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(For Senior Middle Schools)

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MODERN ENGLISH READERS

For Senior Middle Schools

BOOK IV

ed. with Chinese & English Notes

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編輯大意

- 一 本書共分六冊，每冊配列課文二十篇，可供高級中學六學期英語教學及同程度者自習之用。
- 二 本書編制，根據編者教學經驗，特別注意適合於實際教學情形。
- 三 本書文體第一第二兩冊以故事為主。第三第四兩冊，其他各體文字分量漸次增加。第五第六兩冊故事與各體文字參半。內容除文藝作品外，有關於科學常識者，有關於英語國家社會生活者，有關於現代文化之批判者，有關於世界名人事蹟者。選材力求適合學習者的程度與興趣，同時並注意學習者知識之灌輸與思想之啓發。
- 四 本書註釋，中英文並用，英文註釋儘量設法不超出學生之字彙。遇有難於用簡單英文註釋者，則祇用中文。課文中之成語普通常用者並附例句，以資揣摩與練習。第一第二兩冊註釋較爲詳盡，除單字及成語外，動詞變化，亦復列入，因高中一年級學生根底較淺，不能自動學習。其餘四冊註釋漸次從略，僅注意字句之生僻者，及普通常見之字而含有歧義者。
- 五 本書第一第二兩冊課文，係參照重慶南開中學現行之高中一年級課本，酌予增減與編排而成，事前曾得該校同意，特此聲明。



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SUNRISE

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot

Come, see what a charming **day** the landscape painter has! He rises early, at three o'clock in the morning, before the sun. He goes off to sit at the foot of a tree; he looks; he waits. At first he sees nothing in particular. Nature is like a white canvas with vague masses outlined upon it. Everything is hazy; everything trembles in the little fresh breeze of dawn.

The sky brightens The sun has not yet torn away the mist which hides the fields, the valley, the hills on the horizon The silvery night mists still climb above the cool green grasses. Soon there gleams a first ray of the sun a second ray of the sun. The little flowers seem to wake up, joyous Each has a quivering dew-drop of its own. The leaves stir in the chill breath of the morning Beneath the foliage, birds are singing, invisible; it seems as if their songs were the prayer of the flowers. Cupids with butterfly wings seem to be flying over the fields, and the tall grasses bend in waves beneath them

The painter can see nothing; everything is there. All the landscape is behind the thin veil of mist, which rises

..... rises rises, inhaled by the sun, and, still rising, reveals the silver blade of the river, the meadows, the trees, the cottages, the flying distance. The painter sees all the landscape that at first he could only divine.

The sun has risen the peasant at the end of the field with his cart drawn by two oxen! Ding, ding! the bell of the old sheep that leads his flock! Everything glows; everything burns; everything is bathed in a full light, a light still pale and caressing. The background, simple and harmonious, loses itself in the infinite sky, beyond the dense blue air the flowers lift their heads the birds fly here and there. A country-man on a white horse rides into a sunken road, out of sight. The little rounded willows seem to strut about on the banks of the river.

It is adorable! and he paints and he paints. And O the beautiful chestnut cow up to its body in the wet grasses! He must paint that Ah! there it is!

TOO DEAR!

Leo N. Tolstoy

Near the borders of France and Italy, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, lies a tiny little kingdom called Monaco. Many a small country town can boast more inhabi-

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tants than this kingdom, for there are only about seven thousand of them all told, and if all the land in the kingdom were divided there would not be an acre for each inhabitant. But in this toy kingdom there is a real kinglet; and he has a palace, and courtiers, and ministers, and a bishop, and generals, and an army.

It is not a large army, only sixty men in all, but still it is an army. There were also taxes in this kingdom, as elsewhere: a tax on tobacco, and on wine and spirits, and a poll tax. But though the people there drink and smoke as people do in other countries there are so few of them that the King would have been hard put to it to feed his courtiers and officials and to keep himself, if he had not found a new and special source of revenue. This special revenue comes from a gaming house, where people play roulette. People play, and whether they win or lose the keeper always gets a percentage on the turn-over; and out of his profits he pays a large sum to the King. The reason he pays so much is that it is the only such gambling establishment left in Europe. Some of the little German Sovereigns used to keep gaming houses of the same kind, but some years ago they were forbidden to do so. The reason they were stopped was because these gaming houses did so much harm. A man would come and try his luck, then he would risk all he had and lose it, then he would even risk money that did not belong to him and lose that too, and then, in

despair, he would drown or shoot himself. So the Germans forbade their rulers to make money in this way; but there was no one to stop the King of Monaco, and he remained with a monopoly of the business.

So now everyone who wants to gamble goes to Monaco. Whether they win or lose, the King gains by it. "You can't earn stone palaces by honest labor," as the proverb says; and the kinglet of Monaco knows it is a dirty business, but what is he to do? He has to live; and to draw a revenue from drink and from tobacco is also not a nice thing. So he lives and reigns, and rakes in the money, and holds his court with all the ceremony of a real king.

He has his coronation, his levees; he rewards, sentences, and pardons; and he also has his reviews, councils, laws, and courts of justice: just like other kings, only all on a smaller scale.

Now it happened a few years ago that a murder was committed in this toy King's domains. The people of that kingdom are peaceable, and such a thing had not happened before. The judges assembled with much ceremony and tried the case in the most judicial manner. There were judges, and prosecutors, and jurymen, and barristers. They argued and judged, and at last they condemned the criminal to have his head cut off as the law directs. So far so good. Next they submitted the sentence to the King. The King read the sentence and confirmed it. "If the fellow must be executed,

execute him."

There was only one hitch in the matter; and that was that they had neither a guillotine for cutting heads off, nor an executioner. The Ministers considered the matter, and decided to address an inquiry to the French Government, asking whether the French could not lend them a machine and an expert to cut off the criminal's head; and if so, would the French kindly inform them what the cost would be. The letter was sent. A week later the reply came: a machine and an expert could be supplied, and the cost would be 16,000 francs. This was laid before the King. He thought it over. Sixteen thousand francs! "The wretch is not worth the money," said he. "Can't it be done, somehow, cheaper? Why, 16,000 francs is more than two francs a head on the whole population. The people won't stand it, and it may cause a riot!"

So a Council was called to consider what could be done, and it was decided to send a similar inquiry to the King of Italy. The French Government is republican, and has no proper respect for kings; but the King of Italy was a brother monarch, and might be induced to do the thing cheaper. So the letter was written, and a prompt reply was received.

The Italian Government wrote that they would have pleasure in supplying both a machine and an expert; and the whole cost would be 12,000 francs, including traveling expenses. This was cheaper, but still it seemed too much. The rascal

was really not worth the money. It would still mean nearly two francs more per head on the taxes. Another Council was called. They discussed and considered how it could be done with less expense. Could not one of the soldiers, perhaps, be got to do it in a rough and homely fashion? The General was called and was asked: "Can't you find us a soldier who would cut the man's head off? In war they don't mind killing people. In fact, that is what they are trained for." So the General talked it over with the soldiers to see whether one of them would not undertake the job. But none of the soldiers would do it. "No," they said, "we don't know how to do it; it is not a thing we have been taught."

What was to be done? Again the Ministers considered and reconsidered. They assembled a Commission, and a Committee, and a Subcommittee, and at last they decided that the best thing would be to alter the death sentence to one of imprisonment for life. This would enable the King to show his mercy, and it would come cheaper.

The King agreed to this, and so the matter was arranged. The only hitch now was that there was no suitable prison for a man sentenced for life. There was a small lockup where people were sometimes kept temporarily, but there was no strong prison fit for permanent use. However, they managed to find a place that would do, and they put the young fellow there and placed a guard over him. The guard had to watch the criminal, and had also to fetch his

food from the palace kitchen.

The prisoner remained there month after month till a year had passed. But when a year had passed, the Kinglet, looking over the account of his income and expenditure one day, noticed a new item of expenditure. This was for the keep of the criminal; nor was it a small item either. There was a special guard, and there was also the man's food. It came to more than 600 francs a year. And the worst of it was that the fellow was still young and healthy, and might live for fifty years. When one came to reckon it up, the matter was serious. It would never do. So the King summoned his Ministers and said to them:

"You must find some cheaper way of dealing with this rascal. The present plan is too expensive." And the Ministers met and considered and reconsidered, till one of them said: "Gentlemen, in my opinion we must dismiss the guard." "But then," rejoined another Minister, "the fellow will run away." "Well," said the first speaker, "let him run away, and be hanged to him!" So they reported the result of their deliberations to the Kinglet, and he agreed with them. The guard was dismissed, and they waited to see what would happen. All that happened was that at dinner-time the criminal came out, and, not finding his guard, he went to the King's kitchen to fetch his own dinner. He took what was given him, returned to the prison, shut the door on himself, and stayed inside. Next day the same thing occurred. He

went for his food at the proper time; but as for running away, he did not show the least sign of it! What was to be done? They considered the matter again.

"We shall have to tell him straight out," said they, "that we do not want to keep him." So the Minister of Justice had him brought before him.

"Why do you not run away?" said the Minister. "There is no guard to keep you. You can go where you like, and the King will not mind."

"I dare say the King would not mind," replied the man, "but I have nowhere to go. What can I do? You have ruined my character by your sentence, and people will turn their backs on me. Besides, I have got out of the way of working. You have treated me badly. It is not fair. In the first place, when once you sentenced me to death you ought to have executed me; but you did not do it. That's one thing. I did not complain about that. Then you sentenced me to imprisonment for life and put a guard to bring me my food; but after a time you took him away again and I had to fetch my own food. Again I did not complain. But now you actually want me to go away! I can't agree to that. You may do as you like, but I won't go away!"

What was to be done? Once more the Council was summoned. What course could they adopt? The man would not go. They reflected and considered. The only way to get

rid of him was to offer him a pension. And so they reported to the King. "There is nothing else for it," said they, "we must get rid of him somehow." The sum fixed was 600 francs, and this was announced to the prisoner.

"Well," said he, "I don't mind, so long as you undertake to pay it regularly. On that condition I am willing to go."

So the matter was settled. He received one-third of his annuity in advance, and left the King's dominions. It was only a quarter of an hour by rail; and he emigrated, and settled just across the frontier, where he bought a bit of land, started market gardening, and now lives comfortably. He always goes at the proper time to draw his pension. Having received it he goes to the gaming tables, stakes two or three francs, sometimes wins and sometimes loses, and then returns home. He lives peaceably and well.

It is a good thing that he did not commit his murder in a country where they do not grudge expense to cut a man's head off, or to keeping him in prison for life.

THE COST OF A WAR

I mean to give you some idea of the cost of a war to the people among whom it is carried on. This may serve to abate something of the admiration with which historians are too apt to inspire us for great warriors and conquerors.

You have heard, I doubt not, of Louis the Fourteenth, king of France.

He was called by his subjects Louis the Great, and was compared by them to the Alexanders and Caesars of antiquity; and with some justice as to the extent of his power, and the use he made of it.

One evening, his minister, Louvois, came to him and said: "Sire, it is absolutely necessary to make a desert of the Palatinate. If we leave it in its present state, it will afford quarters to your Majesty's enemies, and endanger your conquests. It must be entirely ruined; the good of the service will not permit it to be otherwise."

"Well, then," answered Louis, "if it must be so, you are to give orders accordingly." So saying, he left the cabinet, and went to be present at a magnificent festival given in his honor by a prince of the blood.

The pitiless Louvois lost no time; but despatched a messenger that very night, with positive orders to the French general in the Palatinate to carry fire and desolation through the whole country; not to leave a house or a tree standing, and to expel all the inhabitants.

It was in the midst of a rigorous winter. The commands were absolute and they were obeyed to the letter. Towns and villages were burnt to the ground; vineyards and orchards were cut down and rooted up; sheep and cattle were killed; all the fair works of ages were destroyed in a moment; and

the smiling face of culture was turned to a dreary waste.

The poor inhabitants were driven from their warm and comfortable habitations into the open fields, to confront all the inclemencies of the season. Their furniture was burnt or pillaged, and nothing was left them but the clothes on their backs, and the few necessaries they could carry with them. The roads were covered with trembling fugitives, going they knew not whither, shivering with cold and pinched with hunger. Here an old man, dropping with fatigue, lay down to die; there a woman with a new-born infant sunk perishing in the snow, while her husband hung over them in all the horror of despair.

Such of them as did not perish on the road got to the neighboring towns, where they were received with all the hospitality that such calamitous times would afford; but they were beggared for life. Meantime their country for many a league round displayed no other sight than that of black smoking ruins in the midst of silence and desolation.

Such things often happen in war perhaps not to the same extent; but in some degree they must take place in every war. A village which would afford a favorable post to the enemy is always burnt without hesitation. A country which can no longer be maintained, is cleared of all its provisions before it is abandoned lest the enemy should have the advantage of them; and the poor inhabitants are left to subsist as they can. Crops of corn are trampled down by

armies in their march, or devoured while green as fodder for their horses. Pillage, robbery, and murder, are always going on in the outskirts of the best-disciplined camp.

Then consider what must happen in every siege. On the first approach of the enemy, all the buildings in the suburbs of a town are demolished, and all the trees in gardens and public walks are cut down, lest they should afford shelter to the besiegers. As the siege goes on, bombs, and cannon-balls, are continually flying about; by which the greatest part of a town is ruined or laid in ashes, and many of the innocent people killed or wounded. If the resistance is obstinate, famine and pestilence are sure to take place; and if the garrison holds out to the last, and the town is taken by storm, it is generally given up to be pillaged by the enraged soldiers.

It would be easy to bring too many examples of cruelty exercised upon a conquered country, even in very late times, when war is said to be carried on with so much humanity, but, indeed, how can it be otherwise? The art of war is essentially that of destruction, and it is impossible there should be a mild and merciful way of murdering one's fellow creatures. Soldiers, as men, are often humane; but war must ever be cruel.

Surely as war is so bad a thing, there might be some way of preventing it. But I fear mankind have been too long accustomed to it, and it is too agreeable to their bad

passions, to be laid aside, whatever miseries it may bring upon them. But in the meantime let us correct our own ideas of the matter, and no longer lavish admiration upon such a pest of the human race as a conqueror, howsoever brilliant his qualities may be.

A FRIEND

Xavier de Maistre

I had a friend. Death took him from me. He was snatched away at the beginning of his career, at the moment when his friendship had become a pressing need to my heart. We supported one another in the hard toil of war. We had but one pipe between us. We drank out of the same cup. We slept beneath the same tent. And amid our sad trials, the spot where we lived together became to us a new fatherland. I had seen him exposed to all the perils of a disastrous war. Death seemed to spare us to each other. His deadly missiles were exhausted around my friend a thousand times over without reaching him; but this was but to make his loss more painful to me. The tumult of war and the enthusiasm which possesses the soul at the sight of danger, might have prevented his sighs from piercing my heart, while his death would have been useful to his country.

and damaging to the enemy. Had he died thus, I should have mourned him less. But to lose him amid the joys of our winter quarters, to see him die at the moment when he seemed full of health, and when our intimacy was rendered closer by rest and tranquility, — ah, this was a blow from which I can never recover!

But his memory lives in my heart, and there alone. He is forgotten by those who surrounded him and who have replaced him. And this makes his loss the more sad to me.

Nature, in like manner indifferent to the fate of individuals, dons her green spring robe, and decks herself in all her beauty near the cemetery where he rests. The trees cover themselves with foliage, and intertwine their branches; the birds warble under the leafy sprays; the insects hum among the blossoms: everything breathes joy in this abode of death.

And in the evening, when the moon shines in the sky, and I am meditating in this sad place, I hear the grasshopper, hidden in the grass that covers the silent grave of my friend, merrily pursuing his unwearied song. The unobserved destruction of human beings, as well as all their misfortunes, are counted for nothing in the grand total of events.

The death of an affectionate man who breathes his last surrounded by his afflicted friends, and that of a butterfly killed in a flower's cup by the chill air of morning, are but two similar epochs in the course of nature. Man is but a

phantom, a shadow, a mere vapor that melts into the air.

But daybreak begins to whiten the sky. The gloomy thoughts that troubled me vanish with the darkness, and hope awakens in my heart. No! He who thus suffuses the east with light has not made it to shine upon my eyes only to plunge me into the night of annihilation. He who has spread out that vast horizon, who raised those lofty mountains whose icy tops the sun is even now gliding, is also He who made my heart to beat and my mind to think.

No! My friend is not annihilated. Whatever may be the barrier that separates us, I shall see him again. My hopes are based on no mere syllogism. The flight of an insect suffices to persuade me. And often the prospect of the surrounding country, the perfume of the air, and an indescribable charm which is spread around me, so raise my thoughts that an invincible proof of immortality forces itself upon my soul, and fills it to the full.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Giovanni Papini

A man had two sons. His wife was dead, but he still had these two sons, only two. But two are always better than one. If the first is away from home, the second is

still there; if the younger fall ill, the older works for two; if one should die — even children die, even the young die, and sometimes before the old — if one of the two should die, there is at least one left who will care for the poor father.

This man loved his sons, not only because they were of his blood, but because he had a loving heart. He loved them both, the older and the younger; perhaps the younger a little more than the older, but so little that he did not realize it himself. Fathers and mothers often have a weakness for the youngest because he is the smallest, he is the sweetest, he is the last baby, and after his birth there was never another one, so that his boyhood, still so recent, so prolonged, stretches out to the sill of his young manhood like a lingering halo of tenderness. It seems only yesterday that he was a baby at the breast, that he took his first stumbling steps, that he sprang up to embrace his father, or sat astride his knees.

But this man was not partial. He loved his sons like his two eyes and his two hands, equally dear, one at the left, one at the right, and he saw to it that both were happy. Nothing lacked for either one.

And yet, even in the case of sons of one father, it almost never happens that two brothers have the same tastes. The older was a serious-minded young man, sedate, settled, who seemed already grown up and mature, a husband, the head of a family. He respected his father, but more

as master than as father, without any impulsive show of affection. He worked faithfully, but he was hard and capacious with the servants; he went through all the religious forms, but did not let the poor come about him. Although the house was full of all possible good things, yet for them there was never anything. He pretended to love his brother, but his heart was full of poison and envy. When people say "to love like a brother" they say the contrary of what ought to be said. Brothers very rarely love each other. It would be more correct to say "a father's love," rather than a brother's.

The second son seemed of another race. He was younger and was not ashamed to be young. He splashed about and made merry in his youth as in a warm lake. He had all the desires, the graces, and the defects of his age. He was fitful with his father. One day he hurt him, the next, put him into the seventh heaven; he was capable of not saying a word for weeks together, and then suddenly throwing himself on his father's neck in the highest spirits.

Good times with his friends were more to his taste than work. He refused no invitations to drink, and dressed better than other people. But he was warm-hearted; he gave money to the needy, was charitable without boasting of it, never sent away any one disconsolate. He was seldom seen at the synagogue, and for this and for other reasons the middle-class people of the neighborhood, timid, colorless people,

religious and self-seeking, did not think well of him and advised their sons to have nothing to do with him. So much the more because the young man wanted to spend more than his father's resources allowed him — a good man, they said, but weak and blind — and because he talked recklessly and said things which were not fitting for the son of a good family brought up as he ought to be.

The life of that little country hole was repugnant to him; he said it was better to look for adventure in rich countries, populous, far away, beyond the mountains and the sea, where the big, luxurious cities are, with marble buildings and the best wines, and shops full of silk and silver, and women dressed in fine clothes like queens.

There in the country you had to obey orders and work hard, and there was no outlet for gypsylike and nomadic tastes. His father, although he was rich, although he was good, measured out coppers as if they were thousand-dollar notes. His brother was vexed if he bought a new tunic or came home a little tipsy. In the family all they knew was the field, the furrow, the pasture, the stock; a life that was not a life, but one long effort.

And one day (he had thought of it many times before, but had never had the courage to say it) he hardened his heart and his a . . . and said to his father, "Father, give me the share of the property that falls to me, and I will ask nothing more of you."

When the old man heard this, he was deeply hurt, but he made no answer, and went away into his room that his tears should not be seen, and for a while neither of them spoke any more of this matter. But the son suffered, was sullen, and lost all his ardor and animation, even to the fresh color of his face. And the father, seeing his son suffer, suffered himself, and yet suffered more at the thought of losing him. But finally paternal love conquered self-love. The estimations and valuations of the property were made, and the father gave to both his sons their rightful part and kept the rest for himself. The young man lost no time, he sold what he could not carry away, gathered together a goodly sum, and one evening, without saying anything to any one, mounted his fine horse and went away. The older brother was rather pleased by his departure; the younger would never have the courage to come back; so now he was the only son, first in command, and no one would take away the rest of his inheritance from him.

But the father secretly wept many tears, all the tears of his old wrinkled eyelids. Every line of his old face was washed with tears, his aged cheeks were soaked with his grieving. His son was gone and he needed all the love of the remaining son to make up for the sorrow of the separation.

But he had an intuition that perhaps he had not lost his son forever, his second-born, that before his death he would

have the happiness to kiss him again; and this idea helped him to endure the loneliness.

In the meantime the young man drew rapidly near to the rich city of revels where he meant to live. At every turning of the road he felt of the money bags which hung at both sides of his saddle. He soon arrived at the city of his desire and began his feasting. It seemed to him that those thousands of coins would last forever. He rented a fine house, bought five or six slaves, dressed like a prince and soon had men and women friends who were guests at his table and who drank his wine till their stomachs could hold no more. He did not economize with women and chose the most beautiful the city contained, those who knew how to dance and sing and dress with magnificence. No presents seemed too fine or too rich to please them. The little provincial lord from the dull country, repressed in the most sensual period of his life, now gave way to pleasure and love of luxury, in this dangerous life.

Such a life could not go on forever; the moneybags of the prodigal son were not bottomless — no moneybags are — and there came a day when there was neither gold nor silver, and not even copper, but only empty bags of canvas and leather lying limp and flabby on the brick floor of his room. His friends disappeared, the women disappeared, slaves, beds, and dining tables were sold. With the proceeds he had enough to buy food, but only for a short time. To

complete his misfortune, a famine came on the country and the prodigal son found himself hungering in the midst of a famine-stricken people. The women had gone off to other cities where the situation was better; the friends of his drunken night revels had hard work to look out for themselves.

The unfortunate man, stripped and destitute, left the city, traveling with a lord who was going to the country where he had a fine estate. He begged him for work, till the lord hired him as swineherd because he was young and strong, and hardly any one was willing to be a swineherd. For a Jew nothing could be a greater affliction than this. Even in Egypt, although animals were adored there, the only people forbidden to enter the temples were swineherds. No father would have given his daughter to wife to a swineherd, and no man for all the gold in the world would have married the daughter of a swineherd.

But the prodigal son had no choice, and was forced to lead the herd of swine out to the pasture. He was given no pay and very little to eat, because there was only a little for any one; but there was no famine for the hogs, because they could eat anything. There were plenty of carob beans and they gorged themselves on those. Their hungry attendant enviously watched the pink and black animals rooting in the earth, chewing beans and roots, and longed to fill his stomach with the same stuff; and he wept, remembering the

abundance of his own home and his festivals in the great city. Sometimes overcome with hunger he took one of the black bean husks, from under the grunting snouts of the pigs, tempering the bitterness of his suffering with that insipid and woody food. And woe to him if his employer had seen him!

His dress was a dirty slave's smock which smelt of manure, his footgear a pair of worn-out sandals scarcely held together with rushes; on his head a faded hood. His fair young face, tanned by the sun of the hills, was thin and long, and had taken a sickly color between gray and brown.

Who was wearing now the spotless homespun clothes, which he had left in his brother's chests? Where now were the fair silken tunics dyed purple, which he had sold for so little? His father's hired servants were better dressed than he and they fared better than he.

Returned to his senses, he said to himself, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I am perishing of hunger!" Until now he had brushed away the idea of going home as soon as it had appeared. How could he bear to go back in this condition and give in to his brother after having despised his home, after having made his father weep? To return without a garment, unshod, without a penny, without the ring — the sign of liberty — uncomely, disfigured by this famished slavery, stinking and contaminated by this abominable trade, to show that

the wise old neighbors were right, that his serious-minded brother was right, to bow himself at the knee of the old man whom he had left without a greeting, to return with shame, as a ragged fellow, to the spot from which he had departed as a king! To come back to the soup plate into which he had spit — into a house which contained nothing of his!

No, there was something of his always in his home, his father! If he belonged to his father, his father belonged also to him. Though hurt, his father would never drive away his own flesh and blood. If he would not take him back as son, at least he would take him back as a hired servant, as he would any stranger, like a man born of another father. "I will rise," he said, "and go to my father, and will say to him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before you: I no longer deserve to be called your son: treat me as one of your hired men. I do not come back as son, but as servant, a worker, and I do not ask love from you, for I have no more right to, that, but only a little bread from your kitchen."

And the young man gave back the hogs to his master, and went toward his own land. He begged a piece of bread from the country people, and wept salt tears as he ate this bread of pity and charity in the shadow of the sycamore trees. His sore and blistered feet could scarcely carry him. He was barefoot now, but his faith in forgiveness led him

homeward, step by step.

And finally one day at noon he arrived in sight of his father's house; but he did not dare to knock, nor to call any one, nor to go in. He hung around outside to see if any one would come out. And behold, his father appeared on the threshold. His son was no longer the same, he was changed, but the eyes of a father even dimmed by weeping could not fail to recognize him. He ran toward him and caught him to his breast, and kissed him and kissed him again, and could not stop from pressing his pale, old lips on that ravaged face, on those eyes whose expression was altered but still beautiful, on that hair, dusty but still waving and soft, on that flesh that was his own.

The son, covered with confusion and deeply moved, did not know how to respond to these kisses, and as soon as he could free himself from his father's arms he threw himself on the ground and repeated tremulously the speech he had prepared: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before you: I no longer deserve to be called your son."

But if the young man had brought himself to the point of refusing the name of son, the old man never felt himself more father than at this moment; he seemed to become a father for a second time, and without even answering, with his eyes still clouded and soft, but with the ringing voice of his best days, he called to the servants: "Quick, bring the best robe, and put it on him; and bring a ring for his fin-

ger and shoes for his feet.”

The son of the master should not return home wretchedly dressed like a beggar. The finest coat should be given him, new shoes, a ring on his finger, and the servants must wait on him because he, too, is master.

“And bring the fat calf and kill it, and let us feast and enjoy ourselves; for my son here was dead and has come to life again: he was lost and has been found. The fat calf was kept in reserve for great feast days: but what festival can be greater for me than this one? I had wept for my son as dead and here he is alive with me. I had lost him in the world and the world has delivered him back to me. He was far away and now is with me, he was a beggar at the doors of strange houses, and now is master in his own house; he was famished and now he shall be served with a banquet at his own table.”

And the servants obeyed him and the calf was killed, skinned, cut up and put to cook. The finest room was prepared for the dinner in celebration of the return. Servants went to call his father's friends, and others went to summon musicians, that there should be music. And when everything was ready, when the son had been bathed, and his father had kissed him many times more — almost as if to assure himself with his lips that his true son was there with him, and it was not the vision of a dream — they commenced the banquet, and the musicians accompanied the songs of joy.

The older son was in the field, working, and in the evening when he came back and was near to the house he heard shouting and stamping and clapping of hands, and the footsteps of dancers. And he could not understand. "Whatever can have happened? Perhaps my father has gone crazy, or perhaps a wedding procession has arrived unexpectedly at our house."

Disliking noise and new faces, he would not enter and see for himself what it was. But he called to a boy coming out of the house and asked him what all that clatter was.

"Your brother is come," he replied, "and your father has had the fat calf killed, because he has got him home safe and sound."

These words were like a thrust at his heart. He turned pale, not with pleasure, but with rage and jealousy. The old envy boiled up inside. It seemed to him that he had all the right on his side, and he would not go into the house, but stayed outside, angry.

Then his father went out and entreated him: "Come, for your brother has come back and has asked after you, and will be glad to see you, and we will feast together."

But the serious-minded son could not contain himself, and for the first time in his life ventured to reprove his father to his face.

"All these years," he said, "I have been slaving for you, and I have never at any time disobeyed any of your

orders, and yet you have never given me so much as a kid, for me to enjoy myself with my friends, but now that this son of yours is come who has eaten up your property among his bad women, you have killed the fat calf for him."

With these few words he discloses all the ignominy of his soul, hidden until then under the pharisaical cloak of good behavior. He reproaches his father with his own obedience, he reproaches him with his avarice. "You have never given me so much as a kid." And he reproaches him, he a loveless son, for being a too-loving father. "This son of yours." He does not say, "My brother." His father may recognize him as a son, but he will not recognize him as brother.

But his father pardoned this son, as he did the other son. "As for you, my son," he said, "you are always with me, and all that is mine is yours. We were bound to make merry and rejoice, for this brother of yours was dead and has come to life, he was lost and has been found."

The father is sure that these words will be enough to silence the other. "He was dead and has come to life, he was lost and has been found. What other reasons can be needed, and what other reasons can be better than these? Grant that he has done what he has done, that he has spent my money on women; he has dissipated as much as he could; he left me without a greeting; he left me to weep. He could have done worse than that and still would have been

my son. He could have stolen on the streets, could have murdered the guiltless, he could have offended me even more, but I never could forget that he is my son, my own blood. He was gone and has returned, was dead and is alive again. This is enough for me, and to celebrate this miracle a fat calf seems little to me. You have never left me, I always enjoyed you, all my kids are yours if you ask for them; you have eaten every day at my table; but he was gone for so many days and weeks and months! I saw him only in my dreams; he has not eaten a single piece of bread with me all that time. Have I not the right to triumph at least this day?"

"I tell you," said Jesus, who first told the above story nearly two thousand years ago, "that in the same way there will be rejoicing in heaven over one repentant sinner, more rejoicing than over ninety-nine blameless persons who have no need of repentance."

WORK AND PLAY

Upton Sinclair

In discussing the important question of exercise there is one fundamental fact to begin with: that our present civilization divides men sharply into two classes, those who do not

get enough exercise, and those who get too much. Obviously it would be folly to make the same recommendations to the two classes.

I begin with those who get too much exercise. They include a great number, probably the majority of those who do the manual work of the world. They include the farmers and the farm-hands, who work from dawn to sunset, and sometimes by lantern light. They include also the farmers' wives, the kitchen slaves of whom the old couplet tells:

“Man's work ends from sun to sun,

But woman's work is never done.”

I am aware that men have worked that way for countless ages, and yet the race is still surviving; but I am aware also that men wither up with rheumatism, and contract chronic diseases of the kidneys and the blood vessels, consequent upon the creation of greater quantities of fatigue poisons than the body can regularly eliminate.

I have very little interest in the past, and none whatever in finding fault with it. My purpose is to criticize the present for the benefit of the future, and therefore I say that modern machinery and the whole development of modern large-scale production make it absolutely unnecessary that women should slave all their waking hours in kitchens, or that men should slave all day. I say it is monstrous folly that men should work for twelve-hour stretches in steel mills, and for ten and eleven hours in factories and mines. Organ-

ized labor has adopted the slogan, "Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, eight hours for play"; but my slogan is "Four hours for work, four hours for study, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for play."

I know, and am prepared to demonstrate to any thinking man, that modern civilization can produce, not merely all the necessities, but all the comforts of life for every man, woman and child in the community, by the expenditure of four hours a day work of the adult, able-bodied men and women. So to all the wage slave of the factories and mines, the fields and the kitchens, I say that too much exercise is what is the matter with you, and what you need is to get off in a quiet nook in the woods and read a good novel, not merely ~~for~~ a few hours, but for a few months, until you get over the effects of capitalist civilization. I know that not many of you can get away as yet, but I urge you to insist upon getting away, to fight for the chance to get away.

And now for people who do not get enough exercise. In the armies of King Cyrus it was the law that every man was required to sweat once every twenty-four hours, and that is still the law for every business man and office-worker and writer of books. There is no substitute for it, and there is no health without it. I have heard Dr. Kellogg say that the modern woman sends out her health with her washing, and I have heard the leisure class ladies at the Sanitarium discuss this cryptic utterance and wonder what he meant by

it. I know that there is no use telling leisure class ladies what exercise at the washtub would do for their abdomens and backs. I will only tell them that unless they can find some kind of vigorous activity which keeps them in a free perspiration for an hour or two each day, they will never be really well, and will never bear children without agony and abortion.

For myself, I have found that the minimum is three or four times a week. Unless I get that much hard exercise I am soon in trouble. So my advice to the business man is to take off his coat and collar and turn out and help his truckman; my advice to the white collar slave is to get a part-time job, and dig ditches the rest of the time. To the man who has cares which pursue him, and likewise to the ardent student and brain-worker, I say that they should find, not merely exercise, but play. The distinction between the two things is important. There can be play that is not exercise; for example cards and chess; and, there can be exercise that is not play. What you must have is something that is both play and exercise; something that not merely causes your heart to beat fast, and your lungs to pump fast, and your sweat glands to throw out poisons from your body, but something that fully occupies your mind and gives your higher brain centers a chance to relax.

When I was a boy, I was fond of all kinds of games. I was a good tennis player, and in the country an incessant

hunter and fisherman. When on the city streets we boys could not find any other game to play, we would get up on the roofs of the houses and throw clothes-pins and snow-balls at the "Dagoes," working in the nearby excavations; so we had the fine game of being chased by the "Dagoes," with the chance, real or imaginary, of having a knife stuck into us. But then, as I grew older, and became aware of the pain and misery of the world, I lost my interest in games, and for ten years or so I never played; I did nothing but study and write. So my health gave way, and I had the problem of restoring it, and I spent some twenty years wrestling with this problem, before I thoroughly convinced myself on the point that there can be no such thing as sound and permanent health without a certain amount of play.

I don't think there is any kind of hard physical work I failed to try, in the course of my experiments. I rode horseback, and took long walks, and climbed mountains, and swam, and dug gardens, and chopped down whole groves of trees and cut them up and carried them to the fireplace. I have done this work for a whole winter in the country, several hours every day, and it has done my health no good to speak of; have been ready for a breakdown at the end of it. The reason is that all the time I was doing these things with my body, I was going right on working my brain. While I was swimming or climbing a mountain or galloping on horseback, I was absorbed in the next chapter of the

book I was writing, so that I literally did not know where I was. I would make up my mind that I would not think about my work, and would make desperate efforts not to do so; but it was like walking along the edge of a slippery ditch — sooner or later I was bound to fall in, and go floundering along, unable to get out again!

And the same thing applies to all gymnastic work. I have experimented with a dozen different systems of exercises, and with all kinds of water treatments; but for me there is only one solution of the problem, which is to have an antagonist. It may be a deer I am trying to shoot, or some trout I am trying to lure out of their holes; it may be some boys I am trying to beat at football or hockey, or it may be the game I know best and find most convenient, which is tennis. If it is tennis, then it has to be someone who can make me work as hard as I know; for if it is someone I can beat easily, why, before I have been playing ten minutes, I am busily working out the next chapter of a book, or answering letters I have just got in the mail.

Recently I came upon a book, "The Psychology of Relaxation," by Dr. Patrick, in which the theory of this is set forth. Civilized man is working his higher brain centers more than his body can stand; his brain is running away with him, absorbing a constantly increasing share of his energies. True relaxation is only possible where the higher brain centers are lulled, and the back lobes of the brain

brought into activity. One of the means of doing this is alcohol, and that is why through the ages all races of men have craved to get drunk. There is a method which is harmless, and does not break down the system, and that is play. When we become really interested in play, we are as children or as primitive men; we do all the things that our race used to do many ages ago; we hunt and fight, we pit our wits against the wits of our enemies, and struggle with desperation to get the better of them. If our play is physical play, if we are absorbed in a game or bodily contest, then we are exerting and developing all those portions of us which civilization tends to atrophy and deaden.

THE FAIRY-LAND OF SCIENCE

How to Enter It; How to Use It; And How to Enjoy It.

Arabella B. Buckley

I have promised to introduce you to the fairy-land of science, — a somewhat bold promise, seeing that most of you probably look upon science as a bundle of dry facts, while fairy-land is all that is beautiful, and full of poetry and imagination. But I thoroughly believe myself, and hope to prove to you, that science is full of beautiful pictures, of real poetry, and of wonder-working fairies; and what is

more, I promise you they shall be true fairies, whom you will love just as much when you are old and grayheaded as when you are young; for you will be able to call them up wherever you wander by land or by sea, through meadow or through wood, through water or through air; and though they themselves will always remain invisible, yet you will see their wonderful power at work everywhere around you.

Let us first see for a moment what kind of tales science has to tell, and how far they are equal to the old fairy tales we all know so well. Who does not remember the tale of the "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," and how under the spell of the angry fairy the maiden pricked herself with the spindle and slept a hundred years? How the horses in the stall, the dogs in the courtyard, the doves on the roof, the cook who was boxing the scullery boy's ears in the kitchen, and the king and queen with their courtiers in the hall remained spell-bound, while a thick hedge grew up all round the castle, and all within was still as death. But when the hundred years had passed the valiant prince came, the thorny hedge opened before him bearing beautiful flowers; and he entering the castle, reached the room where the princess lay, and with one sweet kiss raised her and all around her to life again.

Can science bring any tale to match this?

Tell me, is there anything in this world more busy and active than water, as it rushes along in the swift brook, or

dashes over the stones, or spouts up in the fountain, or trickles down from the roof, or shakes itself into ripples on the surface of the pond as the wind blows over it? But have you never seen this water spell-bound and motionless? Look out of the window some cold frosty morning in winter, at the little brook which yesterday was flowing gently past the house, and see how still it lies, with the stones over which it was dashing now held tightly in its icy grasp. Notice the wind-ripples on the pond; they have become fixed and motionless. Look up at the roof of the house. There, instead of living doves merely charmed to sleep, we have running water caught in the very act of falling and turned into transparent icicles, decorating the eaves with a beautiful crystal fringe. On every tree and bush you will catch the water-drops napping, in the form of tiny crystals, while the fountain looks like a tree of glass with long, down-hanging, pointed leaves. Even the damp of your own breath lies rigid and still on the window-pane, frozen into delicate patterns like fern leaves of ice.

All this water was yesterday flowing busily, or falling drop by drop, or floating invisibly in the air; now it is all caught and spell-bound — by whom? By the enchantments of the frost-giant who holds it fast in his grip and will not let it go.

But wait awhile, the deliverer is coming. In a few weeks or days, or it may be in a few hours, the brave sun will

shine down; the dull-gray, leaden sky will melt before him, as the hedge gave way before the prince in the fairy tale, and when the sunbeam gently kisses the frozen water it will be set free. Then the brook will flow rippling on again; the frost-drops will be shaken down from the trees, the icicles fall from the roof, the moisture trickle down the window-pane, and in the bright, warm sunshine all will be alive again.

Is not this a fairy tale of nature? And such as these it is which science tells.

Again, who has not heard of Catskin, who came out of a hollow tree, bringing a walnut containing three beautiful dresses — the first glowing as the sun, the second pale and beautiful as the moon, the third spangled like the star-lit sky, and each so fine and delicate that all three could be packed in a nut? But science can tell of shells so tiny that a whole group of them will lie on the point of a pin, and many thousands be packed into a walnut-shell; and each one of these tiny structures is not the mere dress but the home of a living animal. It is a tiny, tiny shell-palace made of the most delicate lacework, each pattern being more beautiful than the last; and what is more, the minute creature that lives in it has built it out of the foam of the sea, though he himself appears to be merely a drop of jelly.

Lastly, any one who has read the "Wonderful Travellers" must recollect the man whose sight was so keen that he could

hit the eye of a fly sitting on a tree two miles away. But tell me, can you see gas before it is lighted, even when it is coming out of the gas-jet close to your eyes? Yet, if you learn to use that wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, it will enable you to tell one kind of gas from another, even they are both ninety-one millions of miles away on the face of the sun; nay, more, it will read for you the nature of the different gases in the far distant stars, billions of miles away, and actually tell you whether you could find there any of the same metals which we have on the earth.

We might find hundreds of such fairy tales in the domain of science, but these three will serve as examples, and we must pass on to make the acquaintance of the science-fairies themselves, and see if they are as real as our old friends.

Tell me, why do you love fairy-land? What is its charm? Is it not that things happen so suddenly, so mysteriously, and without man having anything to do with it? In fairy-land, flowers blow, houses spring up like Aladdin's palace in a single night, and people are carried hundreds of miles in an instant by the touch of a fairy wand.

And then this land is not some distant country to which we can never hope to travel. It is here in the midst of us, only our eyes must be opened or we cannot see it. Ariel and Puck did not live in some unknown region. On the contrary, Ariel's song is:

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily."

The peasant falls asleep some evening in a wood, and his eyes are opened by a fairy wand, so that he sees the little goblins and imps dancing round him on the green sward, sitting on mushrooms, or in the heads of the flowers, drinking out of acorn-cups, fighting with blades of grass, and riding on grasshoppers.

So, too, the gallant knight, riding to save some poor oppressed maiden, dashes across the foaming torrent; and just in the middle, as he is being swept away, his eyes are opened, and he sees fairy waternymphs soothing his terrified horse and guiding him gently to the opposite shore. They are close at hand, these sprites, to the simple peasant or the gallant knight, or to any one who has the gift of the fairies and can see them. But the man who scoffs at them, and does not believe in them or care for them, he never sees them. Only now and then they play him an ugly trick, leading him into some treacherous bog and leaving him to get out as he may.

Now, exactly all this which is true of the fairies of our childhood is true too of the fairies of science. There are forces around us, and among us, which I shall ask you to allow me to call fairies, and these are ten thousand times

more wonderful, more magical, and more beautiful in their work, than those of the old fairy tales. They too, are invisible, and many people live and die without ever seeing them or caring to see them. These people go about with their eyes shut, either because they will not open them, or because no one has taught them how to see. They fret and worry over their own little work and their own petty troubles, and do not know how to rest and refresh themselves by letting the fairies open their eyes and show them the calm, sweet pictures of nature. They are like Peter Bell, of whom Wordsworth wrote:

“A primrose by a river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

But we will not be like these, we will open our eyes and ask, “What are these forces, or fairies, and how can we see them?”

Just go out into the country, and sit down quietly and watch nature at work. Listen to the wind as it blows, look at the clouds rolling overhead, and the waves rippling on the pond at your feet. Hearken to the brook as it flows by, watch the flower buds opening one by one, and then ask yourself, “How is all this done?” Go out in the evening and see the dew gather drop by drop upon the grass, or trace the delicate hoar-frost crystals which bespangle every blade on a winter’s morning. Look at the vivid flashes of lightning

in a storm, and listen to the pealing thunder: and then tell me, by what machinery is all this wonderful work done? Man does none of it, neither could he stop it if he were to try; for it is all the work of those invisible forces or fairies whose acquaintance I wish you to make. Day and night, summer and winter, storm or calm, these fairies are at work, and we may hear them and know them, and make friends of them if we will.

There is only one gift we must have before we can learn to know them — we must have imagination. I do not mean mere fancy, which creates unreal images and impossible monsters, but imagination, the power of making pictures or images in our mind, of that which is, though it is invisible to us. Most children have this glorious gift, and love to picture to themselves all that is told them, and to hear the same tale over and over again, till they see every bit of it as if it were real. This is why they are sure to love science if its tales are told them aright; and I, for one, hope the day may never come when we may lose that childish clearness of vision, which enables us through the temporal things which are seen to realize those eternal truths which are unseen.

If you have this gift of imagination, come with me, and we will look for the invisible fairies of nature.

Watch a shower of rain. Where do the drops come from? And why are they round, or rather slightly oval?

Later on we shall see that the little particles of water of which the raindrops are made were held apart and invisible in the air by heat, one of the most wonderful of our forces or fairies, till the cold wind passed by and chilled the air. Then when there was no longer so much heat, another invisible force, cohesion, which is always ready and waiting, seized on the tiny particles at once, and locked them together in a drop, the closest form in which they could lie. Then as the drops became larger and larger they fell into the grasp of another invisible force, gravitation, which dragged them down to the earth, drop by drop, till they made a shower of rain. Pause for a moment and think. You have surely heard of gravitation, by which the sun holds the earth and the planets, and keeps them moving round him in regular order? Well, it is this same gravitation which is at work also whenever a shower of rain falls to the earth. Who can say that he is not a great invisible giant, always silently and invisibly toiling in great things and small, whether we wake or sleep?

Now the shower is over, the sun comes out, and the ground is soon as dry as though no rain had fallen. Tell me, what has become of the raindrops? Part, no doubt, have sunk into the ground, and as for the rest, why, you will say the sun has dried them up. Yes, but how? The sun is more than ninety-one millions of miles away; how has he touched the raindrops? Have you ever heard that invisible waves are

travelling every instant over the space between the sun and us? We shall see how these waves are the sun's messengers to the earth, and how they tear asunder the raindrops on the ground, scattering them in tiny particles too small for us to see, and bearing them away to the clouds. Here are more invisible fairies working every moment around you, and you cannot even look out of the window without seeing the work they are doing.

If, however, the day is cold and frosty, the water does not fall in a shower of rain; it comes down in the shape of noiseless snow. Go out after such a snow-shower on a calm day, and look at some of the flakes which have fallen; you will see, if you choose good specimens, that they are not mere masses of frozen water, but that each one is a beautiful six-pointed crystal star. How have these crystals been built up? What power has been at work arranging their delicate forms? We shall see that up in the clouds another of our invisible fairies, which for want of a better name we call the "force of crystallization," has caught hold of the tiny particles of water before "cohesion" had made them into round drops, and there silently but rapidly has moulded them into those delicate crystal stars known as "snowflakes."

And now, suppose that this snow-shower has fallen early in February; turn aside for a moment from examining the flakes, and clear the newly-fallen snow from off the flower-bed on the lawn.

What is this little green tip peeping up out of the ground under the snowy covering? It is a young snowdrop plant. Can you tell me why it grows? Where it finds its food? What makes it spread out its leaves and add to its stalk day by day? What fairies are at work here?

First there is the hidden fairy "life," and of her even our wisest men know but little. But they know something of her way of working, and we shall learn how the invisible fairy sunbeams have been busy here also; how last year's snowdrop plant caught them and stored them up in its bulb, and how now in the spring, as soon as warmth and moisture creep down into the earth, these little imprisoned sun-waves begin to be active, stirring up the matter in the bulb, and making it swell and burst upwards till it sends out a little shoot through the surface of the soil. Then the sun-waves above ground take up the work, and form green granules in the tiny leaves, helping them to take food out of the air, while the little rootlets below are drinking water out of the ground. The invisible life and invisible sunbeams are busy here, setting actively to work another fairy, the force of "chemical attraction," and so the little snowdrop plant grows and blossoms, without any help from you or me.

One picture more, and then I hope you will believe in my fairies. From the cold garden you run into the house, and find the fire laid indeed in the grate, but the wood dead and the coals black, waiting to be lighted. You strike a

match, and soon there is a blazing fire. Where does the heat come from? Why do the coals burn and give out a glowing light? Have you not read of gnomes buried down deep in the earth, in mines, and held fast there till some fairy wand has released them, and allowed them to come to earth again? Well, thousands and millions of years ago, those coals were plants; and, like the snowdrop in the garden of to-day, they caught the sunbeams and worked them into their leaves. Then the plants died and were buried deep in the earth and the sunbeams with them; and like the gnomes they lay imprisoned till the coals were dug out by the miners, and brought to your grate; and just now you yourself took hold of the fairy wand which was to release them. You struck a match, and its atoms clashing with atoms of oxygen in the air, set the invisible fairies "heat" and "chemical attraction" to work, and they were soon busy within the wood and the coals, causing their atoms too to clash; and the sunbeams, so long imprisoned, leapt into flame. Then you spread out your hands and cried, "Oh, how nice and warm!" and little thought that you were warming yourself with the sunbeams of ages and ages ago.

This is no fancy tale; it is literally true that the warmth of a coal fire could not exist if the plants of long ago had not used the sunbeams to make their leaves, holding them ready to give up their warmth again whenever those crushed leaves are consumed.

THE VICAR SELLING HIS HORSE

Oliver Goldsmith

When I came to the fair I showed off my horse; I "put him through his pace," showing how well he could walk and trot, and how fast he could gallop. But for some time I had no customers. (Of what use is a seller if he has no customers!)

At last a customer approached: he examined the horse for a good while, and finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him. I was well situated in the fair, being placed in a part where there were many persons passing to and fro. A second customer soon came up; but he found that the horse had a swelling on the leg and declared that he would not take it as a gift. A third customer perceived that the joint of the foot was enlarged, and he would offer no money. A fourth knew by the horse's eye that he had a disease called "The Boots." A fifth wondered what I was doing at the fair with a blind, diseased beast that was only fit to be cut up to make dog's meat.

By this time I myself began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal, and almost felt ashamed at the approach of every customer. For, although I did not

entirely believe all that the men told me, yet I reflected that, where so many witnesses agreed, there was a strong likelihood that they were right.

I was in this miserable situation when another clergyman, an old acquaintance who had also business at the fair, came up and shook me by the hand. He proposed that we should go to a public house and take a glass of wine. I readily closed with the offer. We entered a public house, and were led into a little back room, where there was sitting an old man. He sat wholly intent on a book.

I was filled with awe and reverence at the sight of him. I never saw a figure so venerable, so worthy of my reverence and respect. His silver grey hair venerably shaded his forehead, and his fresh old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence.

However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation. My friend and I discussed the various turns of Fortune we had met, various clerical matters, my last book, and a reply which had been written to it.

Our attention was then taken by a youth who entered the room and respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.

"I am sorry for troubling you," said the youth as he concluded. "I apologize for doing so."

"Make no apology, my child," said the old man. "To do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures. Take

this; I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome to have it."

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude; and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have kissed the good old man, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation. Then my companion, remembering that he had some business to transact in the fair, went away, — but promised to come back soon, adding that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible.

The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time. When my friend was gone he respectfully asked if I was a relation of "the great Primrose, the courageous up-holder of the rule that the clergy should marry once only, — that great defender of the Church."

Never did my heart feel a truer or sincerer happiness than at that moment. His pleasure at meeting me seemed so genuine, so sincere, so real. "Sir," cried I, "it is indeed a happiness to receive the applause of so good a man. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose whom you have been pleased to call 'great'."

"Sir," cried the stranger, "I was most curious, and desired to know if it could be you indeed. I apologize for my curiosity."

"Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are far from

displeasing me. I beg that you will accept my friendship."

"With gratitude I accept that offer," cried he, still holding my hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken religion; and do I behold....."

I here interrupted what he was going to say. For, though as an author I can swallow no small amount of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in a story ever formed a more instantaneous friendship.

We talked upon various subjects. In my conversation I referred to men's loss of interest in religious questions. He then spoke about the creation of the world, referring to various Greek and Latin authors in support of his ideas. "You talk of the world, sir," said he, "the world is in its old age. And yet the creation of the world has been a mystery to the philosophers of all time..." So he continued, but his words did not seem to refer very closely to the subject on which I had been speaking. Yet what he said was sufficient to show me that he was a scholar, — and a very learned scholar too, and I venerated him even more.

I was resolved therefore to test his scholarship in debate; but he was too mild and too gentle to attempt to gain a victory in argument. Whenever I said anything which called for a reply from him, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing — by which I understood that he could say much, if he thought proper. The conversation therefore insensibly moved from religious topics to that business which

brought us to the fair: indeed I hardly noticed the change of subject. I told him that my business was to sell a horse; very luckily his business was to buy a horse.

My horse was soon produced, and we made a bargain.

Nothing remained now but to pay me. He pulled out a thirty-pound note and asked me to change it for gold. As I was not able to do so, he called for his servant. A well-dressed servant made his appearance.

"Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you will do it at neighbor Jackson's, or anywhere."

While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic speech on the great scarcity of silver. I replied by regretting also the great scarcity of gold. By the time Abraham had returned we had both agreed that money was never so difficult to obtain as at the present time.

Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair but could not get change for the note, though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one, Solomon Flamborough, in my part of the country. I replied that he was my next door neighbor.

"If that be the case," returned he, "I believe we can make a deal. You shall have a draft upon him, so that you may draw the money from him so soon as you give him my paper. And, let me tell you, he is as good a man as any

within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years."

A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money, for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability to pay. Mr. Jenkinson (the old gentleman) wrote out the draft and signed his name; then he and his man Abraham trotted off with my old horse, very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval of reflection I began to realize that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger. So I prudently resolved to follow the purchaser and get back my horse. But it was now too late. I therefore went straight homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's house as soon as possible. I found my honest neighbor smoking his pipe at the door. I informed him that I had a small bill drawn upon him. He read it over twice.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson."

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman, — the worst rogue under heaven, the most dishonest rascal and cheat. Was he not a venerable-looking man with grey hair and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a lot of learned stuff about Greek and the creation of the world?"

A deep groan escaped my lips. Hearing this sound of distress, my friend gave me a glance of pity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

If Dr. Johnson was the chief literary figure of the middle eighteenth century in England Oliver Goldsmith was one of its greatest writers. The two men were much together, and Johnson who was nearly twenty years the older, helped "Goldy" as he affectionately called him, over many a hard place, making his genius known.

Goldsmith was born in the little village of Pallas, in county Longford, Ireland, in 1728. He was the son of a country clergyman and one of a family of eight children. When he was but two years old the family moved to another Irish village named Lissoy, where the good vicar found a better parish and a farm, and where the children grew up.

Oliver first went to school to an old lady in Lissoy, who declared that he was a stupid, worthless child and that he would never be able to learn anything. Perhaps this was because he did not love the lady overmuch and because he did not try. His next teacher was an old soldier, "Paddy" Byrne, who instead of teaching him to read and figure, told stories of the wars and tales of ghosts, fairies, and pirates. This suited Oliver much better. Paddy Byrne also wrote poetry now and then and the boy was so charmed by it that at the age of eight he too began to compose verses, which

he used to write on slips of paper and drop into the fire. Perhaps that was a good place for them.

About this time Noll, as the boy was called for short, had a severe attack of smallpox, which nearly ended his life and which left his face sadly marred. He was never a handsome boy, and this did not improve his looks. He was undersized, dark-skinned, with a bulging forehead, a receding chin, and spindle legs. He was shy, but active and full of fun, good-hearted but careless.

After leaving Paddy Byrne, Noll was sent to several different schools in neighboring villages and at seventeen went to Trinity College, Dublin. A story is told of how once returning home at the end of a term he was overtaken by darkness and wished to find an inn where he might spend the night. He asked a stranger to direct him to the best house in the neighborhood, and the stranger, thinking to have a joke upon the young man, directed him to the home of Squire Featherstone, one of the richest of the country gentlemen in all those parts.

Noll found the house, knocked loudly at the door, and demanded supper and a good bed. The squire saw the boy's mistake, but carried out the joke and did not set him right until the next morning, when the guest offered to pay the bill. Years afterwards Goldsmith used this incident in his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

Goldsmith entered Trinity College as a sizar, that is, a

scholar who pays part of his expenses by waiting upon tables and other work. He earned something, too, by writing street ballads at five shillings apiece, and was fond of going out at night to hear them sung. A fellow student at Trinity was Edmund Burke, the famous orator, who later became one of his best friends.

Goldsmith's father was now dead, but his uncle and several good friends helped the young man to finish his education. His family wanted him to be a clergyman and he went to the bishop to be examined, but the bishop would not have him, some say because he could not pass the examination, others because he was thought to be too wild, and still others because he dressed too gayly, for he went up to the examination wearing a pair of bright scarlet breeches.

He tried teaching but was not successful. Then his uncle gave him money and sent him to London to study law. But Goldsmith never could keep money, he got no farther than Dublin before it was gone, and he came back home without a penny.

A little later his uncle decided to try once more and accordingly sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. Goldsmith studied pretty well for about a year and a half, and then set out on a journey through Europe. When his money gave out, he tramped, playing his flute in the villages, as he went, and thus earning a supper and a lodging.

He spent a year in this way, travelling as far as Italy. Then he returned to London, realizing that he must begin to earn a living. What should he do in London? He tried practicing medicine, but could not earn enough to buy his food, he worked for an apothecary, he wrote for Newbery the bookseller a number of children's stories, one of which is supposed to have been the tale of "Little Goody Two-shoes." It was when he began to write that he showed what he could really do. Dr. Johnson heard of him and became interested in him; and that was enough to bring him into public notice.

But Goldsmith was still careless and generally in debt. When he had money he shared it with others, and it was gone. Once, when he could not pay his landlady she had him arrested. He sent for Dr. Johnson. The doctor asked him if he had written no book or story that he could sell. Goldsmith replied that he had an unpublished story, "The Vicar of Wakefield." Johnson read it, said it was good, took it out to a bookseller, and sold it for sixty pounds, which he brought to Goldsmith and thus enabled him to free himself. "The Vicar of Wakefield" proved to be the greatest of Goldsmith's works and was one of the first great English novels. But the bookseller who bought it thought so little of it that he kept it in a drawer two years before publishing it.

Goldsmith then wrote a poem called "The Traveller,"

describing some of the scenes through which he had passed upon his journeys; and another, "The Deserted Village," picturing his old home at Lissoy, his father, and Paddy Byrne the schoolmaster. He wrote two successful plays, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," the latter based upon the incident of his night at Squire Featherstone's, of which I have already told you.

But Goldsmith's success did him little good. He was always in trouble, and he died at forty-five, very unhappy because of his debts and of the time that he had wasted. He was a man of genius and might have made his fame much greater than it is. But he wrote one novel, one poem, and one play, that will not be forgotten. They are "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village" and "She Stoops to Conquer."

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row and row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

AMERICA'S ANSWER

R. W. Lillard

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead;
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own life blood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught;
The torch ye threw to us we caught:
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

A CURTAIN LECTURE

Douglas Jerrold

Mr. Caudle Has Lent Five Pounds To A Friend

"You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is: a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds. As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have entirely bought it. But it's no matter how I go, — not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife — and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people know you, as I do — that's all. You like to be called

liberal — and your poor family pays for it.

“All the girls want bonnets, and where they’re to come from I can’t tell. Half five pounds would have bought ’em — but now they must go without. Of course, they belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and body, Mr. Caudle!

“The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them?

“Perhaps you don’t know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttlecock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn’t afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He’s got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn’t at all wonder if that broken window settled him. If the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father’s head; for I’m sure we can’t now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things too, if people didn’t throw away their five pounds.

“Next Tuesday the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it’s to be paid? Why, it can’t be paid at all! That five pounds would have more than done it — and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night, — but what’s that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt

alive in their beds — as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop. And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

“I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home — all of us must stop at home — she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes — sweet little angel! — I've made up my mind to lose her, now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds too.

“I wonder where poor little Mopsy is! While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know, I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

“Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes, — I know what it wants as well as you; it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day, but now it's out of the question: now it must bang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds.

“Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I

hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? Sweep the chimney! Yes, it's all very fine to say sweep the chimney — but how are chimneys to be swept — how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?

“Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were to drag only you out of bed it would be no matter. Set a trap for them! Yes, it's easy enough to say — set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford mouse-traps, when every day they lose five pounds?

“Hark! I'm sure there's a noise downstairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when people won't take care of their five pounds.

“Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise, she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds.”

THE HAND

George Wilson

In many respects the organ of touch, as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are passive; the organ of touch alone is active. The eye, the ear, and the nostril stand simply open: light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell; but the hand selects what it shall touch, and touches what it pleases.

It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons towards it the things which it desires; unlike the eye, which must often gaze transfixed at horrible sights from which it cannot turn; and the ear, which cannot escape from the torture of discordant sounds; and the nostril, which cannot protect itself from hateful odors.

Moreover, the hand cares not only for its own wants, but, when the other organs of the senses are rendered useless, takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an eye through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious ways: it looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing on him: it peruses books for him, and quickens the long

hours by its silent readings.

It ministers as willingly to the deaf; and when the tongue is dumb and the ear stopped, its fingers speak eloquently to the eye, and enable it to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

The organs of all the other senses, also, even in their greatest perfection, are beholden to the hand for the enhancement and the exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range among the stars; and by another copy on a slightly different plan, furnishes it with a microscope, and introduces it into a new world of wonders.

It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distils for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the Lord of Taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and, without any play of words, is the handmaid of them all.

And if the hand thus munificently serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power of man.

Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plough into it, and it will till for him; put a harp into it,

and it will play for him; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him.

What will it not do? What has it not done? A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man! An electric telegraph is but a long pen for that little hand to write with! All our huge cannons and other weapons of war, with which we so effectually slay our brethren, are only Cain's hand made bigger, and stronger, and bloodier!

What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a lighthouse, or a palace; what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself, in so far as man has changed it, but the work of that giant hand, with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will!

When I think of all that the human hand has wrought, from the day when Eve put forth her erring hand to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree, to that dark hour when the pierced hands of the Saviour of the world were nailed to the predicated tree of shame, and of all that human hands have done of good and evil since, I lift up my hand and gaze upon it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is! What an instrument for evil! and all the day long it never is idle.

There is no implement which it cannot wield, and it

should never in working hours be without one. We unwisely restrict the term "handicraftsman," or hand-worker, to the more laborious callings; but it belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet.

For the Queen's hand there is the scepter, and for the soldier's hand the sword; for the carpenter's hand the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer; for the farmer's hand the plough; for the mine's hand the spade; for the sailor's hand the oar; for the painter's hand the brush; for the sculptor's hand the chisel; for the poet's hand the pen; and for the woman's hand the needle.

If none of these or the like will fit us, the felon's chain should be round our wrist, and our hand on the prisoner's crank. But for each willing man and woman there is a tool which they may learn to handle; for all there is the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

EDWARD JENNER

Edward Jenner was the great doctor who discovered vaccination as a means of preventing that terrible disease called small-pox.

It is hard for us nowadays to realize what a scourge small-pox was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In the eighteenth century it was reckoned that in London alone one out of every fourteen deaths was due to this disease. In France it was far worse, and in Russia a plague of small-pox killed two millions of the people.

It used to rage worst of all, of course, among the poor, especially those who were dirty and lived in overcrowded dwellings. But no class of people was free from it in the days before the method of preventing it was discovered.

Small-pox is a very ancient disease. It appears to have come originally from Asia, and to have first broken out in England in the ninth century. After the Crusades it was spread over most of Europe by the Christian armies returning from Palestine.

In 1517 small-pox was carried to San Domingo, and in 1620 it reached Mexico. There it is said to have destroyed three millions and a half of the population, and from thence it spread all over the New World.

In 1707 it was introduced into Iceland, and more than a quarter of the whole population died of it. In 1733 it came to Greenland, and there, too, it committed terrible ravages.

These facts make us feel grateful to the man who found out how to prevent such an awful pestilence.

Edward Jenner was born in 1749, at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire. His father was the Vicar of Berkeley. When in school, he was interested in geology, and as a boy he used to collect fossils.

He soon made up his mind, however, to become a doctor, and he was accordingly apprenticed to a surgeon. When he was twenty he came up to London, and studied under John Hunter, the greatest man in the medical profession at that time. He soon became one of Hunter's favorite pupils.

Just about that time the famous traveler, Captain Cook, came back to England from one of his voyages of discovery in the Southern Seas. He brought with him a large collection of natural history specimens, and young Jenner, in 1771, was appointed to arrange and classify these specimens.

He did the work so well that he was invited to join Captain Cook's next expedition as a naturalist. But he preferred to go back and practise as a doctor in his own county.

At first he settled at Berkeley, his native place, and in 1788 he married. But he found there was not enough to do at Berkeley, so he removed for a great part of each year to Cheltenham, which was then becoming a noted health resort.

Even in his early days as a surgeon's apprentice, Jenner had begun to interest himself in the question of small-pox. He had noted the fact that dairymaids were usually free from it, because they caught from the cows which they milked a similar, but milder, disease, which prevented them from catching sma'l-pox.

Jenner had discussed this question with his chief, John

Hunter, and had resolved to devote himself to studying it thoroughly. He was more intent on finding a cure for small-pox than on making money at his profession.

He might easily have become a fashionable doctor and a rich man. But he preferred just to make enough to live upon, and to devote his best energies to research for the benefit of his fellow-men. It was only after many years of study and observation that he at last arrived at his great discovery.

In 1796 he made his first experiment in vaccination. He inoculated a boy of eight with vaccine. When the slight illness which resulted was over, he inoculated him with small-pox, and the small-pox did not "take." It was thus proved that vaccination, as it is generally called, prevents a person from catching small-pox.

Like most inventors and discoverers, Jenner had to meet at first a great deal of opposition, and even ridicule. But by degrees the value of his great discovery was made known, and he himself became famous.

Hundreds of people used to wait at the doors of his house to be vaccinated. The news of his discovery spread all over Europe and America, and was welcomed even more warmly than in England. In Germany and Holland sermons were preached in the churches about it, and in the Southern countries religious processions were formed of those about to be vaccinated.

In Germany Jenner's birthday was kept as a festival, and in Russia the first child vaccinated was christened Vaccinoff, and his education was paid by the State. In Mexico and the Southern States of America a certificate signed by Jenner served as a passport — that is, a document which allows a traveler to pass from one country to another.

The great war with Napoleon Bonaparte was going on at that time, and a number of English people traveling in France had been imprisoned. Among them was a friend of Jenner's, named Dr. Wickman, and Jenner sent a request that he might be set free. Napoleon usually disregarded such petitions, but in this case he let the doctor go, with the remark, "Ah, we can refuse nothing to that name!"

In 1815, the year of Waterloo, Jenner's wife died, and he returned from Cheltenham to his native town of Berkeley, where he spent the rest of his life. He died in 1828.

In his private life Jenner was a man who was greatly beloved. "I never knew a man," said one of his friends, "of a simpler mind or a warmer heart." He was very kind to the poor, and he was a good citizen, who took an active part in the affairs of his native town.

His interest was not confined to medicine, for he was also a lover of books and music. He could play several instruments, and he published some poetry of his own.

Whittier's beautiful poem, "The Healer," describes the ideal of what a doctor's life should be. Edward Jenner is

a noble instance of such a life. His example might well be followed by all young men who enter the profession of healing. He made the welfare of mankind his first consideration.

His discovery was a source of great joy to himself, and he had spoken of the thankfulness which he felt at being "the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities."

A HANDFUL OF CLAY

Henry Van Dyke

There was a handful of clay in the bank of a river. It was only common clay, coarse and heavy; but it had high thoughts of its own value, and wonderful dreams of the great place which it was to fill in the world when the time came for its virtues to be discovered.

Overhead, in the spring sunshine, the trees whispered together of the glory which descended upon them when the delicate blossoms and leaves began to expand, and the forest glowed the fair, clear colors, as if the dust of thousands of rubies and emeralds were hanging, in soft clouds, above the earth.

The flowers, surprised with the joy of beauty, bent their heads to one another, as the wind caressed them, and said:

"Sisters, how lovely you have become. You make the day bright."

The River, glad of new strength and rejoicing in the unison of all its waters, murmured to the shores in music, telling of its release from icy fetters, its swift flight from the snow-clad mountains, and the mighty work to which it was hurrying — the wheels of many mills to be turned, and great ships to be floated to the sea.

Waiting blindly in its bed, the clay comforted itself with lofty hopes. "My time will come," it said. "I was not made to be hidden forever. Glory and beauty and honor are coming to me in due season."

One day the clay felt itself taken from the place where it had waited so long. A flat blade of iron passed beneath it, and lifted it, and tossed it into a cart with other lumps of clay, and it was carried far away, as it seemed, over a rough and stony road. But it was not afraid, nor discouraged, for it said to itself: "This is necessary. The path to glory is always rugged. Now I am on my way to play a great part in the world."

But the hard journey was nothing compared with the tribulation and distress that came after it. The clay was put into a trough and mixed and beaten and stirred and trampled. It seemed almost unbearable. But there was consolation in the thought that something very fine and noble was certainly coming out of all this trouble. The clay felt

sure that, if it could only wait long enough, a wonderful reward was in store for it.

Then it was put upon a swiftly turning wheel, and whirled around until it seemed as if it must fly into a thousand pieces. A strange power pressed it and moulded it, as it revolved, and through all the dizziness and pain it felt that it was taking a new form.

Then an unknown hand put it into an oven, and fires were kindled about it — fierce and penetrating — hotter than all the heats of summer that had ever brooded upon the bank of the river. But through all, the clay held itself together and endured its trials, in the confidence of a great future. "Surely," it thought, "I am intended for something very splendid, since such pains are taken with me. Perhaps I am fashioned for the ornament of a temple, or a precious vase for the table of a king."

At last the baking was finished. The clay was taken from the furnace and set down upon a board, in the cool air, under the blue sky. The tribulation was passed. The reward was at hand.

Close beside the board there was a pool of water, not very deep, nor very clear, but calm enough to reflect, with impartial truth, every image that fell upon it. There for the first time, as it was lifted from the board, the clay saw its new shape, the reward of all its patience and pain, the consummation of its hopes — a common flower-pot, straight

and stiff, red and ugly. And then it felt that it was not destined for a king's house, nor for a palace of art, because it was made without glory or beauty or honor; and it murmured against the unknown maker, saying, "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Many days it passed in sullen discontent. Then it was filled with earth, and something — it knew not what — but something rough and brown and dead-looking, was thrust into the middle of the earth and covered over. The clay rebelled at this new disgrace. "This is the worst of all that has happened to me, to be filled with dirt and rubbish. Surely I am a failure."

But presently it was set in a greenhouse, where the sunlight fell warm upon it, and water was sprinkled over it, and day by day as it waited, a change began to come to it. Something was stirring within it — a new hope. Still it was ignorant, and knew not what the new hope meant.

One day the clay was lifted again from its place, and carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. It had a fine part to play in the world. Glorious music flowed over it. It was surrounded with flowers. Still it could not understand. So it whispered to another vessel of clay, like itself, close beside it, "Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look toward us?" And the other vessel answered, "Do you not know? You are carrying a royal scepter of lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and

the heart of them is like pure gold. The people look this way because the flower is the most wonderful in the world. And the root of it is in your heart.”

Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker, because, though an earthen vessel, it held so great a treasure.

THE PEACH-BLOSSOM FOUNTAIN

Tao Yuan Ming

During the reign of Tai-Yuan of Tsin Dynasty, a certain fisherman of Wu-ling, who had followed up one of the river branches without taking note whither he was going, came suddenly upon a grove of peach-trees in full bloom, extending some distance on each bank, with not a tree of any other kind in sight. The beauty of the scene and the exquisite perfume of the flowers filled the heart of the fisherman with surprise, as he proceeded onwards, anxious to reach the limit of this lovely grove. He found that the peach trees ended where the water began, at the foot of a hill; and there he espied what seemed to be a cave with light issuing from it. So he made fast his boat, and crept in through a narrow entrance, which shortly ushered him into a new world of level country, of fine houses, of rich fields, of fine pools,

and of luxuriance of mulberry and bamboo. Highways of traffic ran north and south; sounds of crowing cocks and barking dogs were heard around; the dress of the people who passed along or were at work in the fields was of a strange cut; while young and old alike appeared to be contented and happy.

One of the inhabitants, catching sight of the fisherman, was greatly astonished; but, after learning whence he came, insisted on carrying him home, and killed a chicken and placed some wine before him. Before long, all the people of the place had turned out to see the visitor, and they informed him that their ancestors had sought refuge here, with their wives and families, from the troublous times of the house of Chin, adding that they had thus become finally cut off from the rest of the human race. They then enquired about the politics of the day, ignorant of the establishment of Han Dynasty, and of course of the later dynasties which had succeeded it. And when the fisherman told them the story, they grieved over the vicissitudes of human affair.

Each in turn invited the fisherman to his home and entertained him hospitably, until at length the latter prepared to take his leave. "It will not be worth while to talk about what you have seen to the outside world," said the people of the place to the fisherman, as he bade them farewell and returned to his boat, making mental notes of his route as he proceeded on his homeward voyage.

When he reached home, he at once went and reported what he had seen to the Governor of the district, and the Governor sent off men with him to seek, by the aid of the fisherman's notes, to discover this unknown region. But he was never able to find it again. Subsequently, another attempt to pierce the mystery was planned by a famous scholar named Liu Tse-kee, but the plan was not carried out. Liu soon died, and from that time on no further attempts to locate the place were made.

THE INVISIBLE WOUND

Karoly Kisfaludi

Early one morning before the famous surgeon was even out of his bed he received an urgent caller who insisted that his case could not be postponed even for a minute; he demanded instant attention. The surgeon dressed hurriedly and rang for his valet.

“Let the patient come in,” he said.

The man who entered appeared to belong to the best class of society. His pale face and nervous demeanor betrayed physical suffering. His right hand was tied up in a sling and, although he could control his features, a painful groan escaped from his lips now and again.

"Please be seated. What can I do for you?"

"I haven't been able to sleep for a week. There is some trouble with my right hand. I cannot make out what it is. It may be cancer or some other terrible disease. At first it did not bother me much, but lately it began to burn. I have not had a moment's relief. It pains me terribly. The pain increased hourly, becoming more and more agonizing and unbearable. I have come to town to consult you. If I have to bear it another hour, I shall go mad. I want you to burn it out or cut it out, or do something with it."

The surgeon reassured the patient by declaring that it was not perhaps necessary to operate.

"No, no," the man insisted. "It will have to be operated on. I came purposely to have the diseased part cut out. Nothing else can help."

He lifted his hand from the sling with considerable effort, and continued:

"I must ask you not to be surprised if you do not see any visible wound on my hand. The case is very unusual."

The doctor assured the patient that he was not in the habit of being surprised at unusual things. Still, after looking at it, he dropped the hand in sheer astonishment, for there seemed to be absolutely nothing the matter with it. It looked like any other hand; it was not even discolored. Yet it was evident that the man suffered terrific pains, for the way he caught his right hand with his left when the doctor

let it fall, demonstrated that fact quite conclusively.

"Where does it hurt you?"

He pointed to a round spot between the two large veins, but snatched the hand back when the physician cautiously touched the spot with the tip of his finger:

"Is that where it hurts?"

"Yes, terribly."

"Do you feel the pressure when I placed my finger on it?"

The man could not answer, but the tears that came into his eyes told the story.

"It's extraordinary. I can see nothing."

"Neither do I, but the pain is still there and I would rather die than go on this way."

The surgeon examined it all over again, with a microscope, took the man's temperature, and finally shook his head.

"The skin is perfectly healthy. The arteries are normal; not the slightest inflammation or swelling. It is as normal as any hand can be."

"I think it is a bit redder on the spot."

"Where?"

The stranger made a circle on the back of his hand about the size of a farthing: "Here."

The doctor looked at the man. He began to think that he had to deal with a lunatic.

"You will have to stay in town and I shall try to help

you within the next few days," he said.

"I cannot wait a minute. Do not think, doctor, that I am insane, or under any delusion. This invisible wound hurts me terribly and I want you to cut out just that round part as far as the bone."

"I am not going to do it, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because there is nothing the matter with your hand. It is as healthy as my own."

"You seem to think I am a madman, or that I am deceiving you," said the patient as he drew out of his wallet a thousand-florin banknote and placed it on the table.

"You see I am in earnest. The matter is important enough for me to pay a thousand for it. Please perform the operation."

"If you offered me all the money in the world I would not touch a healthy limb with the operating knife."

"Why not?"

"Because it would not be according to professional ethics. All the world would call you an idiot and would accuse me of taking advantage of your weakness, or declare that I could not diagnose a wound that did not exist."

"Very well, sir. Then I shall ask you another favor. I shall undertake the operation myself, though my left hand is rather clumsy at such things. All I will ask of you is to take care of the wound after I operate on it."

The surgeon saw with astonishment that the man was quite serious, and watched him take off his coat and turn up his shirt sleeve. The man even took out his pocket knife, for want of any other instrument. Before the doctor could intervene, the stranger had made a deep incision in his hand.

"Stop," he shouted, afraid lest the sufferer should sever a vein. "Since you believe it must be done, very well, I'll do it."

He then prepared for the operation. When it came to the actual cutting the doctor advised his patient to turn his head away, for people are generally upset at the sight of their own blood.

"Quite unnecessary," said the other. "I must direct your hand so that you may know how far to cut."

The stranger took the operation stoically and was helpful with his directions. His hand never even trembled, and when the round spot had been carved out he sighed a sigh of happy relief, as if a load had been taken off his shoulders.

"You don't feel any pain now?" asked the surgeon.

"Not the least," he said with a smile. "It is as if the pain had been cut off and the slight irritation caused by the cutting seems like a cool breeze after a hot spell. Just let the blood run. It soothes me."

After the wound was bandaged, the stranger looked happy and contented. He was a changed man. He gratefully pressed the doctor's hand with his own left hand.

"I am very grateful to you, indeed."

The surgeon visited the patient at his hotel for several days after the operation and learned to respect the man who occupied a high position in the county. He was learned and cultured, and was a member of one of the best families in the land.

After the wound was completely healed the stranger returned to his country home.

Three weeks later the patient again appeared at the surgeon's office. His hand was again in a sling and he complained of the same tormenting pain in the very spot where it hurt him before the operation.

His face looked like wax, and cold perspiration glistened on his brow. He sank into an armchair, and without saying a word held out his right hand for the doctor to look at.

"Good lord, what has happened?"

"You didn't cut it deep enough," he groaned. "The pain returned, it is even worse than before. I am almost done for. I did not want to trouble you again, so I just bore it, but I can't bear it any longer. You must operate again."

The surgeon examined the spot. The place where he had operated was quite healed, and covered with fresh skin. Not one of the veins seemed disturbed, the pulse was normal. There was no fever, yet the man was trembling in every limb.

"I never experienced or heard anything like this before."

There was nothing to be done but to repeat the opera-

tion. Everything passed off as it had the first time. The pain stopped, and though the patient experienced a great relief, this time he failed to smile, and when he thanked the doctor it was with a sad and depressed expression.

"You needn't be surprised if I am back again in a month," he said as he took leave.

"You mustn't think of it."

"It is as sure as there's a God in heaven," he said, with an air of finality. "Au revoir."

The surgeon discussed the case with several of his colleagues, each of whom expressed a different opinion. Not one, however, could offer a satisfactory explanation.

A month passed and the patient did not appear. Another few weeks, and then instead of the patient, came a letter from his place of residence. The surgeon opened it with pleasure, thinking that the pain had not returned. The letter ran as follows:

"Dear Doctor: I do not want to leave you in any doubt as to the origin of my trouble, and not care to carry the secret of it into my grave, or perhaps elsewhere. I wish to acquaint you with the history of my terrible illness. It has returned three times now and I do not intend to go on struggling against it any longer. I am only able to write this letter by placing burning coal on the spot as an antidote against the hellish flames that burn it within.

"Six months ago I was a very happy man. I was rich

and contented; I found pleasure in everything that appeals to a man of thirty-five. I married a year ago. It was a love match. A very beautiful, kindly and cultured young lady was my wife. She had been companion to a countess not far from my estate. She loved me and her heart was full of gratitude. For six months the time passed happily, each day bringing greater happiness than the last. She would walk miles along the highway to meet me when I had to go to the town and would not stay away even at the home of her former mistress, where she often visited, for more than a few hours. Her longing for me made the others of her party uncomfortable. She would never dance with another man, and would confess it as a great crime if she happened to dream of some one else in her sleep. She was a lovely and innocent child.

"I can't say what it was that brought me the knowledge that this was pretense. Man is foolish enough to seek misery in the midst of his great happiness."

"She had a small sewing-table, the drawer of which she always kept locked. This began to torture me. I often noticed that she never left the key in the drawer and she never left it unlocked. What could she have to conceal so carefully? I became mad with jealousy. I did not believe her innocent eyes, her kisses and loving embraces. Perhaps all this was but cunning deceit.

"One day the countess came to fetch her and managed to

persuade her to spend the day at the Castle. I promised that I should follow later in the afternoon.

"The carriage had scarcely pulled out of the yard when I began trying to open the drawer of the sewing-table. One of the many keys I tried at last opened it. Rummaging among the many feminine effects under a folder of silk, I discovered a bundle of letters. One could recognize them at the first glance. They were, of course, love letters, tied together with a pink ribbon.

"I did not stop to consider that it was not honorable to commit such an indiscretion: looking for secrets of my wife's girlhood days! Something urged me to go on, perhaps they belonged to a later period — since she had borne my name! I untied the ribbon and read the letters one after the other.

"It was the most terrible hour of my life.

"They revealed the most unpardonable treachery ever committed against a man. They were written by one of my most intimate friends. And their tone..... They revealed the tenderest intimacy and deepest passion. How he urged her to secrecy! What he said about stupid husbands! How he advised her what to do to keep her husband in ignorance! Every one of them had been written after our marriage. And I thought I was happy! I don't want to describe my feelings. I drank my poison to the last drop. Then I folded the letters and returned them to their hiding-place, locking the drawer again.

"I knew that if I did not go to the Castle she would return in the evening. That was precisely what happened. She sprang gayly out of the carriage and rushed to meet me on the porch, kissing and embracing me with the utmost tenderness. I pretended that nothing was amiss.

"We chatted, had supper together and went to bed as usual, each in our own room. I had by that time decided upon a course of action which I would carry out with the stubbornness of a maniac. What a miserable deception on the part of nature to endow sin with such an open face, I said to myself as I entered her room at midnight and looked at her beautiful innocent face as she slept. The poison had taken effect in my soul and had eaten itself through every vein of my body. I placed my right hand silently on her neck, and pressed it with all my might. For a moment she opened her eyes and looked at me astounded, then closed them again and died. She did not make a move in self-defense, but died as quietly as though she were in a dream. She bore no grudge against me even for killing her. One drop of blood oozed through her lips and dropped on my hand — you know the spot. I only noticed it in the morning after it was already dried. We buried her without much ado. I lived out in the country on a private estate and there was no controlling authority to investigate. Besides, no one would have thought anything about the matter, for the woman was my wife. She had no relations and no friends, and there

were no questions to answer. I purposely sent out notifications of her death after the funeral in order to escape the importunities of other people.

"I felt no pangs of conscience. I had been cruel, but she had deserved it. I did not hate her. I could easily forget her. No murderer committed his deed with more indifference than I did.

"When I arrived at the house, the Countess had just driven up. She was too late for the funeral, as I intended she should be. She was under a tremendous strain. The terror and the unexpectedness of the news almost dazed her. She spoke in a queer manner and I could not make out her meaning as she tried to console me. I didn't listen to her with any interest, it is true, for I was in no need of consolation. Then she took hold of my hand in an intimate manner and said she would like to entrust a secret to me, adding that she hoped I would not take advantage of it.

"Then she said that she had entrusted a bundle of letters to my late wife; she could not possibly keep them at her own house owing to their peculiar character, and asked whether I would be good enough to return them to her. I felt a chill down my spine as I listened to her. With assumed calm I asked her what those letters contained? She trembled at the question and said:

"Your wife was the most faithful and loyal woman I ever met. She did not ask what they contained; she even

gave me her word never to look into them.'

"Where did she keep your letters?"

"She said she kept them under lock and key in the drawer of her sewing-table. They are tied with a pink ribbon. You will easily recognize them. Thirty letters in all.'

"I took her to the room where the sewing-table stood and opened the drawer. I took out the bundle and handed it to her.

"Are these the letters?"

"She reached out for them eagerly. I dared not raise my eyes for fear she might read something in them. She left soon afterward.

"Exactly one week after the burial, a stinging pain visited the spot on my hand where the drop of blood fell on that terrible night. The rest you know. I know it is nothing but auto-suggestion, but I cannot rid myself of it. It is my punishment for the hastiness and cruelty with which I murdered my innocent and lovely girl. I no longer try to struggle against it. I am going to join her and will try to obtain her pardon. She will surely forgive me. She will love me just as she loved me when she lived. I thank you, Doctor, for all you have done for me."

KING ALFRED

Alfred the Great was a young man, three-and-twenty years of age, when he became King. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on journeys, which they supposed to be religious; and, once, he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for then, that at twelve years old he had not been taught to read although of the sons of King Ethelwulf, he, the youngest, was the favourite. But he had — as most men who grow up to be great and good, are generally found to have had — an excellent mother; and one day, this lady, whose name was Osburga, happened, as she was sitting among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long and long after that period, and the book, which was written, was what is called “illuminated” with beautiful bright letters, richly painted. The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, “I will give it to that one of you four princes who first learns to read.” Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great King, in the first year of his reign, fought

nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them too, by which the Danes swore they would quit the country. They pretended to consider that they had taken a very solemn oath, in swearing thus upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were always buried with them when they died; but they cared little for it, for they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn, as usual. One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, they spread themselves in great numbers over the whole of England; and so dispersed and routed the King's soldiers that the King was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds who did not know his face.

Here, King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left alone one day, by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But, being at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the Danes when a brighter time should come, and thinking deeply of his poor unhappy subjects whom the Danes chased through the land, his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burned. "What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the King, "you will be ready enough to eat them by and by, and yet you cannot watch them.

idle dog!"

At length, the Devonshire men made head against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast, killed their chief, and captured their flag, on which was represented the likeness of a Raven. The loss of their standard troubled the Danes greatly, for they believed it to be enchanted — woven by the three daughters of one father in a single afternoon — and they had a story among themselves that when they were victorious in battle, the Raven stretched his wings and seemed to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop. He had good reason to droop now, if he could have done anything half so sensible; for King Alfred joined the Devonshire men; made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire; and prepared for a great attempt for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people. But, first, as it was important to know how numerous those Danes were, and how they were fortified, King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a gleeman or minstrel, and went, with his harp, to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, everything that he desired to know. And right soon did this great King entertain them to a different tune; for, summoning all his true followers

to meet him at an appointed place, where they received him with joyful shouts and tears, as the monarch whom many of them had given up for lost or dead, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes with great slaughter, and besieged them for fourteen days to prevent their escape. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace; on condition that they should altogether depart from that Western part of England, and settle in the East; and that Guthrum should become a Christian, in remembrance of the Divine religion which now taught his conqueror, the noble Alfred, to forgive the enemy who had so often injured him. This Guthrum did. At his baptism King Alfred was his godfather. And Guthrum was an honorable chief, who well deserved that clemency; for, ever afterwards he was loyal and faithful to the King. The Danes under him were faithful too. They plundered and burned no more, but worked like honest men. They ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and led good, honest English lives. And I hope the children of those Danes played, many a time, with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and that Danish young men fell in love with Saxon girls, and married them; and that English travellers, benighted at the doors of Danish cottages, often went in for shelter until morning; and that Danes and Saxons sat by the red fire, as friends, talking of King Alfred the Great.

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS

Charles Kingsley

Volcanoes can never be trusted. No one knows when one will break out, or what it will do; and those who live close to them — as the city of Naples is close to Mount Vesuvius — must not be astonished if they are blown up or swallowed, as that great and beautiful city of Naples may be without a warning, any day.

For what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years ago in the old Roman times? For ages and ages it had been lying quiet, like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot — cities filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable and, I am afraid, as wicked as any people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, and olive yards covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the paradises of the world.

As for the mountain's being a volcano, who ever thought of that? To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines full of deer and other wild animals. What sign of fire was there in that? To be sure, also, there was an

ugly place below, by the seashore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground; and a lake called Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed anyone, and how could it harm them?

So they all lived on, merrily and happily enough, till the year A.D. 79. At that time there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral, called Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history. He was staying on shore with his sister; and as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like a pine tree; not, of course, like the pines which grow in this country, but like an Italian stone pine, with a long straight stem and a flat parasol-shaped top.

Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted; and the good Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his rowboat and went away across the bay to see what it could be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days, but I do not suppose that Pliny thought that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon^d found out that they had; and to his cost. When he was near the opposite shore, some of the sailors met him and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice stones were falling down from the sky, and flames were breaking out of the mountain

above. But Pliny would go on: he said that if people were in danger it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and almost left them on the beach; and Pliny turned away towards a place called Stabiae, to the house of an old friend who was just going to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid; ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and then went in to dinner with a cheerful face. Flames came down from the mountain, nearer and nearer as the night drew on; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled; and then went to bed and slept soundly.

However, in the middle of the night, they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and if they had not awakened the admiral in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house.

The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his friend, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, having pillows over their heads to prevent their being beaten down. By this time, day had come, but not the dawn; for it was still pitch dark. They went down to their boats upon the shore; but the sea raged so horribly that there was no getting on board of them.

Then Pliny grew tired and made his men spread a sail for him that he might lie down upon it. But there came down upon them a rush of flames and a strong smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives.

Some of the slaves tried to help the admiral; but he sank down again, overpowered by the limestone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead; but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he had been only sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

But what was going on in the meantime? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities — Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiae — were buried at once. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and the earthenware, often even jewels and gold behind, and here and there a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful rain of ashes and dust.

The ruins of Herculaneum, and Pompeii have been dug into since, and partly uncovered, and the paintings, especially in Pompeii, are found upon the walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which have covered them in. At Naples there is a famous museum, containing the curiosities which have been dug out of the ruined cities; and one can walk along the streets in Pompeii and see the wheel tracks

in the pavement along which carts and chariots rolled two thousand years ago.

And what had become of Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain? Half, or more than half, of the side of the old crater had been blown away; and what was left, which is now called the Monte Somma, stands in a half circle round the new cone and the new crater which is burning at this very day. True, after that eruption which killed Pliny, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not awake for one hundred and thirty-four years, and then again for two hundred and sixty-nine years; but it has been growing more and more restless as the ages have passed on, and now hardly a year passes without its sending out smoke and stones from its crater, and streams of lava from its sides.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

Charles Dickens

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winterberries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to

favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imagéd in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes, the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care—at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said

it he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if, imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as it were but yes erday, could know her no more. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent — "it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her wanderings with the old man. They were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which, she said, was in the air. God knows.

It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget — and clung with both her arms about his neck. She had never murmured or complained, but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered — save that she every day became more earnest, and more grateful to them — faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time the old man had not spoken once — except to her — or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first

time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad — to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as to a living voice — rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life — to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing — grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago and still been old — the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied — the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now — pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its

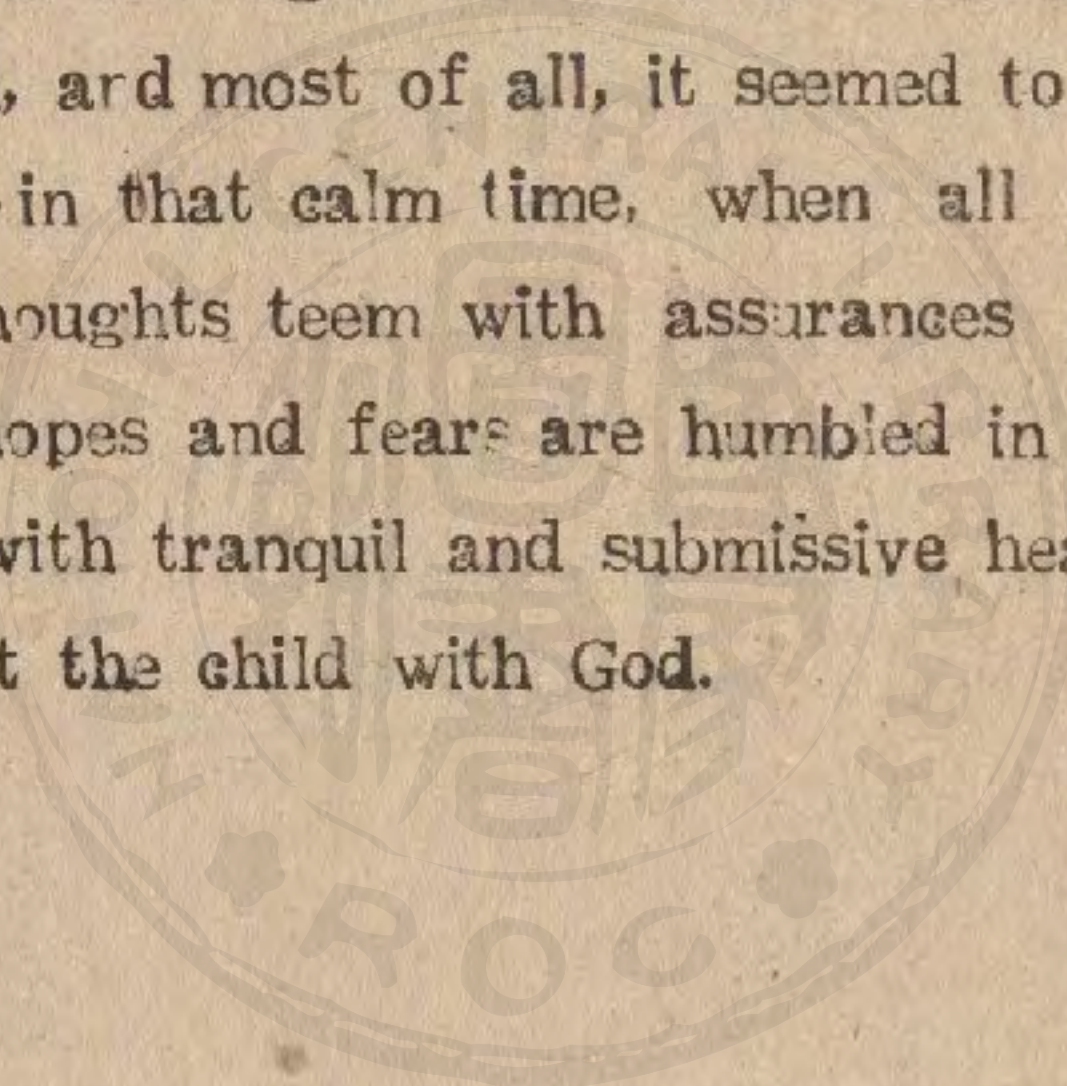
quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window — a window where the boughs of trees were even rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath — many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had been and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken,

and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed.

Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place — when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pi'lar, wall and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave — in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.



NOTES

讀者注意：凡普通習見之字，在本書課文中含有歧義者，概用斜體字標明，以便識別。

SUNRISE

Page 1.

Landscape painter—a painter of landscapes, 風景畫家; 畫山水者
in particular—particularly, 特別地

Ex. This, in particular, happens to him.

Canvas—cloth prepared to receive painting in oil; strong cloth made of hemp, flax or cotton, 油畫布; 帆布

masses—lumps of objects 堆積的物體

hazy—misty; not clear, 濃霧籠罩; 不清楚

torn away—pulled off violently, 強行扯去; 散裂

Ex. He tears away my sleeve.

gleams—shines, 照耀。

chill—cold, 寒冷

breath—a very slight breeze, 微風

foliage—leafage, 叢葉

Cupid—The fabled god of love, son of Venus, 羅馬神話中司愛之神

(此地喻蝴蝶)

Page 2.

inhaled—drawn into the lungs, 吸
reveals—discloses; unveils, 宣露;
顯露

The silver blade of the river—the bright surface of the river, 銀白色的河面

bathed in—full of; covered with 充滿; 籠罩

Ex. Her face is bathed in tears. loses itself in—become merged in; is obscured in 消沒於

Ex. A country man lost himself in the city streets. sunken—descending lower and lower 下陷

out of sight—beyond the range of vision, 出於視線之外

Ex. We watched the airplane, till it was out of sight.

rounded—round shaped 成圓形的 (指楊樹叢簇之枝葉, 環繞成圓形)

strut about—walk about with a

lofty, proud gait, 高視闊步而行

Ex. The gentle man struts about in the park.

chestnut cow—cow of deep red-

dish-brown color 褐色的牝牛

divine—find out by guessing 推想; 揣度

TOO DEAR!

The Mediterranean Sea—地中海

Monaco—摩納哥, 法國東南部—小王國。有名之世界最大賭場即在該國之 Monte Carlo 鎮

Page 3.

All told—when all are counted or considered; all together 總計

Ex. There are nine of us, all told.

acre—a piece of land containing 160 square rods, 英畝

toy kingdom—little kingdom, 小王國

kinglet—kingling, 小王國

in all—making up the whole; all told, 總共; 合計

Ex. There were twelve apostles in all.

spirits—brandy, gin, and other distilled liquors having much alcohol, 烈性酒

poll-tax—a tax by the poll or head, 人頭稅

hard put to (it)—in great straits or difficulty, 在艱難中; 在窘境

Ex. He is hard put to it to keep alive.

revenue—annual yield of taxes, customs, etc. which a nation collect for public use, 國家歲入

gaming-house—place frequented

for gambling 賭場

roulette—a game of chance, played by rolling a small ball round a circle divided into numbered red and black spaces, 輪盤賭

keeper—owner (of the gambling-house) 開賭場者

percentage—a certain rate per cent, 百分率

turnover—the amount of business done, 買賣額, (此處指擺賭者所得之“頭錢”)

gambling establishment—gaming house 賭場

sovereigns—kings 國王

Page 4.

monopoly—the control of any industry 專利

rakes—collects, 搜刮; 收集

coronation—the ceremony of crowning a sovereign, 加冕典禮

reviews—inspections of troops 閱兵式

on a smaller scale—in a smaller degree or measure 較小的規模

Ex. The Sino-Japanese war is conducted on a smaller scale than the European war.

judicial—related to the administration of justice; impartial 裁

判上的; 公正的

prosecutors—those who prosecute
in the criminal court 控告者; 起
訴人

jury-men—members of a jury, 陪
審員

Barristers—counselors qualified
to plead at the bar, 律師

So far so good—all is right up to
that point, 至此一切都好

Page 5.

hitch—an obstacle, 障礙

guillotine—a machine for behead-
ing, 斷頭機

more than two francs a head on
the whole population—全國人
民, 每人要担負兩法郎以上. (head
—individual 一人)

stand—endure, 忍受

riot—disturbance of the peace on
the part of a crowd, 暴動

monarch—a sovereign 國王

Page 6.

homely—plain, 平凡的

would not—would.....or not 願否

sub-committee—an under com-
mittee; part or division of a
committee, 小組委員會

imprisonment for life—無期徒刑

lockup—a place where persons
under arrest are temporarily
locked up; 拘留所

do—answer the purpose, 可用

Page 7.

reckon up—sum up, 總計

Ex. We reckoned up our total
income last year.

Be hanged to him!—Curse on
him! 該死的東西! 畜生!

Ex. Be hanged to you, can't
you leave me alone now?

Page 8.

straight out—directly 直接了當

I dare say—I suppose or believe;

I venture to affirm, 我想; 我敢說

Ex. I dare say you are right.

turn their backs on—repulse;
forsake, 拒絕; 遺棄

Ex. He never turned his back
on helpless travelers.

got out of the way of working—
lost all opportunities of being
employed, 已失掉一切工作的機會

Page 9.

There is nothing else for it—
there is no other way of meeting
the case, 沒有別的辦法

in advance—beforehand; before
receiving an equivalent, 預先;
預支

Ex. He required partial pay in
advance.

by rail—by railway, 由鐵道, 乘火車

Ex. He went to Nanking by
rail.

grudge—be unwilling to give or
grant, 不願給, 吝惜

THE COST OF A WAR

abate—lessen, 減少

Page 10.

Louis the Fourteenth (1638—1715)

—Louis the Great, King of France (1638—1715), 路易十四, 亦即路易大帝

Alexander (356—323 B. C.)—King of Macedon and conqueror of many lands, 亞歷山大

Cæsar (100—44 B. C.)—Roman general, statesman and writer, 愷撒

antiquity—ancient times, 古代

Louvois (1639—1691)—Louis the Fourteenth's minister of war, 路武瓦, 即路易十四之陸相

make a desert of—to ruin; to make waste 毀滅; 使成 毛之地

Ex. The Japanese made a desert of every place they occupied.

Palatinate—a district in Bavaria, Germany, 帕拉替內特

quarters—places of lodging; shelters 屯駐處; 安身處

service (the)—army 軍隊; the good of the service 爲軍隊的好處; 爲(我國的)軍隊着想

Given in his honor—Given as an expression of respect or reverence for him, 特爲他而設, 以示尊敬

Prince of the blood—an uncle, brother, or son of the reigning

sovereign, 親王族 (國王之伯叔或弟兄或子嗣之謂)

Lost no time—was expeditious, 趕緊

Ex. He lost no time in putting the plan in execution.

expel—drive out 逐出

rigorous winter—very severe winter 嚴冬

to the letter—exactly; with no variation, 嚴守; 一點不改

Ex. You should follow your father's commands to the letter.

rooted up—pulled up by the roots 連根拔起

Ex. He rooted up all the trees on his farm.

Page 11.

inclemencies—severities or harshness (commonly in respect to weather), (氣候之) 嚴烈

fugitives—Those who flee from danger, enemy, etc. refugees, 逃難之人; 難民

pinched—made thin 使瘦削

calamitous—disastrous, 災難的; 不幸的

beggared—reduced to beggary, 致貧

for many a league round—在許多哩的周圍 (league 約等於三哩)

maintained—held 保有; 守住

cleared of—rid of, 除去

Ex. I cleared myself of this disagreeable companion.

trampled down—trodden under foot; destroyed, 踐踏; 毀壞

Ex. The flowers were trampled down by children.

Page 12.

fodder—food for horses, cattle, sheep, as hay, cornstalks, vegetables, etc. 芻秣; 畜食 (如乾草, 稻梗, 菜蔬等)

best-disciplined—best trained, 訓練最良好的

public walks—public grounds for walking and amusement, 公眾遊覽處

besiegers—those who besiege, 圍攻者

cannon-balls—bullets from cannon 礮彈

laid in ashes—destroyed utterly by burning, 化為灰燼

Ex. All the houses were laid in ashes last night.

pestilence—any fatal epidemic disease, 瘟疫

garrison—a body of troops stationed in a fort or fortified

town, 衛戍軍

holds out to the last—defends to the end, 堅守到底

Ex. They have decided to hold out the city to the last.

taken by storm—captured by scaling or forcing defences, 攻克

Ex. The revolutionary army took the capital by storm, given up.....by the enraged soldiers—delivered into the hands of the enraged soldiers to be pillaged by them, 聽任牠去給暴怒的兵士搶劫着

Page 13.

laid aside—put on one side; rejected or dismissed from one's consideration or action, 置於一邊; 置之腦後

Ex. It is difficult for him to lay aside the habit of smoking opium.

pest—trouble some or destructive person, animal or thing, 為害之物

howsoever—in whatsoever manner; no matter how, 無論如何.....

A FRIEND

snatched away—carried away suddenly, 擄去

Ex. He was snatched away from us by premature death.

pressing—urgent, 迫切

toil—labour oppressing body or mind, 苦役

trial—hardship; troubles, 困苦; 困難

missiles—weapons to be thrown, as a lance, arrow, or bullet, 投

擲器，如鏢，箭，彈丸等（此字前面之 His 指 Death's）

a thousand times over—a thousand times repeatedly, 有千次之多

tumult—commotion; agitation, 紛亂; 騷動

Page 14.

Had he died thus—If he had died in this way, 假設他這樣死了的話

rendered—made, 致成

tranquility—calmness, 安靜

and there alone—and in my heart

alone, 而且只在我的心裏

indifferent to—without interest or feeling in regard to, 冷淡, 漠不關心

Ex. I have long been indifferent to him.

cemetery—graveyard, 墓地

intertwine—twine one with another, 纏絡

warble—sing in a quavering manner, 顫聲而歌

sprays—small shoots or branches 小枝

abode of death—cemetery, 墓地

counted for nothing—regarded as of no value or weight—無價值; 分文不值

Ex. His letter counts for nothing in securing the position for you.

breathes his last—dies; expires

死; 斷氣

epochs—memorable periods, or events 世代; 事件

in the course of nature—in the ordinary progress of nature, 在自然之過程或演進中

Ex. The question seemed to have settled in the course of nature.

Page 15.

phantom—that which has only apparent existence, 幻象

He—God, 上帝

annihilation—destruction, 消滅

based on—used as a support, 根據於

Ex. His remarks are based on the editorial in the morning paper.

syllogism—the regular logical form of every argument, consisting of three propositions, two called the premises, the last the conclusion, 推測式; 三段論法

invincible—insuperable 不能勝過的; 無可動搖的

forces upon—imposes upon, 強使; 強加於

Ex. I will not force my company upon her.

to the full—entirely 完全

Ex. My time is occupied to the full.

THE PRODIGAL SON

prodigal—given to wasteful and reckless extravagance 揮霍; 放蕩. (prodigal son—浪子; 其故事見新約路加福音第十五章十一至三十二節)

Page 16.

have a weakness for—have a foolish liking or inclination for, 癡愛; 嗜好

Ex. He has a weakness for fine clothes.

sill—threshold, 門限. (此處喻作 entrance 或 beginning—起首)

halo—circle of light around a luminous body, especially the sun or the moon; 光輪; 圓光

saw to it—looked well to it; took care, 留心; 當心

Ex. See to it that you do not offend him.

sedate—undisturbed by passion or caprice, 恬靜

Page 17.

impulsive—acting upon impulse; easily moved 衝動的; 易受感動的

captious—apt to find fault 好吹毛求疵

went through—performed thoroughly 作完; 行畢

Ex. The student went through his recitation creditably.

made merry—was joyful, 愉悅

Ex. The young people made

merry at the picnic.

fitful—full of fits, 變遷無常

the seventh heaven—a state of supreme happiness, 極樂淨土

Ex. He looked upon himself as approaching to the seventh heaven.

in the highest spirits—most joyfully, 極愉悅

Ex. I found him in the highest spirits, when I went into his house.

good times—pleasant times 愉快的日子

to his taste—suiting his fancy, 合其意

Ex. I hope my proposal will be to your taste.

boasting of—bragging of, 自誇

Ex. He is very much given to boasting of himself.

disconsolate—deeply dejected, 怏怏; 不悅

synagogue—a Jewish congregation or place of worship, 猶太人之集會或禮拜堂

Page 18.

self-seeking—selfish, 自私的

think well of—hold in esteem; approve 尊敬; 贊許

Ex. Everybody thinks well of him.

resources—funds; supplies of money 資財; 資力

country hole—small, mean abode
in the country, 鄉村陋居

repugnant to—distasteful to, 所
憎惡

Ex. It was repugnant to the
feelings of the execu-
tioner, to put the murderer
to death.

nomadic—wandering; roving 流
浪的; 漂泊的

tunic—a modern loose-fitting
garment, 寬衣, 長衫

stock—domestic animals 家畜 (之
總稱)

falls to—comes, passes or is
transferred, as by inheritance,
to.....歸於

Ex. The money fell to John as
the only son.

Page 19.

sullen—gloomy and silent, 愠悻;
怏怏

animation—liveliness, 活潑

goodly—large; considerable, 大

intuition—direct apprehension,
直覺

second-born—second son, (or
daughter) 次子 (或次女)

Page 20.

gave way to—indulged in, 放縱

Ex. He likes to give way to
display.

limp—wanting stiffness, 軟弱的

flabby—wanting firmness, 不堅強

proceeds—money obtained from
a sale, 賣貨所得之款

Page. 21

hard work—difficulty 困難

look out for themselves—take
care of themselves 以求自身之安
全; 爲自身謀活

Ex. Let each man look out for
himself.

swineherd—keeper of swine, 牧
豕者

given.....to wife—married.....嫁

carob beans, 稻子豆

gorged—fed greedily; swallowed
greedily, 大吃; 大嚼

Page 22.

snouts—the long, projecting
noses of beasts, as of swine, 長
凸之鼻如豬鼻之類

tempering—modifying; softening
調節; 減輕

insipid—tasteless, 無味

woe to him—he would come to woe
哀哉他, (意即他將遭厄或受懲罰)

smock—a coarse frock, 粗外衫

manure—dung, 糞

footgear—boots, socks, etc. 靴,
襪等

tanned—made brown, as by
exposure to the sun, 曬作褐色

enough.....and to spare—more
than sufficient 有多餘的

Ex. He has enough money and
to spare.

brushed away—ignored; passed
over, 漠視; 忽略

Ex. He has brushed away the
most important part of

my argument.

give in—yield, 屈服

Ex. He is forced to give in to the wish of the majority.

unshod—without shoes, 未着鞋; 赤足

contaminated—tainted, 染污

abominable—detestable, 可憎

Page 23.

flesh and blood—a blood relation, especially a child, 血親, 子孫

Ex. She takes that child to be her own flesh and blood.

Sycamore tree—a large tree of Egypt and Syria allied to the fig, 無花果樹類

blistered—covered with blisters, 起泡

Page 24.

hung around—loitered idly about 徘徊

Ex. For years he used to hang around the taverns, neglecting his family and drinking himself to death.

brought himself to the point—been led to the point; come to the decision, 到……的地步; 決意

Ex. I could never bring myself to the point of parting with my family.

never felt himself more father than at this moment, 從沒有像此刻那樣更感覺到是(他的)父親

clouded—darkened with gloom, 暗澹

Page 25.

come to life—regained consciousness, 蘇醒; 復活

Ex. A drooping plant comes to life in water.

in reserve—in keeping for other or future use; in store, 儲備

Ex. He has arguments in reserve.

in celebration of—for the sake of celebrating, 慶賀

Ex. A dinner was given in celebration of his arrival.

Page 26.

boiled up—came up with violent agitation, 湧起

Ex. Water and sand boiled up. asked after—inquired after or made inquiries about, 詢問; 問候

Ex. He asked after my health. contain himself—restrain himself 忍耐; 抑制(感情)

Ex. I could not contain myself for joy.

to his face—in his presence, 當面

Ex. He does not like to be praised to his face.

Page 27.

eaten up—consumed completely, 食盡; 消耗盡

Ex. He has eaten up all his provisions.

ignominy—infamy; an infamous act, 卑鄙; 醜行

pharisaical cloak—hypocritical

disguise, 虛偽的假態

And he reproaches him, he a loveless son, for being a too-loving father—他, 一個沒有情愛的兒子, 責備着他的父親, 說他過於溺愛了

were bound to—were in duty to; had to 義應; 必須

Ex. I was bound to help him. dissipated—been dissolute in pursuit of pleasure, 淫樂

WORK AND PLAY

Page 29.

farm-hands—laborers employed on the farm, 農役

couplet—two lines of poetry that rime 對句; 雙行詩

rheumatism—painful inflammation, usually of the joints and muscles, but sometimes of the deeper organs, as the heart, 風濕症

contract—acquire, 得病; 染受

chronic—lingering, 痼疾的

consequent upon—following as a result, 由於

Ex. This fall of prices is consequent on the war.

fatigue poison—poison caused by weariness from labor, 疲勞過度而產生之毒

finding fault with—expressing dissatisfaction with; censuring 表示不滿; 吹求

Ex. The teacher found much fault with him for idleness.

monstrous folly—very great or unheard of folly 極愚蠢

stretches—continuous periods of

time, 連續之時間

Page 30.

labor—the working classes as a political force, 工人

slogan—party cry; watchword, 口號; 標語

what is the matter with—what is wrong with, …… 有事故的原因

get over—cease to be troubled by; recover from, 不為 …… 所擾; 恢復

Ex. He will soon get over the disappointment.

insist upon—be persistent to, 堅持

Ex. They insisted upon bringing us both to justice.

Cyrus (d. 529 B. C.)—King of Persia, 居魯士, 古波斯之王

sanitarium—place for treatment of the sick; health resort, 療養院; 養病地

cryptic—mystical, 神祕

Page 31.

abortion—premature birth, 小產

truckman—one who conveys goods on trucks, 貨車夫

white collar slave—the clerk, shopkeeper, etc. 職員, 店員等

brain-worker—one who does brain-work, 精神勞動者; 勞心者
glands—organs for secreting something to be used in, or eliminated from the body 腺

Page 32.

Dagoes—American Spaniards, Portuguese, or Italians, 美國的西班牙人, 葡萄牙人, 或意大利人

excavations—holes formed by digging, 開鑿之洞穴

wrestling—doing one's utmost to deal 盡力應付

cut up—cut in pieces, 斫開

Ex. The butcher cuts up a pig into portions suitable for the market.

to speak of—worthy mentioning, 足以稱道

Ex. He has no property to speak of.

breakdown—failure of health, 因體弱而病倒

galloping—riding (a horse) at a gallop, 疾奔

Page 33.

sooner or later—at some unknown but certain time, 必有一日

Ex. He will discover his mistake sooner or later.

floundering—struggling and plunging in mud, 掙扎舞動

water treatments—medical applications by bathing in sea water or mineral waters, 海浴或溫泉浴治療法

antagonist—opponent, 敵手

hockey—a game played by driving a ball with bent sticks, 彎棍擊球戲

……why……—……那麼……

working out—planning all details of, 籌劃

Ex. He has worked out a good plan.

set forth—expressed fully by words, 詳述

Ex. He set forth his wants clearly.

running away with—consuming, 消耗

Ex. The expenses run away with every cent of the allowance.

lulled—caused to rest, quieted 使休息; 使靜

back lobes of the brain—腦之後葉
the system—the body as a functional whole 身體

Page 34.

pit against—put to fight 使爭鬥

Ex. They pitted two cocks against each other.

with desperation—desperately, 拚命的

Ex. You should fight with desperation against your enemy.

get the better of—to overcome, 制服; 勝過

Ex. He could not get the better of his opponent.

atrophy—to weaken, 使弱

THE FAIRY- LAND OF SCIENCE

wonder-working—working wonders; doing miracles, 顯靈異的; 行奇蹟的

What is more—moreover, 再者

Ex. You should read choice books; and what is more, you should learn how to read before you set yourself at the task of reading.

Page 35.

call up—recall, 記起; 追憶

Ex. Your letter calls up many delightful memories of my visit at your house.

“Sleeping Beauty in the wood”
—See Grimm’s or Perrault’s fairy tales, 見 Grimm 或 Perrault 的童話. 故事見本書第一册第十五篇

spell-bound—enchanted, 爲符咒所迷的, 迷惑的

Page 36.

spouts—flows out with force, 湧出
trickles—flows in a small, gentle stream, 滴流

wind-ripples—wave-like undulations produced on the surface of water by wind, 風所吹起之水紋

icicles—pendent masses of ice, 冰條

catch the water-drops napping—
find the water-drops asleep, 發現水點在假寐着. (catch one napping

亦可轉爲“乘人不備而勝之”意義, 如下例:)

Ex. The tradesman who does not read the newspaper will be caught napping by people who do.

holds fast—retains, grasps tightly 緊握

Ex. Hold fast what is good!

brave—making a fine show splendid; 燦爛的 (處 雙關音義, 作者把太陽比作拯救者, 故亦含有“勇敢的”原義)

Page 37.

spangled—glistened, 照耀

gas-jet—氣管嘴

Page 38.

spectroscope—instrument to determine the composition of bodies by passing through prisms the rays of light which they emit, 分光鏡

Aladdin’s palace—見 “Arabian Nights” 天方夜譚, Aladdin 爲 Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp 故事中一青年, 渠獲有神燈, 以之建造一富麗無比之王宮

Ariel—a spirit in Shakespeare’s “Tempest.” 莎士比亞戲劇“暴風雨”中一妖精. 下面所引 Ariel 之歌, 見該劇第五幕第一場

Puck—the goblin Robin Goodfellow or Hobgoblin in Shakes.

peare's "Midsummer Nights Dream" 好惡作劇之妖精，亦稱 Robin Goodfellow 或 Hob goblin, 見莎士比亞戲劇“仲夏夜之夢”

Page 39.

imps—little, malignant spirits, 妖精

acorn-cups—rounded cavities of oak-nut 殼斗；即橡實之外囊

close at hand—near in distance, 逼近

Ex. Our school is close at hand. play them a trick—cheat, 欺騙

Ex. The man played the boy a trick.

bog—piece of wet, soft spongy ground, 泥濘易陷之地

Page 40.

Peter Bell—a character in Wordsworth's poem of the same name 華滋渥斯在“Peter Bell”詩中所描寫的人物。渠為一陶器匠，生性庸俗，對於自然之美麗，漠不關心。下面本文所引該詩三行，即表明此意

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850) —English poet, 華滋渥斯，英國詩人

bespangle—adorn with shining objects, 使燦爛

Page 41.

temporal—secular, 世間的

Page 42.

cohesion—the force that unites particles of the same material, 膠黏力

Page 43.

tear asunder—pull apart, 撕開

Ex. The man's limbs are torn asunder, by being caught in the machinery of the mill.

crystallization—process of crystallizing, 結晶

caught hold of—laid hold of; seized 握；執

Ex. Catch hold of the rope.

Page 44.

snowdrop—a small plant with white flowers which blooms early in spring 雪花（一種球莖植物，開下垂之白花，雪留地上時常見之）

bulb—round underground stem from which some plants grow 球莖

stirring up—calling forth; quickening; 激動，鼓舞

Ex. Do not stir up strife among the neighbours.

granules—small grains, 小粒

rootlets—little roots, 細根

setting to work—causing to enter upon work or action, 使工作，使行動

Ex. I have set the servants to work.

Page 45.

gnomes—fabled dwellers in the inner parts of the earth, and guardians of mines, quarries, etc. 地神，守礦山等之神

THE VICAR SELLING HIS HORSE

Page 46.

"Put him through his pace"—

made him perform, (買賣馬匹時)
試驗其步容; 令盡其藝

tro—proceed at steady pace
faster than walk, 疾步

came up—came close forward,
行近

Ex. He came up smiling, and
ready for the duel.

Page 47.

likelihood—probability, 或然; 可能

public house—an inn, 酒店

closed with—agreed with, 表同意

Ex. I closed with him about
the matter.

turns of fortune—changes of
luck, 命運之轉變

Page 48.

transact—do, 作

with attention—attentively, 注意

Ex. I listened with attention.

upholder—supporter, 支持者

Page 49.

instantaneous—occurring, or
done in an instant, 立刻

referring to—making reference
or allusion to, 援引; 涉及

Ex. In illustration of this, he
referred to part of his
personal history.

called for—required, 需要

Ex. Our human need calls for
divine help.

Page 50.

made his appearance—appeared,
出現

Ex. He first made his appear-
ance in England in 1914.

Crown—a British coin worth five
shillings, 英鎊幣名, 值五先令. half
a crown 乃一價值二先令半之銀幣,
今在英國仍通用

deal—a bargain 交易

Page 51.

draft—an order for payment of
money, 支票 a draft upon him
一張向他取款的票據

drawn upon him—demanding
payment of money from him 需
要他兌付

Ex. I shall be obliged to draw
on my banker for money
to pay the expenses of my
journey.

rogue—cheat, 騙子

flops—pocket-covers, 衣袋蓋

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Page 52.

Dr. Johnson (Samuel Johnson 1709

—1784)—English lexicograph-
er and author, 英國辭典編纂者及

作家, 十八世紀英國文壇領袖

Oliver Goldsmith (1728—1774)
—British poet, novelist and
dramatist, 英國詩人, 小說家, 及戲
劇家

Parish—subdivision of a county,
having its own church and
clergy-man, 教區

Paddy—nickname for an Irish-
man, 愛爾蘭人之綽號
figure—calculate, 計數

Page 53.

for short—by way of abbrevia-
tion, 爲簡短起見

Ex. Her name is Elizabeth, but
she is called Bet for short.

Smallpox—a contagious disease,
with a peculiar eruptions, 天花
marred—disfigured, 損壞相貌
undersized—of a size less than is
common, 較尋常小; 矮小

bulging—jutting out, 凸出
spindle legs—long, slender legs,
細長之腿

set right—rectify, 更正

Ex. I will set the matter right.
sizar—In the universities of
(Cambridge and) Dublin, a
student, who, having passed a
certain examination, is exempt-
ed from college fees and
charges, 免費生

waiting upon tables—serving as
attendant at table, 侍膳

Ex. He supported himself at
college by waiting upon
tables.

Page 54.

ballads—simple songs; narrative
songs, 短歌; 歌謠

Edmund Burke (1729—1797)—
British statesman and orator,
英國政治家及演說家

gave out—became exhausted or
used up, 用盡

Ex. The supply of provisions
gave out.

tramped—walke; went on foot,
步行

flute—a tubular wind instru-
ment, with holes stopped by th
fingers or keys, 笛

Page 55.

apothecary—a compounder of
medicines, 製藥師

thought little of—made little or
light of, 輕視

Ex. He thinks little of my
advice.

Page 56.

a man of g nius—a genius, 天才

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

Flanders—A former district of
Europe, now in Holland,

Belgium, and France, 法蘭德斯
poppies—a plant with showy

flowers of scarlet or other colour, 罌粟
larks—singing birds of many species, 雲雀

Page 57.

take up—carry on; begin where another left off, 進行; 賡續

Ex. He raised and she took up the tale.

failing hands—weakening and drooping hands, 衰弱的手

break faith—violate faith 背信

Ex. Japan has broken faith with her allies.

AMERICA'S ANSWER

Ye Flanders dead—你們法蘭西斯的戰死者

keep faith—keep promise, 守信

Ex. I always keep faith with my friends.

Page 58.

for naught—in vain, 徒然

Ex. I have not studied the French language for naught.

A CURTAIN LECTURE

curtain lecture—a private admonition or reproof given by a wife to her husband in bed. (妻對夫之)閨中訓誨或枕上斥責

becomes—suits, 相稱; 適宜

liberal—generous, 慷慨

and anybody but your own flesh and body, 可決非你自己的骨肉。(意即你待她們並不像親生的女兒)

The man called for the water-rate to-day, 今天(公司裏)來人收自來水費

Page 59.

glazier—one who sets glass, 配裝玻璃者

must go as it is—一定得像牠現在這
settled—disposed of; put an end

to, 了結; 弄死

His death will be upon his father's head—His father must be responsible for his death, 其父應負其死之咎

the fire-insurance is due—火險費已到期(應付)

out of the question—not worthy of discussion or consideration, 談不到; 不必講及

Ex. It is out of the question for me to build a new house.

Page 60.

to a certainty—certainly, 一定

Ex. You will be killed to a certainty, if you go.

drop—cease, 停止

make ducks and drakes of—
squander, 浪費

Ex. He found out that his
wife had made ducks and
drakes of his property.

Margate—a seaside resort on the
coast of Kent, England, 馬給特,
英國之一海濱避暑地

consumption—disease of the
lungs, with cough, spitting of
blood, fever, etc. 肺癆

for fear—in apprehension lest,

恐怕

Ex. He works hard or fear he
should fail.

Hydrophobia—rabies, 恐水症
of nights—every night

Ex. She takes a bath of night-
soot—black substance formed by
combustion, 煤煙; 煤灰

Page 61.

mouse-trap—a mechanical struc-
ture for catching mice, 捉鼠之籠

THE HAND

Page 62.

embodied—formed into a body,
expressed tangibly, 附體; 具體地
表現

puts away—discards, 拋棄

Ex. He has put away evil com-
panionship.

transfixed—immovable, 不動

discordant—not in harmony or
musical concord, 不和諧, 不諧音

takes their duties upon it—
undertakes their duties as its
own, 把他們的責任引為自己的 (責
任)

threads—passes through, 經過,
穿過

devious—winding, 紆曲

gazing on—looking at eagerly or
fixedly, 注視

Ex. The stranger is gazing
on me.

peruses—reads through, 披讀

Page 63.

ministers to—renders service to,
服務

Ex. He is willing to minister
to the sick and afflicted.

unwonted—unaccustomed, 不習
慣的

office—function; duty 職務

are beholden to—are indebted to,
受……之惠

Ex. I am beholden to you.

enhancement—increase, 增加

copy—reproduction; imitation, 仿
造品 (a copy of itself 此處指仿造
眼睛所製成之物品, 如下文所述之顯
微鏡; 望遠鏡)

furnishes with—provides with,
供給

Ex. This is scarcely sufficient
to furnish him with daily

bread.

in its hearing—in such a way as to be heard by it, 使(聲音)可以被其聽悉

Ex. He said so in my hearing.

abdicate—give up or withdraw from, 捨棄; 退讓

without any play of words—in truth, 實在的說

Ex. Without any play of words, I do not know anything about it.

munificently—bountifully, 博施地

give expression to—show, 表示

Ex. Strike gives expression to the discontent of the workers with their master.

Page 64.

Cain—Adam's eldest son, who murdered his brother Abel, 亞當之長子, 曾殺害其弟 Abel. 用以代表殺人者

Eve—Adam's wife, 亞當之妻夏娃

The forbidden tree—the tree in the Garden of Eden the fruit of which Eve plucked against God's will, 禁樹, 夏娃違犯上帝之

意而摘其果

The Saviour of the world—Jesus Christ, The Redeemer, 救世主耶穌基督

predicted—foretold by the prophets, 爲先知所預言的.

tree of shame—the cross on which Jesus Christ was crucified, 耶穌被釘的十字架

wield—use with the hands, 使用

Page. 65

callings—occupations, 職業

The Queen—Queen Victoria (1819—1901) ruled England in the author's time. Hence the word "Queen" is used here instead of "King", 指維多利亞女王

scepter—staff or baton borne by a sovereign, as emblem of authority, 國王之笏

felon—one guilty of a heinous crime, 重犯

crank—a prison machine for punishing criminals, 一種懲罰犯人之刑具

EDWARD JENNER

Edward Jenner (1749—1823)—English physician, 勳納, 英國醫士

vaccination—the practice of inoculating with vaccine to procure immunity from smallpox, 種痘

scourge—cause of calamity, pestilence, 災禍; 致命的流行病

Page 66.

broken out—appeared suddenly, 忽現(指疾病)

Ex. The sun broke out several

times, and shone hot in my face.

Crusades—the Mediæval military expeditions to recover the Holy Land from Mohammedans, 十字軍

Palestine—巴勒斯坦, (在亞洲西部)

San Dominigo, 聖多明谷, (在西印度羣島中 Haiti 島之東部, 爲 Dominican Republic 之首府)

Mexico—墨西哥 (在北美洲南部)

The New World—the land of the Western Hemisphere, 新世界 (指美洲)

Iceland—冰洲 (在大西洋北部)

Greenland—格陵蘭 (在北美洲之東北)

ravages—ruins; wastes 毀滅; 摧毀

Berkeley—柏克立 (英國地名)

Glouces tershire—格羅斯忒郡 (在英國西南部)

fossils—remains of an animal or plant found in stratified rocks, 化石

Page 67.

John Hunter (1728—1793)—British anatomist and surgeon, 罕特, 英國解剖家及外科醫士

Captain Cook (1728—1779)—English navigator, 庫克, 英國航海家

naturalist—one versed in natural history as botany and zoology, 博物學者

Cheltenham—拆爾騰安, (英國地名,

在格羅斯忒郡)

catching small-pox—being affected by small-pox, 染傳天花, 得天花症

Page 68.

intent on—bent on, sedulously occupied with, 專心於

Ex. He is too intent on his studies to think of anything else.

inoculated—infected with germs which will cause a mild form of a disease, so that the individual will not take the regular disease, 種痘

vaccine—the poison of a very mild form of smallpox used for the protection of people against the real smallpox, 痘苗

take—have the natural or intended effect, (牛痘) 發出

Page 69.

christened—baptized and given a christian name to, 施洗禮而命以教名, 命名

certificate—a formal statement in writing, 證書

the Year of Waterloo—In 1815, Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo, Belgium. 一八一五年 (是年拿破崙敗於滑鐵盧)

Whittier, John Greenleaf (1807—1892)—American poet, 惠鐵, 美國詩人

A HANDFUL OF CLAY

Page 70.

had high thoughts of—thou ht
much of, 重視

Ex. I do not have high thoughts
of their principles.

glowed—exhibited in brilliancy,
鮮明地呈現

rubies—precious stones of a
carmine red colour, 紅寶石

emeralds—precious stones of rich
green colour, 翡翠

unison—harmony, 和諧

Page 71.

in due season—in good time, 及
時, 相當之時機

Ex. Things will come round in
due season.

tribulation—severe affliction, 極
端之痛苦

Page 72.

brooded upon—hung close over,
籠罩於上

Ex. Silence broods upon the
whole city.

held itself together—was not
downcast, 不沮喪; 振作

such pains are taken with me, 這樣
地爲我煞費苦心着

(take pains—take trouble)

Ex. I have taken much pains
over my new work.

fashioned—shaped, 形成; 製成

Consummation—goal; fulfilment,
目標; 終結

Page 73.

a royal scepter of lilies—a noble
lily flower, 一種高貴的百合花

THE PEACH-BLOSSOM FOUNTAIN

Page 74.

The Peach-Blossom Fountain—
桃花源記, 陶淵明作

during the reign of Tai-yuan of
Tsi Dynasty—晉太原中

Wuling—武陵

in full bloom—in full blossom,
盛開

Ex. The cherry-trees are in
full bloom.

Page 75.

luxuriance—abundance, 豐盛

cut—style; fashion, 樣式; 模樣

insisted on—made emphatically

a request upon, 定要; 堅持

the House of Chin—秦朝

Han Dynasty—漢朝

vicissitudes—changes, 變遷

in turn—in due order of succes-
sion, 輪流

Ex. They will be waited on in turn.

take his leave—bid farewell, 告別

Ex. Before taking his leave, he looked very sad.

Page 76

The Governor of the district—

(該地的) 太守

Liu Tse-kee 劉子驥

THE INVISIBLE WOUND

Surgeon doctor who performs operation, 外科醫生

valet—a male servant who attends on his master, 侍僕

patient—one under medical or surgical treatment, 病人

sling—a bandage hanging around the neck to support a wounded arm or hand, 綑帶, 吊腕帶

now and again—occasionally, 不時

Page 77.

make out—discover; arrive at an understanding of, 發現; 瞭解

Ex. He could not make out what I wanted.

cancer—a very harmful growth in the body, rarely cured, 癌, 毒瘤

operate—perform some manual act upon a human body, usually with instruments, in order to restore health, 動外科手術

Page 78.

would rather.....than—prefer..... to, 寧願.....而不

Ex. I would rather die than disgrace my self.

inflammation—redness and swel-

ling of any part of an animal body, 發炎, 紅腫

Page 79.

delusion—error; false belief, 錯誤; 幻想

wallet—a pocket book for money, (置錢之) 皮夾

florin—a silver coin of several European countries, (歐洲數國之) 銀幣名

in earnest—serious; determined, 認真; 決意

Ex. I am in earnest in my purpose to go to college.

idiot—a natural fool, 傻子

taking advantage of—using as a means of profit, 利用

Ex. He took advantage of the boy's ignorance.

diagnose—recognize by symptoms, 診斷

Page 80.

incision—a cut, 刀傷, 刀口

stoically—enduring without complaint 堅忍而不怨的; 泰然的

after a hot spell—after a short period of hot weather, 一個短時期炎熱天氣之後

Page 81.

done for—killed or injured fatally; 致命

Ex. He was caught, and now he is done for.

Page 82.

passed off—was carried through, 告成; 完結

Ex. The reception passed off well.

Au revoir—adieu till we meet again, 再見

Ex. Whenever he took leave of his friend, he said "Au revoir."

ran—proceeded; was written (信函等) 云云

As follows—thus, 如下, 如後

Ex. Just before the battle the general addressed his army as follows.

acquaint with—notify; tell, 通知; 告訴

antidote—a remedy for poison or other evil, 解毒劑

Page 83.

appeal to (one)—suit (one's) tastes, 投其所好

Ex. Such a thing does not appeal to me.

Page 84.

rummaging—searching thoroughly, 細搜

effects—personal property;

goods, 財產; 物件

folder of silk—paper holder made of silk. 綢夾子

indiscretion—imprudent or hasty act, 不審慎或輕率的行爲

borne my name—taken my name; become my wife, 作我的妻子

treachery—violation of faith, 不忠

Page 85.

taken effect—produced its effect, 奏效

Ex. The medicine took effect, and the patient fell into a sound sleep.

eaten itself through—consumed, 腐蝕

bore no grudge against—did not hate, 並不怨恨

Ex. He bore a grudge against me.

oozed—flowed gently, 緩流

controlling authority—主管的官憲

Page 86.

owing to—because of 由於

Ex. Owing to his ill health, he will remain here.

my late wife—my diseased wife, 我的亡妻

spine—back-bone, 脊骨

assumed—pretended, 假裝的

Page 87.

auto-suggestion—hypnotic suggestion proceeding from the subject himself, 自我暗示

rid of—be freed from, 脫離
Ex. He had at last rid himself

of his companions.

KING ALFRED

Page 88.

Alfred the Great (849—901)—
King of the West Saxons from
871, 亞勒弗烈大王 (英國西撒克遜人
之王)

Saxon—撒克遜的(撒克遜民族爲今英
人之祖先)

written—繕寫

illuminated—adorned with
borders, initial letters, etc. (書)
飾以綠及花字等

beautiful bright letters, richly
painted 華麗描繪的彩色字體

proud of—ready to boast, 引以
自豪

Ex. He is proud of his success.

Page 89.

Danes—inhabitants of Denmark,
丹麥人 (在九世紀下葉, 丹麥人曾渡
海入侵英國)

taken an oath—sworn, 宣誓

Ex. He took an oath to abstain
from wine.

fatal—ruinous, 毀壞的; 最不幸的

take refuge—shelter oneself from
danger, 避難

Ex. The man took refuge in an
empty house.

far and near—at a distance and
close by, throughout a whole
region, 遠近; 遐邇

Ex. I have followed you far
and near.

subjects—those who owe allegi-
ance to a sovereign 百姓

Page 90.

Devonshire—得文郡 (在英國西南
部)

made head against—resisted
with an opposing force, 舉兵抗拒

Ex. The Chinese made head
against the invaders.

standard—a flag, 旗

bog—a marsh, 濕地

Somersetshire—索美塞得郡(在英國
西南部)

gleeman or minstrel—mediæval
singer or musician who sings
or recites poetry, 樂師, 歌者

caroused—drank in a jovial
manner, 暢飲

Page 91.

on condition that—if, 倘若
in remembrance of—in memory
of, 以爲紀念

Ex. They erected a monument
in remembrance of the
revolution.

the Divine religion—Christianity,
指基督教而言

clemency—mercy, 仁慈, 或寬赦

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS

Page 92.

- eruption—out break, 爆發
- Mount Vesuvius—維蘇威山 (意大利南部那不勒斯灣以東之火山)
- volcanoes—mountains or hills ejecting lava, cinders, steam, sulphur gases, etc., 火山
- Naples—那不勒斯 (意大利南部城市)
- he'd—considered, 認為
- crater—mouth of a volcano, 火山口
- brimstone—sulphur, 硫磺
- Avernus—阿味那斯湖 (在那不勒斯城附近)
- What of that?—What follows from that, often with the force of "what matters," implying that it is of no importance, 那有什麼關係

Page 93.

- Bay of Naples—那不勒斯灣 (在那不勒斯城之西)
- Pliny (23—79)—Roman naturalist and author, 普林尼, 羅馬博物學家及作家
- stone pine—South Italian kind with branches at top spreading like umbrella, (南意大利之) 石松 (其梢張作傘狀)
- parasol-shaped—shaped like an

umbrella, 形狀如傘的

to his cost—to his loss or detriment, 受損害

Ex. I know it to my cost.

cinders—partly burned coal or other combustibles, 煤渣

Page 94.

- Stabiae—斯特比城 (古城在那不勒斯附近)
- drew on—approached, 行近
- Ex. The time of departure drew on rapidly.

Page 95.

- sulphur—a nonmetallic chemical element which burns with a blue flame and suffocating odor, 硫磺
- a martyr to duty and to the love of science—one who suffers death for the sake of duty and the love of science, 為職責與愛科學而殉難的人
- lava—melted rock ejected by a volcano, 火山噴出之熔岩
- Herculaneum—赫鳩婁尼恩城 (為一古城, 在那不勒斯附近)
- Pompeii—龐貝城 (古城, 在那不勒斯東南)
- Page 96.
- Monte Somma—索馬山

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

a creature fresh from the hand of God—a creature just created by God. (Man is supposed to be created by God. See Genesis ii., 7.) 上帝新創造的人

dressed—decked, 裝飾

winterberries—(冬漿果樹所結之) 鮮紅色漿果

Page 97.

imagined—reflected, 反映

her former self—her self of an earlier period, 昔日的她; 死前的她 at the door of the poor schoolmaster—Nell and her grandfather were once kindly received and lodged by a village schoolmaster, 有一次一鄉村教師供給 Nell 及其祖父住處, 並懇懇招待之

Before the furnace fire—Once in their wonderings, when foot-sore and sick at heart, Nell was carried by a kind but gruff man out of the pelting rain, and laid down on the warm ashes beside a furnace of fire, 有一次, 在他們的漂泊中, Nell 足痛心中難過, 有一和善而粗率的人把她從雨中抱出, 放在爐火旁邊的暖灰上

At the still bedside of the dying boy—The above-mentioned schoolmaster had a favorite pupil, who died the day after Neell's arrival, and whose death

she witnessed. 以上所言之教師有一得意弟子, 在 Nell 到後第二日死去, 彼之死 Nell 曾親眼看到 the old man—the grandfather of Nell, 指 Nell 祖父

languid—lacking vigour, 無生氣
ever and anon—now and then, 不時

Ex. Ever and anon we did the same work.

as (it were……)—as if (it were……), 宛如

Page 98.

gave vent—let out, 任其出

Ex. He gave vent to his grief, and wept like a child.

the world……—i. e. heaven (此處指) 天堂

which of us would utter it?—我們中間有誰願意表示這希望? (意即: 即使她能起死還生, 我們亦不願有此欲望, 因她之靈魂已進入天國, 自較在塵世更爲美滿愉快也)

they were of……—此處 they 指她夢中的囈語

used—treated, 對待, 招待

Page 99.

save—except, 除

The child—Kit by name, 故事中名 Kit 之一男孩

Made as though……—appeared as if, 看起來好像

Page 100.

decrepit—broken down with age,
老耄

blush—glance; view 瞥見. (in the
full blush of promise 有希望的前
途在完全呈現中.)

palsied—paralyzed 癱瘓的

Page 101.

“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,
dust to dust”—passage used in
Christian funeral service. See
Genesis iii, 19. 基督教葬禮所用之
一段

service—funeral rites 葬儀

loop-holes—small openings in a
wall, 牆上之小洞

Page 102.

knots—groups, 羣

sexton—an under officer of a
church whose duty it is to attend
to burials etc. 教堂下級職員 (料理
殯儀等事)

teem with—be filled with 充滿

Ex. The river teems with fish.

immortality—deathlessness, 不死

submissive—humble, 謙卑



開明英文講義

林語堂 林 幽合編
全三冊各

本書目標在於使讀者有學習現代通行活用的英語的機會，而聽，講，寫，讀四者並重；但是為切合實用以及便於學習起見，第二冊比較注重聽與講，所以會話特別多；至於寫作，在第二，第三兩冊中，也同時顧及。

本書程度相當於初中的英文課程，因為是給失學或就業的人自修用的，所以與普通初中的課本略有不同，以文法來說，就比初中課本講得深切，自修的人不比在校的學生，無法向師長質疑，因此本書之敘述不厭求其詳盡。

本書內容包括商業及社交上之會話，請帖，商業信札，兒歌，歐美神話，寓言，故事，科學知識，西人觀念型式，英文文學史等。每課課文後面附有譯文，講義及書法，發音，文法等各種練習，務使讀者對課文能澈底理解。

現代英語

柳無忌 張鏡潭等編
共分六冊

本書係供高中學生英語教學和同等程度的青年自習之用。本書共分六冊，由淺入深。內容除文藝作品外，有關於科學知識的，有關於英語國家社會生活的，有關於現代文化之批判的，有關於世界名人事蹟的，不但適合學習者的程度和興趣，且能增進知識，啓發思想。所附註釋詳明，扼要，極便自學，並附有很多的例句，尤為本書一大特色。

開明書店印行

英國小品文選 [英漢譯註叢書]

梁遇春譯註

梁遇春先生自己的小品文，是被尊為「我們新文學中的六朝文」的。他來譯註小品文給初學英文者閱讀，當然是極適宜的。這裏他共譯註了十位著名作家的小品文，每篇都有它獨特的作風。譯筆的信達流利，尤為可貴。

初戀 [英漢譯註叢書]

屠格涅夫著 豐子愷譯註

這是一部世界名著，寫一個老人口述往年的一則不平凡的戀愛故事。其運思的周至，行文的縝密，確為作者屠格涅夫所獨有的風格。研究英文的人，幾乎人人都喜歡閱讀。豐先生用了看西洋畫的方法和參照日譯本譯註而成，句句斟酌，字字推敲。學者得到此書，不異於面對良師，獲益自當更多。

賣花女 [英漢譯註叢書]

蕭伯訥著 林語堂譯註

蕭伯訥在中國聞名已久，但他的書有中文譯本的却不多見，實在是一種缺憾；因為像蕭氏這樣以「攻乎異端」為能事的文章，是能啟發心智，有益思想見識的。本書是蕭氏藝術的祕寶，幽默的真詮，而且用詞構句，在在堪稱模範，不但足當文學書讀，並且足當修辭學書讀。

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