCENES: REFLECTIONS.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1. What do the poet and his companion first notice from the eminence where they stand ?
2. Describe the scene which presents itself as they look along the plain where the Ouse slowly winds.
3. What do they see on the slope that rises beyond the stream till it seems to recede into the clouds ?
4. What praise is justly due to these scenes ?
5. What besides rural sights have power to exhilarate the spirit and restore the tone of languid nature ?
6. Describe the music of the winds, and tell its effect.
7. Describe the music of the waters.
8. Compare the music of animated nature with that of inanimate nature.
9. What birds besides the song-birds have charms for the poet's ear ?

10. Why is it that these sounds, so inharmonious in themselves, are pleasing to him?
11. Describe the descent from the eminence, the crossing of the gulf, and the ascent on the opposite side.
12. How does the mole represent the great ones of the earth?
13. Having gained another summit, what evidence does the poet find there of the vanity of mankind?
14. What causes the eye to exult, as it looks off from this height of land?
15. Describe the letting out of the sheep from the sheepfold.
16. What amusing scene do the hay-wagons afford?
17. What charms are afforded by the woodland scene?
18. What variety is afforded by different species of trees?
19. How is the appearance of the Ouse beautifully described?
20. How is the little naiad prettily introduced?
21. What beautiful sights does the poet discover while walking through the generous nobleman's grounds?
22. What innocent deception is accomplished by the walks?
23. Describe the threshing scene.
24. How does this sturdy laborer convert the primal curse into a mercy?
25. How does all that is, subsist?
26. How does nature maintain her health, her beauty, her fertility?
27. What is the only condition under which she can live?
28. What upholds the world?
29. Describe the good offices of the winds.
30. How does the oak illustrate the truth already under consideration?
31. How does the same universal law apply to man?
32. Contrast the condition of the slothful with that of the active.
33. Point out the mental and moral advantages of an active life.
34. How is the coy maiden, Ease, described?
35. What is nature's dictate?
36. What do some people seem to admire more than they do the performances of a God?
37. How are the works of Art compared with those of Nature?

38. What special value have the works of a great painter ?
39. Which of the senses alone can they please ?
40. What advantages has Nature in this respect ?
41. Where does she spread her bounteous feast ?

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

BURNS.

1. What thoughts and passages do you most admire in this sweet poem ?
2. Give a synopsis of his apostrophe to the daisy.
3. How does he connect human interests with the luckless fate of the pretty flower ?
4. How does he apply it to himself ?

HOW TO FIND THE HIGHEST ENJOYMENT IN NATURE.

COWPER.

1. What must one do who would appreciate the works of nature ?
2. When once admitted to His embrace, what will one discover ?
3. What change will take place in him ?
4. How are brutes that graze the mountain top affected by the grand scenery about them ?
5. How does man too often view the works of God unrolled in beautiful panoramas around him ?
6. How differently does he contemplate these things whose mind has been touched from heaven, and schooled in sacred wisdom ?
7. Where did this world, with all its wonders, exist before it took visible form ? — *In the thoughts of God.*
8. What is such a mind enabled to discern ?
9. What is the cause for which the unconverted mind shuns the author of light and happiness, and for which, when converted, that same mind loves and adores him ? — *God's purity.*
10. When once made free by being reconciled to God, what breaks on the soul ?

11. What voice of song is never heard by mortal ears, till they have been touched by power divine ?
12. What does nature then disclose to the enraptured soul ?
13. What is the source and center of all minds and their only point of rest ?
14. What is the condition of minds that depart from him ?
15. Of what is he the source ?
16. What is the crowning gift of all, without which, we are poor, and with which, we are rich, though all else be taken from us ?
17. Write a paraphrase of each topic specified in the analysis.

ANALYSIS.— 1. Acquaintance with God necessary to the enjoyment of his works. 2. The meager pleasure which many take in his works. 3. How they are viewed by the truly enlightened mind. 4. The transformation which enables men fully to appreciate the works of nature, and above all, their author

REMARKS.— The fervent piety and sincere devotion of the poet are manifested throughout this selection in terms that cannot be mistaken. The same lofty, though tender and genial, spirit pervades all his writings. He recognizes the Creator as the source and center of all wisdom and goodness. To him, nature is but a revelation of its divine author, and the value of everything has to be balanced and estimated in the scales which God has furnished in his Word and in his works.

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

CELIA THAXTER.

1. Why may the Isles of Shoals well be bleak and bare ?
2. How do they appear at first sight ?
3. How have the barren rocks been made to look hoary, as if with age ?

4. How are the stern outlines softened a little in summer ?
5. Why does it seem scarcely worth while to land upon these forbidding shores ?
6. To whom will nature even here appeal with such a novel charm that he will half forget the beauties of the mainland ?
7. What appear no longer desirable to him ?
8. Why is this ?
9. By what is the stranger struck who lands upon these islands for the first time ?
10. What makes this impression ?
11. What soon begin to reveal a strange beauty to him ?
12. When will this feeling increase upon him ?
13. What lulls him in his sleep ?
14. How does the morning greet him ?
15. What does all the watery world around him resemble ?
16. What are the only sounds that break the silence ?
17. Describe the scene in detail.
18. What do the bare, bleached granite rocks excel in beauty, when the first blush of sunrise glorifies and softens them ?
19. What is the condition of all things there, at such an hour ?
20. What changes take place as the day goes on ?
21. What steals down the coast line, and seems to remove it leagues away ?
22. What reflections are suggested at such a sight ?
23. What are among the chief agents in thus soothing one into repose and transient forgetfulness ?

THE SNOW-STORM.

JAMES THOMSON.

1. Describe the falling of the snow.
2. What is said of the fields ?
3. What is the only thing that breaks the brightness which covers all ?
4. What causes the woods to bow their head ?
5. What is accomplished before the sun sets ?
6. How is the ox pictured ?

7. What is said of the fowls of heaven ?
8. Describe the actions of the redbreast.
9. What are the milder animals of the forests forced to do ?
10. How do the sheep behave ?
11. Write a paraphrase of the selection.
12. Give a brief analysis of it.

REMARKS.— In presenting this winter scene, the poet contents himself with a simple description. It is clear and unaffected, but vivid. He draws no conclusions, makes no applications, but trusts in the suggestiveness of the scene to produce an impression upon the reader.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

THOMSON.

1. The rolling year is full of whom ?
2. What attributes of God can be traced in the beauties of spring ?
3. Repeat the poet's epitome of these beauties.
4. How does he set forth the delights of the summer months ?
5. What does he say of the bounties of autumn ?
6. What does he say of the imposing majesty of winter ?
7. What is shown forth in the mysterious round of the seasons ?
8. What combines to make them all equally interesting, though so diverse ?
9. What is it that man often fails to mark in all this ?
10. How does the poet epitomize the work of this ever-busy hand ?
11. What rapturous invitation does the poet give ?
12. How are the gentle gales admonished ?
13. What are the fierce tempests called upon to do ?
14. How are the brooks and rills addressed ?
15. How are the headlong torrents, the softer floods, and the majestic ocean to honor their Creator ?

16. For what benefits are the herbs, fruits, and flowers to contribute their incense as a part of the great ceremonial of worship ?
17. What are the forests and the harvests to do ?
18. What is said to the silent constellations of stars that watch in heaven ?
19. Upon what ground does the poet liken the sun to the Creator ?
20. What is the sun admonished to write on nature with every beam of light ?
21. Describe the majesty of the thunder.
22. By what figure is its re-echoing from the hills brought out ?
23. What part are the rocks and the valleys to act ?
24. To what may hope look forward ?
25. In what beautiful way does the poet bring out the part which the birds are to take in this universal hymn of praise ?

REMARKS.— After writing long poems, descriptive of the four seasons, the poet concludes with the grand hymn of which this extract is the greater part. The hymn affords a striking example of condensation. Into it the author puts the vital points of his entire book, and shows with great clearness the lessons of truth and adoration which nature has taught him, and which he wishes to impart to others. A spirit of worship pervades the whole book, and particularly this beautiful hymn. In the changes which nature undergoes throughout the year, he sees only varied manifestations of the God who works through all. He gives an epitome of the beauties, the benefits, the sublimities, of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

He is then moved with deep admiration for the skill, the force divine, the magic art, by which all these charms are combined and blended into delightful harmony. He then enumerates some of the mysterious, the wonderful,

workings of that mighty hand which not only created the earth, but works through it constantly in producing all the wonderful changes we behold. He deplures that men can look upon all these things with brute, unconscious gaze.

He calls fervently upon all nature to join in a song of adoration,—upon the winds, the brooks and rills, torrents, floods, the ocean itself; upon herbs, fruits and flowers, the forest, the harvests, the stars, the sun; upon the rocks, the valleys, the woodlands with all their singing birds,—and finally (in a part not here given), upon man. The whole is full of sincere feeling and fervent devotion. It is not a thing simply to be *read*, but to be *studied*, line by line, in the spirit of its author, that we may imbibe some of the pure aspirations which stirred his soul.

CHAPTER FOUR.

Home Scenes and Influences.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

ROBERT BURNS.

1. How does the poet disclaim any mercenary end in addressing this poem to Mr. Aiken?
2. What is the highest reward that he seeks?
3. What does he sing?
4. How does he introduce the time of the year and of the day?
5. What does he introduce to give reality to the scene?
6. Describe the actions and feelings of the toil-worn cotter.
7. What soon appears in view?
8. Describe the welcome given him by his children?
9. What cheers him as he comes within his cottage?

10. How did the scene affect him ?
11. What is the meaning of "kiaugh" ? — *Anxiety.*
12. Who come dropping in by and by ?
13. Whence, and from what occupations, do they come ?
14. What is said of Jenny ?
15. Describe the happy meeting of these brothers and sisters.
16. What is the meaning of "spiers" ? — *Inquires.* Of "uncos" ?
— *News.*
17. How do the parents view their children ?
18. How is the mother occupied ?
19. What is the meaning of "gars" ? — *Makes.*
20. What good counsel does the father give the older children ?
21. What higher counsel, and what assistance, were they to seek ?
22. What is the meaning of "eydent" ? — *Diligent.*
23. Describe the entrance of the visitor.
24. How is he entertained ?
25. What is the meaning of "ben" ? — *In.* Of "hafflins" ? —
Half. Of "blate" ? — *Bashful.* Of "lathefu" ? — *Hesi-*
tating. Of "lave" ? — *Other people.*
26. How does the poet express his opinion of honest, pure-
minded love ?
27. Describe the evening meal.
28. What is the meaning of "hawkie" ? — *Cow.* Of "hallan" ?
— *Inner wall.* Of "kebbuck" ? — *Cheese.* Of "fell" ? —
Spicy. Of "weel-hained" ? — *Well saved.* Of "towmond" ?
— *Twelvemonth.* Of "i' the bell" ? — *In flower.*
29. Describe the preparations for evening worship.
30. What is the meaning of "lyart haffets" ? — *Gray cheeks.*
31. What is said of their singing ?
32. When the priest-like father comes to read from the sacred
page, what is he likely to select if he turns to the Old
Testament ?
33. What themes is he likely to follow if he turns to the New ?
34. What hope springs up as the father prays ?
35. How does the poet compare this sincere and humble worship
with the pompous displays that are sometimes made in pub-
lic congregations ?

36. What warm request do the parents present to heaven after the children have retired to rest, or gone back to their places of service ?
37. What springs from scenes like this ?
38. What does the poet say of princes and lords ?
39. How does he compare the cottage and the palace ?
40. How does he address his native land ?
41. What blessings does he ask for the hardy sons of rustic toil ?
42. From what does he wish to have them preserved ?
43. With what prayer does he close the poem ?

INFLUENCE OF HOME.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

1. What is the general influence of home upon the mind ?
2. How does this state of mind enable us to meet afflictions ?
3. In such a condition how can even vices be made to teach us a good lesson ?
4. How does a home life relate us healthfully to the world ?
5. How does it keep us from being deceived ?
6. How does it keep us from becoming pessimistic ?
7. What is the safest way of coming into communion with mankind ? Why ?
8. How is the domestic man put at ease in society ?
9. What causes him to diffuse a pleasurable sense over those near him ?
10. In what other ways is a domestic life beneficial ?
11. What has God in his goodness ordained ?
12. How may a man be made happy at home almost without heeding it ?

CHILDREN ASLEEP.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

1. How is the sleep of the children described ?
2. Picture the moonlight and its effects.
3. Describe the children.
4. How does one of them seem to indicate his dreams ?
5. Write a paraphrase of the poem.

REPRESSION.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1. Of what is life said to consist ?
2. To what belongs the duty of expression ?
3. To what belongs the duty of repression ?
4. What mistake is made by some very religious and moral people ?
5. What great law do they forget ?
6. How does the writer illustrate the effects of repression ?
7. How do some people dwarf their own best faculties and impulses by repression ?
8. What kind of barren life do some people spend together who really love and reverence each other ?
9. What question is asked concerning sons and daughters ?
10. What concerning husbands and wives, brothers and sisters ?
11. How do they deceive themselves with respect to the time for expression ?
12. What scripture is quoted ?
13. What are the bitterest tears shed over graves ?
14. What do people often say after death has separated their loved ones from them ?
15. What are such words like ?
16. Into what should every good thought blossom ?
17. What is said about the different ways of expressing affection ?
18. What mistake is often made concerning relatives ?
19. What, as well as things in nature, may be improved and strengthened by judicious cultivation ?
20. What effect may neglect produce ?

A NEW ENGLAND SNOW-STORM AND HOME SCENE.

SYLVESTER JUDD.

1. How long has it been snowing ?
2. At whose home does the author propose to look in ?
3. Why is the place inaccessible by any ordinary methods of travel ?

4. What are the only means by which it can be approached ?
5. Describe the outward appearance of the house and its surroundings.
6. Describe the landscape.
7. What seems to be the only token of life about the house ?
8. Describe the scene within this buried home.
9. Compare this description with the one given in "Snow-Bound."

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. How does the poet find pathos in the sleep of an infant ?
2. How much life does the child seem to have ?
3. Sleep is a compromise between what ?
4. How does he express his admiration for the child's beauty in sleep ?
5. How is he impressed by the beauty of the awakened blossom ?

HOME LIFE OF THE PRIMROSES.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. How was the home situated ?
2. How large a farm was connected with this little habitation ?
3. How did it appear ?
4. Describe the house.
5. How was the inside made cheerful ?
6. What does he call this home with its occupants ?
7. In keeping with the laws which the vicar gave to his little republic, how was the day begun ?
8. Describe the arrangements for the day.
9. How was the noon-hour spent ?
10. How were the vicar and his sons received when they came in at sunset from the labors of the day ?
11. How were the evenings made agreeable ?
12. With what exercise did the day close ?
13. What difficulties did the vicar have to meet when Sunday came ?

14. Could he see that his moral lectures had done much to modify the tastes or dispel the vanity of his wife and daughters ?
15. Describe the experiences of the first Sunday.
16. Give the substance of the vicar's sound remarks.
17. What effect did his lecture produce ?

SALUTARY EFFECTS OF PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1. What is our universal duty and destiny ?
2. What is the fate of those who do not yield to it ?
3. How does this emphasize the importance of early training ?
4. How does he now feel about the severe discipline of his childhood ?
5. From what motives, and in what spirit, was it administered ?
6. What invaluable service was done him by his mother ?
7. In what sense was she religious, and under what circumstances ?
8. How did she teach him reverence ?
9. What is the effect of such example, especially in infancy ?
10. What choice does the writer present ?

CHAPTER FIVE.

Studies in Character.

THE LAST DAYS OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. Describe Washington's occupations and state of health just before his last illness.
2. What was he contemplating as one of the first improvements to be made ?
3. What reason did he give for making this change first of all ?
4. What does his nephew say about the general's looks ?
5. How did he appear on the morning when the nephew last parted from him ?

6. What work had Washington just accomplished that showed his mind to be in a vigorous state as well as his body ?
7. Relate the circumstances by which he was made ill.
8. What reply did he make when urged to do something for his cold ?
9. Relate the experiences of that night.
10. How did Washington prescribe for himself ?
11. To what extent were his wishes carried out ?
12. What preparation did he make for death ?
13. How did he look forward to that event ?
14. How did the general show his anxiety for the comfort of those around him ?
15. What request did he make of the doctor ?
16. What were his last instructions ?
17. Describe the death scene.
18. How did Mrs. Washington conduct herself ?

THE CARPENTER.

GEORGE ELIOT.

1. Describe the carpenter's shop and its surroundings.
2. How is the carpenter introduced to the reader's notice ?
3. What was this tall man singing ?
4. Describe the appearance of the singer.

CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL.

DR. PALEY.

1. What may be said of the ability and qualifications of St. Paul ?
2. To what did he devote his life and talents ?
3. How is Paul's course of life graphically described by Dr. Paley ?
4. What record have we of his doings ?
5. How do the history and the letters agree ?
6. From these records what do we learn concerning the associates he had in this kind of work ?

7. What opportunities had many of these men to know of the teachings of Christ, his miracles, and his resurrection ?
8. What is said of the miraculous conversion of Paul and the miracles which he himself performed ?
9. In view of all these things, what important question arises ?
10. What question must be decided concerning Paul himself, and the life he led ?

MEN OF OUR TIMES.

H. B. STOWE.

1. What have our own days witnessed ?
2. What may be said of the preparations for that battle ?
3. Who are to be regarded as the Men of Our Times ?
4. Who are included among this number ?
5. Whom does the writer place foremost on the roll ?— *Abraham Lincoln.*
6. How does the writer regard the war of the Rebellion ?
7. What proof is given of the correctness of this view ?
8. Who have taken sides with the cause of freedom the world over ?
9. Who have been arrayed against it ?
10. How did the laboring classes in foreign lands heroically stand by the cause that was to free the oppressed ?
11. Why have they had courage and fortitude to do this ?
12. In whose hands has the great contest been held ?
13. According to the writer's view, how was the leader in this great work chosen ?

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN.

1. What are the chief merits of this poem ?

JOAN OF ARC.

DE QUINCEY.

1. What parallel does the author draw between Joan of Arc and David, King of Israel ?
2. What was it that made the great difference between the final fortune of the one and that of the other ?
3. How is the prosperity of David contrasted with the fate of Joan ?
4. How does the author express his faith in the girl's sincerity and truthfulness ?
5. How did her pure aspirations give evidence of the genuineness and noble-heartedness of her conduct ?
6. What will be her condition when the thunders of universal France shall proclaim the grandeur of her character ?
7. What fulfilment has this prediction received in the awakening of France to a sense of Joan's true character ?
8. What was her portion in this life ?
9. Did she expect anything else ?
10. What does the author represent her as saying ?
11. From what belief did she never relax ?
12. What glimpse does the author give of the manner in which she suffered death ?
13. How does he describe the honors that were not for her who so richly deserved them ?
14. How are her achievements enumerated ?
15. Who opposed her in all this forward movement ?
16. Who were her supporters ?
17. How old was she when she had accomplished all this ?
18. Did she become elated by her success ?
19. How did she show her generosity and tenderness of heart even to her enemies ?
20. How did her feelings find expression on the day when she had finished her work ?
21. What did she pray that God would grant her for the remainder of her life ?

CHARLES SUMNER

H. B. STOWE.

1. What suggestion did Sumner indignantly repel ?
2. What cheered him in the darkest hours ?
3. How did he express his unwavering faith to a friend who commended his courage ?
4. What have those words proved to be ?
5. What significant questions does the writer ask ?
6. What might be inscribed upon the graves of Douglas and Webster ?
7. How did these men die ?
8. With whom are they contrasted ?

MAY AND NOVEMBER.

N. HAWTHORNE.

1. Describe the chamber where Phœbe Pyncheon slept.
2. Describe the entrance of the morning sunlight, and the effect it produced.
3. What were the thoughts and feelings of the waking girl ?
4. How was she the more inclined to devotion ?
5. What did she discover as she peeped out of the window ?
6. Describe the rosebush and tell its origin.
7. How did it seem to be offering its morning worship ?
8. What valuable gift did Phœbe possess ?
9. What magic effects can such a gift produce ?
10. Upon what did Phœbe now exercise that gift ?
11. What was the result of her efforts ?
12. What helped to drive the gloom from the heretofore dismal room ?

MARTIN LUTHER.

DR. W. ROBERTSON.

1. From what was Luther saved by a seasonable death ?
2. Relate the circumstances that led to his death.
3. For what was he raised up by Providence ?

4. In what opposite colors have his life and character been drawn ?
5. Who were they who imputed to him not only the vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon ?
6. How did others look upon him and his work ?
7. How should the opinions of the present age be regulated concerning him ?
8. What virtues must even his enemies allow him to have possessed ?
9. What further credit must be given him ?
10. How were his magnanimity and generosity manifested in his life ?
11. How were these extraordinary qualities alloyed ?
12. To what could these not be imputed ?
13. From what do they seem to have taken their rise ?
14. How is this view explained ?
15. What may be said of his confidence, his courage, his firmness ?

CHARACTER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

DR. W. ROBERTSON.

1. What were the charms and accomplishments of Mary, Queen of Scots ?
2. What may be said of her attachments ?
3. Why was she so impatient of contradiction ?
4. Why did dissimulation seem so natural and so harmless to her ?
5. How was she affected by flattery and dissimulation ?
6. What brief estimate of her character does the author give in a single sentence ?
7. How was she betrayed into errors, and even crimes ?
8. What were among the causes of her almost uninterrupted succession of calamities ?
9. Can her course of action be excused by the corrupt manners of the age in which she lived ?
10. How will humanity treat this part of her character ?

11. To what may some generously impute her actions ?
12. What may be said of her sufferings ?
13. How are we likely to feel while thinking of her sufferings and distresses ?

VICTORY THROUGH SUFFERING.

LONGFELLOW.

1. How does the poet describe the location of the city of Philadelphia ?
2. How does he set forth the charms of the place ?
3. How was Evangeline, the wandering maiden, made to feel here ?
4. What were some of the causes of her contentment ?
5. By what beautiful figures does the poet illustrate the clearing away of the turmoils which had haunted her mind for so many years ?
6. Was Gabriel forgotten ?
7. How did he appear to her ?
8. What lesson had a life of trial taught her ?
9. How is this diffusion of her love illustrated ?
10. What was her only hope or wish in life ?
11. How did she spend her years ?
12. What fell upon the city at length ?
13. How is the effect of the plague figuratively described ?
14. Under the scourge of this relentless oppressor, what was the only difference between the rich and the poor ?
15. How was the almshouse situated at that time, and what surrounds it now ?
16. What do its humble walls seem to echo ?
17. How did the dying look upon Evangeline as she nursed them ?
18. Describe her passage to the almshouse on a Sabbath morning.
19. What did she hear as she mounted the stairs ?
20. How did the calmness of the hour affect her ?

21. How did she enter the chamber of sickness, and move about among the afflicted ones ?
22. How did the room look, and what changes had taken place during the night ?
23. What sudden change came upon the feelings of Evangeline ?
24. How did her feelings find expression ?
25. Who lay on a pallet before her ?
26. How did he look ?
27. What caused the red on his lips, and of what does it remind the poet ?
28. Though motionless, senseless, dying, how was he affected by Evangeline's cry ?
29. What gentle words followed ?
30. What passed through his mind as in a dream ?
31. What reality followed the vision ?
32. How did he expire, after this one look of recognition had passed between them ?
33. What was ended now ?
34. How did Evangeline express herself ?

MEN OF GENIUS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1. Among what class of men are to be found the chief benefactors of mankind ?
2. What do they do for us ?
3. To what are they compared ?
4. What does the author regret ?
5. Why is it vain to murmur in their behalf ?
6. What is said of the hardships of their course ?
7. What recompense may an author of true genius find, even though his work is not appreciated ?
8. What is it distressing to survey ?
9. On the other hand, what is doubly cheering ?
10. What rank do such men hold ?
11. What should he do who would write heroic poems ?

MEN OF REAL GENIUS ARE RESOLUTE WORKERS.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

1. Of what is there an overplus at the present day ?
2. What is thought of common sense ?
3. What does the history of art show us concerning men of real genius ?
4. What did these men know ?
5. What have the great masters of art often been obliged to do ?
6. What sensible advice is given by a subtle author ?
7. How does the writer prompt an artist or an author to energetic and persistent work ?
8. How may one be consoled for failures ?
9. In what does the magic of the pen lie ?
10. What is the effect of dallying with one's purpose ?
11. How does the printer's boy sometimes help an author to write well ?
12. What is the secret of his success ?

HUMBLE WORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1. To what themes have poets too often devoted their genius ?
2. What, in the opinion of Wordsworth, is more worthy to be celebrated ?
3. Where will the memory of the just survive, even though not celebrated here ?
4. How does he locate the home of a gentle dalesman, whose virtues he would sing ?
5. What gift was denied this man from early childhood ?
6. What was the condition of the mountain valley to him ?
7. What delightful songs were unknown to him ?
8. What stirring scenes were as silent to him as a picture ?
9. How was he upheld ?
10. How did he occupy himself ?
11. What ordinary incentives to labor did he lack ?

12. How did he always make himself an agreeable inmate of another's home ?
13. How did he find society and refresh his thoughts ?
14. What was the result of this constant intercourse with books ?
15. What did he find in them to cheer him on stormy days, and during long winter evenings ?
16. How was he appreciated and made welcome by those with whom he lived ?
17. How was his funeral graced ?
18. How are his name and character still preserved ?
19. What is said of the offices of the pine-tree, whose murmur he could never hear while living ?
20. How does the poet apostrophize light ?
21. How does he point out the grave of one from whom the blessing of light was withheld ?
22. What question may be asked of the wild brooks ? Of the channeled rivers ?
23. How was he protected from walking over the brink of precipices ?
24. How extensive and how minute was his knowledge of flowers ?
25. How far did he extend his knowledge ?
26. How did his countenance show intelligence ?
27. What was the nature of his discourse ?

CHAPTER SIX.

Descriptive and Narrative.

A BATTLE OF ANTS.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

1. Describe the contestants in the battle.
2. What did Thoreau soon learn with reference to the extent of the battle ?
3. Which kind of warriors were the larger,— the black, or the red ?

4. How numerous were the warlike hosts ?
5. What was the state of the battle when the author first came upon the scene ?
6. How did the fighting of the ant legions compare with that of human soldiers ?
7. Describe the struggle between two of the combatants.
8. What did their battle-cry seem to be ?
9. What re-enforcement did one of them receive ?
10. Describe the manner in which the third ant entered into the contest.
11. What means did Thoreau take for watching the issue ?
12. What did he then discover, by the aid of the microscope ?
13. How long did the struggle last ?
14. How did it end ?
15. What was the fate of the victor ?
16. Was the cause of the war ever known, or the final result of it ?
17. What likeness does the writer incidentally suggest between this war and those waged among the nations of the earth ?

THE THREE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. Describe the little town.
2. What rose behind the tall-towered mill ?
3. Tell about the hazel wood.
4. Who, among others, played on this beach a hundred years ago ?
5. Among what did they play ?
6. How does the description of their play suggest the experiences of human life ?

ARDEN ON THE ISLAND.

TENNYSON.

1. Notice how much is told in the first four lines, and how beautifully.
2. What advantages did the island afford ?
3. Describe the home which the three men made for themselves.

SELECTIONS.

- How is their life there tersely described ?
- What was the fate of the youngest ?
- How did Enoch's other companion perish ?
- What did Enoch read in the death of his fellows ?
- What beautiful sights greeted him day by day ?
- What more precious sight was denied him ?
- What did he never hear ?
- What did he hear instead ?
- Describe his continual watchings for a sail.
- What visions, born of memory, haunted him ?
- What did he fancy that he heard at one time ?
- As the seasons came and went, what hope still survived ?
- Describe his rescue.

FUNERAL OF A BELOVED TEACHER.

HANNAH MORE.

- How did the poor people of the mines try to show their affection for the teacher who had worn out her life among them ?
- Describe the scene before the house.
- Give an account of the procession.
- How was the minister affected when he came to the services ?
- What tribute did he pay to the memory of the dead ?
- Describe the scene at the grave.

THE PANTHER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

- Describe the course followed by the two girls in their stroll.
- What caused them to plunge more deeply into the forest ?
- On what did their conversation turn ?
- Where did their walk lead them, and what sights and sounds did they enjoy ?
- By what were they suddenly startled ?
- Why did they follow the sounds ?

7. What was the first intimation of their danger ?
8. Relate the dog's history.
9. How did he now behave ?
10. What did he do when his mistress tried to quiet him ?
11. How did the ladies become aware of the dangers that threatened them ?

DEATH SCENE OF LITTLE EVA.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1. Tell how the life of Eva was fading out.
2. How was her father affected by what he saw ?
3. How does Mrs. Stowe describe his feelings ?
4. How did Eva appear during the last afternoon of her life ?
5. How did she occupy herself ?
6. What did St. Clare say to Miss Ophelia, as he kissed his little daughter good night ?
7. Tell what happened at midnight.
8. What was the prompt action of Miss Ophelia ?
9. What did St. Clare see that made him speechless ?
10. What kind of look was on Eva's face ?
11. Describe the commotion among the servants.
12. What did Eva do when her father called her by name ?
13. To whom did the master turn for comfort in this moment of agony ?
14. What were the dying child's last words ?

LITTLE NELL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1. As little Nell wandered alone through the empty old church, how did everything seem ?
2. What tokens of age and decay were all about her ?
3. What united to make one common monument of ruin ?
4. What found one common level here ?
5. What had one part of the edifice been ?
6. What were to be seen there ?

7. What did they serve to keep in memory ?
8. What were the strange child's feelings, as she sat among these stark figures, surrounded by the implements of old wars ?
9. What did she do ?
10. What were some of her thoughts ?
11. Describe the ascent of the tower.
12. What sights met her eyes when she had reached the top of the turret ?
13. What did this change of scene seem like ?
14. After she had left the church, how did the sounds and sights of the school affect her ?
15. Where was she found after dark that night ?

THE SILENT SLEEPER.

DICKENS.

1. What did little Nell seem, as she lay dead upon her bed ?
2. How was her couch decorated ?
3. What had been her request concerning this ?
4. How does the writer compare the child and her bird ?
5. What change had taken place in the appearance of the child ?
6. Through what scenes had that face and that form passed ?
7. Describe the actions and looks of the old man whose mind had been dazed with suffering.
8. What earthly scenes could know her no more ?

MYSTERY OF LIFE.

JOHN RUSKIN.

1. How did the author obtain his influence in earlier life ?
2. To what must be due the influence which he now desires to retain ?
3. What have most people felt at some time in life ?
4. By what have they been startled ?
5. What is it that we cannot truly perceive, even at such times ?
6. What are we least of all able to understand ?
7. What will one day be said of both the good and the evil ?

8. Between what two classes, however, will there be found an infinite separation ?
9. Concerning what did the author have a dream ?
10. How does he describe those who attended a party ?
11. What is said of the house, and especially of the surroundings ?
12. How was the happiness of the party disturbed ?
13. How were these difficulties finally settled ?
14. What did they all have to do at last ?
15. What opportunities for happiness did those children have who remained in the house ?
16. What did some of the most practical of the children covet for their own ?
17. How were the most of the children soon occupied ?
18. What was finally declared by those who thought themselves the most sensible ones in the company ?
19. In what did their covetousness end ?
20. What made it seem the more strange that they should be so eager to obtain these nail-heads ?
21. What did they begin to say to one another ?
22. When the noise of their contentions had roused the author from his dreams, what reflections passed through his mind ?

FROM THE "DESERTED VILLAGE."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. With what apostrophe does the author begin this selection ?
2. What charms of the village does he recall ?
3. What sweet sounds came up from the village at the close of day ?
4. What great change has come over the place ?
5. What picture does he draw of a solitary matron seeking to obtain a livelihood by gathering watercresses ?
6. What now marks the spot where the village preacher's modest mansion rose ?
7. Give his beautiful description of the preacher.
8. What were his ambitions ?

9. What is said of his hospitality ?
10. How did he discharge his duties ?
11. How did he try to elevate his fellow men ?
12. Describe his offices at the death-bed.
13. How did he conduct services at church ?
14. When services were over, how did his parishioners show their love for him ?
15. How did he respond to their attentions ?
16. To what does the poet compare him ?
17. Describe the spot where the village master had his noisy school.
18. Describe the schoolmaster.
19. How had the children learned to adapt themselves to his moods ?
20. Whenever he was severe, to what was the severity to be charged ?
21. What is said of his wonderful learning ?
22. What of his powers of argument ?
23. What has become of the village tavern ?
24. What marks the spot where the sign-post stood ?
25. What used to go on in that building which now lies in ruin ?
26. Describe the room in which these animated talks were held ?
27. What takes place there no more ?
28. How does the poet exalt native charms and spontaneous joys ?
29. How does he express his contempt for midnight masquerades and all the freaks of wanton wealth ?
30. What important duty does he suggest to statesmen and the friends of truth ?

THE "BAS BLANC" (THE WHITE STOCKING).

HANNAH MORE.

1. Point out the witty comparisons suggested and the exquisite touches of humor found in this apparently serious letter ?

REMARKS.— This unique piece of work was greatly admired and highly praised by the eminent critics of the day. It shows a rich vein of humor and innocent pleasantry not often possessed by so serious a writer.

A LETTER.

HANNAH MORE.

1. How does Miss More describe the pupils of the new school she was just opening ?
2. How many of this banditti had she enlisted ?
3. How was the stern clergyman and magistrate affected when he saw so many of these rough creatures kneeling around the gentle woman who had come to instruct them ?
4. How does Miss More speak of her hope of doing them any good ?
5. Whom did she meet as she was coming out of church with her ragged regiment ?
6. What unexpected kindness did these musicians perform ?

THE MENDIP FEAST.

HANNAH MORE.

1. Who honored this feast with their presence ?
2. Who led the procession as they marched to the place where the dinner was to be served ?
3. Describe the remainder of the procession.
4. What caused the onlookers to shed tears ?
5. How were the exercises conducted upon the grounds ?
6. How were they closed ?
7. How did the procession leave the grounds ?
8. How did the several schools leave the place where all had at first assembled ?
9. How many people attended the exercises of the day ?
10. How was good feeling shown among different classes of people ?
11. What did all of them show by their behavior ?
12. How many poor children had that day enjoyed one good meal ?
13. From what had these good results sprung ?

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Public Speeches and Patriotic Sentiment.

ORATION ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

1. With what statements does the orator introduce his speech ?
2. What does he say of the mourning which the death of the president has called forth ?
3. Why did it not seem fitting to analyze his character or his career at that time ?
4. What was it hard to believe ?
5. What change had taken place within a few years in the circumstances and fame of Abraham Lincoln ?
6. What had made him a character toward which all the eyes of the world had turned with respect and admiration ?
7. By what qualities was he fitted for a wise administration ?
8. What other causes had been at work in the fulfilment of what had been accomplished ?
9. What had been done by the government that immediately preceded his administration ?
10. Contrast the condition in which he found the republic with that in which he left it.
11. Enumerate some of the changes that had been effected.
12. How was he looked upon by the proud when he first assumed his office ?
13. How had the people of the nation assured him of their confidence ?
14. How did he manifest a sweet disposition, and a magnanimity almost unparalleled ?
15. What pertinent questions does the orator ask ?
16. How does he answer the questions ?
17. Why does he say that no sentiment of despair should mix with the nation's sorrow ?
18. What does he predict as the result of the president's death by the hand of an assassin ?

19. At whom was the blow aimed that took the life of the president ?
20. What was the object of the crime ?
21. What is said of his grave, his monument, and his enduring memory ?
22. Repeat the orator's benediction.
23. Why was the president happy in life and happy in death ?

LINCOLN'S SPEECH IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

1. What were the circumstances under which this speech was made ?
2. What does he say of his feelings on the occasion ?
3. What had been suggested to him ?
4. What did he say in return ?
5. What had he often pondered over ?
6. What question had he often asked himself ?
7. How does he now answer the inquiry ?
8. On what basis does he think the country must be saved if saved at all ?
9. Does he think this principle should be given up in any case ?
10. What did he say about the use of force by the government ?
11. What apology did he make for his unpremeditated speech ?

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

1. Prepare a careful analysis of this piece.
2. See if you can point out the elements in this speech which have made it so famous throughout the world.

REMARK.— Few speeches have ever been made which were so appropriate to the occasion on which they were delivered, so brief, and yet so far-reaching in their suggestions.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

J. G. WHITTIER.

1. Give the poet's description of the town of Frederick and its surroundings.
2. Describe the entrance of the Confederate army.
3. How did Barbara Frietchie show her patriotism ?
4. What order was given and executed, as the soldiers came before the window where the stars and stripes were floating ?
5. What was the effect of the firing ?
6. Describe the fearless action of the brave woman.
7. How did her words affect the leader of the Confederate forces ?
8. What order did he give ?
9. How does the poet beautifully describe the floating of the torn flag that day ?
10. With what benediction does he close the poem ?
11. Write a paraphrase of the poem, and learn by experience how difficult it is to produce the impressiveness of the poet, when the fire of poetic genius does not warm the heart of the writer.

DIFFICULTIES AND TORMENTS IN TRYING TO CONCEAL
CRIME.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. In what simple but effective manner does the great orator introduce his subject ?
2. What does Providence seem to have ordained with reference to such things ?
3. What outward influences and actions are likely to lead to the discovery of crime ?
4. What are some of the feelings that impel the murderer to confess his own guilt ?
5. How is it that the secret which he possesses comes at last to possess him ?
6. How is he finally driven to confession ?

7. Notice the simple language of this wonderful speech, and how plain and straightforward the statements are.
8. Observe how skilfully the parts are arranged, and how irresistibly, step by step, the mind is led on till the culminating point is reached.

EMANCIPATION.

J. G. WHITTIER.

1. What announcement does the poet make to the dark, sad millions ?
2. What cheering command does he give them ?
3. What spirit does he exhort them to manifest ?
4. What does he advise them to do ?

NATIONAL PARTIALITY AND PREJUDICE.

BOLINGBROKE.

1. What does the writer regard as one of the most epidemical follies among the sons of men ?
2. At what were the Chinese mandarins strangely surprised ?
3. What can contribute most to prevent us from being tainted with this foolish vanity ?
4. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, what change will it produce in our judgment and feelings ?
5. By what example does he illustrate this change ?

PATRIOTISM ; LIBERTY ; FREEDOM.

COWPER.

1. What is said of patriots ?
2. What does he incur who puts confidence in such declaimers for liberty as are themselves the slaves of lust ?
3. What significant questions does the poet ask ?
4. What is said of the value of a liberty that is not often sung by poets or praised by senators ?
5. What is this glorious liberty, and whence is it derived ?
6. How is it bought, and how sealed ?

7. Who is the real freeman ?
8. Can such a one be bound by foes ?
9. With what propriety can he claim as his own all the grand and beautiful things in nature or in art ?
10. How can he have a richer use of other men's possessions than they have themselves ?
11. What may be said of the city of his birth ?
12. What of the extent and universality of his freedom ?
13. Is it possible to bind the freedom of a man in whom God delights, and in whom he dwells ?
14. Analyze the selection.
15. Give a synopsis of each topic.
16. Note the passages that especially please you.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

Reflective.

THE NIGHT JOURNEY OF A RIVER.

W. C. BRYANT.

1. How is the river addressed ?
2. How does it glide on ?
3. What is said of its ministry ?
4. By whom are the elements for a time left in peace ?
5. Who have, for a while, forgotten their toils ?
6. What does the poet hear all through the night ?
7. What is said of the river's everlasting journey ?
8. Whence does it draw its silvery train ?
9. What will the dweller by the river's side find at morn, though all the waters that upbore his boat the day before have slid away over night ?
10. What good offices has the river been performing during the silent hours of the night ?
11. What does the poet say of the voice that the river utters while all else is still ?

12. What reflection does he express concerning the people who dwell near the stream ?
13. What repeat the story of the endless goings forth of the river ?
14. Who are they who can hear the voice of the river no longer ?
15. What did the river once do for them ?
16. What does it do for them no longer ?
17. What is true of the ever-present memories of these departed friends ?
18. Describe the sorrows of those who mourn for them.
19. What will be the fate of these memories and these sorrows ?
20. Describe the passage of the river through the city.
21. What would be seen if one could look into the room whence comes that "dimmer ray," or into the attic window whence comes a "steady beam" ?
22. What sad reminders of sorrow stand close beside the haunts of revel ?
23. What does the watchman hear as he paces the wharf ?
24. What other listeners are there ?
25. What admonition is given to the river ?
26. What will the ocean do for the now polluted waters of the river ?

EXTRACT FROM "THE VOYAGE."

W. IRVING.

1. What impression was made on the mind of Mr. Irving as he saw the coast line of his native land fade away ?
2. What reflections were awakened in him ?
3. To whom is a sea voyage full of subjects for meditation ?
4. What are these subjects ?
5. In what occupations did the author find delight ?
6. What were some of the sights that he beheld when looking down from the deck of the ship into the sea ?
7. On such occasions what did his imagination conjure up ?
8. What were his speculations on beholding a distant sail that was gliding along the edge of the ocean ?

9. What shapeless object was one day seen drifting at a distance ?
10. What was there upon this floating mast that gave it at once a human interest ?
11. What evidence was there that this wreck had drifted about for many months ?
12. Repeat the thoughts that it suggested to the writer.
13. Describe the storm that came on at night.
14. How did the ship behave ?
15. What were the author's experiences and impressions after he had retired to his cabin ?
16. What was the effect of a fine day and a tranquil sea ?
17. Describe some of the influences of fine weather and a fair wind at sea.

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

HANNAH MORE.

1. How does Miss More assure herself of the constancy of God's presence and mercy ?
2. What prayer does she utter ?
3. What promises does she make ?
4. How does she address her wayward heart ?
5. How is her state — her acceptance with God — to be tried ?
6. What questions does she propound to herself ?
7. Of what may she be assured if she can answer these questions affirmatively ?

SILENCE.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. In what places is there a silence where no sound has been, and no sound may be ?
2. Is this like the silence produced by hushed voices or silent footsteps ?
3. What wander far over the idle ground, yet never speak ?
4. What silence is more impressive than these eternal ones just described ?

5. Where is this true silence found, self-conscious and alone ?
6. Is it absolute silence ?
7. What, then, makes it so impressive ? — *It may be the thought of the human voices that have once rung through these solitudes, but are now hushed.*

THE SEA OF DEATH.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. What did the writer imagine that he saw ?
2. What followed close upon life, and swallowed her steps like a pursuing grave ?
3. Where were his sad thoughts anchored ?
4. Describe this passionless sea of the past, as the poet saw it.
5. What does he say of the spring-faced cherubs that he saw sleeping like water-lilies on that motionless deep ?
6. How did Life regard them ?
7. What does he say of some of the neighboring brows near these lovely faces ?
8. How did these lips that curled in bitterness and scorn bequeath the world's pain to the world again ?
9. How did they all lie there ?
10. Who slept with them, and how ?
11. Note the beauties of this poem, and write a paraphrase of it

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

JOHN RUSKIN.

1. When may we look up in hope to the mighty monuments which the leaves have builded ?
2. How does Mr. Ruskin describe these monuments ?
3. In what sense may the trees be regarded as the monuments of the leaves ? — *They show what the leaves have done.*
4. What may we regard as their last counsel and example ?

CONTRASTED VIEWS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1. What contrasted views may be taken of life ?
2. What illustration does the poet give ?
3. How else may this illustration be applied ?
4. Write a paraphrase of this selection.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1. How is the heart of man described ?
2. How is the natural bond of brotherhood severed ?
3. What crime has been deemed sufficient to make a man the lawful prey of those who have the power to enslave him ?
4. What has been sufficient to make lands abhor each other ?
5. How are nations made enemies who would otherwise mingle into one ?
6. What is human nature's broadest, foulest blot ?
7. How does Mercy view the stripes that are sometimes inflicted upon the slave ?
8. Into what questions does the humane heart of the poet burst forth ?
9. How does he express his repugnance to owning slaves himself ?
10. What would the poet rather suffer than to oppress his fellow men ?

LETTER ON MORNING.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. To what does the lady owe the letter ?
2. What does the writer say of the city and the morning ?
3. What is the metaphorical sense of the morning ?
4. What do most inhabitants of cities know about the real morning ?

5. What is their idea of the morning ?
6. What essential features of it are unknown to them ?
7. What duties and occupations does it recall to them ?
8. What is it that they never enjoy, because they have never seen it ?
9. What does David speak of taking to himself ?
10. What are the wings of the morning ?
11. What words of Scripture are thus fulfilled ?
12. What poets have given us so much beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of the morning ?
13. What are new every morning and fresh every moment ?
14. Does the writer think that the glories of morning have deteriorated since the creation ?
15. Why should these glories of the morning seem more miraculous to us than they did to Adam ?
16. How does Mr. Webster declare his own appreciation of the morning ?

"ONLY A YEAR."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1. What changes have a year brought about ?
2. What were in high activity a year ago ?
3. What now remain of all that beauty, life, and joy ?
4. How is nature affected by this change that seems so great to us ?

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

1. How does the author describe a night storm at sea ?
2. What petition does she make ?
3. How are the ship and its passengers swept on with headlong force ?
4. How does the ship stand the tempest ?
5. What confidence does the writer manifest ?
6. How does she speak of home and friends ?

7. What favor does she ask ?
8. How does she contemplate the wrecks that lie at the bottom of the sea ?
9. What is her final prayer ?

FROM THE SERMON ON AUTUMN.

REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

1. How is evening described ?
2. Why do the thoughtless fly from this hour ?
3. Why has it in all ages been loved by the wise ?
4. What is its first impression ?
5. How does it do this ?
6. What follows this first impression ?
7. What causes this feeling of loneliness ?
8. For what does this hour seem to have been fitted by him who made us ?
9. What further scene is presented as the evening shades darken upon our dwellings ?
10. What do the heavens thus open up to our eyes ?
11. While our hearts thus follow up the splendors of the scene, what do we for a time forget ?
12. What are we made to feel ?
13. Describe the eventide of the year.
14. What is said in general of this season ?
15. What are the writer's feelings concerning this scene ?
16. What changes do we note as we go out into the field ?
17. What effect does this apparent desolation of nature have upon our feelings ?
18. What suggestions does it afford concerning our own condition ?
19. How do we rise from such meditations ?
20. How are we then prepared to look upon life ?
21. What evidence do we find in ourselves that our hearts have been made better, and especially more forgiving ?

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. How does the Flood of Years originate ?
2. What do its winds bear before them ?
3. Where, and where alone, does life exist ?
4. What tosses and foams on the foremost edge of the flood, filling the air with mingled noises ?
5. Who are seen on this foaming crest ?
6. Enumerate some who are found there ?
7. What is their almost immediate fate ?
8. Describe the groups of revelers.
9. What warlike sounds and scenes are presented ?
10. What is the fate of the combatants ?
11. What is said of the funeral train, and of those who gather by the bed of the dying ?
12. What becomes of the loud-voiced orator and the multitude who applaud him ?
13. What view is given of a company kneeling in prayer ?
14. How are the sculptor, the painter, and the poet brought upon the scene ?
15. When and how are they swept away ?
16. Portray the scene of the mother and her babe.
17. Describe that of the two lovers. That of the white-haired man.
18. As the flood grows wider, what effect has it upon the proud works of man ?
19. What is presented to the poet as he turns his eyes backward ?
20. What wrecks of former greatness does he behold upon this silent ocean of the past ?
21. Of what can he see dim glimmerings in the depths of the sleeping waters ?
22. What does he see floating upon the surface of the silent sea ?
23. What does he behold in every one of these ?
24. What sad thought is suggested to him ?

25. As he looks before, to where the flood must pass, what does he see ?
26. What changes does he observe in this fair brood of Hope ?
27. To what hateful forms do they often give place ?
28. Further on, what seems to bar the way ?
29. Between what states is this the boundary ?
30. According to what the wise and good have said, how do the years roll on beyond that dismal barrier ?
31. What do they gather up and bear softly ?
32. Where does the tide bear them ?
33. How is the river described, now that it is presenting scenes of joy rather than grief ?
34. Describe some of these scenes ?
35. Describe the glorious present that shall succeed the grief-shadowed one of earthly toil and sorrow.

CHAPTER NINE.

Miscellaneous.

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1. How does the road lead out of Beirut,— the one that runs southward along the coast ?
2. How does the writer describe the morning on which he started out on this route ?
3. Give the author's description of the country which he passed through after leaving the mulberry orchards behind ?
4. What was pointed out on the heights, just before the party crossed the little river Damoor ?
5. What did they cross during the afternoon ?
6. What place did they reach toward evening ?
7. Where is the town built ?
8. How does the writer describe the town ?
9. How does he describe this first night under his tent pitched on the grass ?

10. What peculiar feature had the meadows and the fields of barley which they passed the next morning ?
11. What indications of ancient power and prosperity were continually met with ?
12. What does he say of the soil and the crops ?
13. What two charming pictures did he notice during the day ?
14. What partly accounts for the wealth of ancient Tyre ?
15. Describe the approach to the ruins of that once proud city.
16. What kind of picture does the present town present ?
17. How did the breakers sound ?
18. What evidences did he see of the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy ?
19. How does he describe the sea which they beheld on setting out the next morning ?
20. What did the beating waves seem to be saying ?
21. Describe the country into which they soon entered.
22. Describe the Ladder of Tyre, and the mountain spur which it ascends.

THE WORLD WAS MADE WITH A BENEVOLENT DESIGN.

DR. PALEY.

1. How does Dr. Paley show that this is rather a happy world after all ?
2. How does he look upon a bee among the flowers in spring ?
3. Of what is it only a specimen ?
4. What does he think about the whole winged insect tribe ?
5. What evidences of happiness does he note among very small insects ?
6. How do the shoals of little fishes appear to him ?
7. What evidences does he see of their happiness ?
8. What remarkable appearance has he observed in walking by the seaside on a calm evening ?
9. What did this cloud turn out to be ?
10. What conclusions does he draw concerning the sum of happiness enjoyed by such a vast number of creatures ?
11. What other evidences does he find of the happiness of young animals, and especially of children ?

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

1. What gives Steele much despair in his design of reforming the world ?
2. What ought every man to know ?
3. What enables these impostors to go on with their work ?
4. What aggravates the jest ?
5. Who are especially successful in deceiving ignorant people, both those of quality and those of a lower order ?
6. How do both classes pay dearly for their foolish admiration ?
7. What specimen does he give of ridiculous advertisements ?
8. In what does the art of managing mankind seem to consist ?
9. What example does he give of the magical influence of an occasional foreign word ?

SECURITY OF OUR BEST BLESSINGS.

BOLINGBROKE.

1. How have those things which are of the greatest value to us been made secure, so that no one can have the power to withhold them from us ?
2. What are among the most important of these ?
3. Why can we not find ourselves absolute strangers anywhere ?
4. What will be the same to us, no matter where we go ?

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

E. B. BROWNING.

1. Paraphrase the poem, and write such inferences as it suggests to you.

ON REVENGE.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1. Why will a wise man make haste to forgive ?
2. What may be said of him who willingly suffers the corrosions of hatred, or gives up his days and nights to the gloom and malice of stratagem ?

3. Resentment is defined in what way ?
4. Who may be classed among the most miserable of mankind ?
5. In what sad state are such people ?
6. Who are they who will not long need persuasives to forgiveness ?
7. What things are unknown to us, which, if they were revealed, might greatly change our feelings ?
8. What mistakes are we liable to make ?
9. What dangers menace us on every side ?
10. How may we avoid these dangers ?
11. How are men withheld from exercising a forgiving spirit ?
12. How may pride be stigmatized ?
13. Of what does it consist ?
14. What, and what only, can be great ?
15. What may be said of those who allow themselves to be swayed by others, contrary to their own convictions of right and duty ?
16. What is the utmost excellence to which humanity can arrive ?
17. What is pride, in Johnson's view, at the best ?
18. Why is it unwise to trust in the approbation of men ?
19. What may be said of one who neglects the counsel of God to secure the approval of men ?
20. With what powerful statements does the author conclude his argument ?

FROM THE ESSAY ON HISTORY.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

1. What has history been said to be ?
2. What is the difficulty in realizing this ideal ?
3. What besides a knowledge of facts must a historian possess ?
4. How must he be able to control his imagination ?
5. How good a reasoner must he be ?
6. From what must he abstain ?
7. Who will not think it strange that history should fail in reaching a perfect ideal ?

8. What story did Herodotus have to tell as his history approached his own time ?
9. What were the characteristics of this story ?
10. Give some illustrations of the wonders which he related.
11. What examples of integrity and fortitude were there for him to present ?
12. What was certain to be favorably received ?
13. How have some critics spoken of history ?
14. How does the author show that a really successful portrait painter must possess some things vastly superior to mere mechanical skill ?
15. How does he describe certain remarkable portraits ?
16. What example does he cite from history that corresponds to such a portrait ?
17. Does a portrait have to be an exact counterpart of a person, in order to be true to its original ?
18. How does the author illustrate this truth ?
19. Can history be absolutely true in a literal sense ?
20. What is true of the most accurate annals ?
21. Since no history and no picture can present the whole truth, what are the best pictures and the best histories ?
22. What effect may a historian produce who is deficient in the art of selection, even though he tells nothing but the truth ?
23. What apparent paradox does the author present with reference to this ?
24. What further illustrations does the writer draw from the art of painting ?
25. How does the writer conclude his remarks ?

"THEY SAY."

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

1. What is said of the power and influence of "they say" ?
2. Of what is this a consequence ?
3. What question should every well-meaning man ask himself before he yields to this sort of dictation ?

FROM THE HISTORY OF HYPATIA.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. How is Hypatia described ?
2. What were her attainments in science and philosophy ?
3. What did she add to this knowledge ?
4. What rendered her the wonder, not only of the populace, but of the philosophers as well ?
5. How wide-spread was her fame ?
6. What is said of her beauty and virtue ?
7. What is said of her knowledge, and of her bearing ?
8. In what do both Christians and heathens have but one voice ?
9. How did her great reputation prove a misfortune to her ?
10. Describe her martyrdom.

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