

THE
ORIENT READERS

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ILLUSTRATED

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK

1892

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No. IV.

Lesson I.

WALKING THE STREETS.

1. HAVE you ever walked through the crowded streets of a great city? What shoals of people pouring in from opposite quarters, like torrents meeting in a narrow valley! You would imagine it impossible for them to get through; yet all pass on their way without stop or molestation.

2. Were each man to proceed exactly in the line in which he set out, he could not move many paces without encountering another full in his track. They would strike against each other, fall back, push forward again, block up the way for themselves and those after them, and throw the whole street into confusion. All this is avoided by every man's *yielding a little*.

3. Instead of advancing square, stiff, with arms stuck out, every one who knows how to walk in the

streets, glides along, his arms close, his body oblique and flexible, his track gently winding, leaving now a few inches on this side, now on that, so as to pass and be passed without touching, in the smallest possible space. He pushes no one into the kennel, nor goes into it himself. *By mutual accommodation*, the path, though narrow, is made to hold them all. He goes neither much faster nor much slower than those who go in the same direction.

4. Just so it is in our progress through the world,—a thousand things stand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face, with opposite opinions and inclinations. Some stand before us in our pursuit of pleasure or interest, and others follow close upon our heels. Now, we ought, in the first place, to consider, *that the road is as free for one as for another*; and, therefore, we have no right to expect that persons should go out of their way to let us pass, any more than we out of ours. Then, if we do not mutually yield, and accommodate a little, it is clear that we must stand still, or be thrown into a perpetual confusion of squeezing and jostling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as fast as possible to some point of pleasure or interest in our view, and do not occasionally hold back, when the crowd gathers, and angry contentions arise, we shall only augment the tumult, without advancing our own progress. On the whole, it is our business to move onwards, steadily, but quietly, obstructing others as little as possible, yielding a little to this man's prejudices, and that man's desires, and doing everything in our power to

make the journey of life easy to all our fellow-travellers, as well as to ourselves.

Pronounce and spell—

op'-pos-ite	flex'-i-ble	in-clin-a'-tion
tor'-rents	ken'-nel	oc-ca'-sion-al-ly
mo-lest-a'-tion	mu'-tu-al [tion	tu'-mult
en-coun'-ter-ing	ac-com-mo-da'-	ob-struct'-ing
ob-li'que	con-tin'-u-al-ly	pre'-ju-dice

Lesson II.

EYES AND NO EYES : OR, THE ART OF SEEING.

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

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

Oh—Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round

by Camp Mount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull. He hardly saw a single person. He had much rather have gone by the turnpike-road.

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

4. He has got a piece of mistletoe, wants to know what it is; and he has seen a woodpecker, and a wheat-ear, and gathered strange flowers on the heath; and hunted a peewit, because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and very wet he got. But he did not mind it, because he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting, and gave him a dead adder. And then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and wanted to go again, and make out the geography of the country from the county maps. And then, because the hill was called Camp Mount, he looked for a Roman camp, and found one; and then he went down to the river, saw twenty things more; and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough, and thoughts enough, to last him a week.

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

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

“So it is. One man walks through the world

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

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

8. I say "good boys"; not merely clever boys, or prudent boys: because using your eyes, or not using them, is a question of doing Right or doing Wrong. God has given you eyes; it is your duty to God to use them. If your parents tried to teach you your lessons in the most agreeable way, by beautiful

picture-books, would it not be ungracious, ungrateful, and altogether naughty and wrong, to shut your eyes to those pictures, and refuse to learn? And is it not altogether naughty and wrong to refuse to learn from your Father in Heaven, the Great God who made all things, when He offers to teach you all day long by the most beautiful and most wonderful of all picture-books, which is simply all things which you can see, hear, and touch, from the sun and stars above your head to the mosses and insects at your feet? It is your duty to learn His lessons: and it is your interest. God's Book, which is the Universe, and the reading of God's Book, which is Science, can do you nothing but good, and teach you nothing but truth and wisdom. God did not put this wondrous world about your young souls to tempt or to mislead them.

Kingsley's *Madam How and Lady Why*.

Pronounce and spell—

sen-ten'-tious	hand'-ker-chief	su-per-i-or'-i-ty
pu'-pil	ge-o'-graph-y	un-gra'-cious
win'-dow		

Lesson III.

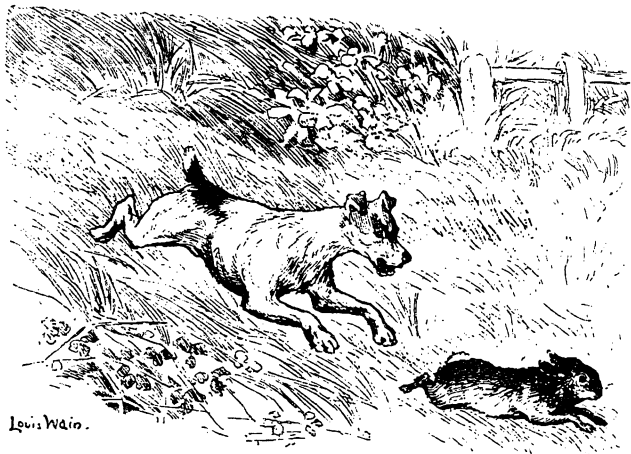
THE USEFULNESS OF THE LOWER ANIMALS TO MAN.

1. ALL things that the Beneficent Creator has produced upon our globe are admirably connected with one

another, so as to contribute to their mutual preservation. The earth itself, with its rocks and sands, its ores and its salts, owes its origin and continuance to the elements. The trees, plants, herbs, and all the vegetables, draw their subsistence from the earth; while the animals, in their turn, feed upon the vegetables. The earth gives nourishment to the plant; the plant is food for the insect, the insect for the bird, the bird for wild beasts; and in rotation the wild beasts become the prey of the vulture, the vulture of the insect, the insect of the plant, and the plant of the earth. Even man, who endeavours to turn all these things to his own use, becomes himself their prey.

2. Such is the circle in which all things here take their course, that all beings were created for one another. Tigers, lynxes, bears, and a number of other animals provide us with skins and furs to cover us; dogs pursue the hare and the stag, to furnish our tables; the terrier drives the rabbit from its deepest recesses into our snares; the horse, the elephant, and the camel are trained to carry burdens, and the ox to draw the plough; the cow gives us milk, the sheep gives wool; the reindeer make the sledges fly over snow and ice; the hawk serves us in fowling, and the hen gives us eggs; the cock wakes us early in the morning, and the lark amuses us with its song in the daytime; the whistling note of the blackbird is heard from morning till evening, and then the melodious warbling of the nightingale is charming to the ear. The sporting lambs, the playful calf, the innocent

doves, and the stately plumage of the peacock give pleasure to the sight; the silkworm spins its web to clothe us; the bees collect with care the honey we find so useful; even the sea continually throws upon its shores crawfish, lobsters, oysters, and all sorts of



DOGS PURSUE THE HARE.

shellfish for our wonder; the glowworm shines in the midst of darkness, to give light.

3. If we observe the different occupations of man, we shall find that they also tend to this same end, which Nature purposed. The sailor braves the dangers of the seas and storms to convey merchandise which does not belong to him to its destined place; the ploughman sows and reaps grain, of which he consumes but little himself. Thus, we do not live for ourselves

only; for the wise Author of Nature has so ordained, that all beings should be useful to one another.

4. Let us learn hence our mutual duties. The strong should assist the weak, the well-informed should assist with his advice those who want it; the learned should instruct the ignorant; indeed, we should love our neighbour as ourselves, and thus fulfil the designs of the Creator. The mutual offices men owe to one another have occasioned them to form themselves into societies. What divided force could not accomplish is easily executed by united strength. No man could erect a stately building or palace without assistance. One person alone could not lay the foundation, dig the cellars, make and burn the bricks, raise the walls, put on the roof, furnish the windows with glass, and decorate the apartments; but all this is done with ease when different workmen assist one another.

5. Even things which appear to us of so little importance that we scarce deign to look at them, all contribute to make us happy. The very insects we so much despise are useful to us. May it teach us to value as we ought the goodness of our merciful Father, and to be sensible of our own happiness!

STURM.

Pronounce and spell—

ben-ef'-i-cent	nou'r-ish-ment	re-cess'-es
pres-er-va'-tion	ro-ta'-tion	el'-e-phant
con-tin'-u-ance	vul'-ture	whis'-tling
el'-e-ments	rab'-bit	(whisling)

Pronounce and spell—

mel-o'-di-ous	pe'a-cock	mer'-chan-dise
black'-bird	lob'-ster	de'c-or-ate
rein'-deer	oy'-ster	dif'-fer-ent
plu'-mage	oc-cu-pa'-tion	con-trib'-ute

Lesson IV.

GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.

1. Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven !
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy :—
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !
2. Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air ?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily ;—
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow ;
God provideth for the morrow !
3. ONE there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny :

ONE there lives, who, lord of all,
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
 Pass we blithely, then, the time,
 Fearless of the snare and lime,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;
 GOD provideth for the morrow!

REGINALD HEBER.

Pronounce and spell—

man'-tle	who'le-some	war'-bles
des'-tin-y	gua'rd-i-an	ci'-ti-zens
bles'-sed	(gardian)	hun'-ble
crim'-son	fe'a-thers	

Lesson V.

THE CALIFORNIAN GRIZZLY BEAR.

1. THE grizzly bear is the largest and most formidable of the quadrupeds of California. He grows to be four feet high and seven feet long, with a weight, when very large and fat, of two thousand pounds, being the largest of the carnivorous animals, and much heavier than the lion or tiger ever gets to be, but ordinarily does not exceed eight or nine hundred pounds in weight. In colour the body is a light grayish-brown, dark brown about the ears and along the ridge of the back, and nearly black on the legs. The hair is long, coarse, and wiry, and stiff on the top of the neck and

between the shoulders. The "grizzly," as he is usually called, is more common in California than any other kind of bear, and was at one time exceedingly numerous for so large an animal; but he offered so much meat for the hunters, and did so much damage to the farmers, that he has been industriously hunted, and his numbers have been greatly reduced.

2. He ranges throughout the State, but prefers to make his home in the chaparral or bushes, whereas the black bear likes the heavy timber. The grizzly is very tenacious of life, and he is seldom immediately killed by a single bullet. His thick, wiry hair, tough skin, heavy coats of fat when in good condition, and large bones, go far to protect his vital organs; but he often seems to preserve all his strength and activity for an hour or more after having been shot through the lungs and liver with large rifle balls.

3. He is one of the most dangerous animals to attack. There is much probability that when shot he will not be killed outright. When merely wounded he is ferocious; his weight and strength are so great that he bears down all opposition before him; and he is very quick, his speed in running being nearly equal to that of the horse. In attacking a man, he usually rises on his hind legs, strikes his enemy with one of his powerful fore-paws, and then commences to bite him. If the man lies still with his face down, the bear will usually content himself with biting him for a while about the arms and legs, then go off a few steps, and after watching him a short time, will go away. But let the man move, and the bear is upon him again;

let him fight, and he will be in imminent danger of being torn to pieces. About half-a-dozen men, on an average, are killed yearly in California by grizzly bears, and as many more are cruelly mutilated.

4. Fortunately the grizzly bear is not disposed to attack man, and never makes the first assault, unless



A GRIZZLY BEAR.

driven by hunger or maternal anxiety. The dam will attack any man who comes near her cubs, and on this account it is dangerous to go in the early summer afoot through ground where bears make their home. Usually a grizzly will get out of the way when he sees or hears a man, and sometimes, but rarely, will run when wounded. It is said that grizzlies, in seasons of

scarcity, used to break into the huts of the Indians and eat them. No instance of this kind, however, has been reported for some years past.

5. The greater portion of the food of the grizzly is vegetable, such as grass, clover, berries, acorns, and roots. The roots which he eats are of many different species, and it was from him that we learned the existence of a Californian truffle, very similar to the European tuber of the same name. The grizzly is very fond of fresh pork, at least after he knows its taste, which he soon learns if swine come within his reach. The farmers in those districts where the bears are abundant shut up their hogs every night in corrals or pens, surrounded by very strong and high fences, which the bears frequently tear down. After having killed a hog, if any part of the carcass is left, the grizzly will return at night and feast upon the remains until it becomes putrid. He prefers, however, the fresh pork, if it can be had.

6. Often the grizzly discovers the carcasses of deer, elk, and antelope, killed by hunters, who have gone off after horses to carry their game home. In such cases the hunter usually finds little left for him when he gets back. They do not like climbing, and rarely attempt to ascend trees. The grizzly, though he often moves about, and feeds in the day, prefers the night, and almost invariably selects it as the time for approaching houses, as he often does, in search of food.

7. The cub is one of the most playful and good-humoured of animals. He will tumble somersaults, sit up on his haunches and box, and in some of his

pranks will show a humour and intelligence scarcely inferior to that of very young children. The grizzly may easily be tamed, and it becomes very fond of its master. Adams, the Californian mountaineer and bear-hunter, trained several grizzlies so that they accompanied him in his hunting excursions, defended him against wild animals, and carried burdens for him. The meat of the young grizzly resembles pork in texture and taste, exceeding it in juiciness and greasiness; but the meat of the old he-bear is extremely strong, and to delicate stomachs it is nauseating.

J. S. HITTELL.

Pronounce and spell—

for'-mid-able

mu'-til-ate

stom'-ach

qua'd-ru-ped

an-xi'-e-ty

car'-case

car-ni'-vor-ous

ac-tiv'-i-ty

av'-er-age

ten-a'-cious

ex-cur'-sion

as-sault

fer-o'-cious

Lesson VI.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MAN.

[Translated from the Sanskrit.]

1. To whom is glory justly due ?
To those who pride and hate subdue ;
Who, 'mid the joys that lure the sense,

- Lead lives of holy abstinence ;
 Who, when reviled, their tongues restrain,
 And, injured, injure not again ;
 Who ask of none, but freely give
 Most liberal to all that live ;
 Who toil unresting through the day,
 Their parents' joy and hope and stay ;
2. Who welcome to their homes the guest,
 And banish envy from their breast ;
 With reverent study love to pore
 On precepts of our sacred lore ;
 Who work not, speak not, think not sin,
 In body pure, and pure within ;
 Whom avarice can ne'er mislead
 To guilty thought or sinful deed ;
3. Those hero-souls cast fear away
 When battling in a rightful fray ;
 Who speak the truth with dying breath
 Undaunted by approaching death,
 Their lives illumined with beacon light
 To guide their brothers' steps aright ;
 Who loving all, to all endeared,
 Fearless of all by none are feared ;
 To whom the world with all therein,
 Dear as themselves, is more than kin ;
4. Who yield to others, wisely meek,
 The honours which they scorn to seek ;
 Who toil that rage and hate may cease,
 And lure embittered foes to peace ;
 Who serve their God, the laws obey,
 And earnest, faithful, work and pray ;

To these, the bounteous, pure, and true,
Is highest glory justly due.

From the *Mahābhārata* ; translated by GRIFFITH.

Pronounce and spell—

con-sci-en'-tious	scrut-in-i'-sing	un-daunt'-ed
ab'-stin-ence	re'-ver-ent	bea'-con

Lesson VII.

THE MAD DOG.

1. SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON was well known in the early part of the present century as one of the most earnest assistants of William Wilberforce in freeing England from the crimes inseparable from slave-holding. It is not, however, of his public career, nor of his deep piety, that we are about to speak, but of one incident in his life, which shows how a really religious and intrepid man will face a sudden and frightful peril for the sake of others. The event took place in the summer of 1816, when he was thirty years old, a capital sportsman and a man of remarkable personal strength and great height (six foot four). He was not as yet a baronet, and was at the time living at Hampstead, and daily riding into Spitalfields to attend to the affairs of a brewery in which he was a partner.

2. During a visit that his wife and children were making at a distance, he had been staying with his

brother-in-law, Mr. Hoare, near his home. When his servant brought his horse to him there, it was with the intelligence that his dog, Prince, was in a strange state, had killed the cat, almost killed another dog, and had tried to bite some of the servants. Mr. Buxton desired that the creature should be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to his business in the town; but as he returned he saw Prince, evidently mad, covered with mud, running furiously and biting at everything.

3. Mr. Buxton tried to ride him down or drive him into some outhouse, but in vain; and he bit at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man, springing at a boy and seizing him by the breast, but this time his master was near enough to knock him down with his whip. He then changed his course, setting off for London, and Mr. Buxton rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him, and constantly calling to him; but the poor animal was past attending to the well-known voice, whether coaxing or scolding.

4. He was getting near closely-inhabited places, and considering the fearful damage he might effect, Mr. Buxton thought, "If ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this is it," and determined to catch him himself. Prince ran to a garden door, and Mr. Buxton, leaping from his horse, grasped him by the neck.

5. His struggles were so desperate, that it seemed at first almost impossible—even for so powerful a man—to hold him (he was evidently a large dog); but lifting him up from the ground, he was more easily managed, and Mr. Buxton contrived to ring the bell;

but for a long time no one came to his help, and being afraid lest the foam which was pouring from the poor beast's jaws might get into some scratch on his fingers, and be as dangerous as an actual bite, he with great difficulty held Prince with one hand while he worked the other into the glove in his pocket, then changed hands, and thus put on the other glove. At last the gardener opened the door, and asked what he wanted.

6. "I've brought you a mad dog," was the answer; and desiring him to get a strong chain, Mr. Buxton walked into the yard carrying Prince by the neck. He was determined not to kill the dog at once, thinking that if it should prove not to be a case of hydrophobia, it would be a great relief to the persons who had been bitten, and this could only be determined by letting the disease take its course. The gardener was in great terror, but had sense enough to obey directions, and was able to secure the collar round the dog's neck, and fasten the other end of the chain to a tree.

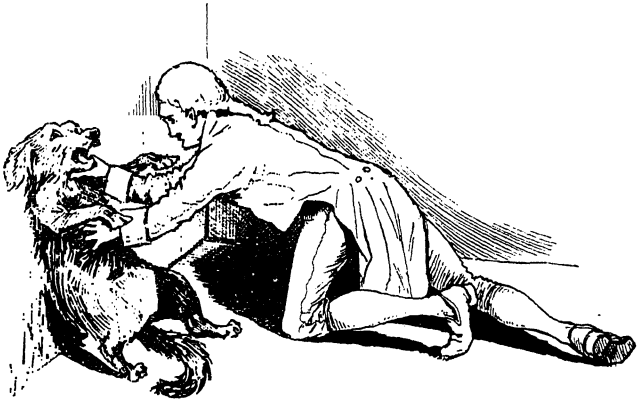
7. Mr. Buxton then walked to the utmost bound of the chain, and with all his force, which was nearly exhausted by the dog's frantic struggles, threw the creature as far away from him as he could, and sprang back in time to avoid poor Prince's desperate bound after him, which was followed by "the most fearful yell he ever heard."

8. All day the unhappy creature, in the misery of that horrible disease to which our faithful companions are sometimes subject, rushed round and round the tree, champing the foam that gushed from his jaws, and when food was thrown to him, snatched at it with

fury, but could not eat it. The next day Mr. Buxton thought the chain in danger of giving way, so renewing his act of bravery, he obtained a stronger chain and a pitchfork. Between the prongs of this he contrived to get the dog's body, without piercing it, and thus held him pinned down to the ground, while fastening a much larger chain round his neck. On the pitchfork being removed, the dog sprang up and dashed after his master with such violence that the old chain snapped in two.

9. However, the frenzy soon spent his strength, and he died only forty-eight hours after the first symptoms of madness had appeared. All the dogs and cats he had bitten were killed by Mr. Buxton himself, knowing that for such a painful business it was wiser to trust to no one's resolution and humanity but his own. The man and boys had the bitten parts cut out and the wounds burnt, and it was hoped that the horrid consequences might be averted from them. He himself expressed great thankfulness for both his own escape and his children's absence from home, and thus wrote to his wife a day or two after: "What a terrible business it was! You must not scold me for the risk I ran. What I did, I did from a conviction that it was my duty, and I never can think that an over-cautious care of self in circumstances where your risk may preserve others, is so great a virtue as you seem to think it. I do believe if I had shrunk from the danger, and others had suffered in consequence, I should have felt more pain than I should have done had I received a bite."

10. The perfect coolness and presence of mind shown in the whole adventure are, perhaps, some of its most remarkable features — all being done from no sudden impulse, no daring temper, but from the grave, considerate conviction of the duty of encountering the peril on the part of the person most likely to be able to secure others; and no one who has shuddered at



SIMON'S STRUGGLE

the accounts of the agonies of hydrophobia can fail to own how deadly that peril was.

11. As a pendant to the Englishman's battle with a mad dog, let us see a combat between one of these frenzied creatures and a French weaver, named Simon Albony, a poor man of the town of Rhodéz, who was the breadwinner for his aged father. Coming home from his work, in the summer of the year 1830, at about seven o'clock in the evening, he encountered a mad dog, who had already greatly injured several of

the townspeople. The creature was advancing slowly, but suddenly turned upon him. Setting his back against a wall, he courageously waited for it, and laid hold of it, though not without being severely bitten. He kept it with a firm hand, shouting that he would not let it go to do further mischief, but that some one must bring him an axe and break its back.

12. Monsieur Portat, a mounted gendarme, heard him, and hastening to his help, found him struggling with this large hound, holding him by the neck and ears, and constantly asking for an axe to kill him with. The gendarme struck the dog with his stick, but it was not strong enough to kill it; and another person came up with a heavier club, and gave it a finishing stroke. Albony had received fourteen wounds on the body, thighs, and hands; but they were immediately operated upon, and he recovered.

Pronounce and spell—

in-tre'p-id	coa'x-ing	shu'd-dered
bar'on-et	des'-per-ate	pen'd-ant
bre'w-er-y	hy-dro-pho'-bi-a	gen'-darne
in-tel'-li-gence	fren'-zy	(jongdarm)
fu'-ri-ous-ly		

Lesson VIII.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

[To be learnt by heart.]

1. WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.
3. Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
4. To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
5. Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

6. When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran ;
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
7. Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
8. When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
9. Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
10. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
11. Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
12. When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13. Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For, oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

ADDISON.

Pronounce and spell—

rav'-ished
 pre'-cious

con-ce'ived
 health

slip'-per-y
 theme

Lesson IX.

LESSON FROM THE RAIN.

PART I.

1. LET us suppose that it is summer-time, that you are in the country, and that you have fixed upon a certain day for a holiday ramble. Some of you are going to gather wild-flowers, some to collect pebbles, and some without any very definite aim beyond the love of the holiday and of any sport or adventure which it may bring with it. Soon after sunrise on the eventful day you are awake.

2. It is arranged that you do not start until after breakfast-time, and meanwhile you busy yourselves in getting ready all the baskets and sticks and other gear of which you are to make use during the day. But the brightness of the morning begins to get dimmed.

The few clouds which were to be seen at first have grown large, and seem evidently gathering together for a storm. And sure enough, ere breakfast is well over, the first ominous big drops are seen falling. You cling to the hope that it is only a shower which will soon be over, and you go on with the preparations for the journey notwithstanding. But the rain shows no symptom of soon ceasing. The big drops come down thicker and faster; little pools of water begin to form in the hollows of the road, and the window-panes are now streaming with rain. With sad hearts you have to give up all hope of holding your excursion to-day.

3. It is no doubt very tantalising to be disappointed in this way, when the promised pleasure was on the very point of becoming yours. But let us see if we cannot derive some compensation even from the bad weather. Late in the afternoon the sky clears a little, and the rain ceases. You are glad to get outside again, and so we all sally forth for a walk. Streams of muddy water are still coursing along the sloping roadway.

4. If you will let me be your guide, I would advise that we should take our walk by the neighbouring river. We wend our way by wet paths and green lanes, where every hedgerow is still dripping with moisture, until we gain the bridge, and see the river right beneath us. What a change this one day's heavy rain has made! Yesterday you could almost count the stones in the channel, so small and clear was the current. But look at it now! The water fills the channel from bank to bank, and rolls along swiftly.

5. We can watch it for a little from the bridge. As it rushes past, innumerable leaves and twigs are seen floating on its surface. Now and then a larger branch, or even a whole tree-trunk, comes down, tossing and rolling about on the flood. Sheaves of straw or hay, planks of wood, pieces of wooden fence, sometimes a poor duck, unable to struggle against the current, roll past us and show how the river has risen above its banks and done damage to the farms higher up its course.

6. We linger for a while on the bridge, watching this unceasing tumultuous rush of water and the constant variety of objects which it carries down the channel. You think it was perhaps almost worth while to lose your holiday for the sake of seeing so grand a sight as this angry and swollen river, roaring and rushing with its full burden of dark water. Now, while the scene is still fresh before you, ask yourselves a few simple questions about it, and you will find perhaps additional reasons for not regretting the failure of the promised excursion.

7. In the first place, where does all this added mass of water in the river come from? You say it was the rain that brought it. Well, but how should it find its way into this broad channel? Why does not the rain run off the ground without making any river at all?

8. But, in the second place, where does the rain come from? In the early morning the sky was bright, then clouds appeared, and then came the rain, and you answer that it was the clouds which supplied the rain.

But the clouds must have derived the water from some source. How is it that clouds gather rain, and let it descend upon the earth?

9. In the third place, what is it which causes the river to rush on in one direction more than another? When the water was low, and you could, perhaps, almost step across the channel on the stones and gravel, the current, small though it might be, was still quite perceptible. You saw that the water was moving along the channel always from the same quarter. And now when the channel is filled with this rolling torrent of dark water, you see that the direction of the current is still the same. Can you tell why this should be?

10. Again, yesterday the water was clear, to-day it is dark and discoloured. Take a little of this dirty-looking water home with you, and let it stand all night in a glass. To-morrow morning you will find that it is clear, and that a fine layer of mud has sunk to the bottom. It is mud, therefore, which discolours the swollen river. But where did this mud come from? Plainly, it must have something to do with the heavy rain and the flooded state of the stream.

11. Well, this river, whether in shallow or in flood, is always moving onward in one direction, and the mud which it bears along is carried towards the same point to which the river itself is hastening. While we sit on the bridge watching the foaming water as it eddies and whirls past us, the question comes home to us—What becomes of all this vast quantity of water and mud?

PART II.

1. Remember, now, that our river is only one of many hundreds which flow across this country, and that there are thousands more in other countries where the same thing may be seen which we have been watching to-day. They are all flooded when heavy rains come; they all flow downwards; and all of them carry more or less mud along with them.

2. As we walk homewards again, it will be well to put together some of the chief features of this day's experience. We have seen that sometimes the sky is clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly and warmly in it; that sometimes clouds come across the sky, and that when they gather thickly rain is apt to fall. We have seen that a river flows; that it is swollen by heavy rain, and that when swollen it is apt to be muddy. In this way we have learnt that there is a close connection between the sky above us and the earth under our feet. In the morning, it seemed but a little thing that clouds should be seen gathering overhead; and yet, ere evening fell, these clouds led by degrees to the flooding of the river, the sweeping down of trees, and fences, and farm produce; and it might even be to the destruction of bridges, the inundation of fields and villages and towns, and a large destruction of human life and property.

3. But perhaps you live in a large town and have no opportunity of seeing such country sights as I have been describing, and in that case you may naturally enough imagine that these things cannot have much

interest for you. You may learn a great deal, however, about rain and streams even in the streets of a town. Catch a little of the rain in a plate, and you will find it to be so much clear water. But look at it as it courses along the gutters. You see how muddy it is. It has swept away the loose dust worn by wheels and feet from the stones of the street, and carried it into the gutters. Each gutter thus becomes like the flooded river. You can watch, too, how chips of straw, corks, bits of wood, and other loose objects lying in the street are borne away, very much as the trunks of trees are carried by the river. Even in a town, therefore, you can follow how changes in the sky lead to changes on the earth.

4. If you think for a little, you will recall many other illustrations of the way in which the common things of everyday life are connected together. As far back as you can remember, you have been familiar with such things as sunshine, clouds, wind, rain, rivers, frost, and snow, and they have grown so commonplace that you never think of considering about them. You cannot imagine them, perhaps, as in any way different from what they are; they seem, indeed, so natural and so necessary that you may even be surprised when any one asks you to give a reason for them. But if you had lived all your lives in a country where no rain ever fell, and if you were to be brought to such a country as this, and were to see such a storm of rain as you have been watching to-day, would it not be very strange to you, and would you not naturally enough begin to ask the meaning of it?

5. Or let us suppose that a boy from some very warm part of the world were to visit this country in winter, and to see for the first time snow fall, and the rivers solidly frozen over, would you be surprised if he showed great astonishment? If he asked you to tell him what snow is, and why the ground is so hard, and the air so cold, why the streams no longer flow, but have become crusted with ice—could you answer his questions?

6. And yet these questions relate to very common everyday things. If you think about them, you will learn, perhaps, that the answers are not quite so easily found as you had imagined. Do not suppose that because a thing is common, it can have no interest for you. There is really nothing so common as not to deserve your attention, and which will not reward you for your pains.

7. I would fain have you not to be content with what is said in this little book, or in other books, whether small or great, but rather to get into the habit of using your own eyes and seeing for yourselves what takes place in this wonderful world of ours. All round you there is abundant material for this most delightful inquiry. No excursion you ever made in pursuit of mere enjoyment and adventure by river, heath, or hill, could give you more hearty pleasure than a ramble with eyes and ears alike open to note the lessons to be learnt from every day and from every landscape. Remember that besides the printed books which you use at home, or at school, there is the great book of Nature, wherein each of us, young and old, may read, and go on reading

all through life without exhausting even a small part of what it has to teach us.

8. It is this great book—Air, Earth, and Sea—which I would have you look into. Do not be content with merely noticing that such and such events take place. For instance, to return to our walk to the flooded river; do not let a fact such as a storm or a flood pass without trying to find out something about it. Get into the habit of asking Nature questions, as we did in the course of our homeward walk. Never rest until you get at the reasons for what you notice going on around you. In this way even the commonest things will come to wear a new interest for you. Wherever you go there will be something for you to notice; something that will serve to increase the pleasure which the landscape would otherwise afford. You will thus learn to use your eyes quickly and correctly; and this habit of observation will be of the utmost value to you, no matter what may be the path of life which lies before you.

A. GEIKIE.

Pronounce and spell—

o'm-in-ous	sym'p-tom	moi'st-ure
un-ceas'-ing	sup-pli'ed	fo'am-ing
ma-te'r-i-al	ex-cur'-sion	hear'-ty

Lesson X.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

1. HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.
2. Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere ;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.
3. Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.
4. Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming ;

For in the starry night,
 And the glad morning light,
 I come quietly creeping everywhere.

5. Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :
 More welcome than the flowers,
 In summer's pleasant hours ;
 The gentle cow is glad,
 And the merry bird not sad
 To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

6. Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :
 When you're numbered with the dead,
 In your still and narrow bed,
 In the happy spring I'll come,
 And deck your silent home,
 Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

7. Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 My humble song of praise
 Most gratefully I raise
 To Him at whose command
 I beautify the land,
 Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

From *The Liberator*.

Pronounce and spell—

creep'-ing

spark'-ling

lov'e-li-ness

be-dewed

trem'b-ling

sub-se'r-vi-ent

con-tem'pt

re-pi'-nings

Lesson XI.

WIND AND WINDS.

1. THE air lying next to a hot surface is heated; the air touching a cold surface is cooled. Such differences of temperature in the air give rise to the formation of winds.

2. Hot or warm air is lighter than cold air. Now, as you know, heat expands bodies; and it is this expansion of air, or the separation of its particles farther from each other, which makes it less dense or heavy than cold air, where the particles lie more closely together. As a consequence of this difference of density, the light warm air rises, and the heavy cold air sinks. You can easily satisfy yourselves of this by experiment. Take a poker, and heat the end of it in the fire until it is red-hot. Withdraw it, and gently bring some small bits of very light paper or some other light substance a few inches above the heated surface. The bits of paper will be at once carried up into the air. This happens because the air heated by the poker immediately rises, and its place is taken by colder air, which, on getting warmed, likewise ascends. The upward currents of air grow feebler as the iron cools, until, when it is of the same temperature as the air around, they cease.

3. This is the principle on which our fireplaces are constructed. The fire is not kindled on the hearth, for, in that case, it would not get a large enough

draught of air underneath, and would be apt to go out. It is placed some way above the floor, and a chimney is put over it. As soon as the fire is lighted, the air next it gets warmed, and begins to mount, and the air in the room is drawn in from below to take the place of that which rises. All the air which lies above the burning coal gets warmer and lighter; it therefore flows up the chimney, carrying with it the smoke and gases. You will understand that, though a bright blazing fire is a pleasant sight in winter, we do not get all the heat which it gives out. On the contrary, a great deal of the heat goes up the chimney; and, except in so far as it warms the walls, passes away and warms the outer air.

4. What happens in a small way in our houses, takes place on a far grander scale in nature. The sun is the great source of heat which warms and lightens our globe. While the heat of the sun is passing through the air, it does very little in the way of warming it. The heat goes through the air, and warms the surface of the earth. You know that in summer the direct rays of the sun are hot enough to burn your face, and yet, if you put even a thin sheet of paper over your head, enough to cut off these rays, the sensation of burning heat at once goes off, although the same air is playing about you all the time.

5. Both land and water are heated by the sun's rays, and the same change in the air then takes place which we find also at our firesides. The layer of air next the warmed earth becomes itself warmed. As it thereby grows lighter, it ascends, and its place is taken

by colder air, which flows in from the neighbourhood to takes its place. This flowing in of air is wind.

6. It is easy for you now and then to watch how wind arises. Suppose, for instance, that during the summer you spend some time at the sea-coast. In the morning and early part of the day, a gentle wind will often be noticed, blowing from the land out to sea. As the day advances, and the heat increases, this wind dies away. But after a while, when the day is beginning to sink towards evening, another breeze may be noticed springing up from the opposite quarter, and blowing with a delicious coolness from the sea to the land. These breezes are the result of the unequal heating and cooling of the sea and land.

7. Let us understand how this takes place. On a hot day you find that stones, soil, or other parts of the land get very warm under the sun's rays; yet, if you bathe in the sea at that time, you feel its waters to be pleasantly cool. This shows that the land becomes more quickly hot than the sea. After such a hot day, you will find that at night the surface of the land becomes much colder than the sea, because it parts with its heat sooner than the sea does. By day the hot land heats the air above it, and makes it lighter, so that it ascends; while the cooler and heavier air lying on the sea flows landward as a cool and refreshing sea-breeze. By night this state of things is just reversed; for then the air which lies on the chilled land, being colder and heavier than that which covers the warmer sea, flows seaward as a cool land-breeze.

8. In mountainous countries where the higher

ground rises far up into the colder layers of the atmosphere, another beautiful illustration of these changes of movement in the air may be watched. During the day the air, warmed on the mountain-sides, ascends, and a breeze blows up the valleys towards the heights. During the night the cold heavy air on the mountains flows down as a cold breeze into the valleys.

9. Take a school-globe, and notice some of the lines which are drawn round it. Midway between the two poles you will notice a line running round the most projecting part of the globe. This line is called the equator. It divides the globe, as you see, into two halves or hemispheres. Now, over the parts of the earth which this line traverses, and for some way on either side, the sun shines with intense heat all the year round. The air is constantly heated to a high degree, and streams upwards in ascending currents. But just as the hot air along this central belt mounts up into the higher regions of the atmosphere, the cooler air from north and south flows in along the surface to supply its place. This constant streaming of air into the equatorial regions forms what are known as the Trade Winds. The steadiness of these winds, and the way in which they may be counted upon in navigation, led long ago to their being called by their present name.

10. But another main source of movements in the atmosphere, whether gentle breezes or furious hurricanes, arises from changes in the quantity of water-vapour present in the air. This vapour being lighter than air, a mixture of vapour and air is lighter than

the same quantity of air; and of course the more the amount of vapour increases, the less dense does the mixture become. When, therefore, a large amount of vapour is given off into the air over any part of the earth's surface, the result is to cause the air to ascend in that region and allow air with less vapour to flow in from all sides. If this action goes on very rapidly it gives rise to storms.

SEASONAL OR PERIODIC WINDS.

1. The larger masses of land in the northern hemisphere interfere a good deal with that regular distribution which, as shown by the southern hemisphere, a broad unbroken expanse of ocean favours. In January, for instance, the high and cold tablelands of Central Asia become the centre of a vast area over which the pressure of the air is high. Consequently from that elevated region the wind issues on all sides. In China and Japan it appears as a north-west wind. In Hindostan it comes from the north-east. In the Mediterranean it blows from the east and south-east. But in July matters are reversed, for then the centre of Asia, heated by the hot summer sun, becomes part of a vast region of low-pressure, which includes the north-eastern half of Africa and the east of Europe. Into that enormous basin the air pours from every side. Along the coasts of Siberia and Scandinavia it comes from the north. From China, round the south of the continent to the Red Sea, it comes from the Indian Ocean, that is, from south-east, south, or

south-west. Across Europe it flows from the westward. Hence, according to the position of any place with reference to the larger masses of sea and land, the direction of its winds may be estimated.

2. On the shores of the Indian Ocean the summer and winter winds are known as Monsoons—an Arabic word signifying any part or season of the year, but now generally applied to all winds which have a markedly seasonal character. Since the air is drawn in towards the heart of Asia in summer and comes out from that centre in winter, the direction of the monsoon at any place depends upon geographical position. In India the winter wind is the N.E. Monsoon, which corresponds to the N.E. Trades of the North Atlantic and North Pacific Oceans; the summer wind is the S.W. Monsoon, which is a complete reversal of the natural course of the Trade Wind, owing to the enormous in-draught caused by the low summer pressure over Asia. On the Chinese coast the winter wind is a N.W. Monsoon, and the summer wind a S.E. Monsoon. Similar but not quite so strongly contrasted monsoons occur in North America. In the Southern States, for instance, the winter wind comes from the north-east, the summer wind from the south-west.

LOCAL WINDS.

1. Many winds, often of a destructive character, occur in different countries or in different districts of the same country, to which local names are given. When they come from tracts where the pressure is high and

the temperature low to where the pressure is lower and the temperature higher, they are felt as cold blasts, whereby the humidity of the air in the low-pressure area is condensed into torrents of rain. When, around hot desert regions like those of Africa, Arabia, or the interior of Australia, a low atmospheric pressure occurs, its effect sometimes is to draw in towards it the hot air lying over these burning sands, which, in the countries where it blows, is extremely unhealthy. In Italy it is known as the *Sirocco*—a hot moist wind which raises a haze in the air, and produces a sensation of extreme languor both in man and beast. In Spain, where it receives the name of the *Solano*, it sometimes comes across the narrow part of the Mediterranean laden with fine hot dust from the vast African deserts. In Africa and Arabia it appears as the dreaded *Simoom*—a hot suffocating wind which sometimes rushes across the desert with such violence as to raise clouds of sand, and sweep them in whirling masses for many miles. It thus heaps up vast mounds of sand under which caravans of travellers may be completely buried. Again, on the coast of Guinea, during December, January, and February, a hot wind, called the *Hamrattan*, blows from the interior out to sea. The north-west provinces of India have likewise their hot winds, which sometimes produce violent whirlwinds, sweeping up the dust, and carrying it in tall whirling columns into the upper air, whence it gradually finds its way to the earth again.

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

Pronounce and spell—

tem'-per-a-ture	im-me'-di-ate-ly	re-vers'-al
ex-pan'ds	at'-mos-pHERE	hum-i'd-i-ty
con'-se-quence	hem'-i-sphere	suf'-foc-at-ed
den's-i-ty	de-li'-cious	en-gu'lp'ed
ex-pe'r-i-ment	per-i-o'd-ic	

Lesson XII.

THE CHAMELEON.

1. OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post ;
 Yet round the world the man has been,
 To see whatever could be seen ;
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before ;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop :
 " But, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.
2. Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that,

Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

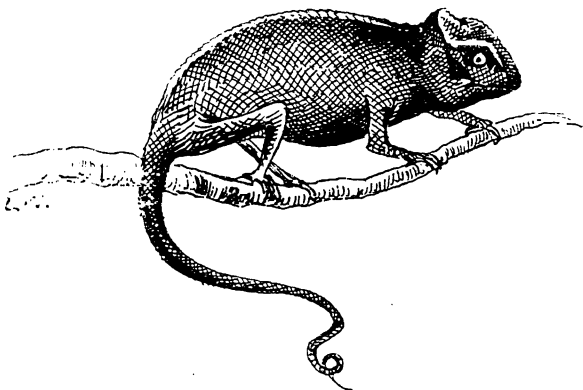
"A stranger animal," cries one,

"Sure never lived beneath the sun!

A lizard's body, lean and long,

A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,

Its foot with triple claw disjoined;



THE CHAMELEON.

And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

3. "Hold there," the other quick replies,
"Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed itself in the sun's ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

4. "I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue.
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."
5. "'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye."
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, do you think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
"For, if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."
6. So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred;
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
7. "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,
The creature's neither one nor t'other:
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
I marked it well; 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but I have got it yet,
And can produce it." "Pray, Sir, do:
For I am sure the thing is blue."
"And I'll engage that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
8. "Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him,"
9. He said; and full before their sight

Produced the beast, and lo—'twas white !
Both stared ; the man looked wondrous wise—
“ My children,” the Chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),



THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

“ You all are right and all are wrong :
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you :
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.”

JAMES MERRICK.

Pronounce and spell—

con-ceit'-ed	judg'-ment	ser'-pent
tra'-velled	de-cis'-ion	af-firm'
ac-qui-es'ce	dis-join'ed	lei'-sure
dis-cou'rsed	re-ferr'ed	luck'-i-ly
triple	per'-ter	um'-pire
sur-vey'ed	fin'-ished	rep'-tile
que's-tion	sub-mis'-sion	pro-noun'ce
won'd-rous		

Lesson XIII.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

1. IN that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

2. I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered

with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expressions of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but, as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

3. I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices and dissonant sounds, which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel.

4. After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence

which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy," said I, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!"—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance.

5. "Happier," said she, "are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!"—"What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?"—"I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence; but I alone can guide to felicity!"—While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

AIKIN'S *Miscellanies*.

Pronounce and spell—

se-ren'-i-ty	cu-ri-o's-i-ty	vo'-tar-ies
va'-ri-ous	wea'r-i-ness	at-ten'-tive
dis-col'-oured	tran-quiet'-li-ty	lan'-gua-ges
au'-tumn	re'-ver-ies	pen'-sive
ben-e'-vol-ence	coun'-te-nance	en-clo'-sure
con-temp-la'-tion	dis-ce'rn	mur'-mur
ro-ma'nt-ic	as-ton'-ish-ment	dis'-son-ant

Pronounce and spell—

con-fou'nd-ed	pro-no'un-cing	med-i-ta'-tion
ex-hil'-ar-a-ting	ex-cla-ma'-tions	e'm-in-ence
lau'r-els	ra'-di-ance	fe-li'-ci-ty
ef-ful'-gence	il-lu'-min-ate	ve'-hem-ence

Lesson XIV.

LOVE OF FATHERLAND.

[To be learned by heart.]

1. BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
2. If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Pronounce and spell—

foot'-steps	min'-strel	des-pit'e
re-now'n	con-cen'-tred	bou'nd-less
wan'd-er-ing	un-hon'-oured	for'-feit
rap'-tures	for'-eign	

Lesson XV.

SELF-CONCEIT.

1. NEVER think more highly of yourself than you ought. What a vast alteration would take place in society, if this reasonable rule were to be attended to! If every one were to fall into his proper place in self-estimation (as he must eventually do in the estimation of others), how many mistakes—how much mortification would be prevented! For it is in every sense true, that “he that exalteth himself shall be abased.”

2. But it requires years and much experience to know ourselves; hence it is, that self-conceit is the fault of youth and ignorance; while we look for true modesty among the wise, the learned, and the venerable.

3. How much better would it be to learn our own insignificance by observation and reflection, than to have it discovered to us by our friends and neighbours!

4. Yet it often requires very broad hints from those around us, before we even begin to suspect that we had rated ourselves too highly; and sometimes even this

will not do; rather than suppose themselves mistaken, some will imagine all the world to be so, and conclude that their merits are overlooked. But this is a kind of injustice that rarely takes place in society; and if, owing to accidental circumstances, it should in any instance be the case that we are thought of more meanly than we deserve, let it ever be remembered, that nothing can be done on *our* parts to redress the grievance. In most cases, indeed, the more we can help ourselves, the better; and he that would have his business done must do it himself; but *here* it is just the reverse. If we set but one step towards our own exaltation, we shall assuredly have to take two or three downwards for our pains. To *deserve* esteem is in our power, but if we *claim* it, we cease to deserve, and shall certainly forfeit it.

5. Young people, at the period when they are acquiring knowledge, are very liable to self-conceit; and thus, by their own folly, defeat the great purpose of instruction, which is, not to make them vain but wise. They are apt to forget that knowledge is not for show, but for use, and that the desire to exhibit what they know, is invariably a proof that their acquirements are superficial.

6. Besides, like most other faults, self-conceit is no solitary failing, but ever brings many more in its train. They who are very desirous to shine themselves, are always envious of the attainments of others, and will be ingenious in discovering defects in those who are more accomplished than themselves.

7. Now is there any gaudy weed who would fain

become a sterling flower? Let such be assured that this wish, if prompted by right motives and followed up by sincere endeavours, will not be in vain. But let it be remembered, that such a change can never be effected by merely adopting the colours, and affecting the attitudes of one. This would be but to become an artificial flower at best, without the grace and fragrance of nature. Be not, then, satisfied with *imitation*, which, after all, is more laborious and difficult than aiming at reality. *Be* what you would seem to be; this is the shortest, and the only successful way. Above all, “be clothed with humility, and have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit;” for of *such* flowers it may be truly said, that “Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.”

JANE TAYLOR.

Pronounce and spell—

mor-tif-i-ca'-tion	la-bo'r-i-ous	ac-com'plished
a-ba'sed	for'-feit	en-dea'v-ours
in-jus't-ice	so-ci'-e-ty	fra'-grance
in'-stance	ac-ci-den'-tal	hu-mi'l-i-ty
know'-ledge	grie'v-ance	ex-hib'-it
su-per-fi'-cial	as-su'r-ed-ly	de-sir'-ous
en'-vi-ous	ac-qui're-ments	in-gen'-i-ous
sin-ce're	sol'-i-tar-y	at'-ti-tudes
art-i-fi'-cial	at-tain'-ments	So'-lo-mon

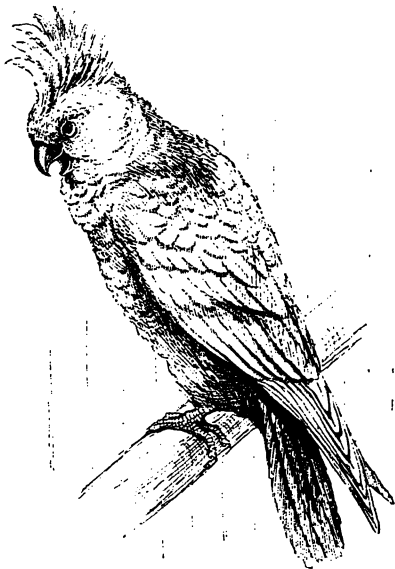
Lesson XVI.

THE PARROT.

1. THE deep affections of the breast,
That heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possess'd
By human hearts.
2. A parrot, from the Spanish main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's¹ shore.
3. To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.
4. For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.
5. But fretted, in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day ;
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew gray.
6. At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,

¹ *Mulla*—the island of Mull, one of the Hebrides.

A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore ;



THE PARROT.

7. He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Pronounce and spell—

ex-clu'-sive-ly	re-splen'd-ent	chat'-tered
heath'-er-y	fret'-ted	

Lesson XVII.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

1. FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage—
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !
2. Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;
3. Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human will.
4. What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heaven pursue.
5. What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives :
 To enjoy is to obey.

6. Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
7. Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge Thy foe.
8. If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.
9. Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.
10. Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.
11. Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath :
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.
12. This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,

Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
 And let Thy will be done.

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

ALEXANDER POPE.

Pronounce and spell—

dam-na'tion	dis'-con-tent	in'-cense
im-pa'rt	cho'-rus	

Lesson XVIII.

A GOLDEN DEED.

1. UNDER English management, Australia is excellent for sheep farms ; but the "bush," as colonists everywhere call uncleared forest land, is particularly desolate and dreary. And it was into such bush that, in the winter of 1864, the three little children of a carpenter, named Duff, at a station near Melbourne, were often sent out to gather broom. The eldest was a boy of nine years old ; Jane, his sister, was seven, and little Frank was five. One evening they did not come back, and their parents became alarmed. Stout men, sturdy explorers, have been known to lie down, famished, to

die in this inhospitable forest ; and what could be the fate of the poor little children ?

2. The father and his neighbours in vain shouted "Cooee!" (the bush call), and sought the country day after day, until a week had passed ; when he obtained the aid of some of the natives, who, despised as they are by the colonists, have a wonderful power of tracking the faintest trail in their forests. They soon made out signs where the children had been, from the bend-



GATHERING BROOM.

ings of the twigs or the tramlings of the grass. "Here little one tired," they said ; "sit down. Big one kneel down ; carry him along. Here travel all night ; dark—not see that bush ; her fall on him." Then came : "Here little one tired again ; big one kneel down ; no get up—fall flat on face."

3. The children had been lost on Friday afternoon.

On the Saturday week, the blacks led the father up to a clump of broom, where lay three little figures, the least in the middle, with his sister's frock over his own clothes. Duff went up to them, comforted, at least, that he could carry home the little corpses to their mother. But the eldest boy roused himself, sat up, and said, "Father!" then fell back from sheer weakness; and, indeed, his lips were so shrunk, that they could no longer cover his teeth.

4. Little Frank awoke as if rousing himself from a quiet sleep. "Father, why didn't you come before?" he said; "we were cooeing for you." Jane was scarcely alive; when she was lifted up, she only made a murmur of "Cold—cold!" If neither had lived to tell the tale, little Frank's condition, so much better than that of his elders, would have told how free from selfishness their behaviour must have been through all that dreadful week. When the elder brother was carried past the places that the blacks had pointed out, his account of their wanderings and adventures exactly agreed with what the natives had inferred.

5. He said that this whole time they had been without food, and had only had one drink of water—perhaps from the "pitcher plant," which is a native of those woods, and has a wonderfully-shaped cup, which retains water for many weeks. A man had been known to live eleven days in the bush upon nothing but water; but the endurance of these little ones was even more wonderful.

6. They all fast recovered; and the feeling of

admiration for little Jane was so strong in the colony, that a subscription was raised for her, which soon amounted to several hundred pounds.

Pronounce and spell—

de'-sol-ate	in-hos'-pit-able	stur'd-y
col'-on-ists	be-ha'-viour	ex-plo'r-er
rasp'-ber-ries	sub-scrip'-tion	

Lesson XIX.

HOME JOYS.

INDEED the great sources of a nation's power and happiness must always lie about the domestic hearth. There or nowhere are sown, and for many years cherished by culture, all those virtues which bloom afterwards in public, and form the best ornaments of the commonwealth. Men are everywhere what their mothers make them. If these are slaves, narrow-minded, ignorant, unhappy, those in their turn will be so also. The domestic example, small and obscure though it be, will impress its image on the state; since that which individually is base and little, can never by congregating with neighbouring littleness become great, or lead to those heroic efforts, those noble self-sacrifices, which elevate human nature to a sphere in which it appears to touch upon and partake something of the divine.
—A. ST. JOHN.

1. SWEET are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet; for they
Like dews of morn and evening come,
To wake and close the day.

2. The world hath its delights,
 And its delusions too ;
 But home to calmer bliss invites,
 More tranquil and more true.
3. The mountain flood is strong,
 But fearful in its pride ;
 While gently rolls the stream along
 The peaceful valley's side.
4. Life's charities, like light,
 Spread smilingly afar ;
 But stars approached, become more bright,
 And home is life's own star.
5. The pilgrim's step in vain
 Seeks Eden's sacred ground !
 But in home's holy joys, again
 An Eden may be found.
6. A glance of heaven to see,
 To none on earth is given ;
 And yet a happy family
 Is but an earlier heaven.

SIR JOHN BOWRING

Pronounce and spell—

dom-es'-tic

ob-scu're

de-lu'-sion

or'-na-ment

com'-mon-wealth

Lesson XX.

ANECDOTES OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

[From the French.]

PART I.

1. I WAS very young when I saw the sea for the first time, and I was struck, as every one must be, with the magnificence of the spectacle, which gave me a better idea of the almighty power of the Creator than I had ever had before. I spent the day in watching the waves, or if I perceived a distant sail, I followed it with my eyes till it had disappeared beyond the horizon.

2. From that day my strongest desire was to make a sea voyage. In my dreams at night I sailed over the wide ocean to distant lands, and even to the other hemisphere; and by day I read all the books of voyages and travels that I could get hold of. At length an unexpected event offered me the means of obtaining my long-cherished wish. My father obtained the command of a vessel which was to sail round the world on a voyage of discovery; and as I was now of an age to leave school, he determined to take me with him, and wrote to me to join him at Brest, whence his ship was to sail in the course of the next month. This news made me feel almost beside myself with joy. I made my preparations, took leave of my kind

instructor, who wished me a fortunate voyage, and soon found myself at Brest. The moment of departure at length arrived, the *Lightning* (so our brig was called) was ready to set sail, the anchor was heaved up, a cannon fired as a signal, and then we were really at sea.

3. Our mission was to explore certain islands in the Pacific, whose situation was guessed at rather than known. We had orders to join the *Humming Bird*, another brig, then near the north coast of Scotland. In order to reach our companion, it was necessary for us to coast along the cheerful shores of industrious England. The scenes which met our eyes were as varied as they were pleasing. Now a man-of-war, in full sail, passed majestically across the horizon—now a fleet of tiny fishing-boats skimmed past us,—then again the coast of England came in sight, and hill and dale, town and village appeared rapidly in review before us.

4. When we approached the northern point of Scotland, the cold became severe, though it was only the middle of October. Soon, however, we were enabled to turn southwards; for our destined companion, the *Humming Bird*, made her appearance; and we sailed in company with her round the western coast of Ireland, and in ten days reached the Bay of Biscay. The beautiful peninsula of Spain and Portugal was soon left far behind us. I almost regretted that we did not stop at some port in these interesting countries; but our first resting-place was to be at the Azores, and we had to traverse a wide

extent of ocean, before we heard the welcome sound of "Land on the horizon!" from a sailor who was on the look-out.

5. "Land! land!" was echoed by many voices; and not long afterwards we touched at the island of Pico, the most remarkable of the Azores. Its name means the Peak; and it is so called from the cone-shaped mountain of which the whole island is composed, and which rises immediately from the water's edge, forming a magnificent sight, especially when its snowy summit is gilded by the rays of the sun. We only remained at Pico long enough to take in some water, and then continued our voyage towards the Bermudas. We arrived at these beautiful islands after some weeks' navigation. They appeared like gardens dropped in the midst of the Atlantic, and their verdure was delightful to eyes which had so long gazed on nothing but sea and sky. The Bermudas belong to England, and a governor resides there. The population consists chiefly of Negroes, formerly slaves, but now free, and either cultivators of the land or fishermen. We found them kind and civil. They were generally poor; but the little they possessed was offered to us with cordial hospitality.

6. We soon left these lovely islands, and were again in the open sea. Monotonous as our prospect now was, we found something to interest us in the waters which surrounded us, especially the corals, which were of exceeding beauty, and in some parts rose above the level of the sea, as if to warn the navigator of his danger. When the rocks



TAHITI.

of coral are concealed by the water, they are a most perilous snare to ships, which sometimes become entangled among them, and cannot be extricated without great difficulty.

7. Our course was towards the north, as we had orders for Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, in North America, which was considerably out of our direct route. We had now an unpleasant change from the delightful climate of the Bermudas. The climate of Nova Scotia is, indeed, singularly disagreeable, being both cold and foggy; but I was surprised to learn that it is not considered unhealthy. We left Halifax as we had found it, almost invisible from the thick fogs which enveloped it, and coasted along the shores of the United States. Our voyage now became pleasanter; every day the air grew warmer and the sun brighter; all announced that we were again approaching southern latitudes.

8. At length we entered the Gulf of Mexico, and islands without number seemed to start up around us, covered with trees, so that they looked like green specks in the distance. I was sorry when we lost sight of them, and were once more in the great Atlantic, with nothing to vary our prospect, except the rising and setting of the sun, and the stars at night, though these last are so brilliant in the tropical latitudes, that they almost compensated for the absence of any earthly objects.

9. After several days, in which nothing worthy of note occurred, the sailor on the look-out exclaimed, "Land to the south-east!" It was St. Helena—that solitary rock, celebrated for being the last residence of

the most extraordinary man of modern times, Napoleon Buonaparte, the terror of all Europe. In this lonely isle he had no longer the power of injuring mankind, and the countries he had devastated with war were at length enjoying peace and tranquillity.

10. The wind continuing favourable, we pursued our course towards the south of Africa, and doubled the Cape of Good Hope, without meeting any of the storms which are so frequent on that dangerous coast. Passing the south-east of Africa, we arrived at Madagascar. This island is uncommonly fertile and beautiful; an extensive chain of mountains traverses it lengthways, from which numerous rivers descend on all sides. Very little is known of the interior, as it is difficult for Europeans to penetrate far into the country, owing to the ferocity of the tribes by which it is inhabited. We made no stay at either Madagascar or the island of Mauritius, at which we touched; but on our arrival at Borneo, several days afterwards, I was delighted to hear that we were to remain stationary for a fortnight, during which I hoped to make some expeditions into the country.

Pronounce and spell—

mag-nif'i-cence	pe-nin'-su-la	lat'-i-tude
spec'-tacle	tra'-verse	bril'-li-ant
per-ceiv'ed	cord'-i-al	trop'-i-cal
hor-i'-zon	mon-o'-to-nous	ex-tra-or'-di-nar-y
ne'-ces-sar-y	per'-il-ous	sta'-tion-ar-y
ind-us'-tri-ous	en-tan'-gled	ex-ped-i'-tion
ma-jes'-ti-cal-ly		

PART II.

1. Borneo, which, after New Holland, is the largest island on the globe, is almost unknown, except round the coast; but I intended to be more daring than former travellers, and in my youthful ardour I determined not to be daunted by any difficulties, in my endeavours to explore the country. I set out, the morning after our arrival, accompanied by my friend Berton, a young officer belonging to the *Humming Bird*, who was almost as anxious as myself to view this new and interesting country. We took our guns, and plunged boldly into the depths of the forest, which extended almost to the shore. After wandering some time, we came to a small stream, nearly dried up by the heat. A slender thread of water still flowed under the shade of the trees and bushes, which grew thickly on its banks, and which seemed to lean over it as if to drink the welcome moisture. The burning sun appeared to destroy whatever it touched, the giant palm and the majestic teak tree hung their faded leaves, and the parched fruits crackled under our feet.

2. It was noon, and therefore the hottest part of the day; and in spite of the shade afforded by the trees we felt weak and exhausted. We proceeded, however, following the course of the stream, till the bushes and tall reeds became so thick and so entangled that it was impossible to penetrate them. "I am too wearied to go another step at present," said Berton; "let us rest, and then we can try to find some other way out of the forest." I consented, and we seated ourselves

under a palm tree, and began to eat some of the biscuit we had brought with us. Knowing that tigers and other wild animals are common in these forests, we kept a sharp look-out, that we might not be taken by surprise.

3. I soon heard a rustling among the bushes, and turning round, saw at some distance, not a tiger, but an old man peeping cautiously from behind a tree. "Look," exclaimed I to my companion, "there is a savage! perhaps more are behind him; be ready with your gun." By this time the barbarian had left the shelter of the bushes and advanced towards us; his frightful countenance had an expression of malignity which alarmed me, though his stooping gait showed him to be old. Berton, however, after looking for a moment at the advancing savage, burst out laughing.

4. "It is no man," said he, "but an orang-outang; I have seen one before in France. We had better not molest him, as these creatures are sometimes extremely ferocious." As he spoke he drew me aside, in order to let the "man of the woods" pass. But we were not destined to part company so easily; the creature fixed his eyes upon us intently, grinding his teeth, and then brandishing a huge stick which he held, he suddenly bounded close to us. I sprang backwards and fired, but only wounded him slightly; Berton stepped a few paces back to try his luck, but the man of the woods meanwhile had given me so violent a blow with his stick that I had nearly fallen.

5. He was preparing to spring upon me, but I slipped behind a tree. At the same moment Berton

fired, and my dangerous foe fell dead on the ground. Fearing to lose ourselves in the forest, we now began to retrace our steps. We had not proceeded far, before our attention was attracted to a singular hissing noise, apparently very near us. "It must be a serpent!" cried I, stepping backwards, "and look, there he is!" At this moment we perceived a large serpent, whose eyes shone like diamonds in his beautiful marked head. He was already rearing himself up to make the fatal spring. I prepared to receive it with a blow from the butt end of my gun, but my companion gave a sudden shout, which fortunately startled the reptile; it drew back its crested head and glistening eyes, uncoiled its long tail, and slowly glided away into the thicket.

6. We were most thankful for this escape, as we knew that the serpents of these forests were exceedingly venomous, and that a bite from one of them would in all probability have occasioned death. We now pursued our way in peace, nothing of importance occurring during the remainder of our ramble. Just before sunset we emerged from the forest, and our companions, who were strolling about the beach enjoying the cool breeze, hastened to meet us, and congratulate us on our safe return. We showed them some curious plants we had brought with us, and also some beautiful parrots which we had shot, intending to stuff them and take them home as specimens to our friends in Europe.

7. I was disappointed in my hope of penetrating far into the interior of Borneo, for my father would not hear of my attempting an expedition so full of dangers,

and which besides could hardly have been performed during our limited stay. I was obliged therefore to content myself with rambles on the coast, and the forests near at hand, in which indeed I found enough that was interesting and curious to occupy my leisure hours. I saw nothing of the original inhabitants of Borneo, they having been driven from the sea-coast by the Malays, who have established colonies there. The native tribes are little known to Europeans; but with the Malays, sailors who are accustomed to the navigation of the Indian Ocean are only too well acquainted. They are a cruel and ferocious people, though not destitute of some of the arts of civilisation. They derive their name from the peninsula of Malacca, whence the race is believed to have been originally derived.

8. We left Borneo with a favourable wind, but the weather soon changed for the worse; we were tossed about for several days, during which our vessel was in imminent danger. The wind had at length abated, though the sea still continued very rough, when we descried a boat struggling amid the waves at some distance. On examining it through the telescope, my father declared he saw several men, who seemed to be trying to hoist a signal of distress. We immediately steered towards the venturous little bark, but owing to the violence of the waves, it was some time before we could get alongside of her, and receive her unfortunate crew on board our vessel.

9. We found that they were five in number, but one only was in a condition to speak, and from his

first words it was easy to see what had been their sufferings. "Water, water!" he stammered out in a broken voice; "we are dying of thirst." The poor fellows were instantly conveyed to the cabin, and every care bestowed upon them, that the kindness of our crew and the skill of the surgeon could suggest. In spite of all our efforts, two of the sufferers expired before morning; the three who survived were very ill for many days. As soon as they were able to speak, we expressed our anxiety to hear their sad history, and one of them related it to us in the following words.

Pronounce and spell—

cau'tious-ly	bran'd-ish-ing	spe'-ci-men
ma-lig'-ni-ty	ven'-om-ous	civ-il-is-a'-tion
fe-ro'-cious	con-grat'-u-late	

PART III.

1. "We belong," said he, "to an English vessel, as you have probably already guessed; I am indeed the only one among us who can speak French. I was the second lieutenant on board a frigate, bound for the Pacific. Our ship was old, and many among us suspected her being not sea-worthy, which unfortunately proved to be the case, for during a violent storm which drove us far out of our course, we discovered that we had sprung a leak. In spite of all our labour at the pumps, the vessel filled very fast; the storm still raged around us, and our destruction seemed inevitable.

2. "Our only chance was to take to the boats.

One of them was upset almost immediately, and all who were in her met with a watery grave, but those in the other boat began soon to doubt whether their comrades' fate was not to be envied. We had thrown a bag of biscuit and some salt pork into our boat. But in the hurry and confusion we had forgotten to take water; perhaps, indeed, it would have been impossible to get a barrel out of the hold in time, for the frigate went down in five minutes after our quitting her. However that may be, our sufferings from thirst soon became intense; the storm had ceased, and the burning sun beating upon our unsheltered heads made us almost frantic. We forgot all the other dangers and hardships to which we were exposed,—we thought only of the heat and thirst, which became daily more insupportable.

3. "I advised my companions not to eat the salt pork, which aggravated instead of relieving their suffering; but the biscuit being exhausted, most of them could not refrain from the only food which remained, and what was worse, they drank the salt water. This, when taken in large quantities, and as the only liquid, generally produces delirium; several of our sailors lost their senses, and two of them, in frenzy, threw themselves over the side of the boat and perished in the waves. The rest of our sad company sat in gloomy silence, most of them unable to speak; one after another died, till our number was reduced to five, and of those, I alone retained my consciousness, probably from my having abstained from the pork, and from sea-water. On the day on which your vessel

appeared, I had given up all hopes of escape, and only endeavoured to prepare myself for death by prayer.

4. "My mind was so confused that I could scarcely form connected thoughts, and all around me seemed red and burning,—a few hours more and it would have been too late. When I perceived a ship at no great distance, I feebly raised an oar with a piece of linen fastened to it, which we had made for a signal of distress, in case of our meeting with a vessel; but the effort was too much for me, and I sank down in the boat, as I believed, to breathe my last. I remember no more, till I found myself on board your ship and surrounded by kind faces." Here ended the English officer's sad tale. Feeling for his sufferings and those of his surviving companions, we spared no pains to restore their health, and console them for the loss of their comrades, and of all they possessed. In the course of our voyage we fell in with a British vessel, and at their request our new friends were taken on board of her. We parted with kindly feelings on both sides, all national differences having been swept away by the friendly relation of obligers and obliged, which had existed between us.

5. We were now sailing among the innumerable groups of islands which are called by the general name Polynesia, and among which our intended discoveries were to be made. I am not now writing a log-book, and, indeed, if I attempted to give a minute account of the various islands we visited, and of the adventures we met with in the Pacific, I should never have done. I shall only say that we succeeded in our object, which

was to ascertain the exact position of a group of islands hitherto very little known; we found, however, that they were mere rocks of coral, and too insignificant in size to make our discoveries of much importance, except to navigators.

6. This business being over, we had only to think of returning home, and accordingly we steered for Cape Horn. We now entered on the most disagreeable part of our voyage, for the climate at the southern extremity of America is very cold, and the weather generally stormy; the doubling of Cape Horn, in particular, is a most perilous affair. We accomplished it, however, in safety, and after many days of weary tossing on the raging ocean, we at last reached warmer latitudes and a calmer sea. All thoughts were now fixed upon home; every day brought us nearer to France, and our spirits rose with the joyful prospect of seeing our friends and country again.

7. The only thing which made our happiness incomplete, was the absence of our companion the *Humming Bird*, which had been separated from us during the stormy weather we had met with near Cape Horn; we had seen nothing of her since, and were becoming anxious concerning the fate of our comrades. It was therefore determined to wait some days at Madeira, in order to give her time to come up with us, if indeed she yet existed. Our time was pleasantly spent at this beautiful island, which unites in a great degree the vegetation of Europe with that of the Tropics. The climate is considered the finest in the world, and invalids are often sent there to recover their health.

8. After waiting about a week at Funchal, the principal town of Madeira, we were joined by the *Humming Bird*, to our great satisfaction; it appeared that she had been driven out of her course by the storm which had divided us, and not being quite so fast a sailor as the *Lightning*, she had not been able to recover lost time. We now proceeded homewards without more delay, and soon entered the Mediterranean.

9. No more adventures occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the last days of our voyage, and we reached Marseilles, where we were to land, in perfect safety, and with feelings of the deepest thankfulness for having been preserved amidst all the dangers we had encountered during an absence of nearly two years.

Pronounce and spell—

in-ev'-i-table	de-li'r-i-um	sat-is-fac'-tion
ag'-grav-a-ted	as-cer-ta'in	

Lesson XXI.

INVENTION OF THE MICROSCOPE AND THE TELESCOPE.

1. It has been well observed that about the same time when the invention of the telescope showed us that there might be myriads of other worlds claiming the Creator's care, the invention of the microscope proved to us that there were in our own world myriads of

creatures, before unknown, which this care was preserving. While one discovery seemed to remove the Divine Providence farther from us, the other gave us most striking examples that it was far more active in our neighbourhood than we had supposed; while the first extended the boundaries of God's known kingdom, the second made its known administration more minute and careful.

2. It appeared that in the leaf and in the bud, in solids and fluids, animals existed hitherto unsuspected; the apparently dead masses and blank spaces of the world were found to swarm with life. And yet, of the animals thus revealed, all, though unknown to us before, had never been forgotten by Providence. Their structure, their vessels and limbs, their adaptation to their situation, their food and habitations, were regulated in as beautiful and complete a manner as those of the largest and apparently most favoured animals.

3. The smallest insects are as exactly finished, often as gaily ornamented, as the most graceful beasts, or birds of the brightest plumage. And when we seem to go out of the domain of the complex animal structure with which we are familiar, and come to animals of apparently more scanty faculties and less developed powers of enjoyment and action, we still find that their faculties and their senses are in exact harmony with their situation and circumstances; that the wants which they have are provided for, and the powers which they possess called into action. We find, therefore, that the Divine Providence is, in fact, extended over an immense succession of tribes of beings, surpass-

ing what we could have conceived or expected ; and thus we may feel secure that the mere multitude of created objects cannot remove us from the government and superintendence of our Creator.

WHEWELL.

Pronounce and spell—

mi'-cro-scope	min-u'te	struc'-ture
myr'-i-ads	un-sus-pec't-ed	fa'-cul-ties
in-ven'-tion	ap-par'-ent-ly	de-vel'-oped
ad-min-is-tra'-tion	com'-plex	suc-ces'-sion
su-per-in-ten'd-ence		

Lesson XXII.

SELF-EXALTATION AND CENSURE OF OTHERS CONDEMNED.

[Translated from the Sanskrit.]

1. HIMSELF in men's esteem to raise
On other's faults let no one dwell ;
But rather let a man excel
All other men in doing well,
And thus command the meed of praise.
2. Oft worthless men, in blind conceit,
Their own superior merits vaunt,
And better men with failings taunt :
Reproof themselves with scorn they meet.

By blameless acts alone the wise,—
 Although they ne'er themselves exalt,
 Nor yet with other men find fault,—
 To high esteem and honour rise.

3. The odour sweet of virtuous deeds
 Though voiceless, far and wide will fly :
 To tell his presence in the sky
 The noonday sun no herald needs.

By self-applause a fool in vain
 From others seeks renown to gain ;
 A wise man's merits, long concealed,
 At last are surely all revealed.

Translated from the *Mahābhārata*, by Dr. JOHN MUIR, C.I.E.

Pronounce and spell—

con-dem'ned	cen'-sure	ap-pla'use
ex-al-t'a-tion	he'-rald	re-ve'aled

Lesson XXIII.

GOOD MANNERS.

1. GOOD-BREEDING has been justly defined to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial. Taking this for granted, it is astonishing to me, that any one who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding.

2. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly punished for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill-manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. For my own part, I really think, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of "just," would be that of "well-bred."

3. Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing this respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas, a man who is not used to keep good company expresses it awkwardly; we see that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, and such indecencies, in companies that he respected.

4. In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and

so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accost you, and talk to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing.

5. Neither must you ever usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, etc.; but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that, upon the whole, you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right.

6. There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to our most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life.

7. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation

among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licence. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred to exhibit them.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Pronounce and spell—

es-sen'-ti-al-ly	dis-tin'-guish	neg'-li-gence
so-ci'-e-ty	awk'-ward-ly	friv'-o-lous-ly
se-cu'-ri-ty	in-de'-cen-cy	bru-ta'l-i-ty
ep'-i-thet	trans-gres'sed	li-cen'-tious-ness
ac-know'-ledge		

Lesson XXIV.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

[To be learnt by heart.]

1. CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Call'd thy harvest work to leave,—
Pray ; ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

2. Traveller, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band ;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone ;
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
 Sailor, on the darkening sea—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

3. Warrior, that, from battle won,
 Breathest now at set of sun :
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain
 Weeping on his burial-plain,
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

MRS. HEMANS.

Pronounce and spell—

mourn'-er

sun'-shine

sai'-lor

cap'-tive

hou'se-hold

kin'd-red

Lesson XXV.

HOW THE RAJAH TOOK THE CENSUS.

1. THE RAJAH'S DIFFICULTY.

1. THE Rajah of Lombock was a very wise man, and he showed his wisdom greatly in the way he took the

census. For my readers must know that the chief revenues of the Rajah were derived from a head-tax of rice, a small measure being paid annually by every man, woman, and child in the island. There was no doubt that every one paid this tax, for it was a very light one, and the land was fertile and the people well off; but it had to pass through many hands before it reached the Government storehouses. When the harvest was over, the villagers brought their rice to the Kapala kampong, or head of the village; and no doubt he sometimes had compassion on the poor or sick, and passed over their short measure, and sometimes was obliged to grant a favour to those who had complaints against him; and then he must keep up his own dignity by having his granaries better filled than his neighbours, and so the rice that he took to the "Waidono" that was over his district was generally a good deal less than it should have been.

2. All the "Waidonos" had to take care of themselves, for they were all in debt, and it was so easy to take a little of the Government rice, and there would still be plenty for the Rajah. And the "Gustis" or princes who received the rice from the Waidonos helped themselves likewise, and so when the harvest was all over and the rice tribute was all brought in, the quantity was found to be less each year than the one before. Sickness in one district, and fevers in another, and failure of the crops in a third, were of course alleged as the cause of this falling off; but when the Rajah went to hunt at the foot of the great mountain, or went to visit a "Gusti" on the other

side of the island, he always saw the villages full of people, all looking well-fed and happy.

3. He noticed that the knives of his chiefs and officers were getting handsomer and handsomer; and the handles that were of yellow wood were changed for ivory, and those of ivory were changed for gold, and diamonds and emeralds sparkled on many of them; and he knew very well which way the tribute-rice went. But as he could not prove it, he kept silence, and resolved in his own heart some day to have a census taken, so that he might know the number of his people, and not be cheated out of more rice than was just and reasonable.

4. But the difficulty was how to get this census. He could not go himself into every village and every house, and count all the people; and if he ordered it to be done by the regular officers, they would quickly understand what it was for, and the census would be sure to agree exactly with the quantity of rice he got last year. It was evident, therefore, that to answer his purpose, no one must suspect why the census was taken; and to make sure of this, no one must know that there was any census taken at all. This was a very hard problem; and the Rajah thought and thought, as hard as a Malay Rajah can be expected to think, but could not solve it; and so he was very unhappy, and did nothing but smoke and chew betel with his favourite wife, and eat scarcely anything; and even when he went to the cock-fight did not seem to care whether his best birds won or lost.

5. For several days he remained in this state, and all the court were afraid some evil eye had bewitched the Rajah; and an unfortunate Irish captain who had come

in for a cargo of rice, and who squinted dreadfully, was very near being killed, but being first brought to the royal presence was graciously ordered to go on board and remain there while his ship stayed in the port.

2. THE RAJAH'S DEVICE.

1. One morning, however, after about a week's continuance of this unaccountable melancholy, a welcome change took place, for the Rajah sent to call together all the chiefs and priests and princes who were then in Mataram, his capital city; and when they were all assembled in anxious expectation, he thus addressed them :

2. "For many days my heart has been very sick and I knew not why, but now the trouble is cleared away, for I have had a dream. Last night the spirit of the 'Gunong Agong'—the great fire mountain—appeared to me, and told me that I must go up to the top of the mountain. All of you may come with me to near the top, but then I must go up alone, and the great spirit will again appear to me and will tell me what is of great importance to me and to you and to all the people of the island. Now go all of you and make this known through the island, and let every village furnish men to make clear a road for us to go through the forest and up the great mountain."

3. So the news was spread over the whole island that the Rajah must go to meet the great spirit on the top of the mountain; and every village sent forth its men, and they cleared away the jungle and made bridges

over the mountain streams and smoothed the rough places for the Rajah's passage. And when they came to the steep and craggy rocks of the mountain, they sought out the best paths, sometimes along the bed of a torrent, sometimes along narrow ledges of the black rocks; in one place cutting down a tall tree so as to bridge across a chasm, in another constructing ladders to mount the smooth face of a precipice. The chiefs who superintended the work fixed upon the length of each day's journey beforehand according to the nature of the road, and chose pleasant places by the banks of clear streams and in the neighbourhood of shady trees, where they built sheds and huts of bamboo well thatched with the leaves of palm trees, in which the Rajah and his attendants might eat and sleep at the close of each day.

4. And when all was ready, the princes and priests and chief men came again to the Rajah, to tell him what had been done, and to ask him when he would go up the mountain. And he fixed a day, and ordered every man of rank and authority to accompany him, to do honour to the great spirit who had bid him undertake the journey, and to show how willingly they obeyed his commands. And then there was much preparation throughout the whole island. The best cattle were killed and the meat was salted and sun-dried; abundance of red peppers and sweet potatoes were gathered; and the tall pinang-trees were climbed for the spicy betel-nut, the sirih-leaf was tied up in bundles, and every man filled his tobacco-pouch and lime-box to the brim, so that he might not want any of the

materials for chewing the refreshing betel during the journey.

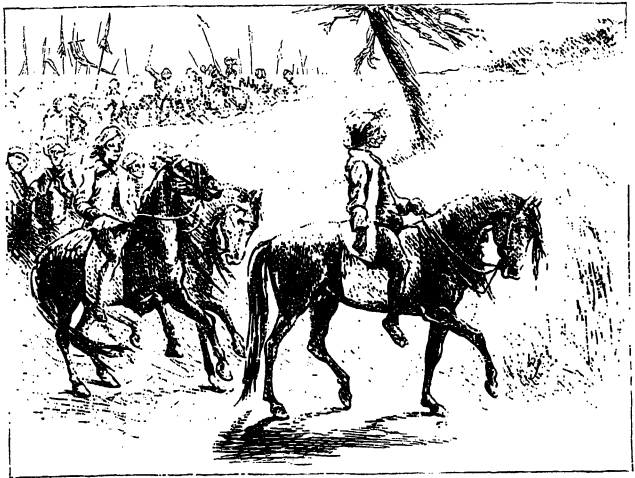
5. The stores of provisions were sent on a day in advance. And on the day before that appointed for starting, all the chiefs both great and small came to Mataram, the abode of the king, with their horses and their servants, and the bearers of their sirih boxes, and their sleeping-mats, and their provisions. And they encamped under the tall Waringin trees that border all the roads about Mataram, and with blazing fires frightened away the ghouls and evil spirits that are supposed to nightly haunt the gloomy avenues.

3. THE PROCESSION TO THE MOUNTAIN.

1. In the morning, a great procession was formed to conduct the Rajah to the mountain. The royal princes and relations of the Rajah mounted their black horses, whose tails swept the ground; they used no saddle or stirrups, but sat upon a cloth of gay colours; the bits were of silver and the bridles of many-coloured cords. The less important people were on small strong horses of various colours, well suited to a mountain journey; and all (even the Rajah) were bare-legged to above the knee, wearing only the gay-coloured cotton waist-cloth, a silk or cotton jacket, and a large handkerchief tastefully folded round the head. Every one was attended by one or two servants bearing his sirih and betel boxes, who were also mounted on ponies; and great numbers more had gone on in advance or waited to bring up the rear. The men in authority were

numbered by hundreds and their followers by thousands, and all the island wondered what great thing would come of it.

2. For the first two days they went along good roads and through many villages, which were swept clean, and where bright cloths were hung out at the windows ;



THE PROCESSION.

and all the people, when the Rajah came, squatted down upon the ground in respect, and every man riding got off his horse and squatted down also, and many joined the procession at every village. At the place where they stopped for the night, the people had placed stakes along each side of the roads in front of the houses. These were split crosswise at the top, and in the

cleft were fastened little clay lamps, and between them were stuck the green leaves of palm-trees, which, dripping with the evening dew, gleamed prettily with the many twinkling lights. And few went to sleep that night till the morning hours, for every house held a knot of eager talkers, and much betel-nut was consumed, and endless were the conjectures as to what would come of it.

3. On the second day, they left the last village behind them and entered the wild country that surrounds the great mountain, and rested in the huts that had been prepared for them on the banks of a stream of cold and sparkling water. The Rajah's hunters, armed with long and heavy guns, went in search of deer and wild bulls in the surrounding woods, and brought home the meat of both in the early morning, and sent it on in advance to prepare the midday meal. On the third day they advanced as far as horses could go, and encamped at the foot of high rocks, among which narrow pathways only could be found to reach the mountain-top. On the fourth morning, when the Rajah set out, he was accompanied only by a small party of priests and princes with their immediate attendants; and they toiled wearily up the rugged way, and sometimes were carried by their servants, till they passed up above the great trees, and then among the thorny bushes, and above them again on to the black and burnt rock of the highest part of the mountain.

4. When they were near the summit, the Rajah ordered them all to halt, while he alone went to meet the great spirit on the very peak of the mountain. So

he went on with two boys only, who carried his sirih and betel, and soon reached the top of the mountain among great rocks, on the edge of the great gulf whence issue forth continually smoke and vapour. The Rajah asked for sirih, and told the boys to sit down under a rock and look down the mountain, and not to move till he returned to them. As they were tired, and the sun was warm and pleasant, and the rock sheltered them from the cold wind, the boys fell asleep. The Rajah went a little way on under another rock; and he was tired, and the sun was warm and pleasant, and he too fell asleep.

5. Those who were waiting for the Rajah thought him a long time on the top of the mountain, and thought the great spirit must have much to say, or might perhaps want to keep him on the mountain always, or perhaps he had missed his way in coming down again. They were debating whether they should go and search for him, when they saw him coming down with the two boys. And when he met them he looked very grave, but said nothing; and then all descended together, and the procession returned as it had come; and the Rajah went to his palace and the chiefs to their villages, and the people to their houses, to tell their wives and children all that had happened, and to wonder yet again what would come of it.

4. WHAT CAME OF IT.

1. Three days afterwards, the Rajah summoned the priests and the princes and the chief men of Mataram,

to hear what the great spirit had told him on the top of the mountain. When they were all assembled, and betel and sirih had been handed round, he told them what had happened. On the top of the mountain he had fallen into a trance, and the great spirit had appeared to him with a face like burnished gold, and had said: "O Rajah! much plague and sickness and fevers are coming upon all the earth, upon men and upon horses and upon cattle; but as you and your people have obeyed me, and have come up to my great mountain, I will teach you how you and all the people of Lombock may escape this plague."

2. All waited anxiously, to hear how they were to be saved from so fearful a calamity. After a short silence, the Rajah spoke again and told them,—that the great spirit had commanded that twelve sacred krisses (or knives) should be made, and that to make them, every village and district must send a bundle of needles—a needle for every head in the village. When any grievous disease appeared in any village, one of the sacred krisses should be sent there; and if every house in that village had sent the right number of needles, the disease would immediately cease; but if the number of needles sent had not been exact, the kris would have no virtue.

3. So the princes and chiefs sent to all their villages and communicated the wonderful news; and all made haste to collect the needles with the greatest accuracy, for they feared that if but one were wanting the whole village would suffer. So, one by one, the head men of the villages brought in their bundles of needles; those

who were near Mataram came first, and those who were far off came last ; and the Rajah received them with his own hands, and put them away carefully in an inner chamber in a camphor-wood chest, whose hinges and clasps were of silver ; and on every bundle was marked the name of the village and the district from whence it came, so that it might be known that all had heard and obeyed the commands of the great spirit.

4. When it was quite certain that every village had sent in its bundle, the Rajah divided the needles into twelve equal parts, and ordered the best steel-worker in Mataram to bring his forge and his bellows and his hammers to the palace, and to make the twelve krisses under the Rajah's eye, and in the sight of all men who chose to see it. When they were finished they were wrapped up in new silk, and put away carefully until they might be wanted.

5. Now the journey to the mountain was in the time of the east wind, when no rain falls in Lombock. Soon after the krisses were made, it was the time of the rice harvest, and the chiefs of districts and of villages brought in their tax to the Rajah according to the number of heads in their villages. To those that wanted but little of the full amount, the Rajah said nothing ; but when those came who brought only half or a fourth part of what was strictly due, he said to them mildly, "The needles which you sent from your village were many more than came from such-a-one's village, yet your tribute is less than his ; go back and see who it is that has not paid the tax." The next year the produce of the tax increased greatly, for

they feared that the Rajah might justly kill those who a second time kept back the right tribute. So the Rajah became very rich, and increased the number of his soldiers, and gave golden jewels to his wives, and bought fine black horses from the white-skinned Hollanders, and made great feasts when his children were born or were married; and none of the Rajahs or Sultans among the Malays were so great or so powerful as the Rajah of Lombok.

6. The twelve sacred krisses had great virtue. And when any sickness appeared in a village one of them was sent for; and sometimes the sickness went away, and then the sacred kris was taken back again with great honour, and the head men of the village came to tell the Rajah of its miraculous power, and to thank him. Sometimes the sickness would not go away, and then everybody was convinced that there had been a mistake in the number of needles sent from that village, and therefore the sacred kris had no effect, and had to be taken back again by the head men with heavy hearts, but still with all honour,—for was not the fault their own? A. R. WALLACE.

Pronounce and spell—

- | | | |
|--------------------|--------------|--------------|
| (1) de-ri'ved | com-plai'nts | re'-ven-ue |
| trib'-ute | fail'-ure | di'-a-mond |
| fert'-ile | prob'-lem | em'-er-ald |
| gran'-ar-ies | | |
| (2) me'-lan-chol-y | pre'-ci-pice | un-der-ta'ke |
| po-ta'-toes | en-camp'ed | a'-ven-ue |

(3) pro-ces'-sion	stir'-rup	twink'-ling
con-ject'-ures	sum'-mit	va'-pour
shel'-ter	de-ba'-ting	pal'-ace
(4) as-sen'-bled	an'-cient	cap'-tious
ca-lam'-i-ty	as-ser'-tion	yearn'-ings
kris'-ses	jo'-cund	sur'-vey
com-mu'-ni-cat-ed	de-lin'-quent	ra'-vished
ac'-cu-ra-cy	mirth'-less	be-sto'w
cam-phor	re-prie've	boun'-te-ous
har'-vest	chaf'-fered	e-ter'-ni-ty
mild'-ly	mes'-sen-ger	ad-vent'-ure
mir-ac'-u-lous	four'-score	om'-in-ous
con-vin'ced	dam'-a-ges	symp'-tom

Lesson XXVI.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

1. So far from the rational care of health being justly chargeable with the imputation of selfishness, so often ignorantly thrown out against it, there is nothing which tends so much to relieve society from the burden of miseries not its own, as each individual taking such care of his constitution as shall enable him to cope successfully with the duties and difficulties of the situation in which he is placed. No man is so

thoroughly selfish as he who, in the ardent pursuit of pleasure or of profit, heedlessly exposes his life to hazard, regardless of the suffering which he may entail upon those who depend on him for support.

2. In the abstract, all admit that the enjoyment of health is the first of earthly blessings, and that without it all others may be lavished in vain; and yet it has been quaintly asked, "Who is he that values health at the rate it is worth? not he that hath it; he reckons it among the common ordinary enjoyments, and takes less notice of it, or less regards it, than his long-worn clothes; perhaps more careful of his garments, remembering their price; but thinks his health costs him nothing, and coming to him at so easy a rate, values it accordingly, and hath little regard to keep it; is never truly sensible of what he enjoyed until he finds the want of it by sickness; then health, above all things, is earnestly desired and wished for."

3. In proportion, however, as we consider the matter with that attention which its importance really deserves, we shall become anxious rather to take care of health when we have it than first to lose, and then exert ourselves to recover it. Such was evidently the feeling which elicited the following remarks from a very clear-sighted author:—

4. "You that have health," says he, "and know not how to prize it, I'll tell you what it is, that you may love it better, put a higher value upon it, and endeavour to preserve it with a more serious, stricter observance and tuition. Health is that which makes

your meat and drink both savoury and pleasant, else Nature's injunction of eating and drinking were a hard task and a slavish custom. Health is that which makes your bed easy and your sleep refreshing; that revives your strength with the rising sun, and makes you cheerful at the light of another day; 'tis that which fills up the hollow and uneven places of your carcase, and makes your body plump and comely; 'tis that which dresseth you up in Nature's richest attire, and adorns your face with her choicest colours. 'Tis that which makes exercise a sport, and walking abroad the enjoyment of your liberty. 'Tis that which makes fertile and increaseth the natural endowments of your mind, and preserves them long from decay, makes your wit acute, and your memory retentive. 'Tis that which supports the fragility of a corruptible body, and preserves the verdure, vigour, and beauty of youth. 'Tis that which makes the soul take delight in her mansion, sporting herself at the casements of your eyes. 'Tis that which makes pleasure to be pleasure, and delights delightful, without which you can solace yourself in nothing.

5. "But now take a view of yourself when health has turned its back upon you, and deserts your company; see then how the scene is changed, how you are robbed and spoiled of all your comforts and enjoyments. Sleep that was stretched out from evening to the fair bright day is now all broken into pieces, and subdivided, not worth the accounting; the night that before seemed short is now too long, and the downy bed presseth hard against the bones. Exercise is now

toiling, and walking abroad the carrying of a burden. The eye that flashed as lightning is now like the opaque body of a thick cloud, that rolled from east to west swifter than a celestial orb, is now tired and weary with standing still—that penetrated the centre of another microcosm, hath lost its planetary influence and is become obtuse and dull.”

6. If such, then, be a true picture of the opposite conditions of health and disease, what stronger inducements can any one require to give him an interest in the “study and observance of Nature’s institutions,” seeing that they are the means by which the “beloved ends and wished-for enjoyments” can be attained, and that we “may as likely keep or acquire riches by prodigality, as preserve health and obtain long life by intemperance, inordinate passions, a noxious air, and such like injurious customs, ways, and manner of living.”

GEORGE COMBE.

Pronounce and spell—

ra'-tion-al	fru-ga'l-i-ty	pla'-net-ar-y
gar'-ment	ver'-dure	ob-tu'se
e-li'-cit-ed	ter'-rene	in-duce'-ment
in-jun'c-tion	fe-li'-ci-ty	in-sti-tu'-tion
en-dow'-ment	o-pa'que	pro-di-gal'-i-ty
re-ten't-ive	ce-les'-ti-al	in-tem'-per-ance
cor-rup't-ible	mi'-cro-cosm	in-or'-din-ate

Lesson XXVII.

CROSSING A HIMALAYAN GLACIER.

1. WE were soon doomed to make a closer acquaintance with some of these enormous glaciers. Ere long we came to one which stretched down all the way into the river, so there was no chance of flanking it. At first it looked as if we were painfully crossing the huge ridges of a fallen mountain; but this soon proved to be an immense glacier, very thickly covered over with slabs of clay-slate, and with large blocks of granite, but with the solid ice underneath exposed here and there, and especially in the surfaces of the large crevasses which went down to unknown depths. Some of these edges must have been two or three hundred feet in height. This glacier, like others which followed, was a frightfully fatiguing and exasperating thing to cross, and occupied us nearly three hours, our guides being rather at a loss in finding a way over.

2. I should have been the whole day upon it, but for the astounding performance of my little Spiti mare, which now showed how wise had been the selection of it for this difficult journey. Never before had I fully realised the goat-like agility of these animals, and I almost despair of making her achievements credible. She sprang from block to block of granite, even with my weight upon her, like an ibex. No one who had

not seen the performance of a Spiti pony could have believed it possible for any animal of the kind to go over the ground at all, and much less with a rider upon it. But this mare went steadily on with me up and down the ridges, over the great rough blocks of granite and the treacherous slabs of slate.

3. I had to dismount and walk, or rather climb, a little, only three or four times, and that not so much from necessity as from pity for the little creature, which was trembling in every limb from the great leaps and other exertions which she had to make. On these occasions she required no one to lead her, but followed us like a dog, and was obedient to the voice of her owner. Shortly before coming to the glacier, I thought she was going over a precipice with me, owing to her losing her footing on coming down some high steps; but she saved herself by falling on her knees and then making a marvellous side spring. On the glacier, also, though she sometimes lost her footing, she always managed to recover it immediately in some extraordinary way. Her great exertions did not require any goad, and arose from her own spirit and eager determination to overcome the obstacles which presented themselves, though in ordinary circumstances she was perfectly placid, and content to jog along as slowly as might be. Even when I was on this mare she would poise herself on the top of a block of granite, with her four feet close together after the manner of a goat; and she leaped across crevasses of unknown depth after having to go down a slippery slope on one side, and when, on the other, she had

nothing to jump upon except steeply inclined blocks of stone.

4. There was something affecting in the interest which this mare, and some of the other mountain ponies I had elsewhere, took in surmounting difficulties, and not less so in the eagerness, at stiff places, of the foals which so often accompanied us without carrying any burden. Thus in early youth they get accustomed to mountain journeys and to the strenuous exertions which these involve.

5. At the same time the Himalayan ponies husband their breath very carefully in going up long ascents, and no urging on these occasions will force them to go faster than they think right, or prevent them from stopping every now and then just as long as they think proper. These are matters which must be left entirely to the ponies themselves, and they do not abuse the liberty which they claim. More trying is their fondness for trotting or ambling down the steepest descents on which they can at all preserve their footing. They show considerable impatience when restrained from doing so, and have expressive ways of their own of saying to their rider, "Why don't you trust me and let me go down at my own pace? I will take you quite safely."

6. This ambling down a precipitous mountain-side is particularly unpleasant when the path is a corkscrew one, with many and sharp turnings, because when the pony rushes down at a turning, it seems as if its impetus must carry it on and over; but at the last moment it manages to

twist itself round, so that it can proceed in another direction ; and I think these intelligent little creatures take a pride in making as narrow a shave of the precipice as possible, and in making their riders feel as uncomfortable as they can. They are also great in wriggling you round delicate points of rock, where the loss of half-an-inch would send both horse and rider into the abyss. They do positively enjoy these ticklish places ; and the more ticklish the place, and the deeper the precipice below, the more do they enjoy it, and the more preternaturally sagacious do they become. They sniff at such a place with delight ; get their head and neck round the turning ; experiment carefully to feel that the pressure of your knee against the rock will not throw the whole concern off its balance, and then they wriggle their bodies round triumphantly.

ANDREW WILSON.

Pronounce and spell—

gla'-ci-er	ex-as'-per-a-ting	ex-er'-tion
ac-quaint'-ance	as-toun'd-ing	mar'-vel-lous
gran'-ite	a-chie've-ments	stren'-u-ous [ly
cre-va's-ses	cred'-ible	pre-ter-nat'-ur-al-

Lesson XXVIII.

THE TWO FRIENDS OF SYRACUSE.

380 B.C.

1. Most of the best and noblest of the Greeks held what was called the Pythagorean philosophy. Pythagoras lived before the time of history, and almost nothing is known about him, though his teaching and his name were never lost.

2. The Pythagoreans were bound together in a brotherhood, the members of which had rules that are now not understood, but which linked them so as to form a sort of club, with common religious observances and pursuits of science, especially mathematics and music. And they were taught to restrain their passions, especially that of anger, and to endure with patience all kinds of suffering; believing that such self-restraint brought them nearer to the gods, and that death would set them free from the prison of the body. The souls of evildoers would, they thought, pass into the lower and more degraded animals, while those of good men would be gradually purified, and rise to a higher existence.

3. Two friends of this Pythagorean sect lived at Syracuse, in the end of the fourth century before the Christian era. Syracuse was a great Greek city, built in Sicily, and full of all kinds of Greek art and

learning; but it was a place of danger in their time, for it had fallen under the tyranny of a man of strange and capricious temper, though of great abilities, namely, Dionysius. He is said to have been originally only a clerk in a public office, but his talents raised him to continually higher situations, and at length, in a great war with the Carthaginians, who had many settlements in Sicily, he became general of the army, and then found it easy to establish his power over the city.

4. This power was not according to the laws, for Syracuse, like most other cities, ought to have been governed by a council of magistrates; but Dionysius was an exceedingly able man, and made the city much more rich and powerful; he defeated the Carthaginians, and rendered Syracuse by far the chief city in the island, and he contrived to make every one so much afraid of him that no one durst attempt to overthrow his power. He was a good scholar, and very fond of philosophy and poetry, and he delighted to have learned men around him, and he had naturally a generous spirit; but the sense that he was in a position that did not belong to him, and that every one hated him for assuming it, made him very harsh and suspicious.

5. It is of him that the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might overhear the conversation of his captives; and of him, too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that on hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word,

and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses, delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music; but under a sword with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horsehair! This was to show the condition in which a usurper lived!

6. Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a drawbridge that he drew up and put down with his own hands; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young daughters shave him; but by and by he would not trust them with a razor, and caused them to singe off his beard with hot nutshells! One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to prison for finding fault with his poetry, but he afterwards composed another piece, which he thought so superior, that he could not be content without sending for this adverse critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it, he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly, "Carry me back to prison." This time Dionysius had the sense to laugh, and forgive his honesty.

7. All these stories may not be true; but that they should have been current in the ancient world shows what was the character of the man of whom they were told, how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was incurred. Among those who came under it was a Pythagorean called Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

8. Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favour to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, another Pythagorean, by name Damon, came forward and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging that, if Pythias did not return according to promise, he himself would suffer death in his stead.

9. Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marvelling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend's truth and honour, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

10. Even to the last day, Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh, and still no Pythias! His trust was so perfect, that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who had left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias's own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended

Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

11. Even the dim hope they owned of a future state



THE TWO FRIENDS.

was enough to make these two brave men keep their word, and confront death for one another without quailing. Dionysius looked on, more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment-seat, he entreated them to admit him

as a third in their friendship. Yet all the time he must have known it was a mockery that he should ever be such as they were to each other—he who had lost the very power of trusting, and constantly sacrificed others to secure his own life, whilst they counted not their lives dear to them in comparison with their truth to their word, and love to one another. No wonder that Damon and Pythias have become such a byword that they seem too well known to have their story told here, except that a name in every one's mouth sometimes seems to be mentioned by those who have forgotten or never heard the tale attached to it.

Pronounce and spell—

phi-los'-o-phy	schol'-ar	dun'-geon
hea'-then-ism	gen'-er-ous	(dunjon)
ma-them-a't-ics	ban'-quet	con's-tant-ly
cap-ri'-cious	for-gi'Ve-ness	com-pa'r-i-son
ma'-gist-rates		

Lesson XXIX.

THE THREE GIANTS.

PART I.

1. As Hopkins was sitting one evening at his cottage door smoking his pipe, and his children gamboling around him, an old pedlar came up, and offered his little wares for sale; their purchases were small, for small were

their means; but as the poor man seemed much tired, they offered him a seat and some refreshment. "It is a weary length of way I have come," said the old man; "and where can I get a night's lodging?"—"I wish I had one to give you," replied Hopkins, "but we are overcrowded with a family already; however, there's a



HOPKINS.

little outhouse behind, where I could make you up a bed of clean straw, with a warm coverlid, if that would serve your turn?"—"Ay, and a blessing to you for it," replied the pedlar; "and if it will please these young ones, I can tell them a story in return, to while away the evening."

2. Upon this all the children crowded round him,

crying out, "A story! a story!"—"I hope it will be a wonderful one," said Tom, "about giants or fairies, and such like."—"Pooh, pooh, nonsense!" cried Jenny; "I like a true story better by half."—"True or false," said Hopkins, "I care not, so long as there is some sense in it, that one may learn somewhat by it."



THE PEDLAR.

—"Oh pray," cried little Betsy, "tell us a pretty story like those in my book of fables; but none of the moral at the end, if you please, that is always so stupid."

3. "I fear I shall have a hard matter to satisfy you all," said the old man; "one wishes the marvellous, another truth, and another sense, and this little one," said he, patting her head, "likes a fable. Well," said

he, "I will do my best to suit your tastes." So, after clearing his throat, he began thus—

4. "A long while ago, when the times were no better than they are now (and perhaps worse, for aught I know), a poor labouring man, encumbered with a large family of young children, resolved to go and seek his fortune beyond seas. Several of his neighbours, who felt the same distress, had joined together to sell what little they had, in order to fit themselves out and pay their passage to one of the foreign colonies, where they were told they might have farms of their own for just a mere nothing; and our good man Jobson thought he could not do better than take his wife and family thither. So off they all set for Liverpool, where they embarked for——, I cannot recollect the name of the place, but it matters not, for the poor folks never reached it!

5. "When they had been at sea some weeks, far away from land, and nothing but wide waters all around them, there arose a great storm, which drove the ship out beyond all reckoning; and the sailors, do what they would, could never manage her; so she drifted before the wind for several days and nights, and at last struck upon a rocky shore, and was wrecked. The poor folks had much ado to save their lives; they did so, however; and were somewhat comforted when they saw that the land to which they had escaped was a pleasant, fruitful country.

"6. They found no inhabitants. So much the better, thought they; we shall have it all to ourselves; and we may live as happily here as we could do in the colony, if we can but get our farming

tools from the wreck, and a few clothes. 'And some of the pots and pans for cooking!' cried the women. 'Oh pray remember the poor hens in the coop!' hallooed out one of the children, as the men were trudging off to the wreck to see what they could save. They brought ashore much more than they expected; and, to make short of my story, they settled themselves pretty comfortably.

7. "In the course of a year each of the families had a neat log-house and little garden of vegetables; fruit they found in abundance growing wild; and as it was a hot climate, there were grapes, and figs, and cocoa-nuts, and a number of fruits, the names of which they did not know. They had sown corn, and had got in a fine crop, enough for them all; but the difficulty was to turn it into flour for bread. They had no other means than by bruising it between two stones, for it could hardly be called grinding; and it took up so much time and labour, that Jobson, who had a large family to feed, found it a hard matter to make all ends meet."

8. "Well, but there's nothing wonderful in this story," said Tom. "I hope you will come to a ghost, or a giant, or a fairy soon."

9. "All in good time, my lad," replied the pedlar; "youth must have patience with old age; we cannot scamper on so fast as you do: but it's coming." Upon hearing this the children all crowded still closer around him.—"Well, one day as Jobson was taking a stroll over the new country, and thinking how he wished his boys were big enough to assist him in his work (for he

felt wellnigh worn out himself), he came to a valley where he had never been before; a river wound through it, overshadowed with trees; and it was so beautiful, that he could not find it in his heart to turn back; so he went on and on, till at last he came within sight of an object that made him start back and shudder."

10. "Oh, here it's coming!" cried Tom, clapping his hands: "what was it? it could not be a fairy, for that would never have frightened him."

11. "It was as little like a fairy," said the pedlar, "as anything well could be. It was an enormous giant, stretched at his whole length upon the ground. Jobson would have fled; but the giant's eyes were shut, so that he appeared to be asleep; and he looked so harmless and good-humoured, that Jobson stood gazing on him till his fear was nearly over. He was clad in a robe of dazzling brightness where the sun shone upon it, but the greater part was shaded by the trees; and it reflected all their different colours, which made it look like a green changing silk. As Jobson stood, lost in amazement, the giant opened his eyes, and turned towards him with a good-humoured smile."

Pronounce and spell—

gam'-bol-ing	hal-lo'oed	child'-ren
fair'-ies	ve'-get-ables	mar'-vel-lous
em-bar'ked	bruis'-ing	dis-tre'ss
scam'-per	val'-ley	ple'as-ant
frigh't-ened	e-nor'm-ous	trud'-ging
ped'-lar	a-ma'ze-ment	pa'-tience
mor'-al	pur'-chas-es	hu'-moured
en-cum'-bered		

PART II.

1. "Then he was not a wicked giant?" said Betsy. "Far from it," replied the old man. "Still, when Jobson saw that he was awake, and stretching himself as if he was going to rise, he took to his heels; but the giant remained quietly stretched on the grass, and called after him in a tone of voice so gentle, that Jobson was tempted to stop. 'Fear me not, good man, because I am strong and powerful; I am not cruel, and will do you no harm.' Jobson hesitated; but the giant looked so kind-hearted, that he felt inclined to trust to his words, and, step by step, he approached. 'Why should you fear me because of my size?' said the giant; 'you are not afraid of yonder hill, which is bigger than I am.'

2. "'Ay, but you are alive,' replied Jobson, 'and I have read of giants being very wicked. It is true I never saw one before. Indeed, till now, I thought they were only idle stories made to amuse children.'—'The wicked giants you have read of are so,' replied he; 'but there are real giants in nature, who, far from being inclined to evil, are willing to do all the good to mankind that lies in their power; and I am one of these.'

3. "'Then a deal of good you can do,' replied Jobson; 'for you must be as strong as Samson.' He then began to cast over in his mind what good the giant might do him, seeing he was so ready; for, thought he, if he is willing to work, he can do more in

a day than I can in a month; so I'll e'en make bold to ask him the question. 'I am ready to do any work you will set me; but I must tell you, that, not having



“I AM READY TO DO ANY WORK.”

been in the habit of working in this desert island, I shall require some teaching in order to know how to set about it.’

4. “‘If that is all,’ said Jobson, ‘I can teach you

any work you would like to do.' But a difficulty occurred to him; he concluded that the giant would require to be paid in proportion to the work he did; and he asked, with some anxiety, what wages he would expect. 'Wages!' replied the giant, smiling, 'I cannot expect any; I do not even know what wages mean.' Jobson was ready to leap for joy at the idea of getting a labourer who could do the work of a hundred men without wages; and he was hurrying away to tell his wife the good news, when the giant said, 'If you will let me carry you home, it will save you the trouble of walking, and you will be there much sooner.'

5. "Jobson rather hung back; yet, not liking to show any distrust of one who was willing to do him so much good, he consented. 'You may think it strange,' said the giant; 'but as I never carried any one before, you must show me how to do it.'—'He seems rather stupid,' thought Jobson; 'however, it is well he takes so little upon himself, and is so ready to be taught.'—'Will you mount upon my back? or shall I carry you in my arms?' continued the giant. Jobson was very glad to have the option, for he had much rather mount him like a horse, than be carried in his arms like a baby.

6. "Besides, if the truth must be told, he was still rather fearful of seeing the giant stand upright, and of being folded in his arms; having, therefore, first saddled him with some planks of wood, to make a comfortable seat, and having cut himself a long pole, which might serve to hasten his pace in case of need, he desired him

to take the road homewards. The giant obeyed; he neither walked nor trotted, but glided on so smoothly that, though he went at a pretty brisk pace, Jobson felt scarcely any motion. In a short time they reached the cottage.

7. "But you may imagine the fright of Dame Jobson, and all her little crew, when they beheld him mounted on such an enormous animal; the children ran screaming away, as if they had seen a wild beast, and the poor woman wrung her hands in despair, and fell a-crying; then she threw herself at the feet of the giant, begging him to set her dear husband at liberty. 'He is quite free,' said the giant; 'I only brought him home to save him the fatigue of walking; and now, good woman, if there is anything I can do for you, you need but tell me; for I ask no better than to be busy.'

8. "The dame courtesied, and trembled, and wiped her eyes, and tried to smile; but she was so astounded with wonder at the sight of this monstrous giant, and so surprised at his good nature, that she began to doubt whether she was in her right senses. And when her husband talked to her, and told her all that had passed between them, and how much the giant had promised to do for them, she lifted up her hands and eyes, and said she would try to believe it, but she thought it was only too good to be true. In the meanwhile the children, who had scampered away, when they saw their father and mother in friendly talk with the giant, ventured gently to return. 'Look at his legs!' cried little Jack; 'I am sure I could not

reach round the calf.'—'If he stood upright, he might gather the cocoa-nuts without climbing,' said Will.

9. "As they drew near, they crowded together, as if for defence; but when they saw the giant smile upon them, and heard their father and mother say there was nothing to fear, their terror ceased; for neither father nor mother had ever deceived them, so they had full belief in all they said. Their fright was no sooner over, than they gave way to their curiosity. The giant was still stretched upon the grass; and in a few minutes the little ones were crawling and climbing all over his huge body, and making a play-fellow of him.

Pronounce and spell—

pow'-er-ful	court'-e-siel	scre'am-ing
mon'-strous	op'-tion	an-xi'-e-ty
de-fen'ce	fa-ti'gue	as-tound'-ed
hes'-i-tated	ven'-tured	play'-fel-low
is'-land		

PART III.

1. "In the meantime the father and mother were consulting together how they should manage to lodge and board the giant. 'Why, he will want a room bigger than all our house,' said the dame, 'and I'm sure no one can build it but himself; then, as for his food,' continued she, 'he will eat us out of house and home; he will devour a plantation of cabbages and a fitch of bacon at a meal.' This Jobson had never considered; and he began to doubt whether, after all,

he had made as good a bargain as he had supposed. 'We had best go and speak to the giant, wife,' said he; and accordingly they went to inquire what sort of fare he would want.

2. "'Nothing more than a draught of fresh water,' replied he. 'Well, that is very moderate, indeed!'" exclaimed Jobson; 'neither spirits, nor even malt liquor!'—'Ay, but for your eating, friend,' quoth the wife, who began to tremble for her kitchen. 'I never eat,' returned the giant; 'strong as I am, I require no food, so do not disturb yourselves about that; and as for house-room or bedding, I always lie on the grass when I am not employed.' You would have thought that Jobson and his wife would have gone wild with joy, when they heard that their powerful labourer worked without board, food, or wages!

3. "'Why, we shall no longer want for anything!'" cried they, 'provided he always keeps in this good temper, and ready to work.'—'We must not overshoot the mark,' said his wife, 'but do what we can to make things agreeable to him.' So they went and told him they should not think of asking him to do what would fatigue him, and begged he would work only just when he liked. 'That depends upon you, my good friends; I am ready to work whenever you have work to give me; as for fatigue, I do not know what it means.'—'Indeed?' exclaimed Jobson and his wife. 'More and more wonderful! So, then, you want no further rest than your night's sleep?'—'I never sleep,' replied the giant; 'and can as easily

work the four and twenty hours round as I can a single minute.'

4. "Jobson was lost in astonishment, and overjoyed at his good luck. They now put their heads together to settle what work they should set the giant to do first. 'He shall begin by bruising the corn that I am so tired of working at!' cried Jobson; so he showed him how he used the stones for that purpose. But this proved mere child's play to the giant; and Jobson thought, if he could but get two large flat stones, such as were used in a mill, the giant would be able to get through much more work. But then the quarry was a long way off, and when they were cut how could they ever be got home? 'They will be no burden to me to carry,' said the giant; 'let us be off.'

5. Jobson only stayed to fetch his tools, which he placed in a sort of large shallow box upon the giant's shoulders. This served him also for a seat; and carrying the long staff in his hand, away they went to the quarry, where they soon cut the stones, which were placed in the box on the giant's back, and brought home. When the stones were properly arranged, the giant went to work as steadily as if he had done nothing else all his life. At nightfall the happy couple begged him to leave off and take some rest; but they could not persuade him to do so. They went to bed themselves; but not without first returning thanks to God in their prayers for having sent them so great a blessing as a labourer who worked both day and night without wanting either food or

lodging.”—“And pray, what was the name of this wonderful giant?” said Tom, interrupting the pedlar.

6. “*Aquafluens*,”¹ replied he.

“Oh, what a long, hard name!” exclaimed little Betsy. “I never heard such a name before.”—“Giants have not the same sort of names as we men have,” replied the pedlar; “but I assure you it is a very significant one. However, now let me go on with my story.

Pronounce and spell—

me'an-time	ex-claim'ed	bar'-gain
cab'-ba-ges	quar'-ry	as-ton'-ish-ment
a-gree'-a-ble	in-ter-rup't-ing	bur'-den
per-sua'de	plant-a'-tion	ste'ad-i-ly
ba'-con	ac-cord'-ing-ly	sig-nif'-i-cant

PART IV.

1. “The children were awakened in the night by the noise of the giant grinding the corn; and, frightened at the unusual sound, they called to their mother, who told them what it was. And when she saw her husband quietly sleeping by her side, and thought what a world of labour he was spared, she ejaculated a blessing on their new friend before she again fell asleep. The next morning *Aquafluens*, having ground all the corn, asked for more work; and whilst Jobson was thinking what he could set him to, he began to wash the house, and carried away all the dirt and filth in a trice.

¹ *Aquafluens* is Latin for *flowing water*.

2. "He then took the children down to the water-side, played with them for some time, and began teaching them to swim; this delighted them beyond measure, and when they returned home to breakfast, clean and fresh, and with rosy cheeks and good appetites, they were full of the praises of their play-fellow Aquafuens.

3. "In the meantime, Jobson had settled on a task for him; he had long wished to bring home a large tree which had been blown down in the forest, for the purpose of cutting it into planks, in order to floor his cottage, which got damp and muddy in wet weather; but it was impossible for him either to carry so heavy a burden, or to cut it into planks. Now nothing was more easy; he slung the tree across the giant's shoulders, who brought it home without difficulty. Then Jobson showed him how to use the saw; he soon took to it, and after some little time, proved a much more exact and regular sawyer than his master.

4. "Jobson thought he got on prodigiously with his work; yet he said, 'If I could fasten eight or ten saws together, parallel to each other, with handles at each end, I am sure he would be strong enough to pull them backwards and forwards, and to cut eight or ten planks at once.' The difficulty was, to obtain such a number of saws. Jobson applied to his neighbours, and agreed to provide them with a stipulated quantity of planks in return for the use of their saws. The fame of the laborious giant had spread throughout the colony; and every one was eager to furnish a saw, in order to partake of the benefit of his work. One of

the men, who had been bred a carpenter, undertook to arrange the saws in a kind of framework ; others dug out a large sawpit. This took some time, but when it was accomplished, and the giant fairly set to work, the whole tree was cut into neat planks in the course of an hour.

Pronounce and spell—

e-jac'-u-la-ted	saw'-yer	pro-di'-gi-ous-ly
stip'-u-la-ted	la-bor'-i-ous	car'-pent-er
break'-fast	ap'-pet-ites	

PART V.

1. " After Jobson had paid for the use of the saws, there remained planks enough not only to floor his cottage, but to make a door, a set of shelves, and a good-sized table. The carpenter offered to make these things for Jobson, on condition that he would allow Aquafuens to grind his corn. This was a bargain advantageous to both parties, and, therefore, soon agreed upon ; and when the rest of the colony saw how comfortable and tidy Jobson's cottage was become, they set to felling trees in the forest for the same purpose.

2. " Then it was necessary to pay Jobson for Aquafuens's labour to bring them home and saw them into planks ; for it was not to be expected that Jobson should part with the services of such a workman without compensation. Each brought him what he could best spare, or what he thought Jobson most wanted.

One came laden with a basket of fish, being part of a draught he had just caught; another brought half of a young kid he had lately shot; another, some wild ducks he had snared; and so they went on, till Jobson's cottage was so well stored that it might have been taken for the larder of some great inn.

3. "One man brought Jobson a purse of money, and offered to pay him in cash for the use of the giant's labour. 'Why, my good fellow, what should I do with your money? It would be of no use to me here; and a guinea would not be half so valuable as these good things which your neighbours have brought me; however, as I have more food than we shall be able to consume for many a day, I will take your money for once; mayhap, some day or other, it may turn to some use.'

4. "Last of all came a poor widow, who had lost her husband since they were wrecked; she wished much for a floor of planks to keep her children dry and clean; but she had nothing to offer in exchange for the giant's labour but a basket of potatoes from her little garden. 'I shall not take your potatoes, Martha!' cried Jobson, 'so carry them back again.'

5. "'Alas!' said the poor widow, 'I have nothing else to offer; you know how destitute I am. Jackson has kindly promised to cut me down a tree, if I can obtain the giant's services to bring it home and saw it into planks; and I daresay the carpenter would lend me a hand, some leisure day, to lay down the floor.'

6. "'And do you think I am the only one who will not give a turn to a poor neighbour without reward?'

muttered Jobson half sulkily. 'Go your ways, my good woman; bid Jackson cut down your tree; and as soon as that is done, Aquafuens shall take it in hand.' The poor woman thanked him with tears in her eyes; and away she trudged with her load of potatoes, which, to her, felt lighter than if she had carried back the basket empty, so pleased was she to have them to dress for her children's dinner.

Pronounce and spell—

ad-van-ta'-ge-ous	com-pen-sa'-tion	may'-hap
lard'-er	val'-u-able	des'-ti-tute
con-su'me	po-ta'-toes	ob-ta'in

PART VI.

1. "There were two men still loitering about the door of Jobson's cottage, who would gladly have got the use of the giant's services; but, having always been idle fellows, who had done no more than scrape together the bare necessaries of life, they had not a single thing to offer in return.

2. "'If so, you had as well be gone,' said Jobson; 'the giant does not work to encourage idleness, I promise you.'—'What can we do?' replied one of them; 'if we have got nothing, we can give nothing.'—'You have, both of you, got a good pair of arms; and if you had made a right use of them, you would not have come empty-handed now.' Jobson's wife, knowing they had each of them a wife and children, could not but have a fellow-feeling towards them.

3. “ ‘You have still got your arms,’ said she ; ‘and if you will use them for us for a time, I’ll venture to say my good man will lend you the giant’s services.’— ‘But,’ said Jobson, ‘whilst we have the giant to work for us, what need have we of the help of others?’— ‘There are many things Aquafuens cannot do, you well know, Jobson ; and have not I many a time heard you say that he does his work so fast, that it’s more than you can do to get it ready for him ? Now, why should not you, husband, take your ease a bit, and let others prepare the work for him?’— ‘That’s true enough,’ replied he ; ‘seeing we are so well-to-do in the world, there’s no manner of reason why I should slave myself. But then,’ added he, ‘I doubt whether I can trust these idle fellows.’

4. “ ‘You may give an eye to them, and see that they mind what they are set about. Besides,’ added she, ‘I sadly want a set of large baskets to keep the store of good things our neighbours bring us.’ So it was agreed that the giant was to grind the corn of these two men, on condition that they should do such work in return as Jobson and his wife required. Then one of them was sent to strip off the bark from the trunk of a tree, and place it in the pit ready for the giant to saw ; whilst the other was despatched to gather slips of willow, and make them into baskets.

5. “ It would be endless to relate all the advantages which the colony reaped from the giant’s labour ; but, though the benefit was general, Jobson being, master of his services, was by far the greatest gainer by them.

This led his neighbours, when they had a leisure day, to stroll about the unknown parts of the country, in hopes of meeting with some other giant, whom they might engage in their service. Many were the inquiries made of Aquafluens whether there were any other giants in the island. 'I have a brother,' replied he; 'but we seldom meet; I love to repose in the valleys, and he, for the most part, frequents the hills.'—'And can he do as much work as you do?'—'Yes,' replied Aquafluens, 'when he is in the humour; but he is more variable in his temper, and now and then is overboisterous. He sometimes disturbs the natural calmness of my temper, and works me up into a rage.'

6. "The search of the colonists was long fruitless; at length, one day, Jackson, climbing a high rock in pursuit of a wild goat, saw a magnificent figure seated upon the summit. He could scarcely distinguish the shape, for his eyes were dazzled by its brightness; but what struck him most were two enormous wings, as large as the sails of a ship, but thin and transparent as the wings of a gnat. Jackson doubted not but that this was the brother of Aquafluens. Alarmed at the account he had heard of the uncertainty of his temper, he hesitated whether to approach; the hope of gain, however, tempted him, and as he drew nearer, he observed that he also had a smiling countenance; so, mustering up courage, he ventured to accost him, and inquire whether he was the person they had so long been in search of, and whether he would engage in his service.

7. "'My name is Ventosus!'¹ cried the winged

¹ *Ventosus* is the Latin for *windy*, and here means *the wind*.



VENTOSUS.

giant, 'and I am ready to work for you, if you will let me have my own way. I am not of the low grovelling disposition of my brother, who plods on with the same uniform pace. I cannot help sometimes laughing at his slow motion; and I amuse myself with ruffling his placid temper, in order to make him jog on a little faster. I frequently lend him a helping hand when he is laden with a heavy burden. I perch upon his bosom, and stretching out my wings, I move with such rapidity as almost to lift him from the ground.'

8. "Jackson was astonished to hear Aquafuens accused of sluggishness; he told Ventosus what a prodigious quantity of work he had done for the colony. 'He is a snail compared to me, for all that,' called out Ventosus, who had sometimes a very loud voice; and to show his rapidity, he spread his wings, and was out of sight in a moment. Jackson was sadly frightened lest he should be gone for ever; but he soon returned, and consented to accompany Jackson home, on condition that he would settle him in an elevated spot of ground. 'My house is built on the brow of a hill,' said Jackson, 'and I shall place yours on the summit.'

Pronounce and spell—

loi'-ter-ing	ne'-ces-sa-ries	des-patch'ed
wil'-low	rea'-son	var'-i-a-ble
bois'-ter-ous	in-quir'-ies	coun'-ten-ance
trans-pa'-rent	mag-nif'-i-cent	pla'-cid
gro'v-el-ling	slug'-gish-ness	ac-com'-pan-y
ra-pi'd-i-ty	en-cour'-age	

PART VII.

1. “ ‘Well,’ said the giant, ‘if you will get me a couple of millstones, I will grind you as much corn in one hour as *Aquafluens* can in two; like my brother, I work without food or wages; but then I have an independent spirit; I cannot bear confinement; I work only when I have a mind to it, and I follow no will but my own.’—‘This is not such a tractable giant as *Aquafluens*,’ thought Jackson; ‘but he is still more powerful; so I must try to manage his temper as well as I can.’

2. “His wonderful form and the lightness of his wings excited great admiration. Jackson immediately set about building a house for him on the hill, to grind corn in; and in the meantime, *Ventusus* took a flight into the valley to see his brother. He found him carrying to their proprietor a heavy load of planks, which he had lately sawed; they embraced each other, and *Ventusus*, being in a good humour, said, ‘Come, brother, let me help you forward with your load; you will never get on at this lazy pace.’—‘Lazy pace!’ exclaimed one of the children, who was seated on the load of wood on the giant’s back; ‘why, there is no man who can walk half a quarter as fast.’—‘True,’ replied *Ventusus*; ‘but we are not such pigmies as you.’

3. “So he seated himself beside the child, stretched out his wings, and off they flew with a rapidity which at first terrified the boy; but when he found he was quite safe, he was delighted to sail through the air

almost as quickly as a bird flies. When they arrived, and the wood had been unloaded: 'Now, brother,' said Aquafuens, 'you may help me back again.'—'Not I,' replied Ventosus, 'I am going on, straight forward; if you choose to go along with me, well and good; if not, you may make your way home as you please.'

4. "Aquafuens thought this very unkind, and he began to argue with his brother, but this only led to a dispute. Aquafuens's temper was at length ruffled, Ventosus flew into a passion; he struggled with his brother, and roared louder than any wild beast. Aquafuens then lost all self-command, and actually foamed with rage. The poor child stood trembling with fear at a distance; he hardly knew the face of his old friend, so much was his countenance distorted by wrath; he looked as if he could almost have swallowed him up. At length Ventosus disengaged himself from his brother, and flew out of his sight; but his sighs and moans were still heard afar off.

5. "Aquafuens also murmured loudly at the ill-treatment he had received; but he composed himself by degrees, and taking the boy on his back, slowly returned home. Jackson inquired eagerly after Ventosus; and when the child told him all that had happened, he was much alarmed for fear Ventosus should never return; and he was the more disappointed, as he had prepared everything for him to go to work.

6. "Ventosus, however, came back in the night; and when Jackson went to set him to work in the morning, he found that nearly half the corn was

already ground. This was a wonderful performance; yet, upon the whole, Ventosus did not prove of such use to the colony as his brother. He would carry with astonishing quickness; but then, he would always carry his own way; so that it was necessary to know what direction he intended to take, before you could confide any goods to his charge; and then, when you thought them sure to arrive on account of the rapidity with which they were conveyed, Ventosus would sometimes suddenly change his mind, and veer about with the fickleness of a weathercock, so that the goods, instead of reaching their place of destination, were carried to some other place, or brought back to the spot whence they set out. This inconvenience could not happen with regard to grinding corn; but one, of no less importance, often did occur:—Ventosus, when not inclined to work, disappeared, and was nowhere to be found.

Pronounce and spell—

tract'-a-ble	ad-mir-a'-tion	im-me'-di-ate-ly
pro-pri'-e-tor	pig'-mies	dis-pu'te
treat'-ment	dis-ap-point'ed	dis-tor't-ed
con-vey'ed	wea'-ther-cock	per-form'-ance
con-fine'-ment	in-con-ve'n-i-ence	des-tin-a'-tion
in-de-pen'd-ent		

PART VIII.

1. "The benefit derived from the labour of these two giants had so much improved the state of the colony,

that, not only were the cottages well floored, and had good doors and window-shutters, but there was abundance of comfortable furniture—bedsteads, tables, chairs, chests, and cupboards, as many as could be wished; and the men and women, now that they were relieved from the most laborious work, could employ themselves in making a number of things which before they had not time for. It was no wonder, therefore, that the desire to discover more giants was uppermost in men's minds.

2. "In reply to their numerous inquiries, Aquaffuens one day said, with a sigh: 'I know but of one more of our species to be met with in this island, and that is a truant son of my own. It is many years since he left me; and from that day to this I have never beheld him. His mother was of the tribe of Salamanders, and he always took to her relations more kindly than to mine; and one sultry day, as he was basking in the sunbeams, he rose up of a sudden and disappeared from my sight.'—'Then there is little chance that any of us should find him!' cried the colonists; 'he has probably left the island.'

3. "Watson, one of the most enterprising among them, was not wholly discouraged by this account; he returned alone to talk to Aquaffuens about his runaway son, and learned that there was reason to believe he had not wholly abandoned the island, as he was known to amuse himself occasionally with bathing in a hot spring which flowed from a rock in a distant valley, where none of the inhabitants had ever been. 'The fact is,' said his father, 'he takes so much after

his mother, that he cannot live but in a very high temperature. These waters are boiling hot, but this only increases his vigour.'

4. "Watson inquired if he was a powerful workman. 'I can only speak by report,' replied the father, 'and from that I should judge that he can do more than I and Ventosus together; the difficulty, however, is to catch him and confine him, for he is just the reverse of Ventosus, he will only work when imprisoned; then he differs from both of us by being a great feeder.'—'Oh!' exclaimed Watson, 'if so, he loses one of his principal merits; for, if he is near the size of either of you, it will be difficult to satisfy his appetite, and it may cost me as much to procure him food as I should gain by his labour.'

5. "'Never fear,' returned the giant, 'the food he takes is coals or wood, which he devours burning hot, and the more you give him, the better he will work, provided, as I said before, he is imprisoned.'—'But where can we meet with a prison large enough to enclose a giant?'—'Why, in regard to his size,' replied Aquafuens, 'though he sometimes reaches up to the skies, he can, at others, be squeezed into a very small compass, and the smaller the space in which you confine him, the harder he will work.'—'Surely he cannot take a pleasure in being imprisoned,' said Watson. 'Oh no!' replied Aquafuens, 'he works only with a view to get free; for he is as fond of his liberty as Ventosus.'

6. "'Well,' said Watson, 'if you will help me, perhaps we might manage to get hold of him.'

Accordingly, the next morning they set out together, Watson having purchased the services of Aquafluens by a fine ham which he took to Jobson. As they were on the road, Watson quietly seated on the back of the giant, he inquired of him by what means he thought they could confine his son, if they should be so fortunate as to meet with him ?

7. “ ‘I have brought a vessel for that purpose,’ said the giant, and showed him a bottle; upon which Watson fell a-laughing, and declared that he believed Aquafluens was making game of him. In a short time they arrived at the hot spring. As they drew near they observed a great body of vapour rising from the pool. ‘Look, look!’ cried Aquafluens, ‘there he is.’ Watson looked with great eagerness; he saw nothing but a cloud of steam. In a few moments, however, this cloud took the form of an enormous giant, whose head reached almost to the clouds; the figure, as it continued slowly rising, became more and more indistinct, till at length it wholly disappeared. ‘There he was indeed!’ exclaimed Watson; ‘but he is gone, perhaps fled for ever!’—‘No, no!’ replied Aquafluens; ‘since we know the spot he haunts, we may be more fortunate another time.’

8. “Another time they came, but no giant was to be seen. ‘So much the better,’ said Aquafluens; ‘we must prepare to catch him when he rises;’ so he drew out his bottle, which he held with the mouth downwards over the pool, and he gave the cork to Watson, charging him to thrust it into the bottle as soon as he saw it filled with vapour. Watson

had much to do to refrain from laughing at the idea of squeezing a giant into a bottle; however, he was too intent on an object of such importance to venture to give way to his mirth.

9. "In a short time the vapour began to arise; Aquafuens held the bottle inverted over it where it appeared thickest; it was soon filled, and well corked; but Watson could not be persuaded that they really were in possession of the long-sought treasure. 'Well, if he is within the bottle,' said he, 'he submits to his confinement with a very good grace; 'he is as quiet as a lamb.'—'Never trust to that,' replied Aquafuens; 'he is cool now, but you will see the difference by and by.' When they got home, Aquafuens told him to place him in the chimney-corner as near the fire as possible. 'Heat is his element,' said he; 'and unless you contrive to keep him scalding hot, you will do nothing with him.'

10. "Watson, in order to give his new host complete satisfaction, placed him in a pot of boiling water over the fire, when, to his utter consternation, the cork flew out, and he saw the figure of the giant, of a diminished size, come out of the bottle, and, increasing in dimensions as it arose, make its escape through the chimney. Watson, quite discomfited, went to relate the disaster to Aquafuens.

11. "'What a trick the lad has played you!' said he; 'but we will catch him again, depend upon it.'—'What's the use of catching if we can't keep him?' retorted Watson. 'I advise you,' said Aqua-

fluens, 'to see if amongst the things saved from the wreck there is not an iron or a copper vessel which would be strong enough to hold him, when he is alive and active, and fit for work.'



VAPORIFER.

12. "Watson inquired throughout the colony, and at last found a man who had a brass vessel of a cylindrical form, which Watson purchased with a pair of old shoes. 'I defy him to burst this!' cried Watson; 'it is so thick and strong.'—'I have known him crack stouter vessels,' replied the giant,

‘when he is much heated by passion;’ but, on examining it, he said he thought it would serve their purpose; for he observed that there was a small opening closed with a little door. ‘He will make nothing of lifting this door,’ cried he, ‘when he is violent; but it is too small for him to escape by. However, it will serve him to vent his wrath, and keep him more temperate.’ The next day off they posted; succeeded in enclosing Vaporifer¹ (for that was his name), as he arose from the boiling pool, and carried him home in triumph.

Pronounce and spell—

fur'-ni-ture	re-ver'se	en'-ter-pri-sing
prin'-cip-al	di-men'-sions	im-pris'-oned
re-frain'	cy-lin'-dric-al	plea'-sure
bed'-steads	cup'-boards	in-dis-ti'nect
tru'-ant	(cubbords)	vi'-o-lent
oc-ca'-sion-al-ly		

PART IX.

1. “When Vaporifer was fairly captured, he was ready to come to terms with his master, and offered to do almost any sort of work he chose to set him to. ‘But,’ said he, ‘it would be beneath my talents to grind corn or to saw planks. I can work a manufactory of cotton or woollen goods, or raise coals or water from a mine.’

¹ *Vaporifer* is the Latin for *bearer of vapour*, and here means *steam*.

2. " 'As for coals,' said Watson, 'we have such abundance of wood that we need give ourselves no trouble to get coals; and in regard to mining of any sort, that is quite beyond our reach. But if it were possible to manufacture the cotton that grows in such quantity in this country, it would be a great blessing; for we are all short of shirts, and our women and children are half naked. So I must consult with the rest of them, and see if it would be possible to build some mills to spin the cotton and weave it.'

3. "This was so desirable, that every one was ready to give his assistance. The carpenter, the smith, and the wheelwright were of essential service; and after much toil and trouble, the mill was erected. A manufacturer from Manchester would have laughed at it; but it proved a most valuable treasure to the little colony; which, by the bye," continued the pedlar, "I ought to have told you, had increased considerably in population, as well as in wealth."—"Wealth!" interrupted Tom, "I thought you said they made no use of money, and did not care about it."—"True," replied the pedlar, "the wealth I speak of was the corn, and cattle, and vegetables, and furniture, and better houses, and boats with which they caught plenty of fish, and other things without number.

4. "After a few years had passed over their heads, no one would have known the colony again, so much was it increased and improved;—thanks to Aquaffluens, Ventosus, and, above all, to Vaporifer. Not that the people were idle; they had enough to do to prepare work for the giants, and finish

it up after they had performed their part. Thus, the men had to build houses, and to make furniture, and boats, and carts, out of the boards which Aquafuens sawed. Then they were obliged to raise the corn for Ventosus to grind, and afterwards make it into bread."

5. "And the women must have had plenty of work too," said little Betsy, "after they made cotton, to sew it up into gowns and petticoats for the little girls."

6. "Very true, my dear," said the old man; "and the little girls helped them at this work; for there was a school set up to teach the children to sew, and to read and write; and the poor widow was the mistress of it. Then there was a church built; it was neither very large nor very handsome; but they prayed to God in it as piously and as sincerely as if it had been finer and richer; and never failed to return thanks for the wonderful assistance He had sent them."

7. "But pray, what did the men do for coats?" asked Tom; "for theirs must have been worn out in time as well as the women's petticoats?"

8. "Oh!" said the pedlar, "when once the manufacture of cotton was found to answer, another for wool was set on foot; and after that they raised flax, and manufactured linen; and, build as many mills as they would, Vaporifer worked them all. At last they undertook to build a ship; and then the three giants began to dispute which should take charge of it.

9. "'It cannot move without my assistance,' said

Aquafluens.—‘Nay,’ said Ventosus, ‘you may support it, but a pretty snail’s pace it will move at unless I perch upon the deck and stretch out my wings; and then it will fly upon the surface of the waters.’—‘Ay, but it must fly the way you happen to go!’ cried Vaporifer, ‘whilst I can take it in any direction; ay, even against the combined efforts of you both.’

10. “Aquafluens was obliged to give up the point; for though he could have carried a vessel as far as the mouth of a river, he had no power to walk on the sea. The other two determined to divide the charge amicably between them. When Ventosus was in a humour to conduct the vessel towards the place of its destination, he was to be captain; but if he grew refractory the command was to be taken by Vaporifer. The colony had now an opportunity of either returning to England, or seeking the spot where it had at first been their intention to settle; but, during the course of twenty years that they had been established in this desert island, they had improved it so much, and become so attached to it, that they had not the least desire to leave it.

11. “Besides, those who were young when they were wrecked were now growing old; but those who had been born in the island, or had arrived there at a very early age, were curious to visit England, of which they had heard so much from their parents. They carried thither a cargo of goods, the produce of the island, which they thought would fetch a good price in England, and brought in return such commodities

as the colony required. Thus, manufactures and commerce were established in the country, and from that time they went on in an almost uninterrupted course of prosperity.

12. "And so now, I am come to the end of my story!" cried the old man, who began to be out of breath with so long a narrative. "And a very pretty story it is," cried Tom, "with giants in plenty!"—"But I should be glad to know where the sense lies?" said Hopkins, with a shrug of his shoulders; "for as it has not pleased God to give us such helps as you describe, I see no good that can come of setting us a longing for what we can't get, and so making us discontented with what we have."

Pronounce and spell—

man-u-fac'-ture	de-si'-ra-ble	mis'-tress
as-sist'-ance	hand'-some	sin-ce're-ly
pet'-ti-coats	am'-ic-ab-ly	re-frac'-tor-y
de-ter'-mined	car'-go	com-mo'd-i-ties
es-tab'-lished	nar'-rat-ive	com'-merce

PART X.

1. "Are you sure that you have no such helps?" said the old man with an arch smile. "I could give you an explanation of my tale, but little Betsy would say it was the stupid moral at the end; so I think the children had better go to bed before I proceed." Betsy

and little Jem, who were beginning to yawn, agreed to this; but the other children all begged leave to stay and hear the explanation.

2. "Well, then," cried the old man, "nature has in reality given these gigantic powers to assist the labours of men." The children looked around in astonishment, as if doubting whether they should not behold one of the giants. "Tell me," continued he, addressing Hopkins, "who is it turns the mill that saws the wood yonder?"—"No one!" cried Hopkins; "it is turned by a stream of water."—"And does not that stream of water work, without requiring either food, lodging, or wages?"—"That is true, indeed," replied Hopkins, scratching his head, as if to make the meaning enter into it the easier. "It is strange, that never struck me before."—"Aquafluens," continued the pedlar, "means no other than a stream of running water."

3. "Oh, that is the reason," cried Jenny, "that he cleaned the house, and washed the children, and taught them to swim; but I do not understand how running water can fetch and carry cargoes of wood and other things, as Aquafluens."—"Why, in a boat," said Tom. "No doubt, don't you remember they placed a large shallow box on his back, to hold things in; what was that but a boat?"—"Ay, true," replied Jenny; "and the long pole or staff to make the giant go on must have been an oar."—"Well, it must be confessed," said Hopkins, "there is as much truth as fiction in your tale."

4. "Then Ventosus——" continued the pedlar.

“Oh, stop !” cried Tom, interrupting him ; “let me try to guess what Ventosus means.” After thinking a while, he exclaimed, “I do think Ventosus must be the wind ; because, when he quarrels with his brother, Aquafuens, he makes the waves rage, and swell, and foam. Oh, it is certainly the wind which turns the mill to grind the corn.”

5. “True,” said Hopkins thoughtfully ; “the wind is another gigantic power in nature, for which we have never thought of being thankful. Well, my good friend,” continued he, “your story has taught me that we possess blessings I little thought of, and I hope it will teach us to be grateful for them. But what is the third power which is more powerful than the other two ?”

6. “It is one you know less of,—it is steam ; which, confined in the cylinder of the steam-engine, sets all our manufactures in motion. As it rises from boiling water, I have called it the son of water and of fire or heat. It is now, you know, applied to vessels at sea, acting always steadily and regularly, whilst the wind is not under our command. But observe,” said the pedlar, “though these powers do so much for men, they do not take the work out of their hands ; on the contrary, when the mills or manufactures thrive, they give them more to do. It was the giant Vaporifer that introduced into this village the cotton-mills, which gave so much work to all the folks in the neighbourhood ; and if Ventosus did not grind the corn, depend upon it there would not be half so much raised ; no, nor near so many bakers ; for,

when men were obliged to bruise their corn themselves, it would take up the time which they can now give to sowing and reaping it."

7. "Nor would there be so many floored cottages, and doors, and window-shutters, and tables, and chairs," said Tom (proud to show that he had not forgotten the number of articles mentioned in the tale), "if Aquafuens had not been such a capital sawyer of wood."

8. "Well, but," said Dame Hopkins, who hitherto had made no remark, for, being busied about her household affairs, she had not heard above half the story, "if these giants do but make men work the more, I can't see what good they do them."—"Why, wife," answered Hopkins, "we don't want to be idle; but we want to earn a comfortable livelihood by our work; and I see now, that, if it were not for the help of these powers which nature has given us (and we must have been as blind as buzzards not to have observed them before), our cottage might have been unfloored; we might have had neither bedstead to lie on, chair to sit on, nor table to eat off; and, what is worse still, a sad scarcity of bread to set on the table meals. We have now the produce of our own work, and of theirs also; and, as they do a hundred times more work than we can, why, we get a hundred times more food and clothing, and comforts of one kind or other."

9. "Ay," said Jenny, "where should we have got our cotton gowns and petticoats, or you your shirt, Tom, if Vaporifer had not set the cotton-mills a-going?"—

“Well,” said Hopkins, snuffing up the air, “I smell the smell of supper. I see my good woman has been busy to some purpose.”—“Ay, and it’s all the work of my own hands,” said she; “none of your giants have had anything to do with it.” But the pedlar, who stood up for the credit of his giants, replied, “By your leave, mistress, I think you are mistaken. These potatoes could never have been so well boiled without the help of steam; nor would the iron, of which the pot is made, have been so easily got out of the mine, without the use of a steam-engine.”—“I think that truant young giant is the greatest favourite of yours,” said Hopkins, “of the three.”—“Not when he was running wild about the country,” replied the pedlar; “but after he was reclaimed, and took to working, he certainly did more than the other two.”—“And, mother, who ground the corn that made this bread?” cried Tom archly.

10. “And I doubt whether Ventosus had not some hand in bringing this sugar over the seas from foreign parts,” said Hopkins. “Well, well, come in and eat,” cried the good dame, a little angry that she did but half understand the meaning of the story, which seemed to be more attended to than her supper. So they all went in laughing and joking, and sat down to a comfortable meal; which, in spite of all the credit the good dame claimed for her cooking, they declared she could not have brought to table without the help of Aquafuens, Ventosus, and Vaporifer.

MRS. MARCET.

Pronounce and spell—

re-mem'-ber	con-fes'sed	scratch'-ing
thought'-ful-ly	gra'te-ful	in-tro-du'ced
reg'-u-lar-ly	cap'-i-tal	li've-li-hood
buz'-zards	scar'-ci-ty	cred'-it
fa'-vour-ite	re-claim'ed	sup'-per
ad-dres'-sing	gi-gant'-ic	

Lesson XXX.

LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR WRATH.

1. SEE, behind the crimson west,
Brightly sinks the sun to rest;
Gently close the drooping flowers,
Softly fall the vesper hours;
Hushed is every woodland note,
Bee's loud hum, and linnet's throat;
Silent is the liquid breeze,
Moonbeams kiss the rustling trees.
Ere the loving stars arise,
Ere soft slumber seals your eyes,
Children, bid contentions cease,
Let the sun go down in peace.
2. Join not hymns of praise to learn,
While your hearts with anger burn:

Kneel not to your evening prayer,
 With resentment lurking *there*.
 God, who bids you dwell in love—
 God, who sees you from above—
 He is grieved your pride to see,
 Every time you disagree.

Ere the silver stars arise,
 Ere soft slumber seals your eyes.
 Children, bid your quarrels cease,
 Let the sun go down in peace.

BERNARD BARTON.

Pronounce and spell—

crim'-son

lin'-net

re-sent'-ment

ves'-per

con-ten'-tions

dis-a-gree'

Lesson XXXI.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

1. A DUTY peculiarly applicable to the season of youth, is the diligent cultivation of the intellectual powers. Yours is the time, my young friends, for forming good mental habits, and acquiring those liberal and rational tastes, which will prove a source of the purest happiness to the very close of existence. Now or never is the time for giving a bent to the character. As yet, you are not deeply involved in the perplexing cares of life :

as yet, you are not the slaves of any low and debasing habits: your minds and all their best powers are your own; your curiosity is awake; and your attention capable of being easily directed and fixed to any object—to any pursuit.

2. Yours are the light and cheerful spirits—the ever-active interest—the clear and unembarrassed memory; yours, the joyous hope and eager expectation, which at once dispose your minds to seek for knowledge, and qualify them for gaining it. For you, nature unlocks her stores, and art displays her thousand wonders; to you, are opened the wide fields of science; to you, is unrolled the ample page of history; and for your instruction and delight, is recorded all that the sage has thought, and the poet sung.

3. To aid your progress, and increase your knowledge, innumerable schemes are devised, and institutions reared, which invite you into the paths of wisdom, and lavish on you the opportunities of improvement. These are the prospects of your happy period. Let them not be offered you in vain. Let not “wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice, in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths;” while you turn a deaf ear to her counsels, and go aside into the ways of folly: but rather, in everything good and liberal—in everything connected with the progress of truth and knowledge and virtue and vital religion—endeavour to prove yourselves worthy of the age in which you live, and of the country to which you belong.

4. Learn, also, to be modest in your demeanour, lowly in heart, and humble in your opinion of yourselves. There is no quality more engaging and attractive in youth than modesty. What says the wisest of men? "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." An individual's modest opinion of himself, is a tolerable accurate test of his real merit; and if this be true of men in general, it is still more so of young people, who can have but little knowledge, and still less experience. Rashness, petulance, and self-conceit, will sometimes hurry even well-meaning young persons into mistakes, which they could not foresee—perhaps into crimes, which they would have blushed and trembled to think of beforehand.

5. Enter, then, the paths of life, cautiously and circumspectly, distrustful of yourselves, and willing to be advised and directed by those who are wiser and more experienced. Feel your own weakness and liability to err, and it will lead you to cultivate a devotional spirit; acknowledge your own ignorance and want of experience, and it will dispose you to lean upon your parents; confess the feebleness of your abilities, and the small extent of your knowledge, and it will stimulate you to improve your minds diligently, and may be a means of ultimately leading you to the highest attainments in knowledge and wisdom.

TAYLER.

Pronounce and spell—

ra'-tion-al	ex-pect-a'-tion	im-pro've-ment
cu-ri-os'-i-ty	in-stit-u'-tion	de-mean'-our

ac'-cu-rate	in-num'-er-able	feeble-ness
cau'-tious-ly	lav'-ish	op-por-tu'-ni-ties
at-tain'-ment	coun'-sels	pet'-u-lance
in-vol'ved	o-pin'-ion	dis-trust'-ful
un-em-bar'-rased	de-vo'-tion-al	ac-know'-ledge

Lesson XXXII.

SECURITY.

1. THIS inestimable good is the mark of civilisation ; it is the work of the laws. Without law there is no security, no abundance, no certain subsistence ; and the only equality in such a condition is an equality of misery. To estimate the benefit of the laws, it is only necessary to consider the condition of savages. They struggle against famine, which sometimes in a few days cuts off whole nations. Rivalry for the means of subsistence produces among them cruel wars ; and, like ferocious beasts, men pursue men, that they may feed on one another. The gentlest sentiments of nature are destroyed by the fear of famine ; old persons are put to death, because they can no longer follow their prey.

2. Examine what passes when civilised men return almost to the savage state. I refer to a time of war, when the laws are in part suspended. Every instant is fruitful in calamity ; at every step which it imprints

on the globe, the mass of riches, the foundation of subsistence, decreases or disappears; the cottage and the palace alike suffer from its ravages; and frequently the anger or caprice of a moment consigns to destruction the slow productions of an age of labour. Law alone has accomplished what all the natural feelings were unable to do; it alone has created a fixed possession, which deserves the name of property; it alone could accustom us to the yoke of foresight. Economy has as many enemies as there are men who would enjoy without taking the trouble to produce. Labour is too painful for indolence, too slow for impatience, cunning and injustice conspire to carry off its fruits; insolence and audacity plot to seize them by open force; society, always threatened, lives in the midst of snares, requiring in the legislator vigilance and power always in action. Moreover, since pain and pleasure are felt by anticipation, the expectation of security in man is not limited to the present time, or to the period of his own life; it must be prolonged to him through the whole vista that his imagination can measure. If he have proof that such an expectation can be realised, the fact entitles him to form a general plan of conduct, and to regard the moments that compose the present life not as isolated points, but as parts of a continuous whole; it forms a chain passing beyond himself to the generations which are to follow, the sensibility of the individual being prolonged through all the links of the chain.

3. In creating property, the laws have created wealth, at the same time that they are benefactors to those

who remain in their original poverty—the primitive condition of the human race. In civilised society the poorest participate more or less in its resources; hope mingles with their labours; they enjoy the pleasures of acquisition; their industry places them among the candidates for fortune. Those who look down from above at the inferior ranks see all objects less than they really are; but at the base of the pyramid the summit disappears in turn. The poor never dream of making these comparisons, or torment themselves with impossibilities; and, if all things be considered, it will be found that the protection of the laws contributes as much to the happiness of the cottage as to the security of the palace.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

Pronounce and spell—

in-es'-tim-a-ble	sub-sist'-ence	par-ti'-cip-ate
e-qual'-i-ty	ne'-ces-sar-y	fa'-mine
ri'-val-ry	fer-o'-cious	sent'-i-ments
rav'-a-ges	fruit'-ful	ca-lam'-i-ty
na'-tur-al	found-a'-tion	cap-ri'ce
ac-cus'-tom	im-pa'-tience	e-con'-o-my
le'-gis-la-tor	au-da'-ci-ty	so-ci'-e-ty
re-al-i'sed	vi'-gil-ance	ant-i-ci-pa'-tion
prim'-i-tive	im-a-gin-a'-tion	gen-er-a'-tions
ac-quis-i'-tion	i'-sol-a-ted	re-sour'-ces
pyr'-a-mids	ben-e-fac'-tors	con-si'gn
ci-vil-is-a'-tion		

Lesson XXXIII.**THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.**

[To be learnt by heart.] •

1. SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
2. All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
3. The low desire—the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess.
4. The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!
5. All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will!
6. All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain

In the bright field of Fair Renown
The right of eminent domain !

7. We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.
8. The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.
9. The distant mountains, that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.
10. The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
11. Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.
12. Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

Pronounce and spell—

be-ne'ath	vir'-tues	tri'-umph
de-si'gn	ir-rev'-er-ence	im-pe'des
re-no'wn	Pyr'-a-mids	e'-min-ent
ir-rev'-o-cable	up-re'ar	gi-gant'-ic
ap-pe'ar	dis-ce'rn	de's-tin-ie's
Au-gus'-tine	Long'-fel-low	oc-ca'-sions
plea'-sures	cloud'-y	

Lesson XXXIV.

INCENTIVES TO EXERTION.

1. LET me, who have not survived my sympathies with the feelings of youth, who drank from the same pure spring at which you allay the thirst for knowledge, who have felt the glow of your emulation—let me, after being engaged in the active scenes of public life, and buffeted by the storms of political party—let me bring the living testimony of experience to confirm the truth of those precepts which you hear from the higher authority of the distinguished men, of whom your instruction is the peculiar province.

2. Let me assure you, with all the earnestness of deep conviction, that your success, your eminence, your happiness, are much less dependent on the caprices of fortune, infinitely more within your own control, than to superficial observers they appear to be. There lies before you a boundless field of exertion. Whatever

be your pursuit, whatever the profession you choose, the avenues to honourable fame are widely open to you. The great ocean of truth lies expanded before you. "I do not know," said Newton, at the close of his illustrious career; "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem only like a boy playing on the seashore, finding sometimes a brighter pebble or a smoother shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me." Each advance in knowledge has served to extend it on every side; it has served, like the telescope, to make us familiar with objects before but imperfectly comprehended; it has shown us the comparative nothingness of human knowledge.

3. I have said that the field for exertion is boundless; I have said that the avenues to distinction are free; and that it is within your power to command an entrance to them. I am the son of a man who founded his own fortune, by dint of honest and laborious exertion in those very pursuits of active industry which are still elevating so many to affluence and to honourable station; yet by the favour and confidence of my sovereign, I have been called to the highest trust which a subject can execute, that of administering the government of this great country. I repeat, there is a presumption amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent, in whatever profession you may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, you will, if health and strength be given you, infallibly succeed.

4. Yes, if even what is called genius shall have been denied to you, you have faculties of the mind, which may be so improved by constant exercise and vigilance, that they shall supply the place of genius, and open to you brighter prospects of ultimate success than genius, unaided by discipline, can hope to attain. There may be—there are, no doubt—original differences in different persons, in the depth and in the quality of the intellectual mine; but in all ordinary cases, the practical success of the working of the mine depends, in by far the greatest degree, upon the care, the labour, the perfection of the machinery which is applied to it. Do I say that you can command success without difficulty? No; difficulty is the condition of success. “Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.”

5. These are the memorable words of the first of philosophic statesmen—the illustrious Mr. Burke. Enter then into the amicable conflict with difficulty. Whenever you encounter it, turn not aside; say not “there is a lion in the path;” resolve upon mastering it; and every successive triumph will inspire you with that confidence in yourselves, that habit of victory, which will make future conquests easy.

6. Practise the economy of time; consider time, like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate—that every moment of it, well applied, is put out to an exorbitant interest. I do not say, devote yourselves to unremitting labour, and forego all amusement; but I do say, that the zest of amusement itself, as the result of successful application, depends in a great measure upon the economy of time. If you will consider our faculties as the gift of nature, by far the first in value—if you will be persuaded, as you ought to be, that they are capable of constant, progressive, and, therefore, almost indefinite improvement—that by arts similar to those by which magic feats of dexterity and bodily strength are performed, a capacity for the nobler feats of the mind may be acquired—the first, the especial object of your youth, will be to establish that control over your own minds, and your own habits, which shall ensure the proper cultivation of this precious inheritance.

From an Address to Glasgow Students—SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Pronounce and spell—

au-thor'-i-ty	guar'd-i-an	dif'-fer-en-ces
e'ar-nest-ness	a-mu'se-ment	ma-chi'-ner-y
de-pend'-ent	dex-ter'-i-ty	le'-gis-la-tor
a'-ven-ues	cap-ri'-ces	e-con'-o-my
pur-suit'	ho'-nour-a-ble	in-def'-i-nite
ex'-e-cute	ad-van'ce	cap-a'-ci-ty
pre-sump'-tion	af'-flu-ence	buf'-fet-ed
prac'-ti-cal	cer'-tain-ty	pre'-cepts
con-di'-tion	vi'-gil-ance	e'-min-ence

tel'-e-scope	pur-su'-ance	phi-lo-soph'-ic
in'-dust-ry	dis'-cip-line	ex-or'-bi-tant
con'-fid-ence	an-tag'-on-ist	im-pro've-ment
gov'-ern-ment	in'-ti-mate	
sur-v'ived	ac-qui'ed	wrestle
al-la'y	pra'c-tise	suc-ce'ss
com-pa'r-a-tive	field	es-pe'cial

Lesson XXXV.

HOW SOIL IS MADE.

PART I.

1. TAKE up a handful of soil from any field or garden, and look at it attentively. What is it made of? You see little pieces of crumbling stone, particles of sand and clay, perhaps a few vegetable fibres; and the whole soil has a dark colour, from the decayed remains of plants and animals diffused through it. Now let us in the present Lesson try to learn how these different materials have been brought together.

2. The crumbling away of hard stone with the lapse of time is a common familiar fact. When a stone building has stood for a few hundred years, the smoothly dressed face which its walls received from the mason is usually gone. The stones are worn into holes and furrows, the carvings over window and

doorway are so wasted that perhaps you cannot make out what they were meant to represent. This time-eaten character of old masonry is so familiar that one always looks for it in an old building, and when it is absent, one at once doubts whether the building can really be old. Again, in a burying-ground you see the tombstones more and more mouldered, the older they are. But the decay is not confined to human erections. On the contrary, it goes on over the whole face of the world. Examine all the old buildings and pieces of sculpture within your reach. Look at the cliffs and ravines, the crags and watercourses, in your neighbourhood. At the base of each cliff you will probably find the ground cumbered with blocks and heaps of lesser fragments which have fallen from the rocks above, and after a frosty winter you may even find the fresh scar whence a new mass has been detached to add to the pile of ruins below. In spite of their apparent steadfastness, even the hardest stones are really crumbling down. In short, wherever rocks are exposed to the air, they are liable to decay.

3. Every drop of rain which falls upon the land helps to alter the surface. It is by the constant operation of the *chemical* action of rain, drop after drop, and shower after shower, for years together, that the rocks become so wasted and worn.

4. In the first place, a little *carbonic acid* is abstracted from the air by the rain water, and when this sinks under the earth, it is enabled by means of the acid to eat away some parts of the rocks beneath. The same action takes place with the rain which rests upon or

flows over the surface of the ground. The rain water dissolves out, little by little, such portions of the rocks as it can remove. In the case of some rocks, such as limestone, the whole, or almost the whole, of the substance of the rock is carried away in solution. In other kinds, the portion dissolved is the cementing material whereby the mass of the rock was bound together; so that, when it is taken away, the rock crumbles into mere earth or sand, which is readily washed away by the rain. Hence one of the causes of the mouldering of stone is the action of the carbonic acid taken up by rain.

5. In the second place, the *oxygen* of the portion of air contained in rain water helps to decompose rocks. When a piece of iron has been exposed for a time to the weather, in any damp climate or season, it rusts. You know how, in the course of years, iron railings get quite eaten through, and how you can scrape the dirty yellow crust or powder from the corroded surfaces. This rust is a compound substance, formed by the union of oxygen with iron. It continues to be formed as long as any of the unrusted iron remains, since, as each crust of rust is washed off, a new layer of iron is laid open to the attacks of the oxygen. What happens to an iron railing or a steel knife, happens also, though not so quickly, nor so strongly, to many rocks. They, too, rust by absorbing oxygen. A crust of corroded rock forms on their surface, and, when it is knocked off by the rain, a fresh layer of rock is reached by the ever-present and active oxygen.

6. In the third place, the surface of many parts of the world is made to crumble down by means of *frost*. You are, no doubt, acquainted with some of the effects of frost. You have, probably, heard that sometimes during winter, when the cold gets very keen, pipes full of water burst, and jugs filled with water are cracked from top to bottom. The reason of this lies in the fact that water expands in freezing. Ice requires more space than the water would do if it remained fluid. When ice forms within a confined space, it exerts a great pressure on the sides of the vessel, or cavity, which contains it. If these sides are not strong enough to bear the strain to which they are put, they must yield, and therefore they crack.

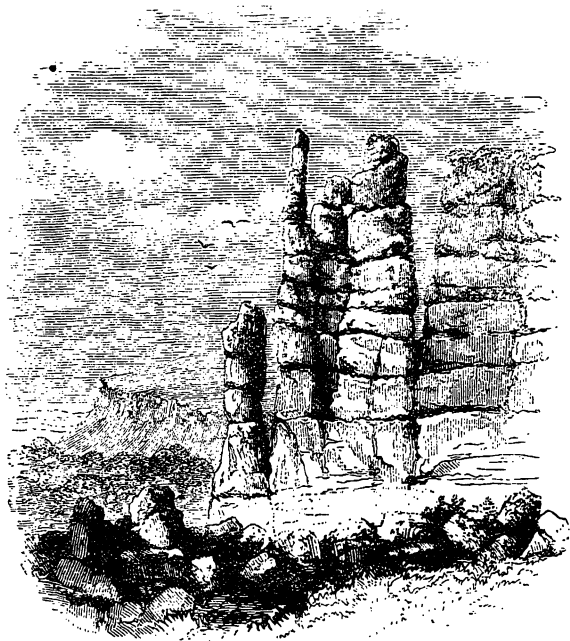
7. You have now learnt how easily rain finds its way through soil. Even the hardest rocks are more or less porous, and take in some water. Hence, when winter comes, the ground is full of moisture; not in the soil merely, but in the rocks. And so, as frost sets in, this pervading moisture freezes. Now, precisely the same kind of action takes place with each particle of water, as in the case of the burst water-pipe or the cracked jar. It does not matter whether the water is collected into some hole or crevice, or is diffused between the grains of the rocks and the soil. When it freezes it expands, and in so doing tries to push asunder the walls between which it is confined.

8. Hence arise some curious and interesting effects of frost upon the ground. If you walk along a road just after frost, you see that the small stones have been partly pushed out of their beds, and that the surface of

the road is now a layer of fine mud. The frost has separated the grains of sand and clay, as if they had been pounded down in a mortar. Hence frost is of great service to the farmer in breaking up the soil, and opening it out for roots and fibres of plants. When a surface of rock has been well soaked with rain, and is then exposed to frost, the grains of the rock undergo the same kind of pressure from the freezing of the water in the pores between them. They are not so loose and open, however, as those of the soil are, and they withstand the action of the frost much better. Of course, the most porous rocks, or those which hold most water, are most liable to the effects of this action. Porous rocks, such as sandstone, are often liable to rapid decay from frost. The stone has crust after crust peeled off from it, or its grains are loosened from each other and washed away by rain.

9. Again, water freezes, not only between the component grains, but in the numerous crevices or joints, as they are called, by which rocks are traversed. You have, perhaps, noticed that on the face of a cliff, or in a quarry, the rock is cut through by lines running more or less in an upright direction, and that by means of these lines the rock is split up by nature, and can be divided by the quarryman into large four-sided blocks or pillars. These lines or joints form passages for water in descending from the surface. You can understand that only a very little water may be admitted at a time into a joint. But by degrees the joint widens a little, and allows more water to enter. Every time the water freezes, it tries hard to

push asunder the two sides of the joint. After many winters, it is at last able to separate them a little; then more water enters, and more force is exerted in



CRUMBLING ROCK.

freezing, until at last the block of rock traversed by the joint is completely split up. When this takes place along the face of a cliff, one of the loosened parts may fall off and actually roll down to the bottom of the precipice.

10. This kind of waste is represented in the accompanying woodcut, which gives a section of a cliff wherein the rocks are traversed by perpendicular joints. These have been widened along the front until large blocks have been wedged off, and have fallen to the ground. In countries exposed to severe winters, the waste caused by frosts along lines of steep cliff is often enormous.

Pronounce and spell—

at-tent'-ive-ly	sol-u'-tion	per-pen-dic'-u-lar
ma-ter'-i-al	ox'-y-gen	mould'-er-ing
part'-icles	rail'-ings	po'r-ous
ma'-son-ry	cor-ro'-ded	mois't-ure
re-pre-se'nt	per-va'-ding	crev'-ice
e-rec'-tions	pre-ci'se-ly	cu'r-i-ous
con'-tra-ry	in'-ter-est-ing	di-rec'-tion
neigh'-bour-hood	com-po'-nent	de-scen'd-ing
ap-pa'r-ent	com-ple'te-ly	pre'-ci-pice
stead'-fast-ness	ac-com'-pan-y-ing	build'-ing

PART II.

1. In addition to carbonic acid, oxygen, and frost, there are still other influences at work by which the surface of the earth is made to crumble. For example, when, during the day, rocks are highly heated by strong sunshine, and then during night are rapidly cooled by radiation, the alternate expansion and contraction caused by the extremes of temperature loosen the particles of the stone, causing them to crumble away, or even making successive crusts of the stone fall off.

Again, rocks which are at one time well soaked with rain, and at another time are liable to be dried by the sun's rays and by wind, are apt to crumble away.

2. And thus you see that from a variety of causes the solid rocks of the earth are liable to continual decay and removal. The hardest stone, as well as the softest, must yield in the end and moulder down. They do not all, indeed, decay at the same rate. If you look more narrowly at the wall of an ancient building, you will see almost every variety in the degree of decay. Some of the stones are hardly worn at all, while others are almost wholly gone. As this takes place in a building, you may be sure it must take place also in nature, and that cliffs or crags formed of one kind of stone will crumble down faster than others, and will do so in a different kind of way.

3. Besides its *chemical* action, rain has also a *mechanical* action. Watch what happens when the first pattering drops of a shower begin to fall upon a smooth surface of sand, such as that of a beach. Each drop makes a little dint or impression. It thus forces aside the grains of sand. On sloping ground, where the drops can run together and flow downward, they are able to push or carry the particles of sand or clay along. This is called a mechanical action; while the actual solution of the particles, as you would dissolve sugar or salt, is a chemical action. Each drop of rain may act in either or both of these ways.

4. Now you will readily see how it is that rain does so much in the destruction of rocks. It not only dis-

solves out some parts of them, and leaves a crumbling crust on the surface, but it washes away this crust, and thereby exposes a fresh surface to decay. There is in this way a continual pushing along of powdered stone over the earth's surface. Part of this material accumulates in hollows, and on sloping or level ground; part is swept into the rivers, and carried away into the sea.

5. It is this crumbled stone of which all our soils are made, mingled with the remains of plants and animals. Soils differ, therefore, according to the kind of rock out of which they have been formed. Sandstone, for example, will give rise to a sandy soil; limestone to a limy or calcareous soil; clay rocks to a clayey soil.

6. But for this crumbling of the rocks into soil, the land would not be covered with verdure as it is. Bare sheets of undecaying stone would give no footing for the roots of plants. But by the decay of their surface, they get covered with fertile soil, all over the valleys and plains, and only where, as in steep banks and cliffs, they rise too abruptly to let their crumbled remains gather round them, do they stand up naked and verdureless.

7. As the mouldering of the surface of the land is always going on, there is a constant formation of soil. Indeed, if this were not the case, if, after a layer of soil had been formed upon the ground, it were to remain there unmoved and unrenewed, the plants would by degrees take out of it all the earthy materials they could, and leave it in a barren or exhausted state. But some of it is being slowly carried away by rain, fresh particles from mouldering rocks are washed over it by

the same agent, while the rock or sub-soil underneath is all the while decaying into soil. The loose stones, too, are continually crumbling down and making new earth. And thus, day by day, the soil is slowly renewed.

8. Plants, also, help to form and renew the soil. They send their roots among the grains and joints of the stones, and loosen them. Their decaying fibres supply most of the carbonic acid by which these stones are attacked, and furnish also most of the organic matter in the soil. Even the common worms which you see when you dig up a spadeful of earth, are of great service in mixing the soil and bringing what lies underneath up to the surface.

9. When we think about this decay and renewal of soil, we see that in reality the whole surface of the land may be looked upon as travelling downward or seaward. The particles worn from the sides and crests of the high mountains may take hundreds or thousands of years on the journey; they may lie for a long time on the slopes; they may then be swept down and form part of the soil of the valleys; thence they may be in after years borne away and laid down on the bed or bank of a river; and thus, after many halts by the way, they at last reach the sea.

10. In order to form some idea of the extent to which the surface of the land is cleared of its loose soil by rain, you should notice what takes place after every series of heavy showers. Each little runnel and brook becomes muddy and discoloured from the quantity of soil, that is, decayed rock, which is washed into it by the rain from the

neighbouring slopes. The mud which darkens the water is made of the finer particles of the decomposed rocks; the coarser parts are moving along at the bottom of the water. When you watch these streamlets at their work, and when you remember that what they are doing now, they have been doing for ages past, you will understand how greatly the surface of a country may come to be changed by the action of what at first seems so insignificant a thing as Rain.

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE (adapted).

Pronounce and spell—

car-bon'-ic	con-tin'-u-al	ex-haus't-ed
chem'-ic-al	re-mo'v-al	im-pres'-sion
al-ter'-nate	des-truc'-tion	ac-cu'-mul-ates
in'-flu-en-ces	cal-car'-e-ous	un-re-ne'wed
ra-di-a'-tion		

Lesson XXXVI.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

1. THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our later stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confess but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

2. When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And, looking grave,—“ You must,” says he,
“ Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.”
“ With you ! and quit my Susan's side ?
With you !” the hapless husband cried ;
“ Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard !
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared :
My thoughts on other matters go :
This is my wedding-day, you know.”

3. What more he urged, I have not heard :
His reasons could not well be stronger ;
So death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
“ Neighbour,” he said, “ farewell ! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :
And farther, to avoid all blame,
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,

Three several warnings you shall have,
 Before you're summoned to the grave ;
 Willing for once ; I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve ;
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,
 But, when I call again this way,
 Well pleased the World will leave." ^f
 To these conditions both consented,
 And parted perfectly contented.

4. What next the hero of our tale befel,
 How long he lived, how wise, how well,
 How roundly he pursued his course,
 And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
 The willing Muse shall tell.
 He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
 Nor once perceived his growing old,
 Nor thought of Death as near :
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
 Many his gains, his children few,
 He passed his hours in peace.
 But while he viewed his wealth increase,
 While thus along life's dusty road,
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.
 And now, one night, in musing mood,
 As all alone he sate,
 The unwelcome messenger of Fate
 Once more before him stood.

5. Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
6. "So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."
7. "I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"
8. "Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."

“This is a shocking tale, ’tis true;
 But still there’s comfort left for you:
 Each strives your sadness to amuse;
 I warrant you hear all the News.”

“There’s none,” cries he; “and if there were,
 I’m grown so deaf, I could not hear.”

9. “Nay, then,” the spectre stern rejoined,
 “These are unjustifiable yearnings;
 If you are *lame*, and *deaf*, and *blind*,
 You’ve had your Three sufficient Warnings;
 So come along, no more we’ll part;”
 He said, and touched him with his dart.
 And now Old Dodson turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

MRS. THRALE.

Lesson XXXVII.

LABOUR AND GENIUS.

1. THE prevailing idea with young people has been the incompatibility of labour and genius; and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now

established, all that remained for them to do, was to act up to the dignity of the character; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

2. It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, to show that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents—have actually laboured as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

3. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock; Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney; he had mastered all the knowledge of his time; so had Bacon. Raphael lived but thirty-seven years, and in that short space carried fine art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

4. There are instances to the contrary; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labour. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility—overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men—thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them, that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world. And then, when their time was come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labours and struggles of the mind.

5. Then do the multitude cry out “A miracle of genius!” Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labour; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes, as his point of departure, the very last line and boundary to which science had advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.

6. But while I am descanting upon the cultivation of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask: “Why cultivate my understanding with such endless care?—and what is the use of so much knowledge?” What is

the use of so much knowledge? What is the use of so much life? What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence! for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains; it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed,—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

7. Therefore, when I say, in cultivating your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you,—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain, that may be your lot in the outer world,—that which will make your motives habitually great and honourable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness or of fraud?

8. Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of Knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him; and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Pronounce and spell—

ge'-ni-us	o'r-a-tors	i'n-di-gent
col-la'psed	his-to'-ri-ans	hu-mi'l-i-ty
au-the'n-tic-a-ted	di'c-tion-ar-ies	ra'n-sacked
ce'l-e-bra-ted	o'b-vi-ous	ac-cu'-mu-la-ted
li't-er-ar-y	la-bo'r-i-ous	mun-i'f-i-cent
ac-quai'nt-ed	at-to'r-ney	sug-ge'st
as-so-ci-a'-tion	co'n-trar-y	des-ca'nt-ing
in-ti'm-i-da-ted	in-ce's-sant	a-sy'-lum

Lesson XXXVIII.

AGAINST CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

1. EVERY man, possessing the faculties of a rational being, feels, and will avow, that if he were to be put to unnecessary and unmerited pain by another man, his tormentor would be guilty of an act of injustice towards him. Therefore the rational and just man will not put another man to unnecessary and unmerited pain, nor will he take advantage of his own superiority of strength or of the accidents of fortune, to abuse them and to oppress his inferior, because he knows that in point of feeling, all flesh is equal, and that the difference of strength and station is as much the gift of God, as the difference of understanding, colour, or stature.

2. Superiority of rank or station may give ability to communicate happiness (and seems so intended), but it can give no right to inflict unnecessary pain. A wise man would be unworthy the blessing of a good understanding, if he were thence to infer that he had a right to despise a fool, or put him to any degree of pain. The folly of the fool ought rather to excite his compassion, and demands, in reason and justice, the wise man's care and attention to one that cannot take care of himself.

3. It has pleased the Creator of the universe to cover some men with white skins and others with dark skins ; but, as there is neither merit nor demerit in complexion,

the white man can have no right, on account of his colour, to enslave and tyrannise over the black man, any more than a tall man, on account of his size, has any legal right to trample a dwarf under foot.

4. Now if, among men, the difference of their powers of mind, of their complexion, stature, and the accidents of fortune, do not give to any one man a right to abuse or insult another man on account of these differences,—for the same reason a man can have no just or natural right to abuse and torment a beast, merely because it has not the mental powers of a man. For such as man is, he is but as God made him, and the very same is true of the beast. Neither can lay claim to any intrinsic merit for being such as they are; for before they were in existence, it was impossible that either could deserve distinction; and at the moment of their creation, their bodily shapes, perfections, and defects, were invariably fixed, and their limits appointed, which they cannot pass. And being such, neither more nor less than they were created, there is no more demerit in animals being animals, than in man being man.

5. An animal is no less sensible of pain than a man. He has similar nerves and organs of sensation; and his cries and groans in case of violent impressions upon his body, though he cannot utter his complaints by speech, are such indications of his sensibility of pain as it is impossible to misunderstand.

6. As the difference of height or colour among men constitutes no difference in their susceptibility of pain, neither does the shape of the animal exempt him from

the sense of feeling. And if the difference of complexion or stature does not give one man a right to despise or torment another, the difference of shape between a man and a beast cannot authorise man to abuse or torment the brute creature, however insignificant and however formed.

7. In cases of cruelty from man to man, the sufferer has a tongue to complain, and a finger to point out the oppressor; all men unite in condemning the inhumanity, and demand the punishment of the offender. But the poor defenceless animal, bird, fish, or insect can neither utter his complaint, nor describe the author of his wrong.

8. In the case of human cruelty, there are laws and courts of justice in every civilised country, to which the injured man may make his appeal, demanding redress; but no friend, no advocate, is to be found among the brute creation, to prefer an indictment on behalf of an injured animal against the tyranny of man.

9. In various ways man may make amends to man for wrongs done to him; the sufferer's wants may be relieved, his fortunes advanced, and he may be rendered, by the repentance of his oppressor, happier than he was before. But where is the recompense to be found for a wretched animal, if through passion or sportive cruelty man has inflicted torment on him, broken his limbs, or deprived him of his eyesight or other comforts? He wants not man's money nor his clothes. Man can remove him to no other station but that in which Providence has placed him; the voice of man's compassion he cannot understand. By destroying his

little all of happiness, man has committed an injury which he never can repair. If he does not repent, he is unworthy of the name of a rational being; yet is his deepest remorse unsatisfactory and unavailing to the defenceless and helpless creature on whom his crime was unthinkingly perpetrated. PRIMAT.

Pronounce and spell—

tor-ment'-or	in-var'-i-ab-ly	in-dict'-ment
ac'-ci-dent	sus-cep-ti-bil'-i-ty	(inditement)
in-fer'	in-sig-nif'-i-cant	of-fen'd-er
tyr-an-ni'se	in-hu-man'-i-ty	re-pen't-ance
in-trin'-sic	ad'-voc-ate	per'-pet-ra-ted
dis-tinc'-tion		

Lesson XXXIX.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

THE public spirit of a people (by which I mean the whole body of those affections which unites men's hearts to the commonwealth) is in various countries composed of various elements, and depends on a great variety of causes. In this country I may venture to say, that it mainly depends on the vigour of the popular parts and principles of our government; and that the spirit of liberty is one of its most important elements. Perhaps it may depend less on those advantages of a free government, which are most highly estimated by calm reason, than upon those parts which delight the imagination, and flatter the just and natural pride of mankind. Among these we are certainly not to forget the political rights which are not uni-

formly withheld from the lowest classes, and the continual appeal made to them, in public discussion, upon the greatest interests of the state. These are undoubtedly among the circumstances which endear to Englishmen their government and their country, and animate their zeal for that glorious institution which confers on the meanest of them a sort of distinction and nobility unknown to the most illustrious slaves, who tremble at the frown of a tyrant.—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

[To be learnt by heart.]

WHAT constitutes a State ?

Not high-raised battlement, or laboured mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate ;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned ;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, proud navies ride ;
Nor starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed Baseness wafts perfume to Pride !
No ! men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude :
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain !

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Pronounce and spell—

po-lit'-i-cal	un-doubt'-ed-ly	con'-stit-ute
u'-ni-form-ly	no-bil'-i-ty	brambles

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, Edinburgh