

PART FOURTH

Casabianca.

- 1 THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame, that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him—o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form!
- 2 The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;—
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: "Say, father! say
If yet my task is done?"—
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.
- 3 "Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!
And"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,

- And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair;
- 4 And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way:
They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.
- 5 There came a burst of thunder sound,—
The boy!—oh where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,—
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart!

MRS HEMANS.

Casabianca was the son of the admiral of the warship "L'Orient." Having, in the battle of the Nile, received orders from his father not to quit his post till he returned, the brave boy perished in the flames rather than disobey his father's order.

Ixtaccihuatl at Night.

(Seen from "El Sacro Monte")

- 1 Pillowed on high, with her face to the sky.
In a statue-like repose.
My "Lady in White," sleeps soundly to-night.
Wrapped in her wind-woven snows.
- 2 On her pallid hands are glittering bands,
Lit by the moon's pale beam.

- And on her brow,—you may see it now.—
The wan stars faintly gleam.
- 3 Upon her breast the ages rest,
The nations lie dead at her feet:
The shuttle of Time through how many years,
Has been weaving their winding sheet!
- 4 What hast thou seen, my "Lady in White,"
With thy face upturned to the sky,
What hast thou seen in the tongueless years
Since thy streams came babbling by?
- 5 Since thou never hast turned thy gaze upon earth,
What hast thou seen in heaven,—
Since the night thou wert vomited up from the gulfs,
When the earth shook, anguish-riven?
- 6 And I seem to hear, from the icy crags,
My "Lady in White" reply:
"I have seen the sun and the stars and the moon
And the years go hurrying by:
- 7 "I have seen the clouds that crept cold round my
breast,
I have seen the snow and the sleet;
I have felt the bolts of the thunder fall
On my frozen brow and feet;
- 8 "Some twice or thrice, o'er my cold, grey ice
I have seen the ant-men crawl;
And I once saw a flame on my comrade's brow.
And 'twas then I heard him call—
- 9 "As I gaze each day, through the blue, and away
To the outermost limits of space,

There seems to be, I seem to see
Above the stars, A FACE! !"

- 10 Such are the thoughts that come to-night
At "Sacro Monte's" shrine,
Where the full moon silvers the ancient trees,
That mingle their voice with mine!
- 11 Ye snows, that whiten "my lady's" brow,
Ye blossoms, that bloom at her feet,
I beg for the boon of your brotherhood,
When you may deem me meet;—
- 12 I would be a brother to all the stars,
A brother to all the flowers,—
A kinsman to every tree in the wood,
Whose lives are purer than ours.—
- 13 A brother to every glittering peak
That lifts its head toward God.—
A brother to all that is loyal and true,
Be it seraphim, servant, or clod!

F. S. BORTON. D. D.

"Sacro Monte," Puebla.

Dec. 10 1902.

"El Camino Real."

from Guatemala to California. 18 th. century.

- 1 'Twas a "Royal Road," a thorny road,
A road through the deserts spread,
With seldom a pool their lips to cool,
And never a shade o'er their head!

- 2 'Twas a "Royal Road," where those "padres" strode,
O'er desert and mountain and dale,
Bearing to Indians swart and wild,
Of Jesus' love, the tale.
- 3 'Twas a road that lengthened to many a rood,
From Guatemala's shore
Till it ended at "Yerba Buena's Bay,"
A thousand leagues, or more.
- 4 'Twas a "Royal Road," a kingly road,
For only kingly men,
With the grace of Heaven filling their hearts
Followed its windings then.
- 5 The hot sands scorched their sandal shoon,
The cactus studded the plain,
But the friars of old, those hearts of gold,
Sang and kept on again!
- 6 'Twas a "Royal Road," for royal hearts
Were those that travelled it first,
Despite the death that crouched by the way,
And the salt plain's quenchless thirst.
- 7 Wherever a spring gushed from the sod,
In the midst of a sheltered vale,
They planted the Cross, they raised the walls
Of a "Mission," and told the tale
- 8 Of Love Divine to the wondering throngs
Of brown-faced Indians there,
Till the Idol gave place to the Cross of Christ,
And the "Angelus" sweetened the evening air!
- 9 "Camino Real" the "Royal Road,"
The way "Junipero" went

From Queretaro City to Monterey
As a herald, from heaven sent!

- 10 Its milestones were "Missions," crumbling now,
Its trophies, souls of men;
Its pass-words, "faith" and "hope" and "love,"
That were more than mere words, then.
- 11 Where those friars of old, who sought no gold,
Rested for some brief day
The palm and the olive sprang up in their path,
You may see them still, to-day!
- 12 The vine twined its tendrils about their door,
The mocking-bird sang in the trees,
And a spell that was woven of sun and bloom,
From the lotos isles of the Western seas,
- 13 Soothed every sound but the silver bells.
That clashed in their old, grey towers,
And the peace of God flowed over their hearts,
Would that it now were ours!
- 14 Oh the "Royal Road," of the days of gold,
By valley and desert and shrine,
Worn by the feet of the "padres" of old,
Whose names shall ever shine
- 15 In the annals of all that was loyal and true,
Of all that was bravest and best,
As the pioneer heroes for Christ and the Church
In the Golden Age of the West!

FRANCIS S. BORTON. D. D.

Puebla, Mexico.

Remembrance

- 1 I remember, I remember
The house where I was born—
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!
- 2 I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!
- 3 I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!
- 4 I remember, I remember
The fir trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

It was a childish ignorance,
 But now'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

Charge of the Light Brigade.

- 1 "Half a league! half league,
 Half a league onward."—
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 "Charge for the guns" he said;
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
- 2 "Forward, the Light Brigade"
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Someone had blunder'd;
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die,
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
- 3 Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,

- Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.
- 4 Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
 Sabr'ing the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right through the line they broke:
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.
 - 5 Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.
 - 6 When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd
 Honour the charge they made!

Honour the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

ALF. TENNYSON. (1809-1892.)

Poet Laureate.

This was an incident in the Crimean War (1854-1856) between England, France and Turkey on one side and Russia on the other.

Owing to some mistake of the meaning of an order from the Commander-in-chief, the Light Brigade of 607 men in all, charged what has been rightly described as the "Russian Army in position." October 25, 1854. Of the 607 only 198 came back. Long, painful and hopeless were the disputes about this fatal order. The controversy can never be wholly settled. The officer who bore the order was one of the first to fall in the outset. All Europe, all the world rung with wonder and admiration of the splendid Charge. Perhaps its best epitaph was done in the celebrated comment ascribed to the French General Bosquet and which has since become proverbial, and has been quoted till men are wellnigh tired of it, "It was magnificent, but it was not war."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"History of our own times."

A Psalm of Life.

- 1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead, that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
- 2 Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
- 4 Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
- 5 In the world's broad field of battle'
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife!
- 6 Trust no future, how'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!
- 7 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:
- 8 Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
- 9 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. (1807-1882)

The Soldier's dream.

- 1 Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd;
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
- 2 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.
- 3 Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed, on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.
- 4 I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.
- 5 Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart—
- 6 "Stay, stay with us—rest; thou art weary and worn"—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL.

The Graves of a Household.

- 1 Thy 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.
- 2 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?
- 3 One, midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid:
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar's shade.
- 4 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.
- 5 One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd,
Above the noble slain:
He wrapped his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.
- 6 And one-o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd:

She faded midst Italian bowers;
The last of that bright band.

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

8 They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with mirth the hearth—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

MRS. HEMANS (1794-1835)

On the death of a Chorister boy of St Luke's
Church, San Francisco, California.

- 1 Sadly shed tears of love,
For the dear departed:
Gone to the realms above,
Left us broken-hearted.
- 5 He has joined the heavenly choir:
Angel voices blending,
Sing with him the songs we love,—
Praises never ending.—
- 3 We shall miss him when we meet
In our Holy House of Prayer;
Gaze upon his vacant seat,
Wish, in vain—Would he were here.

R. J. Fenn.

Those Evening Bells.

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

J. Moore.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 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!
- 6 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!
- 7 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.
- 8 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 in his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

Sir John Moore defeated the French at Corunna, January 16th 1809. He received a mortal wound in the battle, and died soon after the victory was won.

Before daybreak next morning, when his troops had to embark, his body, wrapped in his soldier's cloak, was buried on the ramparts of the town.

Hohenlinden.

- 1 On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th'untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
- 2 But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.
- 3 By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious o'ery charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.
- 4 Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.
- 5 But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
- 6 'Tis morn,—but scarce you level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.
- 7 The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!

Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

- 8 Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

There was war between France and Austria in 1800. On the 3rd. of November one of the generals, Moreau, defeated the Austrians with great slaughter at Hohenlinden, a village in Bavaria.

The Village Blacksmith.

- 1 Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
- 2 His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
- 3 Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
Yes can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow.

- Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.
- 4 And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
- 5 He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hear his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
- 6 It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more—
How in the grave she lies;
And, with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
- 7 Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
- 8 Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;

Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Henry W. Longfellow. (1807-1882)

Home, sweet home.

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

2 An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain:
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than
all.

Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

Payne.

Four beautiful evening hymns.

1 Glory to Thee, my God this night
For all the blessings of the light
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings.

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

3 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
May no ill dreams disturb my rest;
No powers of darkness me molest.

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

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

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

BISHOP KEN. (1820.)

1 Abide with me; fast falls the evening tide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
 What, but thy grace, can foil the tempter's power?
 Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
 Where is death's sting? where grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Thou on my path in early youth didst smile;
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.
- 6 Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes:
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 flee:
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. AMEN.

H. F. LYTE. (1847)

Apart from the great power and beauty of this hymn, it has peculiar interest for us when we know something of the writer. The author was Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, a man whose life was filled with disappointments and afflictions. His ambitions were crossed, his affections betrayed, and he was a martyr to ill health. The hymn was written when he was face to face with death. He had gathered sufficient strength to go before his people and administer the Holy Communion. Worn out with weakness, he retired to his chamber. In the evening he came out and placed in the hands of a relative the stanzas of this hymn. There, with his physical strength failing, how touchingly he describes his experience!

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away."

And face to face as he was with death, what triumphant faith is revealed in these words!

"I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless.
 Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting? Where grave thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me."

- 1 Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh;
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.
- 2 Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep:
 Birds and beasts and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesu, grant the weary
 Calm and sweet repose;
 With thy tenderest blessing
 May our eyelids close.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil,
 From their sins restrain.
- 5 Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee;
 Guard the sailor tossing
 On the deep blue sea.
- 6 Through the long night watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,

Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. AMEN.

S. BARING-GOULD. (1865.)

- 1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest,
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and bright.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above. AMEN.

J. KEBLE (1820.)

He never smiled again.

See Page 242.

- 1 THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!
- 2 There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,—
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair:—
He never smiled again!
- 3 He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring:
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep:—
He never smiled again!
- 4 Hearts, in that time closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured;
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;

Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
 Were left to heaven's bright rain;
 Fresh hopes were born for other years:—
He never smiled again!

Mrs. Hemans.

Napoleon's farewell to France.

- 1 Farewell to thee, land where the gloom of my glory
 Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with my name,
 She abandons me now, but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
 I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
 I have coped with the nations that dread me thus
 lonely,
 The last single captive to millions in war.
- 2 Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth—
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found
 thee,
 Decay'd in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
 Then the Eagle whose gaze in that moment was blas-
 ted,
 Had still soar'd with eyes fixed on victory's sun.

Byron.

Ambition.

Cardinal Wolsey to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim't at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
 And-Pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have;
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's: my robe,
 And my intergrity to heaven is all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Shakespeare. "Henry VIII."

Mercy

The quality of mercy is not strain'd:
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The thronéd monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
 It is an attribute to God himself:
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

Shakespeare. "Merchant of Venice"

The old arm-chair.

1 I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
 I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with
 sighs;
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
 Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there;
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

2 In childhood's hour I lingered near,
 The hallowed seat with listening ear,
 And heeded the words of truth that fell
 From the lips of a mother that loved me well;
 She told me shame would never betide
 With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

3 I sat and watched her many a day,
 When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray
 And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
 And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
 Years rolled on; but the last one sped—
 My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
 I learned how much the heart can bear
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

4 'Tis past! 'tis past!: but I gaze on it now
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
 'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;
 And memory flows with lava tide.
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
 While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
 But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
 My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.

A few verses from one of the most beautiful and finished poems in the English language,—*Gray's Elegy written in a country churchyard*

- 1 The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
- 2 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:
- 3 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
- 4 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap.
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
- 5 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
- 6 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Nor busy house-wife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Every student of English should make himself acquainted with the whole of this matchless poem.

The Village Preacher.

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 on forty pounds a year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.

Unpracticed 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 forget 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 even 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, reprov'd 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 falt'ring 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;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
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.

From Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

PART FIFTH