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GRAMMATICAL ANALYSIS.

By W. S. ROSS,
Author of "A System of Elocution."

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PREFACE.



ANALYSIS of sentences, which may be called the *rationale* of grammar, has now become a subject of study, even in the humbler classes of our schools. As tending to exercise the thinking and discriminative powers of the pupil, it is, perhaps, excelled by no branch of study with which we are acquainted. Practically, it accustoms the pupil to the exercise of a keen insight into the laws which regulate correct synthesis or composition, and to an intelligent appreciation of the elegances of style.

Moreover, grammatical analysis is generally one of the prescribed subjects in all our competitive and other examinations ; and it is mainly a due regard to this fact which has called for the publication of the present work. True to the monitor of an extensive practical experience, the author has used his best endeavour to render the treatment of the subject much simpler and more comprehensible than that observed in any previous work ; while he has, at the same time, aimed at making his manual

comprehensive and responsible. The manner in which he has endeavoured to accomplish this two-fold object has been by eliding infinitesimal, but noting carefully all *essential*, details. With faith in the maxim that example is better than precept, he has given numerous examples, worked out for the pupil's guidance and imitation. After preparation, the pupil may, in school, be required to reproduce the different Tables without the book. Then he may pass on to the unworked exercises.

W. S. R.

EDINBURGH, *August* 1870.

ANALYSIS OF SENTENCES.

ANALYSIS (Greek *ana*, *ava*, up, and *lusis*, *λυσις*, a loosening) signifies the separating of anything into the different component elements of which it is made up.

A **SENTENCE** (Latin *sensio*, *I feel*) is a feeling or thought expressed in words.

Every *thought* or *feeling* centres upon some **SUBJECT**, and next there is something *thought* or *felt* on that **SUBJECT**. When a sentence is expressed, that which we express in regard to the **SUBJECT** is called the **PREDICATE**. Accordingly, every sentence must necessarily consist of a *subject* and a *predicate*—that is, the thing thought or felt about, and what is thought, felt, or asserted about it. Thus, in the words, “rain falls,” we have a complete sentence in which “rain” is the *subject*, and “falls” the *predicate*, or what is asserted of “rain.”

A thought or sentence will thus be seen to necessarily contain the linking together of *two ideas*. For instance, “rain” and “fall” are two ideas standing apart from each other. To link them together, so that the one becomes affirmed of the other, we say, “rain falls.” This connecting link is called in logic the *copula*, and held to be one of the three essential parts of every sentence. But in the science of merely grammatical analysis, the copula is considered to be contained in the predicate. Sentences are of three kinds—

SIMPLE,
COMPLEX, and
COMPOUND.

A

A **PHRASE** is a combination of words without a predicate, and can illustrate, but cannot express an idea, as, *Spring returning*, the swallow comes.

A **CLAUSE** is a phrase developed, and contains a predicate, as, *When spring returns*, we may expect the swallow.

THE SIMPLE SENTENCE.

It has now been seen that the simplest sentence we can frame must necessarily consist of at least *two words*—the **SUBJECT**, which must be a noun or its equivalent ; and the **PREDICATE**, which must be a verb. But a sentence consisting of only two words is in its barest and most rudimentary form. The following example illustrates how both the subject and predicate may be extended :—

SUBJECT.	PREDICATE.
Rain	falls.
Summer rain	falls gently.
Genial summer rain	falls gently down.
Genial and welcome summer rain	falls gently down at last.
Grateful to the parched grass, the genial and welcome summer rain	falls gently down at last, after having threatened during the last three hours.

A simple sentence contains only one **SUBJECT** (however extended that subject may be), and one **PREDICATE** or *finite verb* (however extended that finite verb may be).

A finite verb is a verb not in the infinitive mood. A verb in the infinitive mood is simply a *verbal noun*, and cannot *assert* or perform any of the functions of the verb proper.

The **PREDICATE** may consist of—

1. A single verb, as :

Fire *burns*.

2. A verb with auxiliaries :

The foe *shall have been conquered*.

3. A verb with adverbial extensions :

Wolsey, *after having served his king faithfully,*
fell into disfavour.

THE OBJECT.

When the verb of the predicate is *transitive*, that member of the sentence which it governs in the objective case is called the OBJECT; as,

Cromwell dismissed *the Long Parliament*.

The OBJECT is always a noun, or its equivalent in the objective case, just as the SUBJECT is always a noun, or its equivalent in the nominative case; as,

He ordered *the guns in position to open fire*.

Here the words in italics make up the OBJECT, which is sometimes called the COMPOUND OBJECT, from its being made up of one or more substantives in conjunction with the infinitive mood. Transitive verbs denoting *advantage, addition, &c.*, usually govern, besides the object proper, what is called the INDIRECT or DATIVE OBJECT: He gave the map *to me*. Here *map* is the OBJECT PROPER, and *to me*, the INDIRECT or DATIVE OBJECT.

The SUBJECT¹ may consist of—

1. A noun or pronoun :

Cæsar was assassinated.

He was ambitious.

2. An adjectival noun :

The *good* alone are great.

3. The present participle in *ing* used as noun, equivalent to the Latin *gerund*:

Reading maketh a full man.

4. An infinitive :

To forgive is divine.

¹ The same remarks apply to the OBJECT.

The extension of SUBJECT or OBJECT is sometimes called the ATTRIBUTIVE ADJUNCT, and may be—

1. An adjective proper or participle :

Dread arrows flew.

Strolling players arrived.

2. A noun in apposition :

Lord William shrieked.

3. A possessive case :

His kingdom was *Spain's* ally.

4. A phrase :

The expanse of *the starry firmament* was above him.

The EXTENSION OF PREDICATE OR ADVERBIAL ADJUNCT may consist of—

1. An adverb :

Darkly loomed the thunder cloud.

2. A noun with extensions :

The lark sang *in the roseate sky*.

3. The infinitive with a dative force :

And those who came *to scoff*, remained *to pray*.

4. The phrase absolute :

The knights having mounted their horses, the cavalcade descended into the valley.

Adverbs and adverbial extensions of every kind have, in a loose generality, been thrown into four different divisions—adverbials of *time*, *place*, *manner*, and *cause*. But adverbs and adverbial extensions, from their great number of functions, cannot well be reduced to any arbitrary classification ; accordingly, it is the more rational plan to give an intelligent definition of the function of the adverbial and conformable with the context, in each special instance where it occurs.

THE COMPLEX SENTENCE.

When any of the extensions of a simple sentence are developed into a clause, the sentence becomes COMPLEX.

Thus,

Cæsar, to extend his conquest, invaded Britain, is a simple sentence, the words in italics being simply an adverbial phrase.

But,

Cæsar, Gaul having been conquered, invaded Britain, presents the phrase developed into a clause, and is consequently a COMPLEX sentence.

Hence a COMPLEX sentence may be defined as a principal sentence, illustrated or modified by one or more SUBORDINATE or SECONDARY SENTENCES.

The subordinate sentences of the COMPLEX sentence are of three kinds—

Noun Sentence.

Adjective Sentence.

Adverbial Sentence.

These differ from the noun, adjective, or adverbial phrase. For example :

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| 1. <i>Bravery</i> is a virtue, | noun. |
| 2. <i>To be brave</i> is virtuous, | noun phrase. |
| 3. <i>That one should be brave</i> is virtuous, | noun sentence. |
| | |
| 1. The <i>battlemented</i> tower is strong, | adjective. |
| 2. <i>The tower with a battlement</i> is strong, | adjective phrase. |
| 3. <i>The tower which has a battlement</i> is strong, | adjective sentence. |
| | |
| 1. He wrote <i>rapidly</i> , | adverb. |
| 2. He wrote <i>with rapidity</i> , | adverbial phrase. |
| 3. He wrote <i>like one who is accustomed to write rapidly</i> , | adverbial sentence. |

The **NOUN SENTENCE** has simply the power of a noun. It is most commonly connected with the principal sentence by—

1. The conjunction *that* :

I knew *that* he would lose his way.

2. The relative or interrogative pronouns :

I understand *what* brought you here.

I know *why* he left his situation.

3. Relative or interrogative adverbs :

I cannot conjecture *how* that came about.

I do not yet know *when* I shall go to town.

I told you *where* he hid himself.

The connecting particles are frequently omitted :

He said, \wedge "Peace be unto you."

We knew \wedge he would return.

The **ADJECTIVE SENTENCE** has simply the power of an adjective, and may qualify any noun or its equivalent in the principal sentence. It is most commonly connected with the principal sentence by—

1. Relative pronouns :

Unhappy is he *who* trusts in princes.

He is like the snake *that* stings the bosom which warmed it.

2. By conjunctions :

The world is not so bad *as* you seem to think it.

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,

But has one vacant chair.

The connecting particles are frequently omitted :

He possesses all \wedge his father left him.

We did the best \wedge we could under the circumstances.

The relative admits of being elided *only* when it is in the objective case.

An **ADVERBIAL SENTENCE** has simply the power of an

adverb. It is most commonly connected with the principal sentence by—

1. Conjunctions with somewhat of adverbial force :

He acted *as* we expected.

I disliked school *when* I was a boy.

He persevered *till* fortune smiled upon him.

The connecting particle is sometimes omitted when the clause is conditional; as,

I would do no such thing \wedge were I you.

The adverbial sentence modifies in regard to time, place, manner, cause, condition, consequence, instrument, purpose, concession, &c. &c., according to the tenor of the sentence in which it occurs.

THE COMPOUND SENTENCE

is made up of two or more complex, or two or more simple sentences, or is a combination of simple and complex sentences.

Co-ORDINATION.

The relation subsisting between the different sentences which combine to make up a compound sentence is called **Co-ORDINATION** ; and the different sentences which go to make up a compound sentence are said to be **Co-ORDINATE** with each other.

There are four kinds of co-ordination—

COPULATIVE,

DISJUNCTIVE,

ADVERSATIVE OR ANTITHETICAL, and

ILLATIVE.

In **COPULATIVE Co-ORDINATION** one independent statement is simply annexed to another by a conjunction, or its equivalent expressed or understood; as,

Then shrieked the timid, *and stood still* the brave.

My stockings there I often knit \wedge ,

My kerchief there I hem.

I saw the clerk yesterday, *who told me a different story.*

IN DISJUNCTIVE CO-ORDINATION the different independent statements of the compound sentence, although related to each other by position, are disjoined or distributed in meaning. The different members of the sentence are linked together by such conjunctions as *either, or, neither, nor, otherwise, else; as,*

The dog would neither eat the hay, *nor allow the ox to do so.*

My son, be anxious and persevere, *otherwise it is impossible to secure success in life.*

IN ANTITHETICAL CO-ORDINATION one independent statement of the compound sentence is, in meaning, opposed or contrasted to another. The statements are linked together by *but, yet, and only*, expressed or understood; as,

The hand of the reaper takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glory.

Well, go just now, *only you must return in the evening.*

Though all men should forsake thee, *yet will not I.*

Men's evil manners live in brass; *^*
Their virtues we write in water.

IN ILLATIVE CO-ORDINATION the statement follows as a logical conclusion from the one preceding it. The statements are linked together by such particles as *then, so, therefore, consequently, accordingly, thence; as,*

He was very debauched and vicious, *consequently he died an early and miserable death.*

If death were nothing and nought after death, *then might the debauchee untrembling mouth the heavens.*

CONTRACTED SENTENCES.

In the four varieties of the compound sentence the combination may consist of two or more SUBJECTS with a common

PREDICATE, TWO OR MORE PREDICATES with the same SUBJECT, OBJECT, OR EXTENSIONS; as,

Copulative (common subject)—

Temperance prolongs, and \wedge ennobles our lives.

Disjunctive (common predicate)—

Neither the master \wedge nor the pupil were at fault.

Antithetical (common object)—

The sun shines upon the evil, but also upon the just.

Illative (common extension)—

Out of the creative industry of his imagination, taxing too heavily his great capacities for work, Scott constructed for a time monuments of rare literary genius, and \wedge produced vivid and life-like historical pictures, then mind and body succumbed to the influence of the excessive and exhausting labour.

EXERCISES.

As in the accompanying Example, show the **SUBJECT** and **PREDICATE**, also the **OBJECT**, if any, in the sentences which follow.

Examples :—

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

Subject.	Predicate.	Object.
curfew.	tolls.	knell.

The wild-bees, humming drowsily, suck sweet nectar from the flowers of summer.

Subject.	Predicate.	Object.
bees.	suck.	nectar.

Sentences :—

Charles Dickens died of apoplexy.

Man was made to mourn.

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" when advanced in life.

The poet Gray was a ripe scholar.

The minstrel boy to the wars has gone.

Lord Lytton is a most accomplished author.¹

King Theodore was slain at Magdala.

"Lothair" is a well-known novel by Disraeli.

Have you read the "History of England" by Macaulay ?

Speke travelled in Africa.

Harold the Dauntless was killed at Hastings.

Napoleon, as well as Hannibal, crossed the Alps.

Nelson was killed at Trafalgar in 1805.

"Hearts of oak," our captains cried.

Ernest Jones died in comparative poverty.

The oratory of John Bright is impulsive.

Edinburgh derives its name from Edwin, a Northumbrian prince.

Bad spelling evinces a very defective education.

To learn to spell correctly is no very easy accomplishment.

Dr Hunter, the great anatomist, could not spell correctly.

Bonaparte was banished to the isle of Elba.

The poet Dryden wrote some very keen satire.

Pitt, Lord Chatham, was buried with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

Pitt's grave is very near to that of Fox.

Fielding, a bookseller, wrote "Pamela," a novel, with a strictly moral aim.

Cowper, diseased in mind, wrote in intervals of temporary sanity.

Goldsmith studied medicine for sometime in Edinburgh.

¹ "Lord Lytton" and "author" are both SUBJECT, and so with all nouns or their equivalents when agreeing in tense, or signifying the same thing, the one comes before and the other after the verb To Be.

The knight disdained to yield up his sword to the foe.
The acknowledging of our faults frequently disarms the
resentment of our enemy.

To slander our neighbour bespeaks a meanness of soul on
our part.

Peter, James, and John went up into the temple to pray.¹
Homer and Virgil were great epic poets.

I love to roam in the open fields.

To roam in the open fields is my delight.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, wrote the "Queen's
Wake."

John Keats, a poet of high promise, died at the unripe age
of twenty-one years.

The Battle of the Standard was fought at Northallerton,
in Yorkshire.

Coleridge says truly, "Friendship is a sheltering tree."

John Wilson (Christopher North) was a writer of rare and
vigorous power.

Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is a work of extraordinary
merit.

In his remarkable writings, Carlyle vigorously assails the
shams of the world.

Lord of the Isles,² my trust in thee is firm as Ailsa
Rock!

Carrick, press on;

Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,

The foe is fainting fast.

Each strike for parent, child, and wife,

For Scotland, liberty, and life!

The battle cannot last.

¹ Sentences of this order, with two or more nominatives to one verb, may be considered simple sentences. The several nominatives combined make up the subject.

² Vocative or nominative absolute. Like the interjective, of the character of which it partakes, this does not properly belong to any column in the table of analysis, but is quite an isolated member of the sentence.

Araby's daughters love to roam
 'Mong the barren sands of their torrid home.
 Impenetrable mystery hangs over the authorship of the
 "Letters of Junius."
 Eternity ! how are our boldest thoughts overwhelmed in
 thee !
 Of the three hundred, grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ.
 I love thee dearly, O spirit of divine solitude !

Analyse the foregoing sentences in the manner of the subjoined examples, showing the SUBJECT, PREDICATE, and OBJECT, with their respective EXTENSIONS.

Example :—

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

Subject.	Predicate.	Object.	Extension of Subject.	Extension of Predicate.	Extension of Object.
Curfew.	Tolls.	Knell.	The.		The, of part- ing day.

The wild bees, humming drowsily, suck sweet nectar from the flowers of summer.

Subject.	Predicate.	Object	Extension of Subject.	Extension of Predicate.	Extension of Object.
Bees.	Suck.	Nectar.	The wild.	Humming drowsily, from the flowers of summer.	Sweet.

ANALYSIS OF SENTENCES.

EXAMPLES WORKED OUT.

SIMPLE SENTENCES ANALYSED.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjunct.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.	Principal sentence	Caves	The dark unfathomed of ocean	Bear.		Gem,	Full many a of purest ray serene.

SIMPLE SENTENCE (INVOLVED).*

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Predicate.	Object.	Extension of Subject.	Extension of Predicate.	Extension of Object.
Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled, and still where many a garden flower grows wild; there, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose, the modest preacher's mansion rose.	Principal sentence.	Mansion.	Rose.		The village preacher's modest.	Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled, and still where many a garden flower grows wild; there, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose, — <i>adverbial clauses of place.</i>	

* Sentences of this order of construction, although they contain more than one finite verb, do not well admit of being divided into separate sentences. We could suppose "garden smiled" to be a simple sentence, but the extension of predicate would be "near yonder copse where once." It will be seen that a sentence made up of the words in inverted commas would be incomplete and faulty in construction. The same remark applies to the two succeeding clauses. In sentences of this kind the modifying clauses are so intimately associated with the principal sentence as to be inseparable. The construction may be considered as that of a more or less involved Simple Sentence, although it may, after the ordinary manner, be analysed and construed as a Complex Sentence, if considered preferable.

COMPLEX SENTENCES ANALYSED.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say, "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn, brushing with hoary steps the dews away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn."	P1n. sen. A.	Swain.	Some hoary-headed.	May say.	Haply.	"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn, brushing with hoary steps the dews away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn." <i>Noun sen.</i>	Brushing with hoary steps the dews away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn, brushing with hoary steps the dews away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn.	Sub. sen. B. Noun sentence and object of A.	We.		Have seen.	Oft at the peep of dawn.	Him.	

COMPLEX SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Predicate.	Object.	Extension of Subject.	Extension of Predicate.	Extension of Object.
<i>a.</i> All (things) are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is, and God the soul (is).	Prin. sen. to <i>b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o.</i>	(Things.) Parts.	Are.		Of one stupendous whole,— <i>adjective clause, prim. exten.</i> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul (is)— <i>adjective clause, sec. exten., attributive to "whole."</i>		
<i>b.</i> That (soul) is changed through all (things) and yet (is) in all (things) the same (soul).	Sub. sen. to <i>a, adjective to "soul."</i>	(Soul) or (God.)	(Is.) Changed.		<i>And yet (is) in all (things) the same (soul),—adverbial adjective clause.</i>	Through all (things),— <i>adverbial exten. of place.</i>	
<i>c.</i> (That soul) is great in the earth, as (also) in the ethereal frame.	Sub. sen. to <i>a, co-ordinator, with b, adjective to "soul."</i>	(Soul.)	(Is.)		(That) Great.	In the earth, as (also) in the ethereal frame.	
<i>d.</i> (That soul) warms in the sun.	Sub. sen. to <i>a, co-ordinator, with b, c, adjective to "soul."</i>	(Soul.)	Warms.		(That.)	In the sun,— <i>adverbial of place.</i>	

^{a.} (That soul) re- freshes in the breeze.	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , ad- jective to "soul."	(Soul.)	Refreshes.	(That.)	In the breeze,— adverbial of place.
^{f.} (That soul) glows in the stars.	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , adjective to "soul."	(Soul.)	Glows.	(That.)	In the stars,—ad- verbial of place.
^{g.} And (that soul) blossoms in the trees.	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , <i>f</i> , adjective to "soul."	(Soul.)	Blossoms.	(That.)	In the trees,—ad- verbial of place.
^{h.} (That soul) lives through all life.	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , <i>f</i> , <i>g</i> , adjective to "soul."	(Soul.)	Lives.	(That.)	Through all life,— adverbial of place.
^{i.} (That soul) ex- tends (itself) through all ex- tent.	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , <i>f</i> , <i>g</i> , <i>h</i> , adjective to "soul."	(Soul.)	Extends.	(That.)	Through all ex- tent,—adverbial of place.
^{j.} (That soul) spreads (itself) undivided.	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , <i>f</i> , <i>g</i> , <i>h</i> , <i>i</i> , adjective to "soul."	(Soul.)	Spreads.	(That.) Undivided.	Undivided, —applies equally to subject and reflexive object.
^{k.} (That soul) oper- ates unspent.	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , <i>f</i> , <i>g</i> , <i>h</i> , <i>i</i> , <i>j</i> , <i>k</i> , ad- jective to "soul."	(Soul.)	Operates.	(That.) Unspent.	
^{l.} (That soul) breathes in our soul. . .	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , <i>f</i> , <i>g</i> , <i>h</i> , <i>i</i> , <i>j</i> , <i>k</i> , ad- jective to "soul"	(Soul.)	Breathes.	(That.)	In our soul,—ad- verbial of place.

COMPLEX SENTENCE—Continued.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Predicate	Object.	Extension of Subject.	Extension of Predicate.	Extension of Object.
^{m.} (That soul) in- forms our mortal part, as full, as perfect, in a hair as (in a) heart; as full, as perfect in vile man that mourns, as (in) the rapt seraph that adores and burns.	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , <i>f</i> , <i>g</i> , <i>h</i> , <i>i</i> , <i>j</i> , <i>k</i> , <i>l</i> , a d j e c t i v e t o "soul."	(Soul.)	Informs.	Part.	(That.)	As full, as perfect, in a hair as (in a) heart; as full, as perfect in vile man that mourns, as (in) the rapt spirit that adores and burns,— <i>ad- verbial of degree.</i>	Our mortal.
^{n.} To Him (God) there is no high (thing), no low (thing), no great (thing), no small (thing).	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , <i>f</i> , <i>g</i> , <i>h</i> , <i>i</i> , <i>j</i> , <i>k</i> , <i>l</i> , <i>m</i> , adjective to "soul."	(Thing.) (Thing.) (Thing.) (Thing.)	Is.		No high. No low. No great. No small.	To Him (God or soul) there,— <i>ad- verbial of degree.</i>	All.
^{o.} He fills, He bounds, (He) connects, and (He) equals all (things).	Sub. sen. to <i>a</i> , co- or. with <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> , <i>e</i> , <i>f</i> , <i>g</i> , <i>h</i> , <i>i</i> , <i>j</i> , <i>k</i> , <i>l</i> , <i>m</i> , <i>n</i> , adjective to "soul."	He. He. (He.) (He.)	Fills. Bounds. Connects. Equals.	(Things.)			

COMPLEX SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Predicate.	Object.	Extension of Subject.	Extension of Predicate.	Extension of Object.
^{a.} <i>If</i> death were nothing.	Sub. sen. adverbial to <i>f.</i>	Death—nothing.	Were.				
^{b.} <i>And</i> nought <i>and</i> nought after death.	Sub. sen. co- or. with <i>a.</i> adverbial to <i>f.</i>	Nought.	(<i>If</i> were.)			After death— <i>time</i> .	
^{c.} <i>And if</i> when men died.	Sub. sen. co- or. with <i>a.</i> adverbial to <i>d.</i>	Men.	Died.			When— <i>time</i> .	
^{d.} At once they ceased to be, returning to the barren womb of nothing.	Sub. sen. co- or. with <i>a.</i> adverbial to <i>f.</i>	They.	Ceased.		Returning to the barren womb of nothing, — <i>adj. clause</i> .	At once— <i>time</i> , to be— <i>man-ner</i> , — <i>verbal extension</i> .	
^{e.} Whence first they sprang.	Sub. sen. ad- jective to <i>d.</i>	They.	Sprung.			First— <i>order</i> , whence— <i>di- rection</i> .	
^{f.} Then might the debauchee untrembing mouth the heavens.	Prin. sen. to <i>a.</i> <i>b.</i> <i>d.</i>	Debauchee.	Might mouth.	Heavens.	The.	Untrembing — <i>manner</i> , then— <i>time</i> .	The.

COMPOUND SENTENCES ANALYSED.*

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.	Principal sentence A.	Curfew.	The;	Tolls.		Knell.	The of parting day.
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,	Principal sentence B, coordinate with A.	Herd.	The lowing.	Wind.	Slowly o'er the lea.		
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,	Principal sentence C, coordinate with A and B.	Ploughman.	The.	Plods.	Homeward.	Way.	His weary.
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.	Principal sentence D, coordinate with A, B, C.	Ploughman. (Understood.)	The. (Understood.)	Leaves.	To darkness and to me.	World.	The.

* It may also be demonstrated whether the different members of the compound sentence are copulative, disjunctive, antithetical, or illative.

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Predicate.	Object.	Extension of Subject.	Extension of Predicate.	Extension of Object.
^{a.} This bond doth give (to) thee here no jot of blood.	Prin. sen.	Bond.	Doth give.	Jot of blood.	This.	(To) thee. Here.	No.
^{b.} The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.	Prin. sen. co-or. with <i>a</i> .	Words = Pound of flesh.	Are.		The. A.		
^{c.} Take (thou) then thy bond.	Prin. sen. co-or. with <i>a</i> , <i>b</i> .	(Thou.)	Take.	Bond.		Then.	Thy.
^{d.} Take thou thy pound of flesh.	Prin. sen. co-or. with <i>a</i> , <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> .	Thou.	Take.	Pound! of flesh.		<i>But</i> , in the cutting it, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods are, by the laws of Venice, confiscated unto the state of Venice.	Thy.
^{e.} But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods are, by the laws of Venice, confiscated unto the state of Venice.	Prin. sen. co-or. with <i>a</i> . Adversative to <i>b</i> , <i>c</i> , <i>d</i> .	Lands and goods.	Are confiscated, <i>s. e.</i> , shall be confiscated.		Thy.		

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
No more I weep.	Principalsentence A.	I.		Weep.	No more.		
They do not sleep.	Principalsentence B, coordinate with A.	They.		Do sleep.	Not.		
On yonder cliffs a grisly band I see them sit.	Principalsentence C, coordinate with A, B.	I.		See.		Them.	A grisly band.
They linger yet avengers of their native land.	Principalsentence D, coordinate with A, B, C.	They.	Avengers of their native land.	Linger.	Yet.		Sit on yonder cliffs (Ind. Obj.)
With me in dreadful harmony they join.	Principalsentence E, coordinate with A, B, C, D.	They.		Join.	With me in dreadful harmony.		
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.	Principalsentence F, coordinate with A, B, C, D, E.	They.		Weave.	With bloody hands.	Tissue.	The of thy line.

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
Mighty vic-tor, mighty lord, low on his funeral couch he lies.	Principal sen-tence A.	He.	Mighty vic-tor, mighty lord.	Lies.	Low on his funeral couch.		
No pitying heart, no eye afford a tear to grace his obsequies.	Principal sen-tence B, co-ordinate with A.	Heart. } Eye. }	No pitying.	Afford.	To grace his obsequies.	Tear.	A.
Is the sable warrior fled?	Principal sen-tence C, co-ordinate with A and B.	Warrior.	The sable.	Is fled.			
Thy son is gone.	Principal sen-tence D, co-ordinate with A, B, C.	Son.	Thy.	Is gone.			
He rests among the dead.	Principal sen-tence E, co-ordinate with A, B, C, D.	He.		Rests.	Among the dead.		

COMPOUND SENTENCE.*

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subj.	Pred.	Obj.	Extension of Subj.	Extension of Pred.	Extension of Obj.
^a The heights by great men reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight;	Prin. sen.	heights	were attained		by great men reached and kept	not by sudden flight	
^b but they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night.	Prin. sen. adversitive to <i>a</i>	they	were toiling			while their companions slept (time), upward (direction), in the night (time)	

* This slight variation of the arrangement of the Tables may be adopted if considered preferable. It will be found in several others of the Examples.

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
On a rock, whose haughty brow frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood, robbed in the sable garb of woe, with haggard eyes stood the poet.	Principal sentence A.	Poet.	The robbed in the sable garb of woe, with haggard eyes.	Stood.	On a rock, whose haughty brow frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood.		
Whose haughty brow frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood, Loose his beard, and hoary hair, streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.	Subordinate sentence B, adjective to rock.	Brow.	Haughty.	Frowns.	O'er old Conway's foaming flood.		
	Principal sentence C, coordinate with A.	Beard. } Hair. }	His hoary.	Streamed.	Loose, like a meteor to the troubled air.		

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
Ruin seize thee, ruthless king.	Prin. sent. A.	Ruin.		(May) seize.		Thee.	Ruthless king.
Confusion on thy banners wait.	Prin. sent. B, co-ordinate with A.	Confusion.		(May) wait.	On thy banners.		
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing, they mock the air with idle state.	Subordinate sent. C, Adverb. to B.	They.	Fanned by conquest's crimson wing.	Mock.	With idle state.	Air.	The
Helm shall not avail to save thy secret soul from nightly fears, &c.	Prin. sent D, co-ordinate with A, B.	Helm.		Shall avail.	Not. To save thy secret soul from nightly fears, &c.		
Nor hauberks twisted mail, &c.	Prin. sent. E, co-ordinate with A, B, D.	Mail.	Hanberk's twisted.	Shall avail.	Not, &c.		
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, &c.	Prin. sent. F, co-ordinate with A, B, D, E.	Virtues.	Thy, tyrant.	Shall avail.	Nor even, &c.		

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subject.	Attributive Adjuncts.	Predicate.	Adverbial Adjuncts.	Object.	Attributive Adjuncts.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.	Principal sentence A.	Landscape.	The glimmering.	Fades.	Now on the sight.		
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,	Principal sentence B, coordinate with A.	Stillness.	A solemn.	Holds.		Air.	All the.
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,	Subordinate sentence C, adverbial to B.	Beetle.	The.	Wheels.	(Where).	Flight.	His droning.
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.	Subordinate sentence D, adverbial to B.	Tinklings.	Drowsy.	Lull.		Folds.	The distant.

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentence.	Kind of Sentence.	Subj.	Pred.	Obj.	Extension of Subj.	Extension of Pred.	Extension of Obj.
^a the lines are gathered to the push,	Prin. sen.	lines	are gathered			to the push	
^b they reel,	Prin. sen. co-ordinate with ^a	they	reel				
^c they form,	Do. do. ^a and ^b	they	form	line (understood)			
^d they charge	Do. do. ^a , ^b , and ^c	they	charge			again	
^e they fight o'er ramparts of their dead,	Do. do. ^a , ^b , ^c , and ^d	they	fight			o'er ramparts of their dead	
^f and the red life-blood pours like rain.	Do. do. ^a , ^b , ^c , ^d , and ^e	life-blood	pours		the red	like rain	

COMPOUND SENTENCE.

Sentences.	Kind of Sentence.	Subj.	Pred.	Obj.	Extension of Subj.	Extension of Pred.	Extension of Obj.
^a See yonder poor o'erlaboured wight, so abject, mean, and vile,	Prin. sen. to, co- or. with c	thou (understood)	see	wight			yonder poor o'erlaboured, so abject, mean, and vile
^b who begs a brother of the earth to give him leave to toil;	Secondary sen., dependent upon a	who	begs			(from) a brother of the earth (for) to give him leave to toil	
^c and see his lordly fellow-worm the poor petition spurn, unmindful,	Prin. sen. to d, co- or. with a	thou (understood)	see	fellow-worm the poor petition (to) spurn.			his lordly, unmindful
^d though a weeping wife, and helpless offspring mourn.	Secondary sen., dependent upon a	wife and offspring	(may) mourn		a weeping and helpless		

COMPLEX SENTENCES FOR ANALYSIS.

BY THE FORGOING TABULAR MODELS.

The Reform Bill of 1832, the passing of which entailed much party spirit, has been productive of beneficial effects to the country.

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no.

—*Shakspeare.*

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee!
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.—*Moore.*

Might it not be well for a self-observant person in early life to preserve for the inspection of the old man, if he should live so long, such a mental likeness of the young one.—*Locke.*

So work the honey bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

—*Shakspeare.*

To the rank red earth through the gate of death,
For the heart that so fain would stay,
For the gentle child was a pathway wild
To the morn of the endless day.—*Stewart Ross.*

The very martyrs, to whom we owe much of that freedom in which we now rejoice as a cherished birthright, whose memories are dear to every man who is capable of appreciating high principle, patient endurance, unconquerable faith, and by whose humble graves the soil of our country

is consecrated and hallowed,—these very martyrs he has tried to rob of their peculiar honours.—*Dr Andrew Thomson.*

Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is but short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? *
—*Book of Job.*

I, as usual in dreams, where of necessity we make ourselves central to every movement, had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide.*—*De Quincey.*

For what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health, and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country, whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood.—*Dryden.*

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearier,
Adown the glen rode armèd men.—*Campbell.*

The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys.—*Byron.*

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been ;
When by his children borne, and from his door

* Though *repeated*, expressed or understood, there is really only one finite verb in sentences of this order.

32 COMPLEX SENTENCES FOR ANALYSIS.

Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
—*Samuel Rogers.*

Thou,* as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed,
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile!

There† sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her fanning light, her colours gay.—*Cowper.*

By a process of measurement, which it is unnecessary here to explain, we have ascertained first the distance and then the magnitude of some of those bodies which roll in the firmament; that the sun, which presents itself to the eye under so diminutive a form, is really a globe exceeding by many thousands of times the dimensions of the earth we inhabit; that the moon itself has the magnitude of a world.—*Dr Chalmers.*

I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.—*Dr Samuel Johnson.*

If this proposition had come before the House at the time when the grand men, the giants of the English constitution, sat in it, they would have treated it in a manner much less decorous than we shall treat it.

And there is not one single name which appears among the great men who have fought for English liberty and freedom who would not have given his vote against the

* *Art*, understood.

† *The bark*, understood.

Lords' amendment in the division to which I now ask the House to proceed.—*Right Hon. John Bright.*

And would the noble duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought e'en yet, the sooth to speak,
 That if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear.—*Scott.*

And thus the words were spoken,
 And thus the plighted vow,
 And though my faith be broken,
 And though my heart be broken,
 Behold the golden token
 That proves me happy now.—*Poe.*

When it is said that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome could be forgotten if our system of education did not keep up the knowledge of it.—*Matthew Arnold.*

As the horsemen cast their eyes upon the pile, the sound of the holy chorus—made more sweet and solemn from its indistinctness, from the quiet of the hour, from the sudden and sequestered loveliness of the spot, suiting so well the ideal calm of the conventual life—rolled its music through the odorous and lucent air.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

If amid the thickest welter of surrounding gluttony and baseness, and what must be reckoned bottomless anarchy from shore to shore, there be found no man, no small but invincible minority of men, capable of keeping themselves free from all that, and of living a heroically human life, while the millions round them are noisily living a mere

34 COMPOUND SENTENCES FOR ANALYSIS.

beaverish or dog-like one, then truly all hope is gone.—
Thomas Carlyle.

But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.—*Shakspeare.*

If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most distant regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other.—*Bacon.*

COMPOUND SENTENCES FOR ANALYSIS.*

BY THE FOREGOING TABULAR MODELS.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
—*Shakspeare.*

Wide were his fields ; his herds were large,
And large his flocks of sheep,
And numerous were his goats and deer
Upon the mountain steep.—*Michael Bruce.*

But, with a crash like thunder,
Fall every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream.—*Macaulay.*

* Should it be considered advisable, the pupil may be required to determine whether the CO-ORDINATIVE be Copulative, Disjunctive, Adversative, or Illative.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
 —*Byron.*

No man is wiser for his learning ; it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon ; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.—*Selden.*

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes ; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—*Pope.*

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking,
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.—*Campbell.*

The day is cold and dark and dreary ;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
 And at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.—*Longfellow.*

With slow and steady step there came
 A lady through the hall ;
 And breathless silence chained the lips,
 And touched the hearts of all.—*H. G. Bell.*

I come, I come ! ye have called me long ;
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song ;
 Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.
 —*Mrs Hemans.*

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care ;
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

—*Burns.*

I chatter, chatter, as I go
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.—*Tennyson.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
 And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.—*Shakspeare.*

But gleams of brilliant satins, rent to rags and blotched with a dull red stain, and bits of torn embroidery and lace fluttering from corpses in the midnight breeze, proclaimed the side on which the dead hands had wielded steel ; or perchance an iron cap with plated lappets to protect the cheeks, had rolled from a cross-cropped head ; and the sad-coloured doublet below, with its angular severity of cut and fashion, betrayed a Puritan hatred of bright colours and flowing outlines.—*Dr W. F. Collier.*

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.—*Shakspeare.*

Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, although it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of cowslips from which their trunks lean aslope ; but, let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will nevertheless grow straight.—*John Ruskin.*

In Scotland's institutions for religious and secular education will be found arrangements to admire and imitate ; and in the reaction of knowledge upon the character and habits of her people, the philosopher may discover new lines of study, and the statesman new principles of government.—*Sir David Brewster.*

Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel ; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride
Waiting revenge ; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
For other once beheld in bliss, condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain.—*Milton.*

This Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off ;
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—*Shakspeare.*

Multitudes were very busy in pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them, but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank.—*Addison.*

He now prepared
To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round

With all his peers : attention held them mute :
 Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth ; at last
 Words, interwoven with sighs, found out their way.
—Milton.

Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But, in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
—Goldsmith.

He practised every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard,
 While less expert, but stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood—
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide—
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.—*Scott.*

Me at least for one, experience has convinced that, just as fresh wonder and confirmed conviction flow from examining the structure of the universe and its countless inhabitants, and their respective adaptations to the purposes of their being and to the use of man, the same results will flow in yet larger measure from tracing the footmarks of the Most High in the seemingly bewildered paths of human history.—*Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

MISCELLANEOUS SENTENCES FOR ANALYSIS.

BY THE FOREGOING TABULAR MODELS.

Such a sept as the Macdonalds were, rude and *scorning*, though brave and hospitable, is found no more ; and as impossible is it to conceive in our country such a massacre as that of Glencoe, or such a persecution as that of the Covenanters.—*Rev. G. Gilfillan.*

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
His love, she lamented him sore ;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold !
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at fair Imogene's door.—*M. G. Lewis.*

Set thou thy trust upon the Lord,
And be thou doing good,
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
And verily have food.—*Book of Psalms.*

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
—*Shakspeare.*

No hand is present to ease the dying posture, or to bind up the wounds, which, in the maddening fury of the combat, have been given and received by the children of one common Father.—*Dr Chalmers.*

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find ;
For, were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.—*Tennyson.*

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

—*Longfellow.*

Comal was the son of Albion, the chief of a hundred hills ; his deer drank of a thousand streams ; a thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs, his face was the mildness of youth, his hand the death of heroes.—*Ossian.*

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

—*Campbell.*

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more will speak.—*Mrs Blackwood.*

I have found Scotchmen always prospering and always thriving, often the confidential advisers of high position, even of rulers of State ; and although I myself am inclined to attribute much to organisation and to race, I am bound to say I never met a Scotchman yet, even if he was the confidential adviser of a pasha, who did not tell me that he owed his rise to his parish school.—*Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.*

Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
 And yet I loved her more—
 For so it seemed—than till that day
 I e'er had loved before.—*Wordsworth.*

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views with which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character.—*Hume.*

Then changing his theme, came the tune like a wave :
 “ When haughty invaders defy,
 His fame shall be first on the roll of the brave
 Who meets them to conquer or die :
 His name shall ascend in the prayers of the free ”—
 “ Beware ! ” said the foe, “ we are strong ;
 The minstrel is safe, but another than he
 Might have paid with his life for his song ! ”
 —*Dr Charles Mackay.*

Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom ;
 There was glory on his forehead, there was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die ;
 There was colour in his visage, though the cheeks of all
 were wan,
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass,—that great and
 goodly man. —*W. E. Aytoun.*

The severity of His punishment, when contrasted with the deficiency of the evidence on which He was condemned, might indeed be supposed to excite some degree of sym-

pathy in the spectators ; but certainly the probability was, that every vestige of His existence would, in the course of a few years at the latest, perish from the earth.—*Montgomery.*

What is earthly rest or relaxation, what that release from toil, after which we so often sigh, but the faint shadow of the saints' everlasting rest—the repose of eternal purity—the calm of a spirit in which, not the tension of labour only, but the strain of the moral strife with sin has ceased—the rest of the soul in God ?—*Dr Caird.*

We neared the wild-wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side ;—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs, and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold,—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.—*Byron.*

Like a corpse, the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel ;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride ;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
— *W. E. Aytoun.*

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place :
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.—*Macaulay.*

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks ;
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
 So in the world : 'tis furnished well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshaked of motion ; and that I am he,
 Let me a little show it even in this,—
 That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

—*Shakspeare.*

Not the solemn demand of my person, not the vengeance of the Amphictyonic Council, which they denounced against me, not the terror of their threatenings, not the flattery of their promises,—no, nor the fury of those accursed wretches whom they roused like wild beasts against me, could ever tear this affection from my breast.—*Demosthenes.*

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.

—*Milton.*

Chained in the market-place he stood,
 A man of giant frame,
 Amid the gathering multitude
 That shrunk to hear his name ;
 All stern of look and strong of limb,
 His dark eye on the ground ;
 And silently they gazed on him,
 As on a lion bound.—*Bryant.*

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste

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Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse that on the secret top
Of Oreb or of Sinai didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos.—*Milton.*

No more I weep, they do not sleep,
On yonder cliffs a grisly band ;
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.
—*Gray.*

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams ;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.—*Shelley.*

Aristocracy has divorced those whom God has united—
Father Labour and Mother Earth, those parents of our
prosperity and wealth ; it has made a very nation of
paupers, and sent them to you, shop-keepers and artizans,
to be maintained ; its history is written in the tears of
human kind ; its gules are torn from the blooming cheeks
of labour, leaving them blank and withered parchments
for the seal of death.—*Ernest Jones.*

It was a cove of huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow ;

A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below,
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway or cultivated land,
 From trace of human foot or hand.

— *Wordsworth.*

Stranger, however great,
 With holy reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed—
 Greater than thou !—*Caroline Smithey.*

The glorious and mighty Lord,
 Who sits at Thy right hand,
 Shall, in His day of wrath, strike through
 The kings who Him withstand ;
 He shall among the heathen judge ;
 He shall with bodies dead
 The places fill : o'er many lands
 He wound shall every head.

—*Book of Psalms.*

Burns was five feet ten inches in height, firmly built, symmetrical, with more of the roughness of a rustic than the polish of a fine gentleman. There was something in his bearing which bespoke conscious pre-eminence ; and the impress thus communicated was confirmed by his swarthy countenance, every lineament of which indicated mental wealth and power : the brow broad and high ; the eyes like orbs of flame ; the nose well formed, though a professional physiognomist would have said that it was deficient in force ; the mouth impassioned, majestic, tender, as if the social affections and poetic muse had combined to take possession of it ; and the full, rounded, dimpled chin, which made the manly face more soft and lovable.

— *William M'Dowall.*

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The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need : the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And withered muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with the love of rest,
To which he forfeits even the rest he loves.—*Cowper.*

In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch, both
To find the other forth ; and by adventuring,
I oft found both.—*Shakspeare.*

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
To him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance and wealth.
—*Goldsmith.*

O righteous doom ! that they who make
Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
Miss that whereto they tend ;
While they who bid stern duty lead,
Content to follow, they,
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasure by the way.—*Trench.*

Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of art ;
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind :
But, more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise.—*Pope.*

I hold it true whate'er befall ;
 I feel it when I sorrow most ;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.—*Tennyson*.

Sleep soft, beloved, we sometimes say,
 But have no time to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber when
 He giveth His beloved sleep.—*Mrs Browning*.

The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered ; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land.

—*Edmund Burke*.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts his head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house, where nut-brown draughts inspired ;
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired ;
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.

—*Goldsmith*.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my moneys and my usances :
 Still have I born it with a patient shrug ;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.

—*Shakspeare*.

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High in air a bridge of lights leap the chasm ; a few emerald lamps, like glow-worms, are moving silently about in the railway station below ; a solitary crimson one is at rest : that huge hulk of blackness, with splendour burning out at every pore, is the wonderful Old Town, where Scottish history mainly transacted itself ; while opposite, the modern Princes Street is blazing throughout its length.

—*Alexander Smith.*

Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favour !
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—*Shakspeare.*

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem ;
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours ;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart.—*Gray.*

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.
—*Shakspeare.*

Ho ye who seek to win a name,
Where deeds are bravest done ;

Ho ye who seek to pile a heap,
 Where gold is lightest won ;
 Ho ye who loathe the stagnant life,
 Or shun the law's decree,
 Belt on the brand, and spur the steed,
 To Montreal's companie.

—*Lord Lytton.*

Ye woods and wilds whose melancholy gloom
 Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
 The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
 Farewell a while, I will not leave you long ;
 For in your shade I deem some spirit dwells,
 Who, from the chiding stream and groaning oak,
 Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.

—*Rev. John Home.*

The bleak winds of March
 Made her tremble and shiver ;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river,
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled
 Anywhere,—anywhere
 Out of the world.—*Thomas Hood.*

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height ;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that—than which what's harder—
 His Jewish heart !—*Shakspeare.*

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou the meanwhile wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy ;
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

—*Coleridge.*

Then sank the star of Solyma,
 Then passed her glory's day,
 Like heath that in the wilderness
 The light wind whirls away :
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod ;
 And sunk those guilty towers
 Where Baal reigned as God.—*Moore.*

By my christendom
 So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as thè day is long ;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him.
 Is it my fault that I am Jeffrey's son ?
 —*Shakspeare.*

There groves that bloom in endless spring
 Are rustling to the radiant wing
 Of birds in various plumage bright ;
 Soft falling showers of blossoms, fair
 As rainbow hues or dawning light,
 Float ever on the fragrant air,
 Like showers of vernal snow ;
 And from the fruit-tree spreading tall,
 The richly ripen'd clusters fall
 Oft as sea breezes blow.—*Professor Wilson.*

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man :
 Some had expired in fight—the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands ;
 In plague and famine some :
 Earth's cities had no sound or tread ;
 And ships were drifting with the dead,
 To shores where all was dumb.

—*Campbell.*

O sleep ! O gentle sleep !
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?

—*Shakspeare.*

Moon that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,
 With the fixed stars fixed in their orb that flies ;
 And ye five other wandering stars that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise who out of darkness called up light !

—*Milton.*

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
 From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;
 The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
 With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold ;
 And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
 The mariner's bed in their halls of glee :

Hath earth no graves that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

—*Mrs Sigourney.*

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on : or wouldst thou drown thyself ?
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up :
I do suspect thee grievously.—*Shakspeare.*

His heart was broken, crazed his brain ;
At once his eye grew wild ;
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled :
Yet were not long those fatal bands ;
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.—*Bryant.*

The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in her tapering nails ;
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips ;
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life ;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins ;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Watching the arches pencilled on her brow.

—*Willis.*

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,
 And grieved and gloomily spake he :
 " My cabin stands where blithely glide
 Proud Danube's waters to the sea :
 I have a young and blooming bride,
 And I have children three ;—
 No Roman wealth or rank can give
 Such joy as in their arms to live."—*Byron.*

Then none was for a party ;
 Then all were for the state ;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great ;
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;
 Then spoils were fairly sold :
 The Romans were like brothers,
 In the brave days of old !
 —*Macaulay.*

Winding away at break of day,
 And armed with helm and spears,
 Along the martyr's rocky way,
 A king comes with his peers :
 Unto the eye a splendid sight,
 Making the air all richly bright,
 Seen flashing through the trees ;
 But to the heart a sense of blight,
 Sadder than death were these.
 —*Miss Jewsbury.*

In his latter days, Napoleon had the weakness of wishing to add to his crowns and badges the prescription of aristocracy ; but he knew his debt to his austere education, and made no secret of his contempt for the born kings, and for the " hereditary donkeys," as he coarsely styled the Bourbons.—*Emerson.*

In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility ;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger,—
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage ;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutly his confounded base,
 Swelled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

—*Shakspeare.*

The shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell ;
 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.

—*Scott.*

The striking peculiarity of Shakspeare's mind was its generic quality, its power of communication with all other minds ; so that it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself, and no one peculiar bias or exclusive excellence more than another.—*Hazlitt.*

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance commits his body
 To painful labour both by sea and land ;
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 While thou liest warm at home secure and safe ;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
 Too little payment for so great a debt.

—*Shakspeare.*

The Poles were bound to their country by the peculiarities of its institutions and usages ; perhaps, also, by the very defects of their government, which at last contributed to its fall, by those dangerous privileges and by that tumultuary independence, which rendered their condition as much above that of the slaves of absolute monarchy, as it was below the lot of those who inherit the blessings of legal and moral freedom.

—*Sir James Macintosh.*

When God said,
 “ Be gathered now ye waters under heaven,
 Into one place, and let dry land appear,”
 Immediately the mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
 Into the clouds ; their tops ascend the sky :
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
 Down sank a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters.—*Milton.*

You must note beside,
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brimful, our cause is rife ;
 The enemy increaseth every day ;
 We, at the height, are ready to decline :
 There is a tide in the affairs of man,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

—*Shakspeare.*

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With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
With dream, and thought, and feeling interwound,
And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of a sensual ground.

—*Mrs Browning.*

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