The Beacon Literary Readers

Edited by J. COMPTON, M.A.

BOOK TWO

WHITE MAGIC

Illustrated by H. RADCLIFFE WILSON

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PREFACE

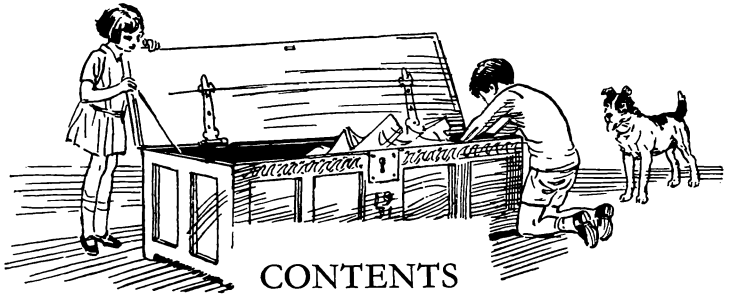
In the five books comprising The Beacon Literary Readers an attempt is made to provide an introduction to literature, developed progressively along the lines of children's interests. The object of the series is to establish the child happily on the open road to literature, and to make him growingly conscious of the fact that the reading experiences he is gaining through these Readers are but the prelude to a delightful and life-long adventure in the world of books.

The Readers are graded to correspond to the mental age of pre-adolescent children from seven (plus) upwards. The standard and character of the material represent, however, a deliberate advance upon that frequently provided at these stages. It is believed that the literary reader should serve a purpose quite distinct from that of the supplementary reader with which it is frequently confused. Whereas the supplementary reader is read purely for enjoyment, and usually requires little or no mental effort from the child, the literary reader should aim definitely at raising and broadening the child's literary standards. While it is hoped that every selection in the present series will prove interesting and will evoke a response from the reader, the majority require some intellectual effort before their full flavour can penetrate to the child's consciousness and become an integral part of his mental experience.

The questions which follow each selection are intimate and conversational, rather than academic and formal.

Their purpose is not so much to test the reader's memory of what has been read, as to help him to assimilate the ideas contained in any given selection, to lead him to express those ideas in various forms of creative activity — dramatic, artistic and literary, and to challenge him to mental adventure.

The widening of interests which is one of the marked characteristics of the intellectual development of the pre-adolescent child is, it is believed, reflected in the Beacon Literary Readers by the variety of the selections and of the sources from which they are taken. Literature is as wide as life itself, and any introduction to literature, if it is to observe balance and proportion, must bring the child into contact not only with what has long been regarded as "standard", but with more recent work which appears to possess those enduring qualities that are the hall mark of good literature. For this reason it is felt that there is a good case for linking, in the later books, selections from modern journalism, a modern politician, a modern historian, a modern traveller and a modern mountaineer, with passages from standard authors who are rightly regarded as part of the child's literary heritage. It is modern work that will surround the child when he leaves school, but once his taste for the best, as revealed by "standard" and "modern", has been formed, he will possess a talisman wherewith he can judge between the best and the second-best, the true and the false.



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KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

In the reign of King John there lived an Abbot of Canterbury who was very rich. Every day one hundred guests dined at his table. They were given the choicest foods and wines. Fifty serving men in velvet coats, decorated with golden chains, waited upon them. For miles around the abbot was looked upon as a very powerful and mighty man.

Now it happened that as time went on King John heard of the fame of the Abbot of Canterbury. He was both angry and afraid, "For," said he, "without a doubt this man will become more powerful than the king himself. Let a messenger be sent to summon him to our court, so that we may inquire into this matter."

When the king's messenger arrived, a great feast was taking place at the Abbey. All the nobles from the country round were gathered there, wearing their most splendid robes. At each chair stood a serving man. Pages ran to and fro bearing silver dishes heaped with choice foods. Goblets set with precious stones held sparkling wines. The light from a thousand candles flashed on the jewels of the guests, and on the shining gold and silver dishes which decorated the tables.

Into the midst of this feast came the messenger of the king. The abbot welcomed him gladly. When he heard the king's message he was all the more pleased, because he thought that yet greater honours were in store for him. The guests, having heard of the abbot's summons to court, returned quickly to their homes, so that the abbot might be able to obey the king's command with all speed.

The abbot set off with the messenger at once. In order to pay the king the greater honour, he put on his finest clothes, and over them a robe of ermine. Thus dressed, he reached

London and presented himself before the king.

King John sat upon his throne with his courtiers round him. When he saw the grandeur of the abbot's clothing, and his ermine robe, he became very angry, and greeted him roughly with the words, "How now, Father Abbot! I hear thou keepest a better house and livest in far greater state than do I. What

are these tales that come to me of one hundred guests at thy table, and fifty serving men in velvet coats and golden chains? It is not fitting that our subjects should live in a state that is grander by far than our own. Indeed, Sir Abbot, methinks thou art a traitor, and that I will cut off thy head!"

When the abbot heard the greeting of the king, he was both surprised and afraid. "My lord," said he, humbly bending low before him, "I am spending but my own true-gotten goods for the honour of the church and the crown. What I spend is my own."

"Nay, proud sir," said the king. "All that is in this fair land of England is ours. Thou hast put thy king to shame by living in such state. For this I might at once take off thy head, but because I am a merciful king, I have a mind to spare thee thy life and thy goods. But first I will ask thee three questions. If thou answerest them right, then Abbot of Canterbury thou still shalt be. If thou failest to answer them, thy head shall be smitten from thy body."

And first," quoth the king, "When I'm in this
stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"The questions are so hard and my wit so shallow," pleaded the abbot. "I beg thee to give me three weeks' grace, at the end of which I will try to answer them."

"Three weeks' grace will I give thee, but if thou answerest not then, I will smite thy head from off thy body," said the king, and turned away.

The abbot rode off full of doubts and fears. After trying in vain to find the answers to these questions, he suddenly thought that perhaps the clever men at Oxford or Cambridge might be able to help him. He spent many days in seeking their aid, but all to no purpose. With

only three days of the three weeks left, he once more turned his horse's head towards Canterbury. As he was riding sadly along he met a shepherd driving his sheep to the fold.

"Welcome home, my Lord Abbot," called the shepherd, "and what news have you brought from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news," said the abbot. "The king has asked me three questions, and if I cannot answer them within three days, my head will be smitten from my body.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now be of good cheer, Sir Abbot," said the shepherd. "A fool may perhaps answer what a wise man cannot. Take care of my sheep and let me go up to London in your stead. I should be proud to go to court and talk with King John."

"But he will know that you are not I," said the abbot sadly.

"Not at all, for everyone says we look alike. I will put on the grand clothes that you would have worn. I will ride your horse and take with me your serving men, and the king will think without a doubt that I am the Abbot of Canterbury come to answer for my life."

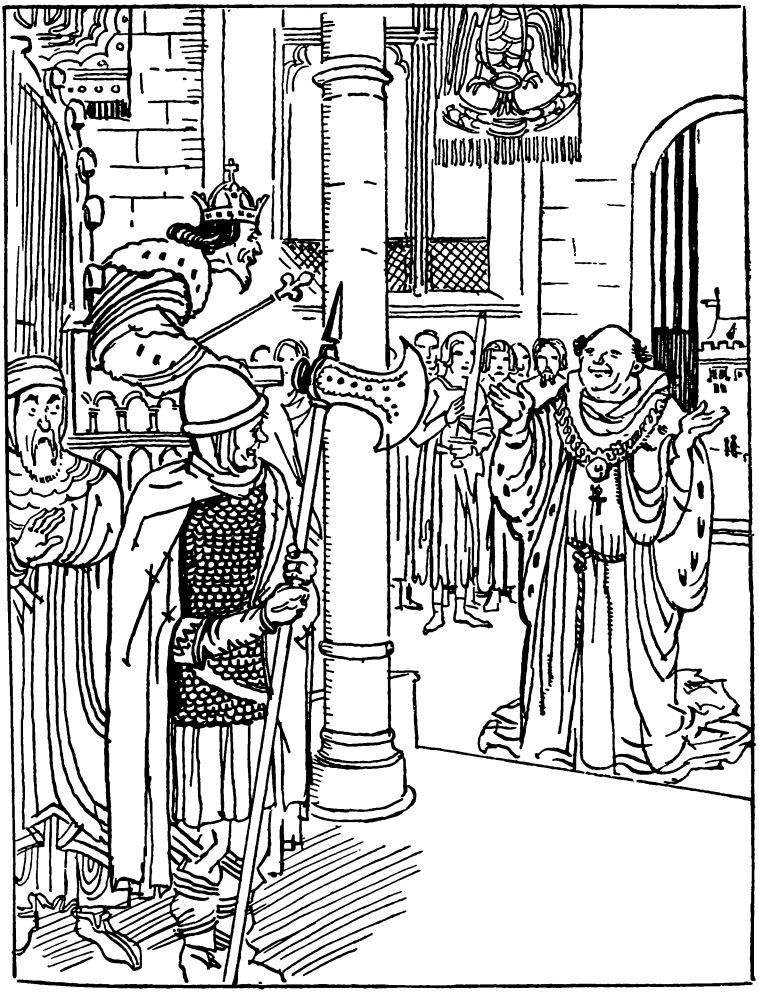
At last the abbot gave way. The shepherd started for London in the abbot's fine clothes, and in all the state and grandeur with which the abbot himself had set out three weeks before.

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," said the king when the shepherd came before him. "'Tis well thou art come to answer my questions.

"First when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"Thou art worth twenty-nine pence," answered the shepherd at once. "I am told that our Lord was sold for thirty pence, and thou art surely worth one penny less than He."

"Well answered," laughed the king. "I had not thought I was worth so little.



"Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"If your Majesty will rise with the sun and ride along with him, in twenty-four hours you will surely have been round the world," answered the shepherd.

"By my faith," laughed King John, "I did not think it could be done so soon.

"Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"That is the simplest of all, your Grace," said the shepherd. "You think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, while in truth I am only his poor shepherd that has come to ask your Majesty's pardon for him and for me."

The king threw back his head and laughed aloud. "Well, well," quoth he, "thou hast more wit than thy lord, and in truth thou shalt be Abbot of Canterbury in his place."

"Nay, that cannot be," replied the shepherd, "for I can neither read nor write. I pray thee, let thy Lord Abbot remain."

"Then," said the king to the shepherd,

"Four nobles a week I will give to thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot, when thou com'st home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

Old Ballad
Adapted by M. F. LANSING

Between Ourselves

Why was the king angry with the abbot? Do you think he had good cause? Describe the great feast at the Abbey.

The people in the time of King John were very fond of riddles. Do you like riddles? What is the best one you know?

Who were the king's liege-men?

Shepherds are nearly always shrewd and wise. Can you suggest why?

Have you heard the history of King John? Did he deserve to be called "good King John"?

This story is made out of an old ballad. Find out what a ballad is.

LAVENDER'S BLUE

Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green,
When I am king, dilly dilly, you shall be queen,
Who told you so, dilly dilly, who told you so?
'Twas mine own heart, dilly dilly, that told me so.

Call up your men, dilly dilly, set them to work,
Some with a rake, dilly dilly, some with a fork,
Some to make hay, dilly dilly, some to thresh corn,
Whilst you and I, dilly dilly, keep ourselves warm . . .

Old English Rhyme

Between Ourselves

What colour do *you* think is the colour of lavender?
Learn this poem by heart.
Make a coloured picture of your favourite flower and describe it as fully as you can.

THE LOST CAMEL

A wise man of the East was once travelling in the desert when he met a company of merchants who had lost a camel.

"We have lost one of our camels," they said to the wise man. "Have you seen him?"

"Was your camel blind in his right eye and lame in one left foot?" asked the wise man.

"Yes," said the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" asked the wise man.

"Yes, he had," said the merchants.

"Was he loaded with wheat on one side and with honey on the other?" asked the wise man.

"Yes, he was," said the merchants. "Now will you tell us where you saw our camel?"

"I have not seen your camel," said the wise man.

The merchants were very angry and said, "You must have seen him, because you know all about him. You have taken our jewels and our money from his load."

"No," said the wise man, "I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels and money."

But the merchants did not believe the wise man. They took him to the judge, to whom they told their story.

"How did you know that the camel was blind in his right eye?" asked the judge.

"I knew the camel was blind in his right eye because I noticed that he had eaten grass only on one side of the path," said the wise man.

"How did you know that he was lame in one left foot?" asked the judge.

"I saw that the print of one left foot was fainter than the others," said the wise man.

"How did you know that he had lost a tooth?" asked the judge.

"Wherever the camel had grazed, a small tuft of grass was left untouched in the bunch," said the wise man.

"But how could you tell what his load was?" asked the judge.

The wise man said, "The busy ants on one side and the flies on the other showed me that the camel was loaded with wheat and honey. I knew that he had strayed away because there were no footprints before or behind."

"You are indeed a wise man," said the judge, "and I think you are an honest one."

Then he said to the merchants, "Go, look for your camel."

The merchants did so, and found him not far away with his load untouched.

An Old Legend
Retold by M. F. EGAN

Between Ourselves

The wise man was a man who noticed things.

Do you notice things?

Can you mention five interesting things you noticed this morning on your way to school?

Have you ever played Kim's game? If not, ask a Boy Scout to tell you about it.

THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINT

Canary birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers* to crunch;
And, as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About MY digestion —
ANYTHING does for me!

* *biscuits*

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes—
ANY PLACE does for me!

Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
ANYWHERE does for me!

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel, he's
Ridden by families—
ANY LOAD does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a Camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy —
ANY SHAPE does for me!

C. E. CARRYL

(By arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company)

Between Ourselves

Draw a camel looking sorry for himself.

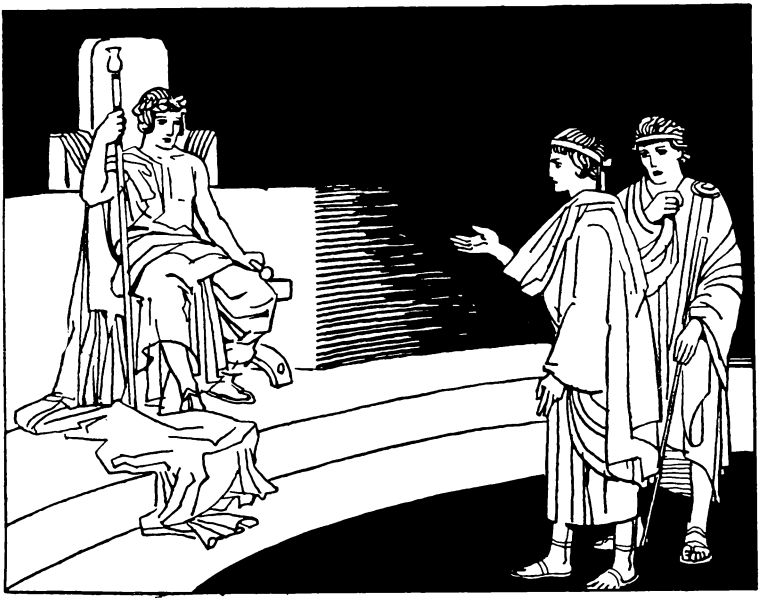
Why may a camel be forgiven for looking sorry for himself?

TWO FAITHFUL FRIENDS

There were once two men living in Syracuse who were firm friends. The name of one was Damon, and of the other Pythias. Wherever Damon was found, Pythias was generally to be seen, for the friends were almost always together.

It happened that Damon had plotted against Dionysius, the ruler of Syracuse. For this he was thrown into prison, and orders were given that he should be put to death in three days.

At that time Damon's wife and child were living at a distance from Syracuse. He begged Dionysius to allow him to go and bid them farewell, and promised that he would return to Syracuse in time to die at sunset on the appointed day. Damon's friend, Pythias, went with him to beg this favour of Dionysius, and



said, "I will stay in prison in his absence, and if he is not back at the appointed time, I will die in his place."

Dionysius granted the favour that Damon asked. He thought, "Damon will not return to die, so Pythias will be put to death, and thus I shall be rid of both my enemies." So Pythias went to prison, and Damon set out upon his journey.

He saw his wife and child, stayed with them a little while, then kissed them and said, "Good-bye for ever!" Then he ordered a servant to bring his horse so that he might start back to Syracuse.

"Your horse, master?" said the trembling servant. "Did you say your horse?"

"Yes," cried Damon, "my horse, that I may hurry back to Syracuse. Why do you tremble and look so pale? Has anything happened to the horse?"

"Yes, master," replied the boy. "Something has happened. He is dead."

"Dead?" said Damon, turning as pale as the boy. "Then, traitor, you have killed him."

"O master," cried the lad, "I could not let you go to die! Think of my mistress and the little boy. Stay with us! The tyrant will not follow you here."

"Murderer!" cried Damon. "It is not my horse that you have killed; it is my friend. O Pythias, Pythias! That I should fail you!"

"Stay, master, stay!" pleaded the boy. His master struck him a heavy blow, crying,

"Out of my way, traitor and murderer! I stay too long and Pythias will die."

Then he rushed away on foot towards Syracuse. He came to a little river which was generally quite shallow, but it was now a raging torrent. He flung himself into the roaring water, and struggled through to the opposite bank. Then he ran again until his strength was nearly gone. Soon a merchant came riding along on a good horse.

"Friend," said Damon, "sell me your horse. I must reach Syracuse by sunset, and I cannot run any further. Sell me your horse. I will give you any price."

"No," answered the merchant. "I need my horse. It is too far for me to walk, and if I go on foot robbers can easily overtake me."

"I must have the horse," cried Damon. "It is life or death for another as well as for myself. Will you sell?"

"No," replied the merchant.

Damon pulled the man from his horse, threw him a purse of money, mounted, and rode at full speed towards the distant city.

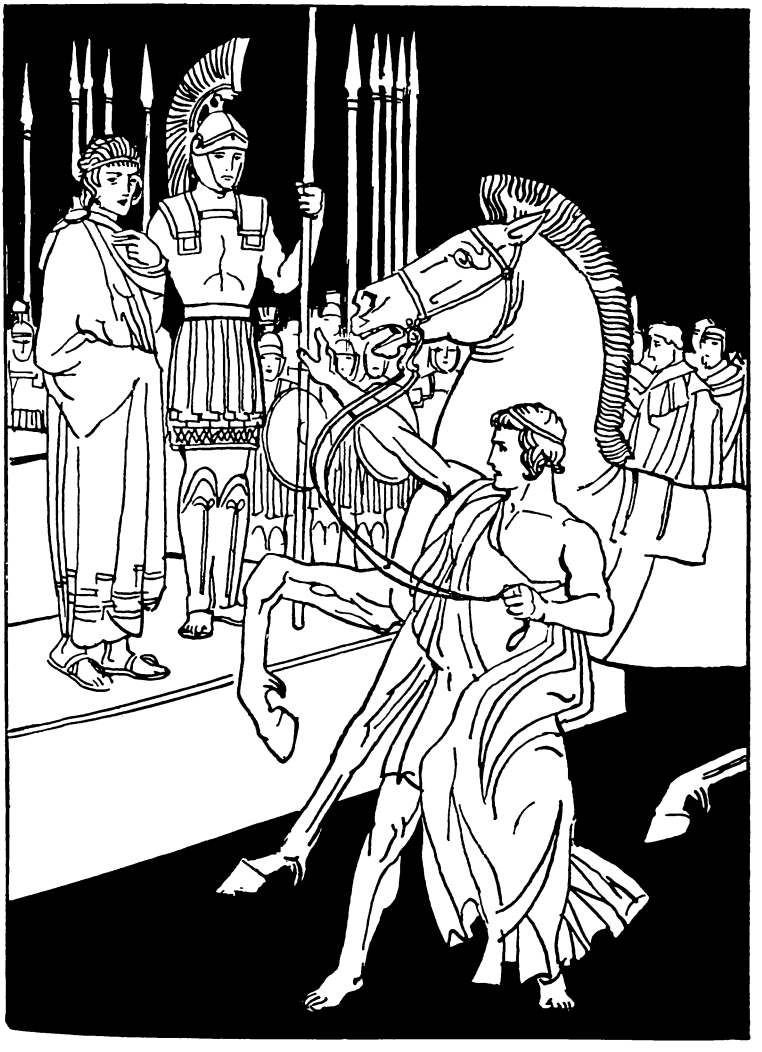
Sunset of the third day had nearly come. Great crowds had gathered outside the gates of Syracuse where Pythias was to die, for it was known that Damon had not returned, and that Pythias must die for his friend.

When Pythias was led out of prison, Dionysius said, "Your friend has not come back to die. You were foolish to think that he would keep his promise. I knew better. Do not ask for mercy, for none will be granted."

"I ask no mercy," said Pythias. "Damon is either ill or dead, for he would never break his word. He would be faithful to me as I am faithful to him."

The sun sank in the western sky. Pythias was led up the steps of the platform, where stood the block on which he was to be beheaded. The people were grieved to see so brave a man die, but Dionysius was glad.

Suddenly there was a stir at the edge of the crowd. A shout arose from the same direction. Everybody turned to look. A horse, grey with foam and dust, burst through the ranks of the people and Damon leapt from his back.



" Forgive me, Pythias," he cried. " I could not come sooner, but I am yet in time."

One loud, long cry went up from the crowded square.

" Pardon, pardon for Damon," the people shouted.

Dionysius bowed his head. " Release the prisoner," he ordered. Then he added, " Let there be three true friends, Damon, Pythias and myself."

A Greek Legend
Retold by C. D. SHAW

Between Ourselves

This is one of the noble stories of the world.

Write down the names of the two friends.

There is a story in the Bible of two men who were great friends. Do you know their names ?

Where is Syracuse ?

What do you think of Dionysius ?

Describe what happened at sunset on the third day.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, 'Boatman do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'

'Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?'
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

'And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright
But for your winsome lady:

'And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

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

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father!'

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, Oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!'

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL

Between Ourselves

Tell the story as excitingly as possible in your own words.

What words might you use instead of tarry, wight, winsome, bonny, sore dismay'd, lamenting?

Whom does the poet call a "bonny bird"?

How does he say that it was dark and the wind was howling?

WHAT THE GOODMAN DOES IS ALWAY RIGHT

GOODMAN. HIS WIFE. TWO STRANGERS

The scene is the little, low room of a peasant's cottage. It is neat and clean but very poor.

ACT I — MORNING

GOODMAN. Yes, my dear, I really think we had better sell the horse.

WIFE. That is as you say. Still, it doesn't cost much to keep him.

GOODMAN. No. That is true. He gets most of his living from the grass by the high road. Still, think how much money I could get for him.

WIFE. But think how much you use him. You ride him to town and bring home all the marketing on his back.

GOODMAN. Aye, 'tis true; but remember how often the neighbours come to borrow him.

WIFE. Yes, but think how often they help you about the farm in return for it. When I was ill last winter, don't you know how Goodwife Brown came to look after the house, and said she was glad enough to make some return for the number of times we had lent her our horse?

GOODMAN. Yes, but I think it will be best to exchange the horse for money or for something useful.

WIFE. Then the horse shall be exchanged.

GOODMAN. But what shall I exchange it for?

WIFE. You will know best, old man. It is Fair day to-day, so ride into town and get rid of the horse for money, or make a good exchange. Whichever you do will be right for me, so make ready now and ride off to the Fair.

GOODMAN. Very well, I will, for you can count on this with me: I know what I am about.

WIFE. Where can the goodman be? He is always back from the market before dark. But there, he would have to walk home, wouldn't he? Ah, me! we shall miss our horse. But there! he knows best — and here he is now.

GOODMAN *(Coming in with a sack).* Good evening, wife.

(Two strangers follow the Goodman, unseen by his wife. They hide behind the door.)

WIFE. Good evening, goodman, and welcome home again!

GOODMAN. I've made the exchange.

WIFE. Yes, you understand what you are about.

GOODMAN. I'll tell you all about it. As I was riding to town, I met a man driving a beautiful cow. I said to myself, "That cow would give good milk, I am sure. A horse may be of more value than a cow, but I don't care for that." So I spoke to the man and exchanged the horse for the cow.

WIFE. Heaven be thanked! What good milk we shall have now, and plenty of butter and cheese for the table! That was a capital exchange. You know what you are about!

GOODMAN. Yes, but after that I met a man driving a sheep, and I said to myself, "A sheep could find plenty of grass in our yard, and would be easier to make room for in winter, and is besides more profitable than a cow." So I exchanged the cow for a sheep.

WIFE. Better still! You always think of everything. We have just pasture enough for a sheep. Ewe's milk and cheese, woollen jackets and stockings! The cow cannot give those, and her hairs would only come off. How you think of everything!

GOODMAN. But I changed that too, I tell you. I met a fellow carrying a great goose under his arm. Said I to myself, "That has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string and paddling in the water at our place. That," said I, "would be something for my old woman." So I gave my sheep for his goose and thanked him into the bargain.

WIFE. You dear old man, you are always thinking of something to give me pleasure. We can let the goose walk about with a

string to her leg, and when she grows fatter, we'll roast her, and this year we shall really have roast goose to eat.

GOODMAN. But I gave away the goose for a fowl.

WIFE. A fowl! That WAS an exchange!

GOODMAN. Yes, the gatekeeper had a fowl, and directly I saw it, I thought to myself, "On my word, I would like to have that fowl. It's the finest I ever saw in my life. Besides, a fowl can always find a grain or two and keep itself."

WIFE. Yes, indeed! The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall have a whole poultry yard! Oh! that's just what I was wishing for.

GOODMAN. Yes, but I exchanged the fowl.

WIFE. You did, and what for?

GOODMAN. Yes, there's quite a story to that. I was tired after that, and I thought I'd stop at the inn, and have a rest.

WIFE. Quite right. You had done a great deal of business, my old man. You deserved a rest. But tell me, what happened then?

GOODMAN. At the door I met the innkeeper carrying a sack. I asked him what he had in that sack, and he told me rotten apples, a whole sackful of them to feed the pigs with. I told him that would be a terrible waste, and said I to him, "I should like to take them home to my old woman, for last year, when our old apple tree bore only one apple, she kept it in the cupboard until it was withered and rotten, and kept saying, 'Anyway, it is always property!'"

WIFE. You told him I said that?

GOODMAN. Indeed I did, and I said how you would open your eyes to see a whole sackful of property. And so we exchanged, and here is the bag of rotten apples.

WIFE *(taking it eagerly)*. My dear, good husband! Now I will tell you something. You had hardly left this morning before I began to think that I must get you something very nice for dinner. As soon as I set about it, I wanted some herbs to cook with. So I went to neighbour Smith — a mean woman, as you know — and asked her to lend me a handful of herbs. "Lend!" she exclaimed, "I have nothing to lend from our garden; I could not even lend you one rotten apple, my dear woman." But now I can lend her ten or even a whole sackful. It makes me laugh to think of it! Dear goodman, what you do is always right!

GOODMAN. There, I said so. *(Turning to the door where the two men have entered.)* Come along in. Didn't I tell you so?

FIRST STRANGER. Well done, goodman.

WIFE. Why, what is all this? Your pardon, sirs. Did you knock?

SECOND STRANGER. No, goodwife, we did not, for your husband knew we were here. We came home with him from the inn, and we must ask your pardon for spying on you. But first we must talk with your goodman.

WIFE. Goodman, what does all this mean?

GOODMAN. I'll tell you, wife. These gentlemen saw me exchange my fowl for the bag of apples, and as I sat at the inn, they asked me about it, and I told them the whole story of my day, just as I have told it now to you. Didn't I, sirs?

FIRST STRANGER. You did, indeed.

SECOND STRANGER. The very same story.

GOODMAN. And this gentleman (*pointing to the first stranger*) said to me, "I'll warrant your old woman will give it to you when you get home." And I said, "Give what?" And he said to me, "Give you a sound rating, and you'll be lucky to get off so easily." But I said, "No, she will say, 'What the goodman does is always right.'"

FIRST STRANGER (*bowing*). And you did, madam. So my friend and I owe you a hundred pounds in gold, which was what we wagered that your husband would be wrong and we right. We will pour it out on to the table if you will allow us, and we are not sorry to do it, for the sake of having seen such a wife as you. Good day, and good luck to you both.

(The two strangers pour the gold on to the table, bow to the Goodman and the Wife, and go out.)

GOODMAN. Look at that pile, will you? This morning we had a horse. Now we have a hundred pounds in gold. Didn't I know what I was about?

WIFE. Goodman, what you do is always right.

HANS ANDERSEN
Adapted by M. F. LANSING

Between Ourselves

What sort of a feeling does this story give you?

This story is in the form of a little play. Arrange with your friends to act it. But you must think out everything carefully first of all.

Say how you think the Goodman and the Wife should look and speak.

What kind of clothes ought they to wear?

(We might have a great deal of talk about this play, but if you are going to act it you will be too busy to answer any more questions).

A STORY OF THE NORTHLAND

HOW THE WOLF WAS BOUND

A great many years ago the people of the Northland believed that there were many gods, and that they lived at the end of the rainbow, in a city called Asgard. The city was full of beautiful palaces of gold and silver, and the most beautiful of them all was the hall of Odin, the all-father, or chief of the gods. Here he sat on his throne and looked out over all the worlds, and saw everything that went on in the sky, or in the earth, or in the sea below.

In Asgard, besides the gods, there lived for a time Loki, the mischief-maker. He came from the home of the frost giants and was so cunning and skilful that the gods allowed him to enter Asgard. But they soon began to be sorry for this.

Loki had married a frightful giantess in the frost country and had three frightful children. One was a wolf so strong that he could not be bound. One was a snake so long that he reached round the earth. One was a woman so terrible that whoever looked upon her died. Only the gods could look on her and live.

When Odin found out who Loki's children were, he sent for them. The snake was thrown down into the sea, where he wound himself around the earth with his tail in his mouth. The woman was shut up in a dark cave under the waters, where she was allowed to rule over those whom she had killed. But the wolf, Fenrir, was more terrible than either the serpent or the woman, and what to do with him Odin did not know. He kept him in Asgard for a time, and Tyr, the bravest of the gods, was given the task of feeding him. But the wolf grew larger and larger and stronger and stronger, until Odin knew that something must be done at once.

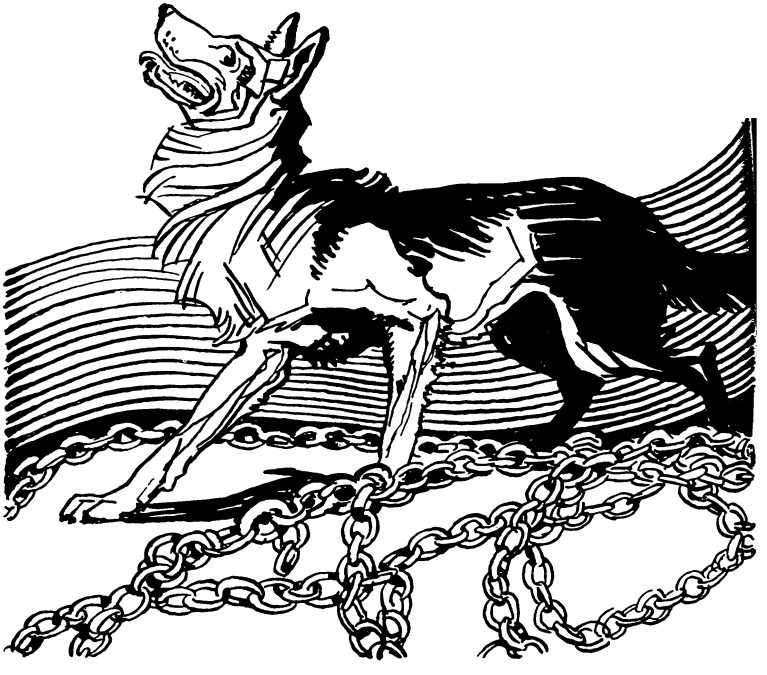
So Odin called the gods together and asked their advice. They thought that if they tried

very hard, they could make a chain that would bind him. So they lighted the fire in their forge, and heated the iron, and beat upon it all night, until they had made a chain larger and stronger than any that had ever been seen before.

Then they called Fenrir, the wolf. They showed him the chain and told him that they would like to see him break it. He laughed softly to himself and let them put it on him. Then he stretched himself. Snap! the chain broke into a dozen pieces, and the wolf walked away, showing his white teeth.

But the gods did not give up after one trial. They went back to their forge and lighted their fire again. When the iron was red-hot they put it on the anvil, and beat, beat, beat, went their great hammers. All day and all night they hammered it, and hammered it again, until they had a chain twice as heavy and twice as strong as the first one.

Then they called the wolf again. He looked at the chain and laughed, as he had laughed before. He knew he had grown stronger since



the first trial. But the gods laughed also to themselves as they put the chain upon him, for they felt sure that this time he could not break it. The wolf stretched himself. The chain was stronger than he had thought. He stretched again. The gods laughed aloud. A third time he stretched, lifting his mighty shoulders and

drawing in great breaths. Snap! the chain broke again, and the pieces went flying through the roof of the great hall. The wolf growled this time, and a wicked light shone out of his eyes as he shook himself free.

What was to be done? Fenrir was growing larger and stronger each day. He would soon destroy even the gods. At last Odin had an idea. He sent to the dwarfs who live under the earth, and told them to make for him a magic chain. He said that the wolf must be bound or all the world would be destroyed.

The dwarfs set to work in their dark, smoky caves under the ground, and they soon had the most wonderful chain that was ever seen. It was made of the sound of a cat's footsteps, the beard of a woman, the roots of a stone, the breath of a fish, and several other very unusual things. When it was finished it was as light and soft as a silken cord, but no one could break it. It was stronger, far, than iron.

The gods took it and showed it to the wolf. "Here," they said, "let us bind you with this."

The wolf looked at it. He was afraid that they were playing a trick upon him. "I will let you bind me with it, if one of you will put his hand into my mouth," he said. "Then if there is any trick about this cord, you know what I shall do."

They knew too well. Each looked at the other. Who was willing to lose his hand for the sake of all? After a moment, Tyr stepped forward. "Open your mouth, Fenrir," he said with a smile. The wolf opened his great mouth, and Tyr put his right hand into it. "There," he said. "Be quiet and let them bind you." He knew that he would never draw his hand out of that red mouth, but — never mind! He would save both gods and men.

They bound the wolf with the cord. They wound it about his legs. They tied it about his feet. All the time he held Tyr's right hand between his teeth. At last they said, "Now, Fenrir, stretch, and free yourself if you can!"

Fenrir stretched, but the cord only cut into his flesh. He stretched again. The cord was

drawn still tighter. He kicked and growled and pulled and roared. The gods laughed. Then Fenrir shut his teeth together.

The gods led Fenrir down under the earth and fastened the cord through the middle of a great rock. He leapt at the gods and tore at the cord so madly that the earth rocked with his struggles. And there they left him.

Tyr had only one hand now, but he was happy because he had saved the world from the power of the evil thing.

Old Norse Myth
Retold by W. T. FIELD

Between Ourselves

This is one of the great stories that come from the Northland where the Vikings lived.

Who was Odin? Where did he live?

Why did the gods allow Loki to enter their city?

Who was given the task of guarding Fenrir?

What did the dwarfs make their wonderful chain of?

Have you ever seen a smith beating red-hot iron on an anvil? If so, write about where it was, and what were your thoughts. If not, say what you imagine it was like in the frost country where Loki came from.

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL

The great desire of a Viking was to die fighting, for then he was sure that after death his soul would pass to Valhalla — the resting place of heroes. The next best thing to dying in battle was to die at sea.

"My strength is failing fast,"
Said the Sea-king to his men; —
"I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed;
Put the crown upon my head; —
Put my good sword in my hand;
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily;
If I cannot end my life
In the bloody battle-strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea."

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head;
They have sheath'd his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore —
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth —
Old sea-lion of the North; —
As he look'd upon his ship
Riding free,
And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne;
And have left him there alone
With his anchor ready weigh'd,

And his snowy sails display'd
To the favouring wind, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore;
And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly,
Saying, " King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea."

Underneath him in the hold
They had placed the lighted brand;
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships; —
There was music in her sail
As it swell'd before the gale,
And a dashing at her prow
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
Scudding free,
As on many a battle morn
In her time she had been borne,
To struggle, and to conquer
On the sea.

And the King with sudden strength
Started up, and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff,
And his robe around his neck; —
Once alone, he waved his hand
To the people on the land;

And with shout and joyous cry
Once again they made reply,
Till the loud exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear;
For the gale was o'er him blowing,
Fresh and free;
And ere yet an hour had passed
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path,
On the sea.

" So blow, ye tempests,— blow,
And my spirit shall not quail;
I have fought with many a foe;—
I have weather'd many a gale;
And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath—
Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,
And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free;—

To the great All-Father's home
I am driving through the foam,
I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

" So, blow, ye stormy winds,—
And ye flames ascend on high;—
In the easy, idle bed,
Let the slave and coward die!
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields and flashing steel;—
Or my foot on foreign ground,
With my enemies around!
Happy, happy, thus I'd yield,
On the deck or in the field,
My last breath shouting, 'On
To Victory',
But since *this* has been denied,
They shall say that I have died
Without flinching, like a monarch
Of the sea."

And Balder spake no more
And no sound escaped his lip;—
And he look'd, yet scarcely saw
The destruction of his ship;
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;—
Scarce heard the billows dash,

Nor the burning timber crash; —
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er
him
Greedily.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
On the sea.

Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet,
With the flames on every side.
" I am coming ! " said the King,
" Where the swords and bucklers ring —
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men —
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows; —
I am coming, great All-Father,
Unto thee !

Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong true hearts of yore —
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea."

CHARLES MACKAY (*Abridged*)

Between Ourselves

Make a list of all the colours mentioned in this poem.

When you think of a battle what colours come into your mind; and what colours when you think of a peaceful afternoon in Spring?

Tell the story of the poem to the boys and girls in your class.

If you tell it very well they will feel . . . and . . . and

Find the missing words.

What is meant by —

"Sheathed his limbs in mail"
"all the energy of yore"
"the lighted brand"
"the driving keel"
"where the swords and bucklers ring"
"Unto Odin, unto Thor"

Write your answers. (This is a hard question.)

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

PART I

There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers. They were brothers, for they had all been made out of the same old tin spoon. They shouldered their guns and looked straight before them. Their uniforms were very smart-looking — red and blue — and very splendid.

The soldiers were all exactly alike except one. He had only one leg, for there had not been enough of the melted tin to finish him. But he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others did on their two. Of all the five-and-twenty tin soldiers, he alone became famous.

The box of soldiers was given to a little boy on his birthday. When he took the lid off the box, he clapped his hands and cried, "Tin soldiers! tin soldiers!" Then he put the box on the table with his other presents. There were

many, but the prettiest was a little paper castle. Through the small windows one could see straight into the rooms of the castle. In front of the castle a number of little trees stood round a piece of looking glass, which was meant for a lake. Swans were on the lake.

All this was very beautiful, but the most beautiful of all was the dainty little lady who stood at the open door of the castle. She too was made of paper, but her dress was of satin. Over her shoulders was a narrow blue ribbon. In the middle of the dress was a sparkling rose. It was as large as the little lady's face.

The little lady was a dancer. She stood there with both arms stretched out and with one leg lifted so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all. He thought that she had only one leg like himself.

"Ah," thought the Tin Soldier, "there is the wife for me, but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, while I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that. It would be no place for a lady; still, I should like to know her." So he hid behind a snuffbox

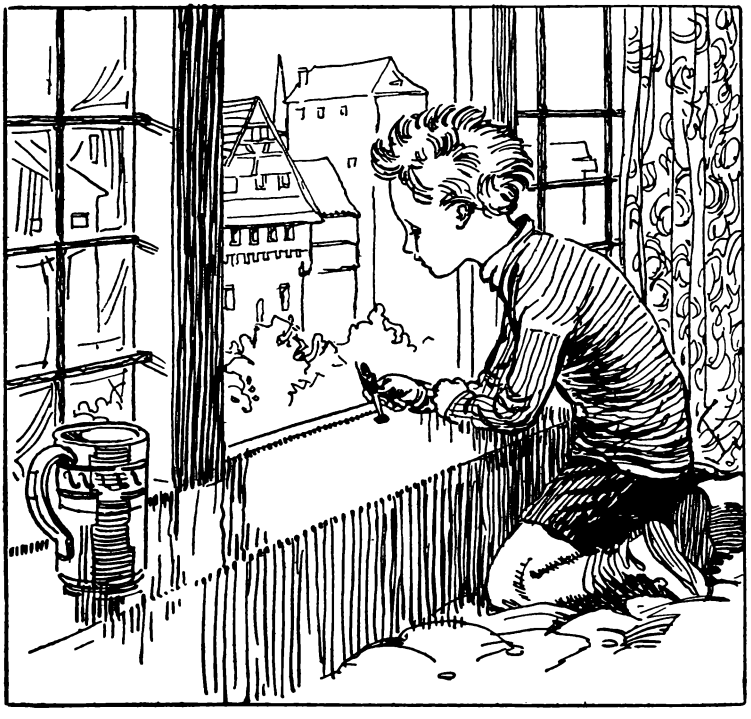
where he could easily watch the dainty little lady, who still remained standing on one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, all the other soldiers were put away in their box. The people in the house went to bed, and then the playthings began to play. They ran and jumped and fought. The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join in the fun, but they could not lift the lid. The only playthings that did not move were the Tin Soldier and the dancing lady. She stood on the tip of her toe with her arms stretched out. He stood firmly on his one leg, shouldering his gun, and his eyes never left her.

The clock struck twelve and, with a leap, out from the snuffbox jumped a little black goblin. You see it was not a real snuffbox but a jack-in-the-box. "Tin Soldier," he said, "keep your eyes to yourself."

The Tin Soldier never turned his head away from the little lady.

"Well, only wait until to-morrow," said the little black goblin, and he was gone.



PART II

The next morning the little boy placed the Tin Soldier on the window-sill far away from the little lady. Now, whether it was the goblin who did it, or the wind, out fell the Tin Soldier head over heels into the street below.

It was a terrible fall! He landed on his head with his gun sticking into the ground and with his one leg pointing straight up.

The little boy ran down at once to look for him. If the Tin Soldier had cried, "Here I am!" it would have been all right, but he was too proud to call for help while he wore a uniform.

It began to rain and the drops fell faster and faster until there was a heavy shower. When the shower was over, two boys came by. "Look," cried one, "there is a tin soldier. He should have a boat to sail in."

So they made a boat out of an old newspaper and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it. Away he sailed down the gutter, while the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands.

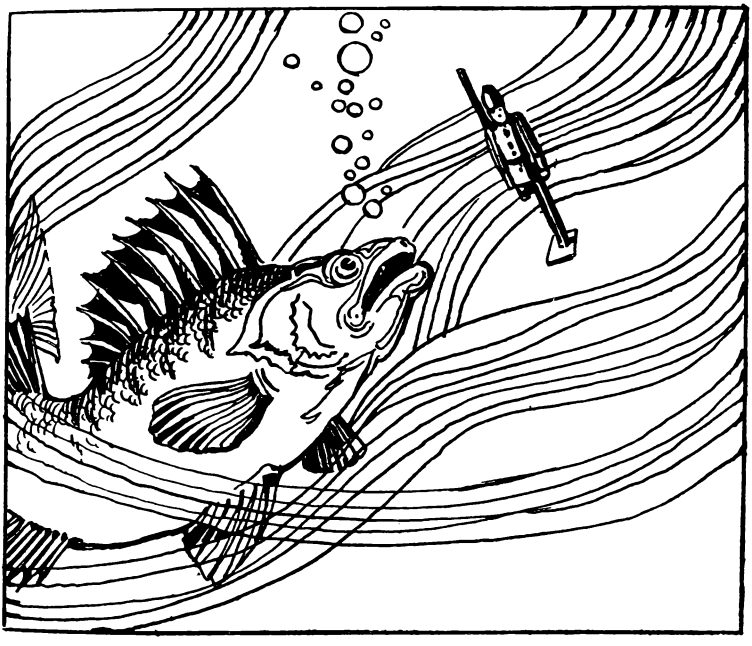
The paper boat was rocked backwards and forwards by the large waves until the Tin Soldier became dizzy, but he remained firm. He looked straight before him and shouldered his gun. Suddenly the boat shot into a long drain. It became as dark as it was in the box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Is this what the goblin meant when he said, 'wait until to-morrow'? If only the little dancer were beside me, I should not care even if it were twice as dark."

Just then a great water rat swam towards the boat. "Stop at once!" it cried. "Where is your passport?"

But the Tin Soldier remained silent and held his gun still tighter. On and on sailed the boat with the rat following. "Stop him, stop him!" the rat cried. "He has not let me see his passport."

The stream flowed more swiftly and on rushed the boat. The Tin Soldier could see bright sunshine ahead and heard a terrible roaring where the gutter ran into the drain. The sound was like that of a waterfall. The boat rushed forward and turned round and round. It filled with water and sank. The water closed over the Tin Soldier's head and down he went. The paper boat parted in the middle and the Soldier was about to sink when the next minute he was swallowed by a fish.



How dark it was inside the fish, darker than in the box, darker than in the drain! But the Tin Soldier remained firm, still shouldering his gun.

After a long time it was light again, and some one cried, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught and taken into the kitchen where the cook cut it open with a large knife.

The cook took the Tin Soldier into the children's room and put him on the table. Can you believe it? He was in the very same room where he had been before. All the children came to look at the wonderful Tin Soldier who had travelled about inside a fish.

The Tin Soldier stood up straight on his one leg and looked around him. There were the same toys on the table. There was the fine castle. There was the pretty dancer standing on one leg while she held the other leg high in the air. The Tin Soldier nearly wept tin tears to see her, but he kept them back. He looked at the dancing lady and she looked at him. Neither spoke.

Presently one of the little boys took up the Tin Soldier and threw him into the stove. He did not say why he did this, but no doubt the goblin in the basket had something to do with it.

The Tin Soldier felt himself growing hot and beginning to melt. Once again he looked at the little dancer, and she looked at him. Still he stood, firm as ever, shouldering his gun.

Just then a door opened and a breeze blew into the room and caught the dancer. Straight into the stove to the Tin Soldier she flew. They both flashed up in a flame and were gone!

When the servant took the ashes out of the stove the next morning she found a little piece of tin in the shape of a heart. But of the dancer nothing remained but the rose, and that was burnt as black as coal.

HANS ANDERSEN (*Adapted*)

Between Ourselves

Make a coloured drawing of the Tin Soldier.

What kind of adventures do you hope to have?

Think of all the words you could use to describe the Tin Soldier.

Find out all you can about a "passport" and then, so that you won't forget it, write it down in a paragraph.

Do you think this story has a sad ending or a happy one? Why? Do you like sad stories?

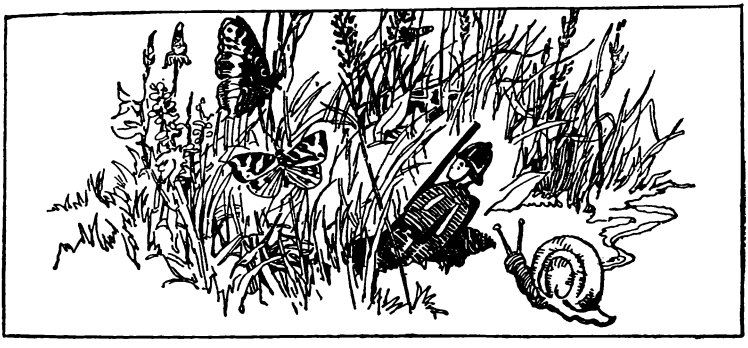
THE DUMB SOLDIER

When the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace;
Grasses hide my hiding-place;
Grasses run like a green sea
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies,
Looking up with leaden eyes,
Scarlet coat and pointed gun,
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,
When the scythe is stoned again,
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then my hole shall reappear.



I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier;
But, for all that's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird,
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,
Not a word of all he knows.
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make up the tale myself.

R. L. STEVENSON

Between Ourselves

Which verse of this poem do you like best? Say why, and write it very carefully in your best handwriting.

The author of this poem is ____. He wrote many delightful poems for boys and girls and some first-rate stories, and lived an interesting, brave life. Ask your teacher to tell you about him.

What does the poet say he would like to do?

What does he mean when he talks of "the starry hours" and "the forests of the grass"?

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

I. JASON IS SENT TO GET THE FLEECE

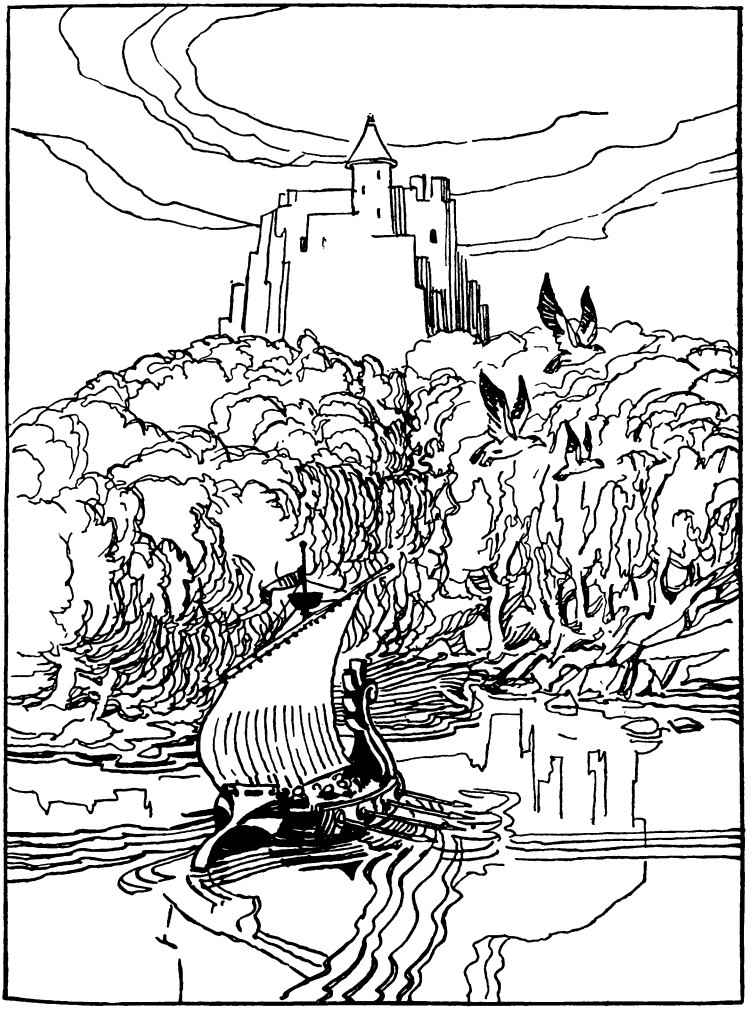
Once upon a time there lived in Iolcos, in the pleasant land of Greece, a young prince named Jason. The king of Iolcos was a wicked and cruel man. He was afraid of Jason, because he knew that by right Jason ought to be king instead of himself. He was afraid, too, that the time might come when Jason would take the kingdom from him. So he sent Jason away on a long and dangerous journey — so long and dangerous that he thought the young prince would never return.

In the country to which Jason was sent was the Golden Fleece. This fleece was the skin of a wonderful ram that years before had carried off two children and had taken them to this far country. There the ram had been killed and his skin had been hung upon a great tree.

The fleece — both the skin and the wool upon it — was of the finest gold and shone like the sun. The king of that country, like the king of Iolcos, was a hard and cruel king, and he would never give up the fleece. But Jason was commanded to go and get it.

Jason was not afraid to go. He called all the brave young men that he had known when they were boys together, and asked them if they would go with him. They did not fear dangers and hardships, and were glad to go. Together they built a great boat with places for fifty oars. For there were fifty of these young men — all noble fellows — and they planned to have an oar for each. The name of the boat was *Argo*, and the young men were called the Argonauts.

When the *Argo* was ready, the Argonauts started on their voyage. They had many adventures and many escapes, and some of the company did not live to reach the country of the Golden Fleece. But after a long time those who were left came to the shores of that far country and saw the golden roofs of the king's palace shining above the tree tops.



II. THE KING WILL NOT GIVE UP THE FLEECE

Then said Jason, "I will go up to the king of this land and ask him for the fleece before we try to take it by force. For it is better first to see what soft words will do."

So he went up and four others with him.

When Jason and his friends saw the king they were filled with awe. His robes were of rich gold cloth, and the rays from his crown flashed fire. In his hand he bore a sceptre which glittered like the stars. Sternly he looked at the young men, and said, "Who are you and what want you here?"

Then Jason answerd, "O King, we come to ask for the Golden Fleece, that we may take it back to Greece. For there, by right, it belongs. But we will pay you for it, if you wish, by fighting against your enemies. We are all good soldiers."

The king was angry because Jason had dared to ask for the fleece, but he did not show his anger. Instead he said cunningly to Jason,

"I will give you the Golden Fleece if you will do what I ask you. In a field, close by, are two bulls with hoofs of brass. They are fierce beasts; they breathe out fire and smoke, and their roaring is like thunder. Hitch these two bulls to my plough and plough the field. Then sow the field with seed that I shall give you. This seed is not like common seed. It is the teeth of a dragon, and when you have sown it, out of each seed will spring an armed man. You must fight these men and overcome them, and you must do all this before the sun goes down. If you do it, I will give you the Golden Fleece. If you fail, it will go hard with you."

Jason thought for a few moments and answered, "I will do it."

Then Jason and his friends went back to their boat, and his friends were very sad. They thought he could never do this thing. Some of them wanted to fight and take away the fleece by force, but Jason said, "No, I have promised the king that I will plough with the bulls and sow the dragon's teeth, and I will do what I have promised."

III. JASON GETS THE HELP OF THE WITCH-MAIDEN

Then one of his friends, who knew that country well, said,

" Jason, there is a witch-maiden in this land, who knows all magic. I will find her and tell her what you want. Perhaps she will help you."

So he went up and found the witch-maiden who was herself a princess. He told her what the king had said to Jason and asked her to help him. The witch-maiden had seen Jason when he was talking to the king that morning, and she was sorry for him. So she came down and gave to Jason a magic juice.

" Take this juice," she said, " and to-morrow morning arise and rub it over your body and over your spear and your sword and your shield. Then you will have the strength of a giant, and neither the fiery breath of the bulls nor the spears of the armed men will hurt you. But remember that you must finish the work before sunset, for this juice is good only for a day."

"Another thing I will tell you," said the witch-maiden. "When you have sown the dragon's teeth, and when the armed men have sprung up, throw a great stone among them. Then they will stop fighting you and will fight over the stone and will destroy one another. So you shall win the Golden Fleece."

IV. JASON PLOUGHS THE FIELD AND SOWS THE DRAGON'S TEETH

The next morning Jason rose up early and rubbed himself, and his sword, and his spear, and his shield, with the magic juice.

Then he went out to the field, and the bulls rushed out of a great hole in the earth. They pawed the ground with their hoofs of brass, and they breathed out fire and smoke. But Jason stood firm and held up the shield that he had rubbed with the magic juice. The bulls drove their horns against it and breathed out fire upon it, and upon Jason, but he was not hurt. The magic juice protected him.

Now Jason dropped the shield and seized the nearest bull by the horns and dragged it

down on its knees to the ground. After that he hitched it to the plough. When this was done he did the same to the other bull and drove them both round the field, ploughing up the ground. The bulls roared terribly and ran before him with the plough, but they did not hurt him.

While he ploughed the field, the king stood by and watched him, and was filled with rage. He thought that the bulls would surely trample Jason into the earth — and behold! Jason had hitched them and had ploughed the field.

Then Jason took the dragon's teeth and sowed them where he had ploughed. And out of the earth rose up armed men — thousands of them — and rushed upon Jason. But Jason remembered what the witch-maiden had told him. He seized a great rock — so great that four men could hardly lift it — and he hurled it right into the midst of the armed men. Then they stopped fighting him and began to fight among themselves, round the rock, as dogs fight over a bone. And they fought until not one of them was left.

"Now," said Jason to the king, "give me the Golden Fleece."

The king was pale with rage and fear, but he hid his rage and said to Jason, "Wait until to-morrow and I will give you the fleece."

So Jason went back to his friends on the shore, and the king sent for the witch-maiden, for he was sure that she had helped Jason with her magic.

When the witch-maiden heard that the king had sent for her, she went down to the shore where Jason and his friends were feasting.

"Oh, save me! save me!" she said, "for the king has sent for me, and he will destroy me. My magic will not save me from him."

"You need not fear the king," said Jason. "Show us the Golden Fleece, and when we have it, we will take you with us to the pleasant land of Greece. There you may make your home, and none shall harm you."

The maiden wept, for she did not want to leave her home. But at last she said, "Come with me, and I will show you the fleece. You must be quick and strong, for a mighty serpent

keeps watch over it, and it will be hard to get. But I think I can make the serpent sleep, for I have with me another juice which brings sleep to all who are sprinkled with it. If I can make the serpent sleep, then you may take the fleece."

V. JASON TAKES THE FLEECE AND RETURNS HOME

So they went out through the dark woods — Jason and the witch-maiden — and it was past midnight. Great trees rose dim on each side of the path, and dark, tangled vines caught their feet as they passed. But soon they saw something shining far ahead. The forest then grew lighter, and they could see the way. The light came from the Golden Fleece. There it hung upon a great oak tree and lighted all the woods.

But at the foot of the tree lay the mighty serpent, coiled in and out among the roots. When he saw Jason and the witch-maiden he lifted up his great head and hissed. And the forest trembled. Then the witch-maiden began

her magic charms to make the monster sleep. Soon he grew drowsy, and his head sank slowly down. Taking a branch she dipped it in the juice and sprinkled it over the monster's head. Then his eyes closed slowly, and he was fast asleep.

When all was quiet, Jason leapt to the tree and tore down the fleece. Then they hurried back through the forest, and the fleece which Jason carried shone so that it made the woods as bright as day.

When they reached the shore their boat, the *Argo*, was ready to receive them. Their friends were waiting. They hurried aboard, and when dawn began to appear in the east they were out at sea, well on their way towards home.

They had many other adventures before they saw again the pleasant land of Greece. But in the end they reached home, and Jason married the witch-maiden and became king.

From Apollonius of Rhodes
Retold by W. T. FIELD

Between Ourselves

This is a very short telling of one of the great stories of the world.

Write down —

the name of the place where Jason lived ;
the name of Jason's boat ; (how big was it ?)
the name given to Jason's sailors ;
the things Jason was required to do to win the Golden Fleece.

In what way was Jason helped by the magic juice ?

What did he do when the armed men sprang up ?

Tell the story of how Jason and the witch-maiden at last got the Golden Fleece.

SONG — THE OWL

I

When cats run home and light is come,
  And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
  And the whirring sail goes round,
  And the whirring sail goes round;
    Alone and warming his five wits,
    The white owl in the belfry sits.

II

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

LORD TENNYSON

Between Ourselves

Learn this poem by heart.

Draw a picture of a white owl.

The word "roundelay" (do you know what it means?) has a pleasant sound. Write down five other words that have a pleasant sound for you.

THE FIRST AIRMAN

Many, many years ago, a very clever craftsman named Daedalus was imprisoned on the Island of Crete by order of Minos, the King. With Daedalus was his young son, Icarus. After a time Daedalus was able to escape, with Icarus, from prison. But he could not get away from Crete. Minos had ordered a strict watch to be kept on all the ships in the harbour, and no captain dared to take Daedalus on board. Hating Crete, and wearying of his long exile from home, Daedalus spent his time in trying to think of some way of gaining liberty for himself and Icarus.

One day as Daedalus stood, sick at heart, on the sea shore, his attention was drawn to a seagull. As he watched the bird, now sweeping in graceful curves through the air, now poised in its flight between earth and heaven, Daedalus

said to himself, "Though the King may block our escape by land and water, yet the sky is open. Though Minos rules over earth and water, he has no power over the air. By that way I will go."

With hope once more alive in his heart, Daedalus set to work. He gathered feathers from the osprey, the sea eagle and the gull. These he laid in order, placing short next to long. Then he fastened the feathers together with twine and wax. Thus arranged, he bent them with a gentle curve, so that they looked like real birds' wings.

Icarus stood by his father while he worked. Little knowing that these wings were to be the cause of his death, he would now joyfully catch at the feathers which some passing breeze had blown about. Now he would mould the yellow wax with his finger and thumb into strange shapes of birds and beasts. Now he would use, for some game of his own, the twine which was lying by his father's hand, and by his merry sport and prattle would hinder in a thousand ways the wondrous task of Daedalus.

When, at last, the finishing touches had been put to the work, the master craftsman fastened two of the wings on to his shoulders and hung poised on the beaten air. Icarus, filled with delight, longed to try his skill, but before allowing him to do so, the old man said, "I warn you, Icarus, to fly in a middle course. If you go too low, the water may weight your wings. If you go too high, the fiery sun will melt the wax which holds them together. Fly between the two, and follow me, my son."

Then he fitted the strange wings on to the shoulders of Icarus, and kissing the boy, he flew on ahead, fearing for his son as a mother bird fears for her fledglings when first she leads them forth from the nest.

Thus instructed in the fatal art of flight, Icarus followed Daedalus, who flapped his wings and looked back over his shoulders many times to see how the boy was faring.

Soon they have left Crete and are flying over the islands to the north. Now some fisherman leaves his rod to gaze upon this wonderful

sight. Now a shepherd, leaning upon his crook, watches these strange beings in their flight through the air. A woman, going to the well for water, drops her jar and runs home in terror. A ploughman, his hands still grasping the plough handles, ceases work and stands, awed and silent, believing those to be gods whom he sees flying through the air.

By this time Icarus has become used to his wings. And now, rejoicing in his freedom, determined to put his new-found power to the test, he ceases to follow his father. Forgetful of the warning of Daedalus, led on by a desire for the open sky, and proud of the skill with which he uses his wings, he steers his course higher and ever higher.

Alas ! the scorching rays of the sun seek out the fragrant wax which holds his wings in place. As the wax melts, the feathers drop one by one. Icarus still beats his arms up and down, but lacking wings, they take no hold upon the air. Down, down he falls, and as the blue waters close over his lips, he calls for the last time upon his father's name.

"Icarus, Icarus, where are you?" cries the unhappy father again and again.

Only a ripple on the surface of the water; only a few feathers floating idly on the peaceful sea — but Daedalus knows that his son has gone for ever.

Retold from OVID

Between Ourselves

Find out where Crete is.

Why wasn't Daedalus content to stay with Icarus in Crete? What did he desire?

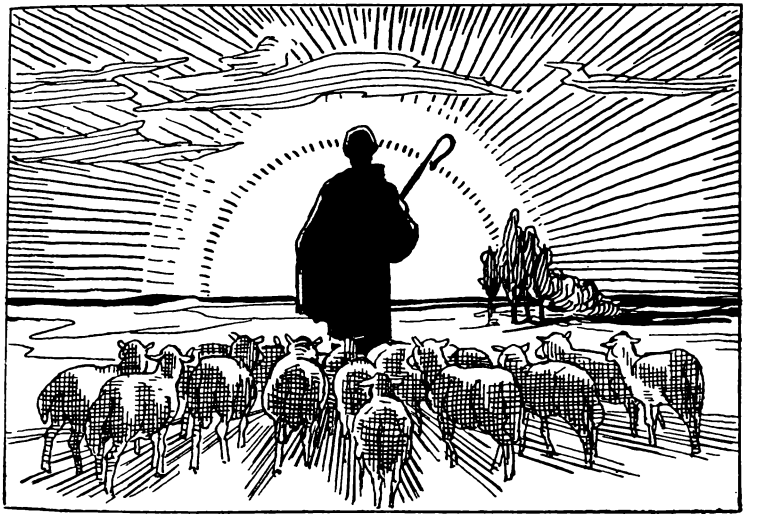
How did Daedalus make wings for himself and his son?

You may have heard or read of some one "flying too high." The saying goes back to the story of Daedalus. What does it mean? In what ways can men and women in ordinary life "fly too high"?

Why does the writer speak of "the fatal art of flight"?

Is Icarus to be blamed, or pitied, or both?

Describe as completely as you can a modern aeroplane, or make a drawing of one.



PSALM XXIII

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
for ever.

THE BIBLE

Between Ourselves

This is a beautiful poem.
Learn it by heart and you will have great joy from it.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

Once upon a time, in the country of Libya, in Africa, there lived a fierce and monstrous dragon. Day by day he roamed on the borders of a lake not far from the city of Silene. No traveller in that part of the country was safe from him, and the people who dwelt in Silene lived in terror of him from day to day.

Many times the king had sent soldiers to kill the dragon, but they had never been able to overcome him. At sight of the monster they quaked with fear. They seemed already to feel his cruel claws tearing their flesh, and in terror they fled to the shelter of the city.

When the dragon was hungry, he would leave the lake and come near to the city walls. The fumes from his smoky breath poisoned all those who were within reach of it, and in order to get rid of him the terror-stricken people would throw him two sheep on which to make a meal. Having eaten these and satisfied his hunger, he would once more return to the lake.

Day after day this went on, until at last there was not a sheep left. What was to be done? The people met together to talk about it, and decided that the only way to save the city was to give the dragon every day either a young man or a young woman, and one of their cattle. Lots were drawn each day to decide who should be the person to be sacrificed. No one was spared. Rich or poor, high or low, someone must each day be given to the monster.

Now it happened that one day the princess herself was drawn by lot. The king was filled with horror. He offered in exchange his gold, his silver, and the half of his kingdom, if anyone were willing to take her place. But alas! there was no one. The people came to his palace and said, "Why do you spare your daughter and leave us to be slain by the breath of this monster? Our children are as dear to us as the princess is to you, yet day by day one of them is taken."

At last the king saw that he must give up his daughter. He dressed her in her richest clothes, and kissed her, and said, "Ah! my dearest daughter, what an end is this! I had thought to die and leave you happy on my throne. I hoped to have invited princes to your wedding. Instead, I have to send you to the dragon, while I am left here in my kingdom, miserable and alone."

The princess wept and clung to her father, and begged him to bless her. This he did, weeping bitterly. Then she left him and went bravely to the lake where the dragon dwelt.

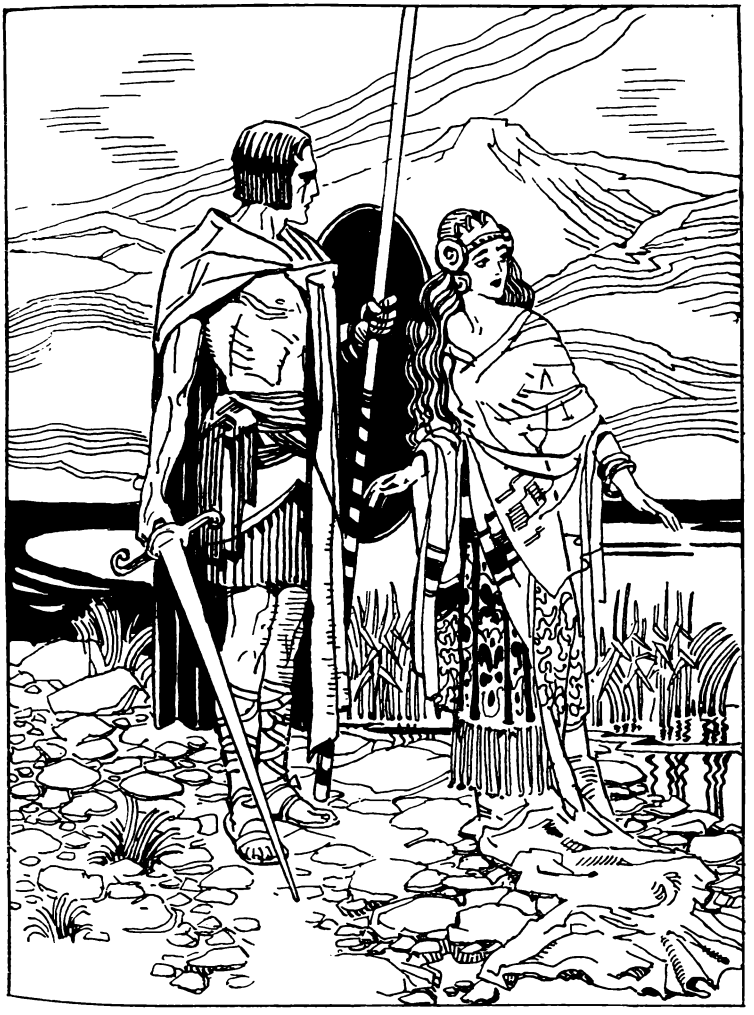
The people of Libya were heathen. They had never heard of the true God, but in Cappadocia, not far away, was a Christian named George. This George was a handsome young man, brave and noble. One night he had a dream, and in his dream he heard a voice telling him to go to Libya. Early the next morning he mounted his horse and set out on his way.

By and by the young man came to the lake and saw the princess standing alone, weeping bitterly. Dismounting from his horse, he came to her and asked her why she wept. She answered, "Mount your horse quickly, good youth, and gallop away, or you too will perish."

"Do not fear," said George. "Tell me why you are waiting here, and why there is a great crowd of people in the distance watching you."

Again she begged him to fly. "I am sure, sir," she said, "that you are brave and kind; but save yourself, for you cannot save me."

"Until I know the cause of your trouble," said George, "I cannot flee." So she told him all.



III

"Be of good courage," said he. "It was for this that I was sent. I will defend you."

"You will only die with me," said the princess. "No single man, however brave, can hope to conquer the dragon. He will kill you too, and you will have given your life in vain."

At that moment the great dragon rose from the lake. With his scales glittering in the bright sunlight, and fire and smoke pouring from his mouth, he was indeed a wonderful and terrible sight, and one to frighten the stoutest heart.

But George had no thought of fear. Making the sign of the cross, he went forward boldly to meet the dragon. When he came near enough, he lifted his spear, and, with a mighty sweep of his arm, threw it at the monster. The spear pierced the dragon's neck and pinned him to the earth.

At the command of George, the princess took off her girdle and passed it round the spear. Then leading the dragon, she walked towards the city with George, holding his horse by the

bridle, at her side. The people began to flee when they saw the monster, but George made them stay.

"Fear not," said he. "This dragon can no longer harm you. The Lord sent me to deliver you." So the crowd followed, and they came to the palace where the old king sat sorrowing. When he heard the people shouting, he rose up

and came forth, and saw his daughter with the dragon following meekly behind her.

Then George took his sword and smote off the dragon's head, and all the people hailed him as their deliverer. But George told them to give praise to God, and he stayed with them until they had learnt the Christian faith.

After this George did many other brave and noble deeds, and when he died he was called Saint George. After many years the people of England made him their patron saint, and " Saint George for Merry England " became the English battle cry.

Old English Legend

Between Ourselves

Draw a picture of the dragon when he rose from the lake and colour it brightly.

Who is the patron saint of Scotland ? of Ireland ?

What is a patron saint ? Is there any reason for thinking it strange that St. George should be the patron saint of England ?

Write the story of St. George's fight with the Dragon.

What is your opinion of the people of Silene ?

THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES

(A Brahman is a person of the highest class in India. One of the rules of his life is to be kind to animals.)

A Brahman is walking along the road in India. He comes to an iron cage, in which a great Tiger is shut up.

TIGER. Brother Brahman, Brother Brahman, have pity on me, and let me out of this cage for one minute, for I am dying of thirst.

BRAHMAN. No, I will not. Without a doubt the villagers caught you and shut you up because you had been eating men, and if I let you out of the cage you will eat me.

TIGER. Oh, father of mercy, in truth I will not. I will never be so ungrateful. Only let me out that I may drink some water and return. I tell you, I am dying of thirst.

BRAHMAN. Very well, then. I will let you out. *(Opens the door of the cage.)*

TIGER *(jumping out).* Ha ! Ha ! I am out. Now I will kill you first and eat you, and drink the water afterwards.

BRAHMAN. Wait a bit. Do not kill me hastily. Let us first ask the opinion of six, and if all of them say that it is just and fair that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die.

TIGER. Very well. It shall be as you say. We will first ask the opinion of six.

(The Tiger and the Brahman walk along until they come to a Fig Tree.)

BRAHMAN. Fig Tree, Fig Tree, hear and give judgment.

FIG TREE. On what must I give judgment ?

BRAHMAN. This Tiger begged me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so. But now that I have let him out, he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so, or is it not ?

FIG TREE. Men often come to take shelter from the scorching rays of the sun in the cool shade of my boughs. But when they have

rested, they cut and break my pretty branches and carelessly scatter my leaves. Men are an ungrateful race. LET THE TIGER EAT THE BRAHMAN!

TIGER. Ha! Ha! I will eat you now.

BRAHMAN. No, Tiger, not yet. You must not kill me yet, for you promised that we should first hear the judgment of six. Come a little further.

TIGER. Very well.

(They go on their way and after a little while they meet a Camel.)

BRAHMAN. Sir Camel, Sir Camel, hear and give judgment.

CAMEL. On what must I give judgment?

BRAHMAN. This Tiger begged me to open his cage door and promised not to eat me if I did so. Now that I have let him out, he is determined to eat me. Is that just, or is it not?

CAMEL. When I was young and strong, and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food. But now that I am old and have lost all my strength in his service, he starves me and beats me. Men are an unjust and cruel race. LET THE TIGER EAT THE BRAHMAN!

TIGER. Do you hear that? Ha! ha! I will eat you this instant.

BRAHMAN. Stop, Tiger, for we must first hear the judgment of six.

(They go on their way. At a little distance they find a Bullock lying by the wayside.)

BRAHMAN. Brother Bullock, Brother Bullock, hear and give judgment.

BULLOCK. On what must I give judgment?

BRAHMAN. I found this tiger in a cage. He prayed me to open the door and let him out to drink a little water, and promised not to kill me if I did so. But when I let him out he made up his mind to put me to death. Is it fair that he should do so, or is it not?

BULLOCK. When I was able to work, my master fed me well and tended me carefully. But now that I am old he has forgotten all I did for him, and left me here by the road-side to die. Men have no pity. LET THE TIGER EAT THE BRAHMAN!

TIGER. Ha! Ha! That is judgment enough. I will eat you now.

BRAHMAN. No, Tiger, not yet, you must not kill me yet. You promised that we should hear the judgment of six, and three only have spoken.

TIGER. Hasten then, for I am hungry as well as thirsty.

(As they speak an Eagle flies overhead.)

BRAHMAN. O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment.

EAGLE. On what must I give judgment?

BRAHMAN. I let this Tiger out of his cage, and he promised not to eat me, but now that he is free, he wishes to. Is that just or not?

EAGLE. Whenever men see me, they try to shoot me. They climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Men are the terror of the earth. LET THE TIGER EAT THE BRAHMAN!

TIGER *(roaring in a loud voice)*. The judgment of all is against you, O Brahman. I am going to eat you.

BRAHMAN. Stay yet a little longer, for two others must be asked first.

(After this they see an Alligator.)

BRAHMAN. Here I shall get a different judgment. O Alligator, hear and speak. This Tiger wants to eat me. I let him out of his cage on the promise that he would not do so, yet now he says he will. Is that just or is it not?

ALLIGATOR. Whenever I put my nose out of the water, men torment me and try to kill me. As long as men live we shall have no rest. LET THE TIGER EAT THE BRAHMAN!

BRAHMAN. But one chance more. I fear I am lost.

TIGER. Yes, I am going to eat you at once. Let us get this sixth question over. Ask this Jackal who has been standing on the bank listening.

BRAHMAN. Ah, Uncle Jackal, did you hear my story?

JACKAL. Every word.

BRAHMAN. Give, then, a judgment.

JACKAL. I am afraid I am very stupid, but I cannot say who was in the right and who was in the wrong unless I see exactly where you were when the dispute began. Show me the place.

(So the Brahman and the Tiger return to the place where they first met, and the Jackal goes with them.)

JACKAL. Now, Brahman, show me just where you stood. That will help me to understand.

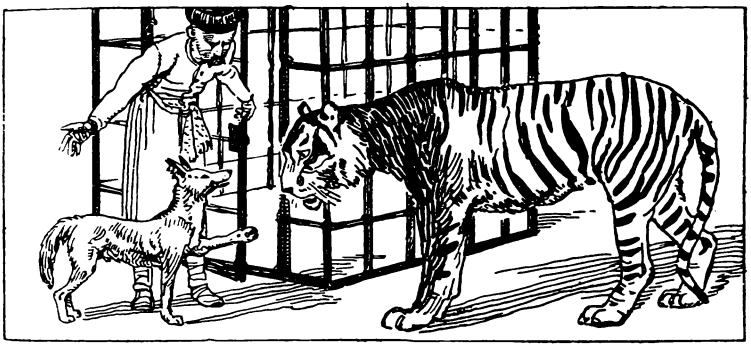
BRAHMAN *(standing by the cage)*. Here.

JACKAL. Exactly there, was it?

BRAHMAN. Exactly here.

JACKAL. Where was the Tiger, then?

TIGER. I was in the cage.



JACKAL. How do you mean? I don't seem able to see exactly how it was.

TIGER. Why, I was in the cage. Don't you see?

JACKAL. Yes, but how do you mean? How were you in the cage, and which way were you looking?

TIGER (*jumping into the cage*). I stood so, and my head was on this side.

JACKAL. Very good, but still I feel that I cannot judge without seeing things just as they were. Surely the cage door was not open?

BRAHMAN. No, shut and bolted this way.

(*Shuts and bolts the door.*)

TIGER. There! Now you see just how things were. Do you understand now?

JACKAL. Perfectly, and if you will allow me to say so, you wicked and ungrateful Tiger, I think matters may remain just as they are. Come, friend Brahman, let us go on. Your road lies that way, I think, and mine this.

(*They go off in different directions.*)

TIGER. And I didn't even get my drink of water!

Indian Folk Tale
Adapted by M. F. LANSING

Between Ourselves

What kind of a story did you expect when you read the title?

Try and arrange to act this little play with your friends.

Whom do you admire most of all the characters? Why?

All the judges except the Jackal decided against the Brahman. What would have been your decision if you had been consulted?

Do you know any other story in which a jackal shows his cunning?

HOW GIDEON AND THREE HUNDRED MEN OVERCAME AN ARMY

The children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord: and the Lord delivered them into the hand of Midian seven years. And because of Midian the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strongholds. Thus it was, when Israel had sown, that the Midianites came up, and destroyed the increase of the earth, and left no sustenance in Israel, neither sheep, nor ox, nor ass. For they came up with their cattle and their tents, they came in as locusts for multitude; both they and their camels were without number: and they came into the land to destroy it. And Israel was brought very low because of Midian; and the children of Israel cried unto the Lord.

And the angel of the Lord came, and sat under the oak which was in Ophrah: and Gideon the son of Joash was beating out wheat in the winepress, to hide it from the Midianites. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour."

And Gideon said unto him, "Oh, my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? But now the Lord has forsaken us and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites."

And the Lord looked upon him, and said, "Go in this thy might, and save Israel from the hand of the Midianites: have not I sent thee?"

And he said, "Oh Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." And the Lord said unto him, "Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man." And the angel of the Lord departed out of his sight.

But the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon. And he sent messengers throughout

all Manasseh; and they also were gathered together after him: and he sent messengers unto Asher, and unto Zebulun, and unto Naphtali; and they came up to meet him. And Gideon, and all the people that were with him, rose up early, and pitched beside the spring of Harod: and the camp of Midian was on the north side of them, by the hill of Moreh, in the valley.

And the Lord said unto Gideon, "The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hand, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, 'Mine own hand hath saved me.' Now therefore go to, proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, 'Whosoever is fearful and trembling, let him return and depart from Mount Gilead.'" And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand.

And the Lord said unto Gideon, "The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there: and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, 'This shall go with thee,' the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, 'This shall not go with thee,' the same shall not go." So he brought down the people unto the water: and the Lord said unto Gideon, "Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink." And

the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, was three hundred men: but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water. And the Lord said unto Gideon, "By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand: and let all the people go every man unto his place."

So the people took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets: and he sent all the rest of Israel every man unto his tent, and retained those three hundred men: and the host of Midian was beneath him in the valley.

And it came to pass the same night, that the Lord said unto him, "Arise, get thee down into the camp; for I have delivered it into thine hand. But if thou fear to go down, go thou with Purah thy servant down to the host: and thou shalt hear what they say: and afterward shall thine hands be strengthened to go down unto the host."

Then went he down with Purah his servant into the outside of the armed men that were in the host. And the Midianites and the

Amalekites and all the children of the east lay along in the valley like locusts for multitude; and their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea shore for multitude. And when Gideon was come, behold, there was a man that told a dream unto his fellow, and said, "Behold, I dreamed a dream, and, lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the camp of Midian, and came unto the tent, and smote it that it fell, and turned it upside down, that the tent lay along." And his fellow answered and said, "This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon the son of Joash, a man of Israel: into his hand God hath delivered Midian, and all the host."

And it was so, when Gideon heard the telling of the dream, and the interpretation thereof, that he worshipped; and he returned into the camp of Israel, and said, "Arise, for the Lord hath delivered into your hand the host of Midian." And he divided the three hundred men into three companies, and he put a trumpet in every man's hand and empty pitchers, and lamps within the pitchers. And he said unto

them, "Look on me, and do likewise: and, behold, when I come to the outermost part of the camp, it shall be that, as I do, so shall ye do. When I blow the trumpet, I and all that are with me, then blow ye the trumpets also on every side of all the camp, and say, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'"

So Gideon, and the hundred men that were with him, came unto the outermost part of the camp in the beginning of the middle watch, when they had but newly set the watch: and they blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers that were in their hands. And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal: and they cried, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." And they stood every man in his place round about the camp: and all the host ran, and cried, and fled. And the three hundred blew the trumpets, and the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host: and the host fled. And the men of Israel gathered

themselves together and pursued after the Midianites. Thus was Midian subdued before the children of Israel, so that they lifted up their heads no more. And the country was in quietness forty years in the days of Gideon.

THE BIBLE (*Abridged*)

Between Ourselves

There is a great deal of what we might call "picture-writing" in this passage from the Bible. In what words are we told that —

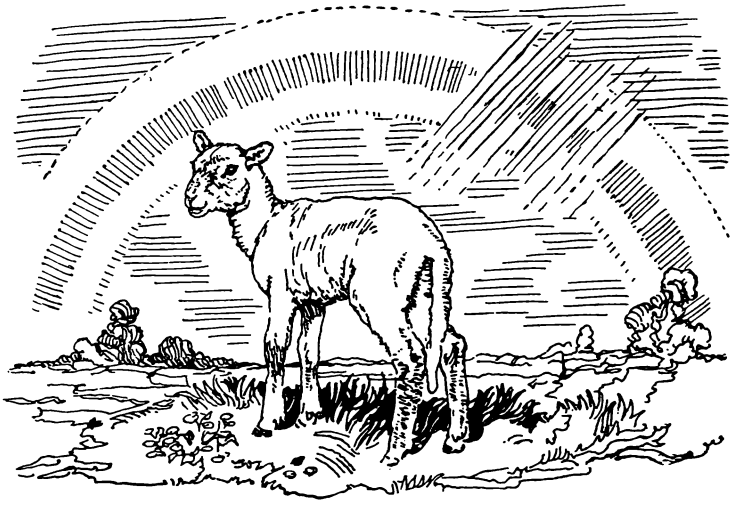
the Midianites were very great in number;
Gideon was strong and brave;
the Amalekites had an immense number of camels?

Make a list of the places mentioned, and then a list of the people; and underline the names which you think have a noble sound.

Why did the Lord wish the Midianites to be defeated by only a few Israelites?

What was the dream that Gideon overheard told?

At what time in the day or night did Gideon make his attack? What trick did he use and how were the Midianites vanquished?



THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by his name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE

Between Ourselves

Learn this poem by heart, and say it over to yourself in a small voice when you are alone.

HOW SIR GALAHAD FOUND HIS SWORD AND HIS SHIELD

I. SIR GALAHAD COMES TO CAMELOT

In olden days, when knights rode out on horseback to do brave deeds, King Arthur ruled England. In his castle was a high-roofed hall, and in this hall a great round table, about which the knights used to gather. Because of this they were called the Knights of the Round Table. Each knight had his own seat, and on that seat his name was written in letters of gold. But one seat, called the Siege Perilous, was always empty, because it was said that no knight might sit therein save one, and he the most worthy. King Arthur's knights were modest knights as well as brave, and none felt that he was more worthy than his fellows.

Now it happened that on one Whitsunday King Arthur made a feast to which he invited all his knights of the Round Table.

When they were served, and all the seats filled, save only the Siege Perilous, there befell a marvellous adventure, that all the doors and windows of the palace shut by themselves. Yet the hall was not greatly darked. Then King Arthur said, "By God, fair fellows and lords, we have seen this day a marvel, but ere night I suppose we shall see greater marvels."

As he spake there came in a good old man, clothed all in white, and no knight knew from whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, both on foot, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side. And these words he said, "Sir, I bring here a young knight, the which is of king's lineage."

The king was right glad of his words, and said unto the good man, "Sir, be ye right welcome, and the young knight with you."

Then the old man made the young man to unarm him, and he was in a coat of red silk,

and bare a mantle upon his shoulder that was furred with ermine, and put that upon him. And the old knight said unto the young knight, "Sir, follow me." And anon he led him unto the Siege Perilous; and the good man lift up the cloth that covered it, and found there letters that said thus, "This is the siege of Galahad, the haut prince."

"Sir," said the old knight, "wit ye well that place is yours."

And Galahad sat him down surely in that siege. And then he said to the old man, "Sir, ye may go now your way, for well have ye done that ye were commanded to do."

So the good man departed; and there met him twenty noble squires, and so took their horses and went their way.

Then all the knights of the Round Table marvelled greatly of Sir Galahad, that he durst sit there in that Siege Perilous, and was so tender of age. Then came King Arthur unto Galahad and said, "Sir, ye be welcome," and took him by the hand.

II. SIR GALAHAD FINDS A SWORD

"Sir," said King Arthur unto Sir Galahad, "I will show you a great marvel. This morning there was found in the river a stone floating, as it were of red marble, and therein stuck a fair rich sword, and in the pommel thereof were precious stones wrought with subtle letters of gold. The letters read in this wise, 'Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight in the world.'"

And King Arthur took Sir Galahad, and showed him the stone where it hoved on the water.

"Sir," said Galahad, "that is no marvel, for this is my adventure. Because of this sword I brought none with me, for here by my side hangeth the scabbard." And anon he laid his hand on the sword, and lightly drew it out of the stone, and put it in the sheath, and said unto the king, "Now it goeth better than it did aforehand."

"Sir," said the king, "a shield God shall send you."

III. SIR GALAHAD FINDS A SHIELD

The knights of the Round Table, one hundred and fifty in all, were ready to start upon a great quest. And they put on their helms and departed, and every knight took the way that he liked best.

And Sir Galahad, yet without shield, rode four days without any adventure.

And at the fourth day, after evensong, he came to a White Abbey and there he was received with great reverence, and led unto a chamber, and there was he unarmed.

There were at the Abbey two other knights of the Table Round. One was Sir Bagdemagus, and the other was Sir Uwaine.

"Sirs," said Sir Galahad, "what adventure brought you hither?"

"Sir," said they, "it is told us that within this place is a shield that no man may bear about his neck, but he be either dead within three days or maimed for ever."

"Ah, sir," said Sir Bagdemagus, "I shall bear it to-morrow for to assay this adventure."

"In the name of God," said Sir Galahad.

"Sir," said Bagdemagus, "and if I achieve not the adventure of this shield, ye shall take it upon you, for I am sure ye shall not fail."

"Sir," said Galahad, "I right well agree thereto, for I have no shield."

So on the morn they arose and heard Mass. Then Bagdemagus asked where the adventurous shield was. Anon a monk led them behind an altar where the shield hung as white as any snow, but in the midst was a red cross.

"Sir," said the monk, "this shield ought not to be hanged about any knight's neck but he be the worthiest knight of the world."

"Well," said Bagdemagus, "I wot well that I am not the best knight of the world, but yet I shall assay to bear it." And so he bare it out of the Abbey.

Then he said unto Galahad, "An it please you abide here still, till ye wit how that I speed."

"I shall abide you," said Galahad.

So Bagdemagus took with him a good squire, to bring tidings unto Sir Galahad how they sped.

When they had ridden a two mile and came to a fair valley, they saw a knight come from that part in white armour, horse and all; and he came as fast as his horse might run, and his spear in his rest, and Bagdemagus dressed his spear against his and brake it upon the white knight. But the other struck him so hard that the spear pierced his coat of mail to the right shoulder, for the shield covered him not as at that time; and so he bare him from his horse. And therewith he alighted and took the white shield from him, saying, "Knight, thou hast done thyself great folly, for this shield ought not to be borne but by him that is the worthiest knight of the world."

And the White Knight came to Bagdemagus' squire, and said, "Bear this shield unto the good knight, Sir Galahad, that thou left in the Abbey, and greet him well by me. This shield belongeth unto no man but unto Galahad."

And the squire went unto Bagdemagus and asked whether he were sore wounded or not.

"Yea, forsooth," said he, "I shall escape hard from the death."

Then he fetched his horse, and brought him with great pain unto an abbey. There was he taken down softly and unarmed, and laid in a bed, and there was looked to his wounds. And he lay there long, and escaped hard with his life.

And the squire took the shield to Sir Galahad, and said, "Sir Galahad, that knight that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth you greeting, and bade that ye should bear this shield, wherethrough great adventures should befall."

"Now blessed be God and fortune," said Galahad. And then he asked his arms, and mounted upon his horse, and hung the white shield about his neck, and prayed God to bless those whom he had left behind.

So he rode forth to do great deeds, and to meet great adventures. And the story of these deeds and adventures is written in the book of King Arthur and His Knights.

From Le Morte Darthur (*Abridged*)
SIR THOMAS MALORY

Between Ourselves

Sir Thomas Malory, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century, wrote a book in which he gathered all the tales he had read or heard about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table and re-told them better than anyone has done since. You are given three tales from his book. Which do you like best? Retell it in your own words.

Some of the words and phrases sound strange to us because they are not used to-day. What would you say instead of

the Siege Perilous ;
of King's lineage ;
the haut prince ;
tender of age ;
hoved on the water ;
to assay this adventure ;
a fair valley ;
he escaped hard with his life?

THE HORSEMAN

I heard a horseman
  Ride over the hill;
The moon shone clear,
  The night was still;
His helm was silver,
  And pale was he;
And the horse he rode
  Was of ivory.

WALTER DE LA MARE

Between Ourselves

What colour is this poem ?
What kind of a sound does it make ?
Is he a real horseman or a dream horseman, or a real horseman who seems like a dream ?

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

DEMETER, the goddess who takes care of the flowers and of all growing things.
PERSEPHONE, her daughter.
HADES, King of the Underworld.
ARETHUSA, the nymph of the stream.
ZEUS, father of gods and men.
HERMES, the messenger of the gods.
ATTENDANTS.

SCENE I

(Persephone is gathering flowers in the vale of Enna)

PERSEPHONE. My mother, Demeter, has left me alone, for she must fly over the land and bring harvest time to the waiting grain. She it is who cares for the young seed when it is first dropped into the ground; who pushes the tender shoot from the earth; who rears it to ripeness; who fills the milky ear, and browns the ripening stem. Nothing can grow without the smile of Demeter.

Long hours I played with the sea nymphs by the shore, but I left them to search for flowers. *(She sits down and shows her apron full of flowers.)* The field was full of violets. I will give them to my mother when she comes. *(Pause. She looks at her flowers and plays with them. The noise of the chariot of Hades is heard outside.)* I wonder why I feel so tired. I wish, — oh, I wish my mother would come!

(Hades enters, richly dressed, wearing a crown.)

HADES. What are you doing here, Persephone?

PERSEPHONE. I have been gathering flowers, but I am going home now.

(She gathers up the flowers in her apron.)

HADES. I pray you, do not hasten. Do you know who I am?

PERSEPHONE. No; but you wear a crown, so you must be a king.

HADES. I am a king indeed,—a great and powerful king, brother of mighty Zeus himself.

PERSEPHONE. What is your name?

HADES. My name is Hades. I have a great kingdom, and I sit on a beautiful throne, but I am lonely, for I have no queen. Will you ride beside me in my chariot with the coal-black horses and be my queen?

PERSEPHONE. No; I cannot leave my mother, Demeter, alone; I am only a little girl, you know.

HADES. Then it will be all the easier for me to carry you to my chariot. *(He takes Persephone by the arm and begins to drag her away.)*

PERSEPHONE *(resisting)*. Mother! Mother Demeter, come quickly, and save me!

HADES. Do not be so frightened. In my palace are pearls and diamonds.

PERSEPHONE *(dropping the flowers)*. Oh, I have lost the flowers I was gathering for mother!

HADES. You may have my crown for a plaything when we get to my palace. *(He rushes off the stage, dragging Persephone, who cries bitterly.)*

Scene II

(The bank of a stream in Sicily. Arethusa, the nymph of the stream, is sitting on a rock. Demeter enters and walks about, speaking to herself, not seeing Arethusa.)

DEMETER. All through the world I seek the lost Persephone in vain. Bright-haired Aurora, when she comes forth in the morning, beholds my fruitless search, and when Hesperus looks down from the sky at evening, I am still wandering. *(Pause)*. Where is my darling?

ARETHUSA. Unhappy goddess, have you no trace of the lost maiden, — no token by which you might follow her?

DEMETER. Nothing. When I last saw her, she was gathering flowers near your stream, but I found no trace of my child, not even a footprint.

ARETHUSA. *(showing Persephone's girdle).* I have a token here which may mean much. This girdle has been in my keeping for many a long day. Does it tell you aught?

DEMETER *(seizing the girdle, and pressing it to her heart).* Persephone's girdle! Arethusa, nymph of the sacred river, whence came this?

ARETHUSA. It was dropped on the surface of my stream.

DEMETER. Then my darling is indeed stolen from me, whether by mortals or by the Heavenly Powers, I know not! But I will be revenged on the earth that permitted the theft, — nay, on the whole wide world! I will break all the ploughs! The husbandman and the oxen shall die in the field! The seed shall moulder in the ground, and if by chance any remain, the greedy birds shall eat it! The wheat shall wither in the early blade! Weeds and thistles shall choke the springing grain!

ARETHUSA. O mother of the lost Persephone, and of the bounteous harvests as well, cease at length your search, and be not angered against the kindly land. Listen! my waters sink through the earth, and are carried beneath its lowest caverns. While I was thus running under the earth, these eyes beheld Persephone.

DEMETER *(wringing her hands and walking to and fro).* The innocent child! the lost darling! Tell me, nymph of streams, was my daughter's face sad? Surely she could not be happy away from her mother's arms. Who stole the loved Persephone, and carried her far from me?

ARETHUSA. She was indeed sad, but her look was such as becomes a queen. She sat upon a golden throne. Rich gems were in her hair, for she is the bride of Hades, king of the realm of spirits.

DEMETER. Persephone, my darling, seized by Hades, and carried to live forever in the gloomy underworld, far from me, far from the light of day! I cannot give her up. I

will go to Zeus and plead night and day before his throne. Persephone shall return, or Demeter shall never smile more. *(Demeter hastens out.)*

Scene III

(Zeus is sitting upon his throne on Mount Olympus. Hermes stands near.)

ZEUS. What is this tale of failing harvests, and men suffering from famine?

HERMES. Demeter, the bounteous, fruitful goddess, angered at the loss of Persephone, withholds the harvest. The seed is blighted in the ground, or the tender blade dies while springing to light. Cold winds blow, destroying the young corn. Weeds spring up, choking the grain.

(Demeter appears with all signs of sorrow. She kneels before Zeus.)

ZEUS. Why comes Demeter, mother of harvests, in haste to Olympus?

DEMETER. Behold, O mighty Zeus, a sorrowing mother, bereft of her child. I come to thee for justice.

ZEUS. Speak, daughter; tell thy sorrow.

DEMETER. In the fertile vale of Enna lies a lake hidden in the woods. There, screened from the burning rays of the sun, the moist ground is covered with flowers, and Spring rules for ever. Here Persephone, the tender maiden, was gathering flowers, when black-browed Hades seized her and bore her in his chariot to the underworld. There he holds Persephone for his queen, and I, mourning my child, have no solace, neither joy in the sun nor any wish to live.

ZEUS. A piteous tale, truly! Yet, Demeter, why punish the earth for a fault of Hades? Will blighted crops and starving husbandmen bring fair Persephone back again?

DEMETER. Sire, wielder of the thunderbolt, ruler of heaven and earth, bid Hades restore my daughter. Then shall the seed grow and the harvest ripen, when the lost one comes again to the arms of Demeter.

ZEUS. Yet is her state not unworthy, for she reigns, queen of the mighty monarch, Hades, than whom only one is greater.

DEMETER. I care not for Hades and his realms, were he thrice Hades. Give me my daughter!

ZEUS *(after a pause).* If it be that the maiden has not tasted food in the abode of Hades, she may return. Go, Hermes, and bring her, if while in the realm of Hades she has suffered no food to pass her lips.

(Hermes goes out.)

DEMETER. I thank thee for the boon, albeit with a hard condition. May the Fates grant her return!

SCENE IV

(The scene is the palace of Hades, where Hades and Persephone are sitting together. Two attendants stand by the door.)

HADES. Persephone, why grieve always for your mother? Forget her, and be happy in this palace. Have I not been kind to you? Only name a wish, and it shall be granted while you are speaking.

PERSEPHONE. Take me to my mother. That is my wish; I have no other.

HADES. That wish I cannot grant; I should be too lonely without you. Ask anything else in the world, and it is yours. *(He shows a casket of gems.)* See these gems. Are they not more beautiful than the flowers you were gathering? They are yours.

PERSEPHONE *(throwing the gems on the floor).* They are not half so beautiful as violets. Oh, shall I never gather violets again? *(She weeps.)*

HADES. What can I get you to eat? Since you have been in my palace you have eaten nothing. That is not right. You will starve.

PERSEPHONE. I cannot eat the rich food you bring me. I want nothing to eat, unless it were a slice of my mother's bread, or fruit from her garden.

HADES *(to attendants).* Bring me the sweetest, most delicious fruit to be found in the whole world.

(The attendants go out.)

PERSEPHONE. I should be hungry indeed if I waited for your servants to search the whole world for the finest fruit. That would take many days.

HADES. Not so. My servants travel at lightning speed. Try to think of something else that you wish. My dearest pleasure is to grant your desires. Wish next for a crown and throne. But they are yours without wishing, for are you not my queen? Wear the crown a little each day, and you will soon find it less heavy. *(Hades lifts Persephone's crown from the table and places it upon her head.)* Now you are like a queen indeed! *(An attendant enters, bearing a single pomegranate on a dish. He offers it to Persephone.)*

PERSEPHONE. Do you bring this poor pomegranate, when you were sent for the finest fruit in the world? Search again, and do not offer me anything so poor!

ATTENDANT. Alas! we have searched the world over. The harvests have failed. This is the only pomegranate in the world. *(He places the dish on the table, and goes out.)*

HADES. Remember, Persephone, that is the only pomegranate in all the world. Think how precious it is. See if you cannot taste it before I return. *(Hades goes out.)*

PERSEPHONE *(going to the table and looking wistfully at the pomegranate).* What a miserable pomegranate! It can have no more juice than a shell. Still, this is the first fruit I have seen since I came here, and I am not likely to see any more, if the harvests have failed. Unless I eat it now, it will grow still drier and be wholly spoiled. At least I may smell it. I wonder how it tastes. Perhaps it is not so very bad.

(While saying these words, she takes it up and smells it, then puts it to her lips and bites a mouthful. Hades and Hermes enter as she does so, and Persephone hastily puts down the pomegranate and leaves the table.)

HERMES. I come, sent by Zeus, to seek the lost Persephone.

HADES. Hermes will take you away, Persephone, if you wish to go.

PERSEPHONE *(hastening to Hermes).* Oh, come! Let us go now.

HERMES. Demeter has punished the land for the loss of her child. She blights the crops, and there are no harvests to gather. Man and beast starve, because Demeter withholds

her smile. To bring happiness to the earth, Zeus bids Hades restore bright Persephone to the upper air.

PERSEPHONE. Why do we delay? I am impatient.

HERMES. Zeus has named one condition. Persephone may return if she has eaten nothing while she has been in the underworld. *(Persephone hangs her head and clasps her hands.)* Speak, daughter of Demeter. Has food passed your lips since you entered the palace of Hades?

(Persephone turns away. Hermes crosses to the table, looks at the pomegranate and holds it up.)

HADES *(joyfully)*. She has tasted the pomegranate! She cannot return!

PERSEPHONE *(sobbing)*. I ate but six seeds.

HERMES. And for those six seeds you must spend six months of every year with Hades. The other six months you may live in the upper world with Demeter. Come, your Mother awaits you.

(Smiling, Persephone dries her tears. Hades looks sad as she bids him farewell.)

PERSEPHONE. Good-bye, Hades, for a while. Six months will quickly pass, and I shall return, to wear the crown and be your queen again. Good-bye! The springing grass and flowers are waiting for me!

(Persephone goes out with Hermes, turning to wave a last good-bye to Hades, who answers sadly.)

Adapted from A Dramatic Version of Greek Myths and Hero Tales *by* J. COMSTOCK

Between Ourselves

Everybody likes acting in plays. You have already taken part in some little ones. Do you like this one better or less well than the others? What kind of a character do you prefer to act?

Learn to pronounce the names properly.

Demeter, Persephone, Hades, Arethusa, Zeus, Hermes.

Write a sentence about each of them.

When you have acted this play, write a description of the performance, imagining that you are an author

A CHANTED CALENDAR

First came the primrose,
On the bank high,
Like a maiden looking forth
From the window of a tower
When the battle rolls below,
So look'd she,
And saw the storms go by.

Then came the wind-flower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden, pale
With purple streaks of woe,
When the battle has roll'd by
Wanders to and fro,
So totter'd she,
Dishevell'd in the wind.

Then came the daisies,
On the first of May,
Like a banner'd show's advance
While the crowd runs by the way,

With ten thousand flowers about them they
came trooping through the fields.
As a happy people come,
So came they,
As a happy people come
When the war has roll'd away,
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,
And all make holiday.

Then came the cowslip,
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green,
And on it danced she.
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair.

SYDNEY DOBELL

Between Ourselves

Draw or paint little pictures very carefully of all the flowers mentioned.

What does the poem say about the coming of the daisies ?

What does your favourite flower make you think of ?

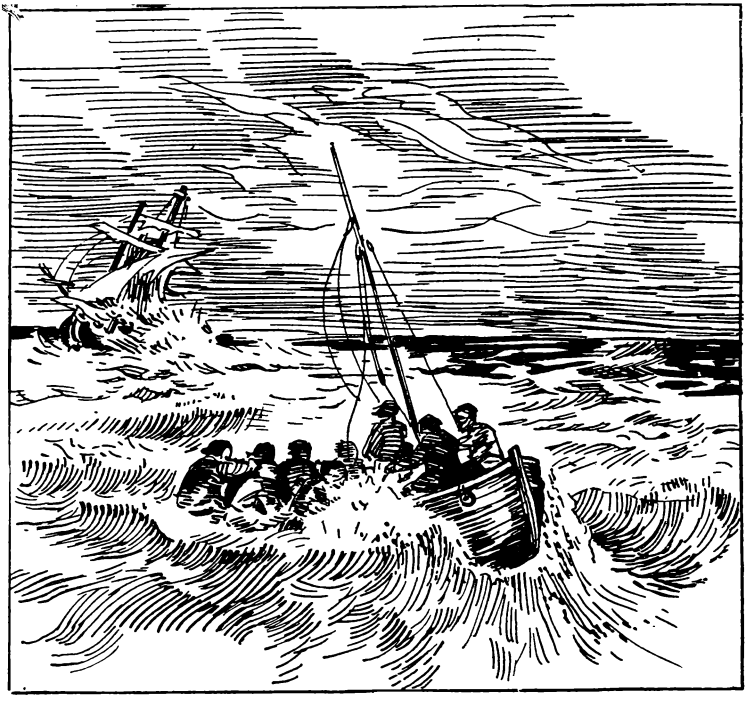
ROBINSON CRUSOE

I. THE SHIPWRECK

The ship being fitted out, I went on board the first of September, 1659. Our ship carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself.

We had very good weather all the way along the coast. Then keeping farther off at sea, we had lost sight of land, when a violent storm came upon us. For twelve days we could do nothing but scud away before it. During this time I expected every day to be drowned, nor did any in the ship think they could save their lives.

The wind still blew very hard when one of our men early one morning cried out, " Land ! " and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look than the ship struck on a sand bar.



We had a boat on board, and thinking that the ship would break in pieces, the master laid hold of the boat and, with the help of the rest of the men, flung her over the ship's side. Getting into her, we let her go and committed ourselves to God's mercy and the wild sea.

After we had rowed — or rather driven — more than three miles, a wave, mountain-like, took us with such a fury that it overset the boat. We were swallowed up in a moment.

Though I swam very well, yet I could not do much until a huge wave carried me towards the shore and left me on dry land, half dead with the water I had swallowed.

I began to look up and thank God that my life was saved. I never saw my comrades afterwards nor any sign of them except three of their hats and one cap.

I walked away from the shore to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy. I then went to a tall tree, and getting up into it, tried to place myself so that I might not fall. Here I soon fell fast asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. The weather was clear, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. What surprised me most was that the ship had been blown by the gale and was lifted by the tide until she was now only about a mile and a half from the shore.

By afternoon the tide had gone out so far that I could come nearer the ship. To get to her I pulled off the heaviest of my clothes and took to the water. But when I came to the ship my difficulty was to know how to get on board, for she lay aground, and high out of the water. I swam round her twice, and the second time I saw a piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first. With great difficulty I got hold of it and climbed on board. I first went to the bread-room and helped myself to biscuit, which I ate as I went about, for I had no time to lose.

Now all I wanted was some sort of boat to get the many things I needed to the shore. It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. We had several spare yards and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I flung as many of these overboard as I was able, tying every one with a rope that they might not drift away. Then I tied four of them together at both ends in the form of a raft. Laying two or three short pieces of plank on them cross-ways, I found that I could walk on it very well.

I next got up three of the sailors' chests, which I broke open and lowered down on my raft. These I filled with bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, and five pieces of dried goat's flesh.

After long searching I found the carpenter's chest, which was a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shipful of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft just as it was, without losing time to look into it.

My next care was for some gunpowder and shot. There were two very good guns in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I took with some powder horns, a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. With much search I found three barrels of gunpowder. One of them had taken water, but the other two were dry and good, and I got them to my raft with the guns.

My raft was now loaded, and having found some broken oars, I put to sea. The raft went very well, only that it drifted a little distance from the place at which I had landed before.

Knowing that there were still a great many things in the ship which would be useful to me, I again swam out to her, and climbing on board as before, I made a second raft.

In the carpenter's stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a grindstone, and a dozen or two of hatchets. All these and many other useful things I carried to my raft.

I also took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a sail, a hammock, and some bedding, and brought them safe to land.

Having got my second cargo on shore, I went to work to make a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose. Into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun.

When I had done this I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards, and spreading one of the beds on the ground, and laying my two pistols just at my head and my gun by my side, I slept quietly all night, for I was very weary.

II. I MAKE A DWELLING PLACE

Upon awaking the next morning, I thought how I should protect myself against savages or wild beasts, if any were in the island; whether I should make a cave in the earth, or a tent on the earth. I finally decided upon both. In search of a proper place I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill. The front of the hill towards this little plain was of rock as steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down on me from the top. On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in like the mouth of a cave; but there was not really any cave at all.

Before I pitched my tent I drew a half circle before the hollow place in the rock. In this half circle I set two rows of strong stakes. I drove them into the ground until they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand more than six inches from one another.

The entrance was not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top. When I went in I lifted the ladder over after me. I was thus completely fenced in, as I thought, from all the world, and so slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done. After this I did not use the bed which I had brought on shore, but slept in a hammock which was indeed a very good one and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Inside this fence or fortress I carried all my stores. I also made a large tent to keep me from the rains, that in one part of the year are very violent. I made it double — one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it.

In the tent I stowed my food and everything that would spoil by the wet.

When I had done this I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing through my tent all the earth and stones that I dug out, I thus made a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to a house.

While I was doing this I went out at least once every day with my gun, to see if I could

kill anything fit for food. The first time I went out I found there were goats in the island, but they were so shy and so swift of foot that it was the most difficult thing in the world to get close to them.

Among the many things I brought from the ship in the several voyages I made to it, were pens, ink, and paper and also three very good Bibles and several other books; all of which I carefully saved.

I must not forget that we had in the ship a dog and two cats. I carried both cats to land, and the dog jumped out of the ship himself and came to me the day after I went on shore with my first cargo and was a trusty servant to me for many years.

III. I MAKE A SURVEY OF MY ISLAND

On the fifteenth of July I began a careful survey of the island. I went up the creek first. After about two miles the tide did not flow any higher, and the stream was no more than a little brook. On its banks I found many pleasant meadows, covered with grass.

The next day I went up the same way again, and after going somewhat farther I found that the brook ceased, and the country became more woody than before. In this part I found melons on the ground and grape-vines spreading over the trees, with the clusters of grapes just now in their prime, very ripe and rich. I also saw an abundance of cocoa trees, as well as orange and lemon and citron trees.

I resolved to lay up a store of grapes, limes and lemons, to furnish myself for the wet season, which I knew was near. As there was no use in laying the grapes up in heaps, I gathered a large quantity and hung them on the outer branches of the trees, that they might dry in the sun. As for the limes and lemons, I carried back as many as I could.

The third of August I found the grapes I had hung up were perfectly dried and indeed were excellent raisins, so I began to take them down from the trees. It was fortunate that I did, for no sooner had I carried them home to my cave than it began to rain. It rained more or less every day until the middle of October.

As I said before, I had a great mind to see the whole of my island. I now resolved, therefore, to travel quite to the opposite seashore; so taking my gun, a hatchet, and my dog, with two biscuit-cakes and a great bunch of raisins in my pouch, I began my journey.

When I had passed the valley I came within view of the sea to the west, and it being a clear day, I saw distant land. It lay very high, extending from the west to the southwest. By my guess, it was about fifteen miles off.

I found this side of the island much pleasanter than mine, for it was made up of fine woods and open fields with flowers and grass. I saw many parrots and after some painstaking knocked one down with a stick and brought it home. It was some years before I could make it speak, but at last I taught it to call me by my name.

In this journey, too, my dog surprised a young kid and seized upon it, whereupon I ran up and saved it alive. I made a collar for this little creature and led it along with a string of rope yarn which I always carried with me.

I cannot tell how glad I was to return to my old hutch and lie down in my hammock bed. I stayed here a week, to rest after my long journey. During this week most of the time was taken up in making a cage for my Poll, who began now to be well acquainted with me.

My kid also soon became so loving, so gentle, and so fond, that it was from this time one of my pets and would never leave me afterwards.

I now made three traps to catch if possible some more of the goats that were on the island, and after a time I succeeded in getting three kids and an old one.

In about a year and a half I had a flock of twelve goats, kids and all, and in two years more I had three and forty. After that I enclosed five pieces of ground to keep them in, in order that I might take them as I wanted them.

Now I had not only goats' flesh to feed on when I pleased, but milk too — a thing which in the beginning I did not so much as think of. I had sometimes a gallon or two of milk in a

day, and after a great many trials I made both butter and cheese and never lacked them again.

It would have made one smile to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. Poll, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me; my dog, now grown very old, was always at my right hand; and the two cats sat one on one side of the table and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand.

Had any one met such a man as I was, it must either have frightened him or raised a deal of laughter. I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of goatskin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to prevent the rain from running into my neck.

I had a short jacket of goatskin; while the breeches were made of the skin of an old goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side that it reached to the middle of my legs. Stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of things to cover my feet. They flapped over my legs and laced on either side like shoes, but were of the queerest shape.

I had a broad belt of goatskin, in which, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and hatchet. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy, ugly, goatskin umbrella. This umbrella was a most useful thing to me, as well for the heat as for the rains.

IV. THE COMING OF FRIDAY

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised at seeing the print of a man's naked foot on the shore. I stood like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went to rising ground to look further. I went up the shore and down the shore, but I could see no other footprint except that one. I went to it again to see if it might not be my fancy, but there was exactly the print of a foot — toes, heel and every part of a foot. How it came there I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine.

Some time after, while wandering towards the west point of the island, I thought I saw a boat at a great distance. I had found a spyglass in one of the sailor's chests, but unfortunately had it not about me. Though I looked until my eyes were not able to look any longer, whether it was a boat or not, I could not be sure.

When I had come down the hill to the end of the island where, indeed, I had never been before, I learnt that the print of a man's foot was not such a strange thing in the island as I had thought; for I was amazed at seeing the shore spread with skulls and other bones of human bodies. It was indeed fortunate that I was cast upon the side of the island where the savages never came.

I also observed a place where there had been a fire made and a circle dug in the earth; here the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feastings. I could think of nothing but how I might destroy some of these monsters, and even went so far as to find proper places to put myself so as to watch for them.

At length I found a place on the side of a hill where I might sit and observe all their doings. The two muskets I loaded with a brace of slugs each and four or five smaller bullets, and the fowling piece I loaded with nearly a handful of swan shot. I also loaded my pistols with about four bullets each.

Not long after this I was surprised by seeing no less than five canoes on shore together, on my side of the island; but no savages were in sight. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder and clambered up to the top of the hill. Here I observed by the help of my spyglass that the savages were no less than thirty in number, and that they had made a fire and were all dancing round it.

While I was thus looking on, I saw two poor people dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they had been tied. One of them was knocked down with a club, or wooden sword; and two or three savages were promptly at work preparing him for the feast. The other victim was left standing by himself till they should be

ready for him. At that very moment this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty and unbound, darted away. He ran with great swiftness along the sands, directly towards that part of the coast where my house was.

I kept my station and found that only two men followed him. I was still more encouraged when I found that he gained ground. There was, between him and my castle, the creek where I had landed my goods out of the ship. This creek he must swim, or be captured. The savage, however, made nothing of it, but plunging in, swam through, landed, and ran on with great strength and swiftness.

I ran down the ladder with all possible speed, took my two guns, and getting up again to the top of the hill, crossed towards the sea.

Having a very short cut and all down hill, I ran, hallooing aloud to him that fled. At first he was as much frightened at me as at them, but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back. Then I advanced towards the two that followed. Rushing upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my gun.

I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance, being out of sight, they would not have known what to make of it. The other savage stopped, but as I came nearer I perceived he had a bow and arrow and was fitting the arrow to shoot at me. So I was obliged to fire at him, and I killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, was yet so surprised with the fire and noise of my gun that he stood stock-still. I hallooed again to him and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, for he advanced a little way, then stopped and then came a little further and stopped again.

I smiled at him and looked pleasantly, and at length he came close to me. Then he knelt down, laid his head on the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot on his head. This, it seems, was to show me that he would be my slave for ever.

Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury his enemies with sand, that they might

not be seen by the rest if they followed, and I made signs to him to do so. He fell to work and soon had scraped a hole with his hands, big enough to bury them both. He then dragged the savages into it and covered them with sand. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. We then went to my cave, on the farther part of the island.

Here I gave my savage bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a drink of water. I then made signs for him to lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had some rice straw with a blanket upon it. So the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a handsome fellow with straight, strong limbs ; and about twenty-six years of age.

After he had slumbered about half-an-hour he awoke and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot and let him see me drink it before him and sop my bread in it. I then gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly did and made signs that it was very good.

I began at once to speak to him and to teach him to speak to me. First, I let him know that his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. Then I taught him to say "Master", and let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say "yes" and "no", and to understand the meaning of them.

I now beckoned Friday to come with me and let him know that I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad. I gave him a pair of linen trousers, which fitted him very well; then I made him a coat of goatskin, as well as my skill would allow; and last I gave him a cap, which I made of hare's skin. He went awkwardly in these things at first, but at length he took to them very well.

After I had been two or three days at my house I took him out with me one morning to the woods. I went intending to kill a kid out of my flock and bring it home and dress it, but as I was going I saw a goat lying down in the shade, and two young kids by her. I caught hold of Friday and made signs to him not to stir. Then I shot and killed one of the kids.

Poor Friday, who did not know how it was done, trembled and shook and looked so amazed that I thought he would have sunk down. He did not see the kid I shot at or know that I had killed it, but ripped up his coat to feel whether he himself was wounded.

I soon found a way to convince him that I would do him no harm; and taking him by the hand, laughed at him, and pointing to the kid which I had killed, beckoned him to run and fetch it, which he did.

I brought home the kid, and the same evening I took the skin off and stewed a part of the flesh and made some broth. I gave some to my man, who seemed very glad of it and liked it very well.

What seemed strangest to Friday was to see me eat salt with the meat. He made a sign to me that the salt was not good to eat, and putting a little into his mouth, he would spit and sputter at it, washing his mouth with fresh water after it. On the other hand, I took some meat into my mouth without salt, and I pretended to spit and sputter for want of salt as

fast as he had done at the salt; but he would never care for salt with his meat or in his broth.

Later I set him to work beating some corn out and sifting it. He soon understood how to do this as well as I, especially after he knew that it was to make bread of. I let him see me make my bread and bake it too, and in a little time Friday was able to do all this for me as well as I could do it myself.

This was the pleasantest year of all the life I led on the island. Friday began to understand the names of everything. Besides the pleasure of talking with him I had a liking for the fellow himself. His simple honesty appeared to me more and more every day, and I began really to love the creature.

DANIEL DEFOE (*Adapted*)

Between Ourselves

" Robinson Crusoe " is a story that will always be fresh and delightful. You couldn't read it too often. The more you read it the more you will enjoy it and the more discoveries you will make in it.

Daniel Defoe, the author, had heard about a sailor named Alexander Selkirk who had been cast away on the island of Juan Fernandez and lived there in solitude for nearly five years ; so he made up his story and with such extraordinary skill that we find it hard to believe that everything he tells us in it is not true.

Give three good reasons why you think Robinson Crusoe was a lucky man.

Give three good reasons why you think he was a sensible man.

Why did Crusoe, when he landed, climb into a tall tree to sleep ?

Make a list of the articles that he took from the ship.

How did he guard his dwelling against savages or wild beasts ?

What fruits did he afterwards find ?

How many pets did he have ?

Tell the story of the Coming of Friday.

THE MONTHS

First, sturdy March rode upon a ram,
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent [1]
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame [2]
Which on the earth he strewèd as he went.

Next came fresh April —
Upon a bull he rode,
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnishèd with garlands goodly dight [3]
Of all the fairest flow'rs and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flow'rs out of her lap around.

And after her came jolly June, array'd
All in green leaves;
Upon a crab he rode.

[1] seized [2] together [3] dressed

Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a lion he boldly rode.
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixth was August, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold down to the ground.

Next him September marchèd eke[1] on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches;
In his one hand as fit for harvest's toil
He held a knife-hook.

Then came October, full of merry glee;
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

Next was November;
In planting eke he took no small delight.

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember.

[1] also

Then came old January, wrappèd well
In many weeds to keep the cold away.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old waggon, for he could not ride.

EDMUND SPENSER (*Abridged*)

Between Ourselves

Make a little drawing to represent each of the months.

Which month do you like best ? Explain why.

Write out all the strange words in this poem and say what they mean.

Say which of all the stories and poems in this book you like best.