



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

**A trilogy of the
life-to-come,
and other
poems**

Robert Brown

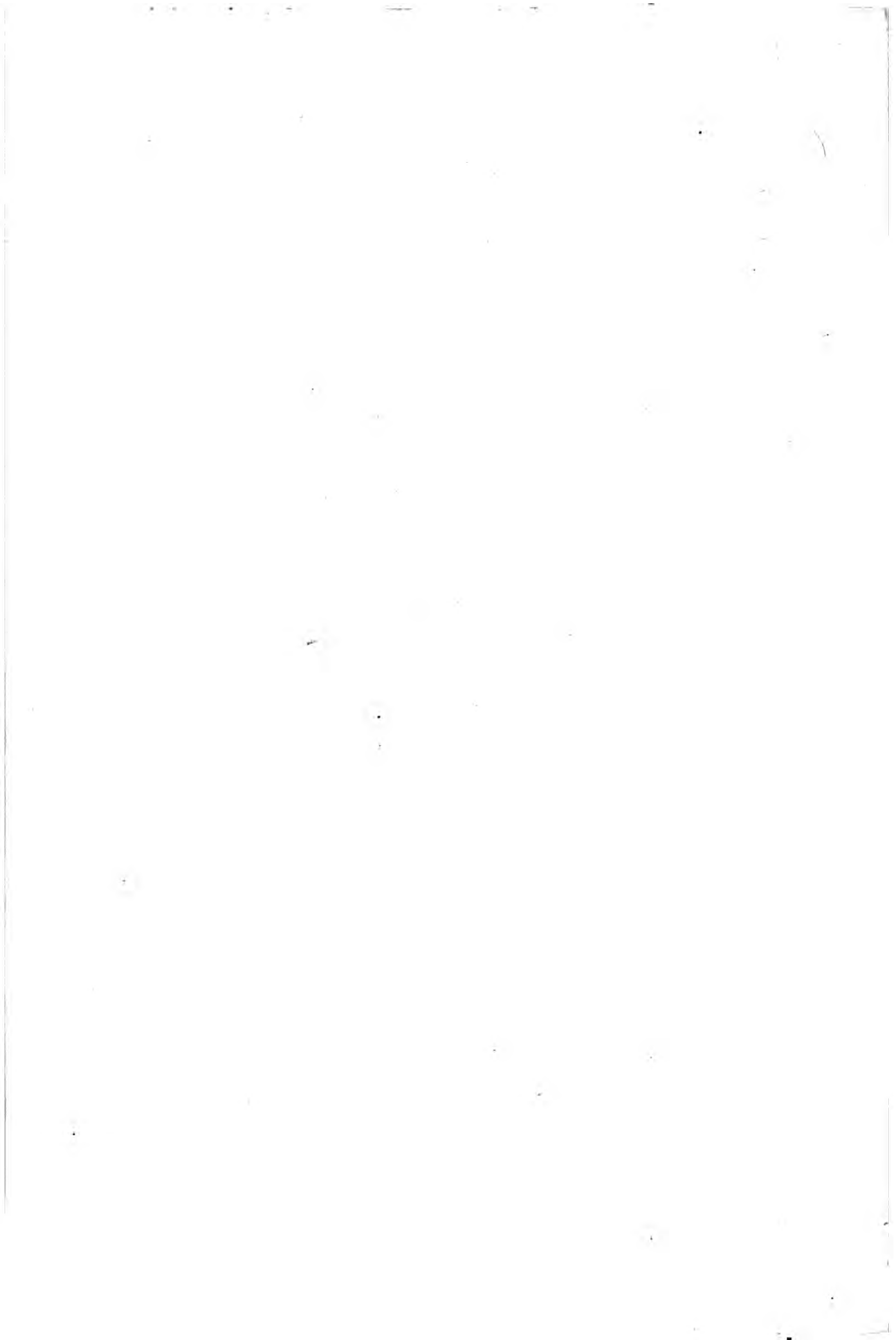






CHARLOTTE CORDAY

AND OTHER POEMS



CHARLOTTE CORDAY

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1884

250 - 35.



(The rights of translation and of reproduction are reserved.)

P R E F A C E.



THE first and third poems in this volume being on historical subjects, the writer desires to state that, in both, history has been closely and carefully followed.

So little is generally known of Charlotte Corday, save the one deed which made her famous, that a very brief sketch of her life may not here be out of place.

Charlotte Corday d'Armans, born in 1768, was the daughter of a petty provincial noble of Normandy, and was educated in a convent at Caen, according to the then prevalent custom for girls of her rank. She left the convent when still quite young, and returned to her father's house, where she lived quietly and obscurely through the first stormy years of the Revolution, with him, her mother, and a young sister. Her home life was noticeable only for its unassuming and affectionate devotion, and her amiability and gentleness

endeared her to all who came in contact with her. Her parents had embraced the doctrines of the Revolution, and Charlotte herself was an ardent Republican. Great and heroic characters attracted her from early youth, and her favourite study was Plutarch's "Lives," over which she pored incessantly, and which doubtless contributed largely to inspire her with the exalted ideas of self-sacrifice for her country which she afterwards carried into effect. She appears to have entirely separated herself from the Christian faith, though she retained belief in a future life, where she would meet Brutus and the other ancient heroes for whom she had conceived so deep an admiration and sympathy. After the fall of the Girondins, several of the proscribed deputies, amongst whom was the eloquent and impassioned Barbaroux, took refuge at Caen, which they endeavoured to make the headquarters of a Girondin rising. It was after listening to the fervid Republican discourses of Barbaroux that the first idea of striking some great blow for her country seems to have entered Charlotte's mind, but what finally decided her was the well-known saying of Marat, that two hundred thousand heads must yet fall before the Revolution could be consummated.

Charlotte's youth and beauty, and the excessive sympathy she manifested with the fallen Girondins, gave rise to the idea that an attachment had existed between her and Barbaroux. There is, however, no foundation for this supposition. Barbaroux was deeply in love with Madame Roland, and Charlotte's whole heart was given to her country. From the time she conceived the design of killing Marat, to the actual moment of its execution, no human being was taken into her confidence. She obtained from her parents, under some trivial pretext, leave for a short visit to Paris, and from Barbaroux letters to one or two Girondin deputies yet remaining there. Through them she gained entrance into the Assembly, where she saw Robespierre, but did not see Marat, and was so impressed by the malignity and power for evil of the former, that she transferred to him her intentions against Marat. She failed, however, to obtain his address, and it was this fact alone which finally decided Marat's fate. She had intended to preserve her incognito, and to write to her parents from Paris, informing them that she had gone to England, and entreating their pardon for taking so decisive a step without their permission, hoping in this way to keep

them from the knowledge of her death. She found it impossible, however, to carry out this plan, and therefore wrote to her father from prison the remarkable letter of which an extract is given in the poem. The answers quoted at her trial are literal translations, as are also the speech of thanks to her advocate, and the remark she made to the *concierge* of her prison on returning there after sentence of death had been passed on her. Her courage and calmness during the few days which elapsed between Marat's death and her own execution, never once faltered, and she seemed to glory in her deed as one worthy of all honour. Whatever may be thought of the mistaken and fatal act by which she endeavoured to free her country from an insupportable tyranny, there can be but one opinion as to the nobleness of the motive which inspired it, and the single-minded heroism with which it was accomplished.

With respect to "The Outcasts of England," the story of the Pilgrim Fathers is too well known to need enlarging on. We are all familiar with their stern unbending allegiance to what they believed to be the one form of truth, the bitter persecution they suffered in consequence, their voluntary banishment from their

country sooner than enforced conformity, their temporary refuge in Holland, and finally their voyage across the Atlantic in the fragile *May Flower*, to colonize, amid difficulties and hardships which it is almost impossible to conceive how they surmounted, the "New England" for which such a glorious destiny was reserved.

It remains, therefore, only to state that the authorities consulted for "Charlotte Corday" were Carlyle's "History of the Revolution," Alison's "History of Europe," vols. iii. and iv., and "Biographie des Contemporains," published in Paris in 1835, under the supervision of MM. Vieille de Boisjolin, Rabbe, et de Sainte Preuve; and for "The Outcasts of England," Neale's "History of the Puritans," Bancroft's "History of the United States," vol. i., and Green's "History of the English People."

E. M. C.



CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| CHARLOTTE CORDAY | I |
| THE TORPEDOIST | 40 |
| THE OUTCASTS OF ENGLAND | 52 |
| THE RECONCILIATION | 83 |
| ELIJAH | 87 |
| TELL THE TRUTH AND SHAME THE DEVIL ... | 91 |
| THE PASSAGE OF THE WINDS | 95 |
| CASTLES IN THE AIR | 97 |



CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

It was deep summer and at eventide ;
No breath of air was stirr'd, but over all,
Orchard and ripening cornfield, hill and vale,
Hung calm unbroken, and no sound arose
Save the late hymn of some more wakeful bird
That sang himself to sleep. Still o'er the sky
The glow of sunset linger'd, fading slow
From crimson into pale and paler gold,
As though his regal sceptre Day resign'd
Unwilling to the passive hands of Night.—
Within the convent garden, whose high walls
Gather'd intenser shade, two maidens sat
In quiet converse. On the fair sad face
Of her who seem'd the younger, dwelt a look
Of fear and shrinking ; and she, clinging, held
The elder close embrac'd. “ My friend,” she said,
“ My heart forebodes that we shall meet no more ;
How shall I leave thee ? for I cannot bear
A life from thee apart.” The elder turn'd,

No trace of weakness quiver'd round her mouth
Or on her brow serene. The soul that gaz'd
Out of her steadfast eyes was strong as death,
And faithful ; yet a woman's tenderness
Blent with the all-unconscious power that spoke
In every look and gesture. Beautiful
Were form and feature, but beyond all speech
Was beautiful the spirit that they cloth'd
With their transparent veil. In accents low
Yet rich with tranquil melody, she spoke :
" Sweet friend, what mean these evil presages
That weigh upon thy heart? It should be light
As air and sunshine, for to-morrow sees
The term of this drear life. The convent walls
Will close us in no more, but we shall pass
From out their prison to the great free world.
I glory in the thought of liberty !"
She ceas'd, and strove to raise the drooping head
That lay upon her breast. But all in vain
The words of comfort sounded on the ear
Of the frail mourner, who, in broken speech
Mingled with tears, pour'd forth her sad complaint :
" Oh, Charlotte, blame me not that I must grieve
When thou art full of joy. Too well I know
What feebleness is mine ; and liberty
Hath no delight for me. The convent walls
Form not my prison, but a home most dear.
Fain would I stay within their peaceful bounds,

And go not out till death ; for ever breathes
A voice prophetic through my inmost soul,
'The world is evil and the convent safe.'"
So gave she utterance. "Is this thy thought,"
Charlotte made answer—"this thy plan of life,
To dwell in safety whosoe'er may wrong,
Or suffer wrong, in the great world without
Thy convent walls and dreamy convent cell?
This the sole object of thy ends and aims,
Thy safety ; or the safety of thy soul,
As teach the droning nuns ? Oh, cowardice !
Hast thou not heard that they who lose their life
Shall find it ? They who strive to keep
Shall lose it endlessly ? E'en Christian thought
Hath reach'd so far, and thou hast learn'd it not !
And yet, poor child, I should not judge for thee,
For I am cast in other mould than thou,
And cannot brook these pale-fac'd saints, that have
No other virtue than endurance.—Mine
Are heroes fashion'd of a sterner stuff
Who dare and conquer all. With them I feel
A kindred spirit, and with them would join
In the great war of life." She ceas'd to speak,
And, pealing softly through the evening air,
The convent bell broke on their conference,
And summon'd them to enter. With slow steps
They gain'd the chapel, and together knelt
For the last time amid the black-rob'd nuns.

One proud young heart beat with the consciousness
Of strength and freedom ; one, with bitter tears,
Sought for her friend from Virgin and from Saint
Forgiveness for the words she deem'd a sin.

The same soft summer night that peaceful reign'd
O'er the fair fields of Normandy held sway
In Paris, but its holy influence
Found in no breast a home. The souls of men
Were all aflame with passion and with greed,
Or dull and cold with fear. In vain to them
Did Nature tell her soothing messages ;
They had no ear but for the boding sounds
Of strife themselves had caus'd. St. Antoine held
Grim council through the watches of the night.
The light of torches flash'd with lurid glare
Upon the haggard multitude that heav'd
About the narrow streets and entrances,
Waiting the dawn to pour their hideous throng
Forth on the city. Gaunt and famine-struck,
They had no thought, no motive, but despair,—
No purpose but revenge. Their murmur rose,
Their ominous low murmur, like the hum
Of angry swarming bees. All Paris heard
The sound, and trembled for the coming day.
It broke ; the mighty tumult swell'd and surg'd
Increasing ever ; and brave men that heard
Sham'd not to own their dread. All through the night

De Launay and his garrison had watch'd
Upon the Bastille towers ; those eight stern towers
That through four centuries had held for France
Inviolate her darkest mysteries,
Doom'd now to give them speech. Resolve of men
Is stronger than the strongest granite walls ;
And that fierce crowd which beat upon the gates,
Seething and howling as though hell had op'd
Her mouth and vomited her legions forth,
Would burst the barriers of that mighty fort
As rising waters burst their prisoning banks.
This was the flood-tide of a gather'd wrath
Pent in the hearts of generations past.
In vain command was given to point the guns
Upon that heaving mass. A moment aw'd
It waves and falters, then with doubled rage
Turns back to the assault. Yet once there came
Pause for a moment,—the deceptive lull
Before the wildest fury of the storm.
De Launay bade the people's messenger
Enter and speak their will. The highest point
Of those high towers beheld them side by side,
And far beneath they saw the swaying crowd
Spread and increase, as still St. Antoine pour'd
His living streams unto their gathering
As rivers pour their waters to the sea.
E'en the stern soldier pal'd, and from his lips
Pass'd the one word he utter'd of complaint :

“ Ah, sir ! what sacred name thou dost abuse
For my betrayal ! ” Proud and faithful man !
He had been worthy of some better fate,
Than thus to perish in the vain attempt
To stay the just decrees of Heaven. Gone now
The moment of reprieve ! De Launay harks,
Half hoping, half despairing, for the sound
Of cannon, from the royal troops that lie
Posted in Paris, but it doth not come,—
There is no succour there. The soldiers’ hearts
Are with the people, this their leaders know
And durst not bid them fight. But once alone,
A troop of horsemen strove to force its way
With slow and winding caution through the crowd,
From out whose midst there steps a hideous form,
Dwarf’d and uncouth, with face whose aspect sends
A shudder through beholders. “ Stand, then stand ! ”
It shouts. “ We are your friends ; hinder us not,”
The captain makes reply. The blue lips gape
With grin from off the gleaming dog-like teeth,
“ Give up your arms, then, if ye be our friends ;
The people need them.” And the arms were given
At Marat’s order. First to-day he comes
Forth from his native darkness to the light ;
Four years shall see it close on him again
To lift no more to mortal sight. The strife,
Louder and louder waxing, surges wild
Within the very courtyard, and the mob

Demand surrender with the yell of fiends.
Thirty alone of all the garrison
Stand by their leader still ; and they are not
The sons of France, but of an alien land ;
The rest call to De Launay, " Make us terms and yield."
" Never, with life," he cries ; " have we not means
To die without dishonour ? perish all
Beneath the ruins, but ye shall not yield !"
He stretch'd his hand that held the lighted match,
And yet one moment more had seen the fort
Blown into fragments, burying in its fall
Besiegers and besieg'd. Heaven will'd it not :
The craven soldiers closed around their chief,
And drave him back at point of bayonet
From the great death he sought. In vain he pray'd
That he himself might have wherewith to lose
His life and keep his honour. 'Twas refus'd.
" Save then your lives," he said, " if so ye can."
Yea, *if*, indeed ! That furious multitude
Hath tasted blood. Its thirst shall not be slak'd
'Till crimson floods have delug'd all the land,
And wash'd away the memory of foul wrongs
With vengeance foul as they. " Yield ! yield !" was
still
The people's furious cry. " Grant us our lives,
And ye shall enter," was the answer given ;
" If not, the fortress and ourselves and you
Our hand annihilates : we have enough

Of powder here to shatter into dust
The town itself." One shouted from the crowd,
"Your lives are yours, upon the plighted word
Of men and soldiers." Then the bridge was lower'd
In pour'd the populace. Debas'd and desperate,
What was to them the solemn pledge of faith?
None in the ages past kept word with them,
Not king, not lord, not soldier, and not priest.
Treated as beasts, as beasts had they become.
They rush'd upon the fear-struck garrison
There where they stood before the piled arms,
And would have butcher'd all, but from the midst
Of that fierce crowd a cry for mercy rose.
The old French guard, who on the people's side
Through all the day had fought, remember'd now
Their ancient comrades, and this single boon
Crav'd as the price of victory—their lives.
'Twas granted, and the self-same men whose hands
Were purple-dyed with blood of those they swore
To hold in safety, rais'd a shout of joy
As the few rescu'd, and their rescuers,
Pass'd forth together from the Bastille courts.
Man is not wholly evil, not when all
The evil of his nature most prevails:
The soul within him owns itself Divine
And will not be denied. Some, then, were sav'd;
But not of these De Launay; curs'd, revil'd,
Dragg'd through the streets to meet his shameful death,

It found him uncomplaining, happier so
Than had he liv'd to see the woes to come.
Such stains defil'd the people's victory,
And such beginning of revenge was theirs.
Ye who bear rule upon your fellow-men,
Remember that ye reap but as ye sow ;
Degrade, debase, and scatter forth for seed
Injustice and oppression, it may take
Long ages ere the grain be fully ripe,
But, howsoe'er delay'd, the harvest comes,
And ye receive your own an hundredfold.

Through all the tumult of that fearful day
The shuddering prisoners in their dungeons crouch'd,
Unknowing of their near deliverance,
And hearing still, in every sound that broke
The wonted silence, only fresh alarm.
But seven they were in all. The ancient days
Saw hundreds languish in that dread abode,
Slow dragging out their maim'd and tortur'd life
Till death should set them free ; but milder rule
Ill-fated Louis held, and when the mob
Tore down the chains and fastenings from the doors
To bear the prisoners on their shoulders forth,
These seven alone they found, to what a world
Returning from those cells of living death !
'Mid mortal throes the old age perishing,
The new age struggling in the pangs of birth.

Through the whole land went forth the mighty news,
“The Bastille is no more!” Men’s hearts were mov’d
And shaken as the forest leaves before
The breath of coming storm. “The Bastille fallen!
Then Tyranny is dead!” Not France alone
Lifted her voice for joy. All Europe rang
With echo of applause. Her greatest sons
Uprose to hail the reign of Liberty
With one accord. Alas! she comes not yet,
A nation of unfetter’d slaves makes not
A nation of free men. True liberty
Starts not to mushroom life, but through all time
Doth ripen slowly to the perfect fruit
In sun and storm alike. “The Bastille fallen!”
Such was the message from the living world
That greeted Charlotte Corday as she stepp’d
Forth on its threshold from her convent doors.
The whole wide import of those words as yet
Could reach her not; but in great minds doth sleep
The Titan of their future, stirring oft
His mighty limbs ere yet he fully wakes;
And Charlotte felt the soul within her rais’d
To some mysterious height of ecstasy
Undream’d of in her past. “Men live,” she cried,
“And deeds are done transcending thought of mine,
But I will fit myself to bear a part
In all that is of noble and of great;
For I am born a daughter of my age,

And what my age brings forth belongs to me.”
Ay! truly spoken, all-unconscious maid :
Thou art indeed a daughter of thine age,
Fated to scale the summit of its hope,
To sound its depth of uttermost despair.

Four years have sped, four winters wrapp'd in sleep
The deathless energies that earth doth hold,
Four summers crown'd her with their life and light,
Yet a fifth spring hath into summer smil'd.
How doth it fare with Charlotte and with France?
France prostrate lies, and wounded nigh to death,
A thousand streams have outlet from her heart,
And bear her life in crimson waves away ;
Yet still her voice, sad with a mortal pain,
Speaks to the few that listen of her sons,
“ To me, my children ! Save me, or I die ! ”
This is the voice that Charlotte ever hears,
Sleeping or waking. It hath chas'd away
All the fair dreams of maidenhood, and left
One stern ideal, supreme self-sacrifice,
And day by day she waits with fix'd resolve
The hour that cannot tarry, and the call
That shall not need repeating. Still she veils
Her strength beneath her woman's tenderness,
And none beholding her could dream that aught
Had touch'd her with so great a destiny ;
For though she wears an aspect grave and sad

Beyond her years, the shadow of her times
Might well have cast such chill upon her youth.
Another golden summer day, as yet
Not o'er the prime. Late June from July steals
A deeper warmth, and yet more mellow light,
To crown her full-leav'd reign. The windless air
Hath scarcely breath enough to swell the low
Sweet music of the aspen's ceaseless dance,
And one faint streak of filmy vapour sleeps
Midway upon its road across the sky.
It is the hour of noontide rest, as deep
As night's most deep repose, yet rich with life.
Charlotte hath stolen away from household cares,
And from the anxious eyes too quick to note
Her more than usual sadness, and hath found,
Far in the cool recesses of the wood,
Tranquil and safe retreat. She sits alone,
With that unspoken grief which eats away
Her youth and beauty. 'Tis not love misplac'd
Or slighted that hath set its cankerworm
To prey upon her heart ; nor hath Death made
A wilderness for her of all the world
By laying waste the garden of her life :
Naught of all this ; she hath not lov'd or lost
Save but her country and her country's dead ;
For these she weeps uncomforted, unseen,
For these she makes lament : " Oh ! had I liv'd
In those far ancient days of Greece and Rome

Whereof I ponder with such keen delight,
I had not bow'd in shame and agony
To see my country trampled under foot,
Bleeding, defil'd, and all her noblest sons
Proscrib'd, imprison'd, slain without remorse
Or hope of mercy. Men were heroes then,
Not slaves as now, and, cringing to the rod
Of master-slaves, goaded by fear and spite
To deeds each day more dark and horrible.
Shame ! lasting shame ! that none have strength to
rise

And break this yoke from off the neck of France !
Were I a man, she should not need to call
Twice for deliverance ! I would find some means
To set her free, although I gave to death
Myself, and all most sacred and most dear
To me on earth. Who comes ? ” “ I, Barbaroux,”
A rich firm voice made answer. From the shade
Of bush and low o'erhanging tree, there stepp'd
A man, of kingly countenance and gait,
O'er whom few years of manhood's prime had pass'd,
Yet in whose looks was blent the gravity
Of elder age with all the fire of youth.
“ I come,” he said, “ at peril of my life,
To see the one true friend of liberty
And France it hath been given to me to find
Throughout all Normandy. Would I could bring
Some tidings that would gladden thee ; but I,

Where'er I turn, hear but the self-same tale
Of madness in the leaders and the led
Of this lost people. They are blind and deaf
To all but passion, and who strives to stem
The current of their will is lost. So be it then.
I am but young in years, but I have liv'd
Beyond a lifetime in this age of mine,
And gladly would I end and be at peace.
I dread not Death, but only his delay."
He paus'd, and all the manhood in him bow'd
Before the voiceless anguish of despair.
Then Charlotte spoke. The flush of some high thought
Transform'd the paleness of her cheek ; her eyes
Flash'd forth the mighty purpose of her soul.
" My friend," she said, " I am not wont to hear
From thy proud lips such coward speech as this ;
Thy burning words that rous'd me first to know
The depth and meaning of a patriot's life
Suit not with selfish moaning. Thou, the first,
Wouldst scorn a traitor to thy country's cause ;
Is it not treason then, in thought and will,
To long for rest that thou mayst be at ease
And take thy fill of sweet forgetfulness,
While France toils bleeding towards the far-off goal
Of liberty and peace? Oh, Barbaroux !
Other than this the duty of her sons :
If death be ask'd of them, then let them die,
But if their life be more availing, then

The better and less thankful part is theirs.
More hard it is against all hope to live,
Striving and fighting ever to the end,
Than once to die, and dying, overcome.”
“ If France could count more children like to thee,”
He answer’d her, “ I had not known despair.
Yet deem me not a coward : I will live
And serve my country yet, if so I can ;
I and my friends, we have no other thought
Through all the dangers that encompass us.
Yet had thine eyes beheld, as mine, the scene
Of blood and lawless riot, day by day
Increasing throughout Paris ; hadst thou heard,
As I, the fierce denuncements hurl’d at all
Who bow’d not to the Mountain, thou perchance
Hadst felt thy courage fail, thy heart grow cold.”
The colour faded from her face, again
The veil of sorrow spread before her eyes.
“ Pardon, my friend, if I have seem’d to hold
Thy bitter sufferings of too light account :
In very truth I did but seek to rouse
Thy spirit from its deep despondency.
Speak now what weighs upon thy troubled mind.
There is a time when silence is our strength,
And we must keep our agony untold,
But there are moments when a kindred soul
Sharing our pain doth bear it half away.”
“ Ay, I will tell thee all,” he said, “ though yet

No hand of mortal hath unlock'd my heart.
We first, the Girondins, took up the fight
Upon the people's side. We made their cause
Our sacred watchword, and ourselves their guides
Upon the storm-swept road to Liberty.
Against the ancient tyranny we bore
The brunt of battle, and the victory won
Wrested the sword of sovereignty away
From the weak hands of dying monarchy,
And bade the people take it for their own.
Was this no service? We had deem'd it such,
And for all recompense we did but ask
The power to render more. Oh, vain request !
Not kings alone are captive to the words
Of false-tongu'd flattery ; not kings alone
Nourish ingratitude. The people, crown'd,
Show forth their royalty at least in this—
They tread on those who crown'd them. There arose
Fierce demagogues who spouted fire and blood,
And had one remedy for every ill,
One refuge in all danger : ' Slay ; slay all
Who dare oppose the people's righteous will :
With poisonous humours swell the veins of France ;
Blood-letting is her cure !' First to their bar
They dragg'd the king, or him who was the king.
I never lov'd him ; never felt remorse
Or pity when his throne beneath him sank,
And left him standing on the common ground

Of bare humanity to meet his fate.
I deem'd his life a fitting sacrifice,
And could my single word have sav'd him then,
I had not utter'd it ; my vote was death.
Yet, when with faltering voice and blanching face
Vergniaud read out the sentence, and I knew
That he and many laid the doom of guilt
On one they held as innocent, and yet
Durst not so speak, or they were lost to France
And to themselves for ever, then I felt
Dark presage fall upon my heart of ill.
The Revolution tempest, uncontroll'd,
Rag'd all about us. We who sow'd the wind
The whirlwind reap'd. I would not weary thee :
Brief time it seem'd till Paris in revolt
Had but one cry : 'To death the Girondins !'
But still the Assembly saw us keep a front
Unmov'd amid the tumult, and the night
Of that last day when we abandon'd hope,
Falling, beheld us still at large, and free
To save ourselves by flight if so we would.
How shall I speak the rest ? Again we met,
Full arm'd and shelter'd by the darkness. Then
The last calamity of all befell,
Our councils were divided ! Those alone
I follow'd who would stand unto their posts
To die or conquer there.—The morning broke ;
Wild clang of tocsin peal'd o'er all the town,

The tramp of feet unnumber'd to one goal
Went ever forward. We, in haste and dread,
Sought the Assembly, scarcely reach'd, when burst
Upon our ears the cannon of alarm.
Oh Day supreme, big with the fate of men
Who had defied their destiny till now,
It needs a speech beyond the speech of earth
To tell thy course! All Paris arm'd was there
To force our overthrow, and with one voice
Hurl'd forth its ultimatum, 'Give us up
The guilty Girondins, or ye shall die!'
Then e'en the Mountain fear'd; it was not they,
But Marat, who had rais'd this storm. He came
At last, that blood-dy'd fiend, whose absence told
Worse evil than his presence. At his heels
A hundred patriots trod, so call'd, and pick'd
From out the lowest of the mob. 'I come,'
He said, 'to bid you well deliberate
The people's sovereign mandate and obey.'
Then Couthon rose: 'Friends, ye perceive,' he spake,
'That we are free: the people ask but this,
That we annihilate their foes. Here, I
Denounce the Gironde and its followers.'
He nam'd us all, and at the sword's point thus
Were we proscrib'd. I had not breath'd
Another hour, had there not spoke a voice
Imperative, 'Still for thy country live.'—
Yea, hers I am; for her I did not die,

But thought, though Paris dooms, she is not France,
And I appeal to France. Hither I came,
Strong with fresh hopes,—oh, spare me further words,
My hopes are dead ; thou knowest why and how :
There are no Frenchmen left in all the land,
But only Jacobins and Royalists.”

He ceas'd, and turning without other speech
Went by the way he came, as though asham'd
That e'en a friend so faithful should be shown
His passing hour of weakness. Charlotte gaz'd
A moment after him, then, rising, stood
Drawn to her fullest height, with kindling eyes
Fix'd on the distance, but no word she spake.
Her heaving breast, her changing colour told
Great thoughts were born within her, but they found
No outward vent, unutter'd gath'ring strength.
Not long she stay'd absorb'd in reverie ;
An aged, feeble man, with bent white head
Came slowly tow'rds her o'er the grassy path.
“ My child,” he said ;—the angry, glowing fire
Died out from Charlotte's face, and in its stead
Shone the soft flame that tells a daughter's love.
“ Father ! thou comest here in search of me ?
Forgive me that I stay'd away so long.”
“ I have not needed thee, my child ; I come
To tell thee what I would not other lips
Should utter first, for there are evil news
And fraught with danger. Marat cries,

'Two hundred thousand heads must fall before
The Revolution has secur'd its end.'
To will and to perform with him are one."
She made no answer, but with tender hand
Guided her father to his dwelling back,
And led him in to rest. Then, ere she went,
He stay'd her for a moment : " Oh ! my child,
These tidings wake new grief, yet for my sake,
Mine and thy mother's, sorrow not too much."
"Father, I promise not to sorrow more ;
It seems to me sorrow hath had its time."
Thus Charlotte answer'd, and her father heard
With joy and wonder how the troubled voice
Had lost its tone of sadness, and rang out
Its own sweet music clear and full again.
His eyes were dim ; he could not see the face
That lean'd above him, shining with the light
Of some great gladness, fair, yet terrible ;
And had he seen, e'en then he might have felt
The distance that is never wholly spann'd
Between the nearest souls. We cannot touch
The inmost being of our best lov'd ;
Something there is that holds us far apart,
And bids each spirit pass in solitude
Through the far-reaching crises of its life.
Thus Charlotte, turning from his presence, left
Her father all unconscious of the fate
Seal'd in the message that himself had brought.

Her call had come, and straightway she uprose
Strong to obey. “‘Two hundred thousand heads!’
Oh, Marat! thou hast overgreed of blood!—
Will nothing less content thee? Weigh it well.
The manhood of all France is paralyz’d
And mute before thee, but a woman’s heart
Hath courage to arraign thee at its bar,
And find thee guilty; and a woman’s hand
Shall gather strength to bear the sentence out.”

One week hath pass’d, and not by look or tone
Hath Charlotte told her secret. Still she tends
With love untir’d, and quiet cheerfulness,
The aged parents o’er whose heads the storm
Of sorrow waits to burst, till she be gone
Too far to hear their weeping. Glad are they
To see the smile, banish’d so long, return;
And peace unbroken through those few brief days
Dwells in the household: yet she asks and gains,
They all unknowing what request she makes,
Leave for the journey whence is no return.

The eve is come of her departure. Sleep
Hath clos’d all eyelids save her own, but she,
Still wakeful at her open casement, leans,
And gazing on the clear expanse of night
Stretch’d out before her through the silence, hears
The footsteps of her future drawing near,

And shrinks not back. No weakness of regret
Assails her, and no pallid lines of doubt
Make wan her face, for on a height serene
And far remov'd from all that lesser souls
Had felt of questioning, her spirit dwells
In solitary strength. "Farewell," she breathes,
"Home of my love! a thousand other homes
Are sav'd because I leave thee. Fare thee well,
My father! through thy breaking heart I spare
How many hearts from breaking. Thou,
My mother! every tear thine eyes shall weep
Prevents the fountain of another's grief.
Oh, join your will to mine, and prove yourselves
More worthy of eternal gratitude
Than I your daughter. I but give myself,
And we are strong to tread the lofty path
Of suffering for ourselves, yet weakly shrink
If feet of those we love would follow it.
But ye, my parents, if your full consent
Be freely given when ye know my fate,
Yield up to death one dearer than your life,
And reach the summit of self-sacrifice."
She turn'd her from the solemn night without
To the dim-lighted chamber of her rest,
And ere another hour had sped, she lay
Wrapp'd in the dreamless slumber of her age.

She sleeps, and far away in Paris lies

Marat unsleeping. In his frenzied thoughts
Crime rises after crime ; without he hears
The tumult of the city ebb and flow
As he hath will'd it. Not a year hath fled
Since, in the month when harvest ends, he gave
A harvest-feast to Death, whose cup was fill'd
Brim-high with prison blood. Far less hath rob'd
Night in such terror that the guilty soul
Faints as it nears, and shuns its loneliness
As worse than certain stroke of punishment
By man or God. But Marat dreads not night.
It is his element ; the hideous shapes
That people it, the cries of agony
That rend its silence hold no fear for him.
He sees, he hears, and his abandon'd soul
Rejoices in the horror. Not for him
Remorse hath wing'd its arrows, since they wound
Him only in whose heart some vestige lives
Of his lost manhood, and in Marat this
Hath long since died. His memory, waking, graves
The outline of his few and evil years
With blood-dipp'd pencil, and his eager hand
Designs a future of yet darker stain.
There are who hide beneath fair outward shape
Their soul's deformity. Not so with him.
The face, from which who saw in loathing turn'd,
Proclaim'd his nature. From his ghastly jaws
The lips receding ever seem'd to laugh

The inward laugh of devils. Livid-pale
The hue of cheeks and brow, and as the head
With restless tossing roll'd from side to side,
Undying hate burn'd quenchless in his eyes.
Oh, Marat ! through the turmoil and the din
That cease not in that fever'd brain of thine,
Nor in the city madden'd by thy yoke,
Sounds there no voice of warning on thine ear ?
The blood-avenger waits thee in no garb
Of Fury vested, no Medusa face
Wearing to freeze thy palsied heart to stone,
But cloth'd in form to thee more terrible
Than all that ancient legend hath conceiv'd
Of fear or horror—Purity unstain'd !
God doth not need to arm the ministers
Of His just anger with the bolts of hell,
But clothes in light, and all of darkness born,
Beholding them, is stricken into death.

The morning dawn'd, and Charlotte left her home,
Whilst stood her parents watching her ; but she
Turn'd not once back to give a last farewell,
So straightly look'd she to the journey's end.
One friend yet waited her—the same who call'd,
Unheeding, into shape the mighty thought
That struggled formless in her will so long ;
And as she pass'd within the city walls
That held the convent home her childhood knew,

He came to give her greeting on her way.
“Farewell!” he said. “I know not to what end
Thy steps do shape themselves. Beware
Of every look and gesture that may give
Hint of thy loyal soul; for no true heart
Is safe in Paris, though a woman’s self
Be chosen as its shrine.” A radiant light
Illumin’d all the countenance of her
To whom the words were spoken. “Have no fear
For me of peril:” thus she answer’d him.
“And be thou sure that when we meet again,
All danger shall have ceas’d; my friend, farewell!”
They parted, and with smiling face she went
Upon her deathward road, unfaltering.

Paris is reach’d. On Charlotte’s vision bursts
The great and matchless city, ’neath the sun
Of noon, resplendent! while the glittering Seine
In all its windings flashes light for light,
As from the throat of some proud beauty gleams
The many circled necklace, adding still
A brilliance to her charms. Yet ’neath a form
Of queenly grace, a countenance excelling
In loveliness, what secrets lie not hid
Of pain and sorrow, ay, perchance of sin!
So Paris covers with her splendid cloak,
Crimes that make foul the earth. Now Charlotte steps
Forth on the city streets, and all alone

Finds shelter for the few brief days that yet
Must run before her purpose be fulfill'd.
She wears no look of eagerness or haste,
Rather of weariness ; unus'd is she
To days of travel and the restless stir
Of city-life, and, like a child tir'd out
With novelty, she sleeps long hours away.
The morrow sees her rise and issue forth
Steadfast and self-reliant on her road.
Whither first leads her path? Not to the goal
Tow'rds which her life is setting. Some slight act
Of friendship calls her first, ask'd by the friend,
Late veil'd a nun, of convent days grown now
All faint and distant, not with time, but change,
That more divides the present from the past
Than doth the thickly rising mist of years.
Oh! they judge wrongly who would fain exclude,
From lofty souls pursuing one sole aim,
The gentler virtues and the power to use
Their sacrifice of self in lesser things.
The noblest natures, form'd for noblest deeds,
Hold others as themselves, and lend their aid
To whomso'er hath need, accounting still
The work of others equal to their own.
A few short hours, and Charlotte is set free
For ever, from demand of friend or kin.
"Now there is nothing left that hath a claim
Upon my heart, save France, and France alone."

Such is her thought. "As yet I have not look'd
Upon his face who brought me here. I go
That I may see and know him ere we meet."
She stands within the Assembly that doth sway
The balance of a Nation's fate. What there
Strikes her clear eye, so just, so passionless,—
Falls on her listening ear? Grim faces, dark
With hatred and suspicion; voices hard
With cruelty and greed; more vile than all,
The hypocrite whose smooth heart-venom'd words
Hide mortal sting. Oh, blind and deaf! there stands
A judge amongst you, stern, immovable,
And ye, unknowing, plead against yourselves!
He whom she seeks is absent, but her will
Condemns another, and one thought takes hold
On all her being with resistless strength—
"Had I two lives that I might give them both!
I have but one! How can I sacrifice
That best to save my country? Shall I slay
Marat, or Robespierre? Till now I doom'd
Marat, and yet, methinks, the tiger's spring
May prove less fatal than the serpent's bite:
Marat his worst hath shown, but what black slough
Is hid in Robespierre of evil, none
Can dare foretell. He perishes!" She pass'd
Unnotic'd as she came, and all that day
Sought vainly for his lair whom she condemn'd.
Coward, he knew what desperate need was his

For secrecy, and kept it well. Night clos'd
Upon her fruitless search, and bade her cease ;
Then ere she slept the sentence was pronounc'd,
“ Marat must die !” Charlotte ! to thee unknown
A fiat hath gone forth transcending thine,
And Marat bears his death within himself ;
Thou, in thine ignorance, art merciful,
Where Heaven was only just. Another day
Wakes into joy of life the sleeping earth,
Wakes Paris to her misery and shame,
Wakes Charlotte to her hour supreme of daring.
Her steps haste not as haste the steps of those
Whom lash of unaccomplish'd scheme pursues ;
Nor yet with gait uncertain doth she move,
And wandering look, as they whose actions wait
Upon a faltering will, that still may turn
To other purpose, as the withy bends
To north or south with every changeful gust :
She treads firm-footed through the troubled streets,
With eyes that, looking not to right or left,
Shine with the light that doth illumine all
The darkness of her future. Paris writhes
In doubt, fear, discord ; and her wasted lives
Break on the shore of death, and dash themselves
In empty sound away. Flows Charlotte's being,
A current, noiseless, deep, invincible,
To one set bourne ; and, as it nears, her soul
Rises in grand and simple majesty

Of welcome to her fate. She chooses first
The weapon that she needs, and none suspect ;
While play her careless fingers o'er the edge,
She tests its sharpness for a deathly stroke.
Yet once alone she draws it from the sheath,
And no young soldier to his virgin sword
Gives heed so keen, proving the temper'd blade.
With hand untrembling is the letter writ
To gain her speech of Marat, and with voice
Of music jarr'd by no discordant note
Makes she request to enter at his door.
In vain. She turns undaunted but to write
More urgent message : " Hear me, citizen,
For I can place it in thy reach to yield
Great service to thy country." Then again
She seeks his dwelling, and a second time
Had been refus'd, but Marat hears
Those clear sweet accents. From within he cries,
" Yea, let her enter." At his bidding pass
Across his threshold her avenging feet,
And pause within his presence. There he lies,
Low grovelling in his pain and squalor. She
Inexorable stands, with fair still face
To him past reading, for he dares to ask
The names of those proscrib'd whose cause is hers,
Suspecting them her friends ; and what thick film
Of crime hath hung its veil before his eyes
That he should think such mien as hers belongs

To those who can betray? "Their names! Their names?"

He eager cries; and Charlotte gives their names,
Grasping her knife in ready hold the while.

He turns aside in wicked haste to write.

A lightning gleam hath flash'd o'er Charlotte's face:
She lifts her hand, she strikes! With one wild shriek
Flees Marat's soul, and through the dark abyss
Of hell goes forth a voice: "He comes! he comes."
She doth not move or speak; no worthless thought
Of safety for herself impels to flight.

Unearthly beautiful, unearthly calm

She stands amid the clamouring throng. No threat,
No foul abuse, can aught avail to shade

Her radiant countenance. So might have stood
Above his fallen fiend-surrounded foe

A son of light from Michael's angel host.

Led forth by soldiers through the crowd, she meets
Their looks of rage and hatred. On her ears

Wild execrations pour, but no weak signs

Of fear her features cloud, nor doth she change

Her proud and stately bearing. Once her voice

Rings like a clarion through that hellish din:

"Misguided people! Ye who would my death,

Should raise me altars, since my hand hath wrench'd

Your freedom from so vile a tyranny!"

The prison doors have clos'd upon her. Now

Are prison walls her only home till death !
How many brave, great, noble, beautiful,
Have waited here their sentence, mute and crush'd
Before the long-drawn anguish of suspense ;—
From this is Charlotte spar'd. She turns to face
Her certain death unshrinking, and her mind
Vibrates not with the fever'd pulse that throbs
Between despair and hope. Nay, for herself
Long since despair and hope have ceas'd alike
To carry meaning. In the life of France
Her own is merg'd, and she accounts no more
Its loss than doth the shoreward sweeping wave
Heed how the foam-flake born upon its crest
Is ravish'd by the wind. The prison guards,
Incessant day and night forc'd to profane
Her maiden solitude, the fearlessness
Of her still presence awes into respect,
Her grace and tenderness to pity win.
Yet twice are glimps'd what depths unfathom'd lie
'Neath such unruffled surface. Fouquier comes,
Twice questioning to wring by threat or stealth
False words from those true lips, he whom lost France
Deputes to gather in his cruel mesh
The helpless victims for her latest saint.
None yet beheld him without terror, none
But shudder'd at his sight. In Charlotte's heart
There woke no feeling but of withering scorn,
And silence was her answer. Hour by hour

She feeds her soul on glorious memories
Of old-world heroes, stretching forth her hands
Across the gulf of Time, to clasp with theirs
In fellowship Divine. Yet still, through all,
Mindful of those belovèd whom she leaves
To mourn her absence in Life's wilderness,
“ Pardon me, oh my father ! ” thus she writes,
“ That I have dar'd, without thy leave, to give
My life away ; yea, pardon, and forget,
Or, if remembering, joy that I should die
In cause so sacred. Shame is born of crime,
Not of the scaffold.” Thus she waits the call
That summons her to judgment, and too soon
For all but her it comes. Dauntless she stands
Before her judges, and a murmur runs
Throughout the crowded hall, half hate, and half
Extorted admiration. Then she speaks :
“ Call not your witnesses ; there is no need.
'Twas I slew Marat.” “ And at whose behest ? ”
“ My own.” Nathless, they question her, and dream
Accomplices, and vengeance for herself.
No kin hath darkness with the light ; their eyes,
Blinded, see not her singleness of aim.
Again that murmur through the throngèd court ;
She lifts her voice, and on their guilty ears
It peals, a trumpet note of doom : “ His crimes,
These pass'd his sentence ; and I kill'd one man
To rescue tens of thousands,—a wild beast,

To give my country rest. Before the tide
Of Revolution swept athwart the land,
I was Republican, and never yet
Have wanted energy." Further they ask :
" What mean you, then, by energy ?" " I mean
The force that rules in those who lay aside
All selfish claims, and for their country's sake
Know how to yield themselves a sacrifice."
As Charlotte spoke, one strove with hasty hand
To trace some outline of that countenance
So strangely beautiful. She, seeing, smil'd,
And turn'd her tow'rds him. " Let my father see
This token of your skill," she made request,
Remembering in that crisis of her trial
Her filial love and duty. Not of those
Was she that strain to unaccustom'd heights,
And with hard will and effort visible
Retain their doubtful hold, as dreading still
Descent to lower level. Native air
She breath'd upon the shining mountain-tops
Where heroism dwells, and all sweet acts
Of kindness and love flow'd freely forth
From her great heart at leisure from itself.
Cease her accusers ; no defence is hers.
" She owns her deed," so pleads her advocate,
" And glories in it. France, for thee she wrought
The crime, with thee the judgment lies." Then France,
By those base judges speaking, answer'd, " Death !"

And Charlotte from their presence went condemn'd.
Yet, ere she left their bar, she paus'd to thank
Her advocate. "Thou mad'st me such defence
As I deserv'd. I leave my prison debts
To thy discharge. Nought else have I to give."
Returning to the prison, with half jest
She makes apology for promise fail'd
To join her jailor's meal. "Not willingly
I broke my word. My judges kept me long."

These are her last few hours on earth ; her guards
In pity leave her, and she feels herself
Alone at length, how widely separate
From all the world of life ; for ere night falls
The place that knoweth her shall know no more,—
At sunset she must die. High thoughts and strange
Like solemn music echo through her brain,
And tune her being to the hour of death.
And yet what thoughts ? With gentle courtesy
The offer'd priestly counsel she refus'd
That waited her as prisoner, and condemn'd.
She was not Christian, and no Christian guide
Would she accept as her unfailing steps
Approach'd the portal all must pass alone.
Yet never martyr who with day should win
The palm-branch and the everlasting crown,
Nor saint who knew that ere the evening fell
His eyes should rest upon the Face of God,

Had worn a look of greater ecstasy.
Girl! if the light that in thee shone, so far
From its True Source remov'd, could lustre give
Thus pure, with what effulgence had it ray'd
If thine earth-blinded eyes had seen the Sun?
But they had not!—She ponders thus while wanes
The long sweet day of summer to its close :
“ I bid farewell to earth without regret,
Or look of backward yearning, and my soul
Prepares herself for flight. I have not found
Justice and righteousness on earth, but I
Have borne their image graven on my heart,
And know that I shall meet them where I go.
Spirits of those most noble and most wise,
Whom I have claim'd as kin, shall welcome mine
Upon those untried shores, and teach me all
That I have fail'd to learn. Yea, now they seem
To press about me, and imbue my weakness
With their heroic strength. Ye great and brave!
I come, I come to bathe my longing soul,
After earth's darkness, in your seas of light.”

The hour is here. Coarse hands and pitiless
Have bound her unresisting, and have shorn
From her fair head the glory of its hair ;
But nought can change her beauty, or dispel
Her soul's triumphant joy. They drag her forth,
Rob'd in the scarlet garb that to all eyes

Proclaims her murderess ; she doth not cease
Her smile celestial ; the parted lips,
The face slight flush'd with mounting colour, tell
Her thoughts in language mute and eloquent.
The tumbril waits her, and the silent crowd,
Vast and immovable, through which she nears
The scaffold, spell-bound at her presence stand.
Her colour deepens as she sees the goal,
And greets it in her heart. Hither hath end
Her life's short journey. This last time the earth
Feels her firm tread, her eyes unshadow'd meet
Those countless eyes expectant. She is touch'd
To speechless rapture by the world beyond,
And this recedes unheeded. Rudely torn
Falls from her bosom the protecting veil,
And outrag'd modesty hath call'd her back
In anger to the present, but her wrath
Dies in the birth. Her mind is all too fill'd
With things unearthly to be earthly vex'd.
Willing she stretches forth her tender limbs
Upon their wooden bed. A breathless awe
Holds dumb the multitude. Not Death himself
Made visible with lifted sword had struck
Fierce Paris to such silence. It is o'er !
The knife hath fallen, and, waking from their trance,
The people see high-held the sever'd head
Of her who would have sav'd them ! Hue of life
Already fading from her face hath pal'd,

Not marr'd, its loveliness : the wonted shout
Of sated blood-lust dies from off all lips.
Then twice, insulting, vile, the hand that slew
Smote her white cheeks, and flushed them crimson red.
Living she knew not shame, but learnt in death
The blush of shame for others. Look on her,
Ye false-nam'd patriots whose murderous hand
Cuts short the blameless lives, whom lightest breath
Of danger scatters to the winds, who seek
By dastard flight, by lies, by base betrayal
Your worthless safety ! Christians, look on her,
Who hesitating count with niggard heart
The cost your faith demands ! For hers she gave
All that she had—herself. Hers did not bear
The impress of that High and Holy Name.
Indolence, selfish superstition, sin
That apes the mien of sanctity, were call'd
To her Religion, and the tide of wrath
They loos'd within her swept her feet away
Far from the True Foundation. Is it so ?
Stood she thus firm upon the shifting sands
Of everlasting doubt ? Nay, He, who form'd
Man in His image, laid the base of truth
Deeper within our nature than we deem.
There is a faith born in all noble souls
Immortal as themselves, that evil reigns
Usurper upon earth, and they are bound
Till death to war against it, with dim eyes

Far off perceiving good, and glorying
In that bright vision unattainable
To them. Hatred of evil, and desire of good,
Existing somewhere, somewhere to be grasp'd
Through mortal sacrifice, lives still when faith
In all beyond hath perish'd ; and who keeps
These only, bears upon his nature still
The stamp Divine, and swells the mighty cry
That rises from humanity to God
For rescue and deliverance. This she did
Who saw in Marat the embodiment
And soul of Ill in France, and slew him, true
To what she had of light. Yet, since no hand
Of man unauthoriz'd hath right to wield
The eternal sword of Justice, Charlotte's deed
Sav'd not her country. Marat, dying, dropp'd
The mantle of his crimes on Robespierre ;
And Charlotte, seeing not, set loose on France
The Reign of Terror. Not such strokes, though dealt
In utmost purity of purpose, bring
Salvation to the people. No grand burst
From one heroic soul can compass this.
A nation's rescue is a nation's work,
Wrought out with faultless patience, swerveless will,
That wait untiring on a righteous cause.
Yet, if devotion, highest and most true,
Fail of its end, and weigh'd in heavenly scales
Be wanting found, how shall the false be judg'd ?

Trees by their fruit, men by their deeds, are known.
A noble nature nobly erring finds
Pardon of God and man, but some there are
Who 'neath a vain ideal, faint, far-fetch'd,
But cloth'd in vivid drapery of words
That seem to give it substance, hide designs
Of wild ambition, fierce and pitiless,
Whose subject is themselves. These sacrifice
Not one for thousands, but a thousand lives
To crown their own with power ; these take not place
In forefront of the battle. With mean hands
And cowardly they thrust their fellows on
To shame and death, but hold themselves apart
As gods to watch the outcome ; and for these
Is no forgiveness, human or Divine.

THE TORPEDOIST.

[It is, perhaps, necessary to preface the following poem with a few words of explanation. The "torpedo" intended is a submarine mine, laid down about a mile or a mile and a half from shore, and exploded by an electric current, started at the right moment by an observer stationed on shore for the purpose. There is, of course, no sign on the surface of the sea to indicate the position of the mine. This is, nevertheless, accurately known to the "torpedoist;" and, by means with which only a certain number of our military engineers are cognizant, he would also be enabled, in the case of a hostile ship passing over the mine, to ascertain the exact moment of her doing so, and to explode the mine at that moment, thus causing an enormous breach in the ship's bottom, in consequence of which she would sink in a few minutes. The explosion would be almost noiseless, but there would be a violent shock felt at the time of its occurrence.]

WHEN the first whisper of the Day
Was passing shoreward from the sea,
Waking to happy low-voic'd glee
The sleeping waves upon its way ;
When Dawn was smiling to the land
That half reluctant felt the hand
Of Night unloose her grasp,
A lonely watcher took his stand
On the dim cliffs, that, lifted high,

Seem'd to embrace in one pale clasp
The shadowy earth and sky.
He gaz'd as, from the fount of light,
The bounteous day came welling up
To fill with wine of life the cup
That Nature spread to sight.
The Sun leap'd forth into the east,
And made a straight and golden road,
That only Fancy's feet have trod,
Across the waters to his throne.
The dull grey cliffs donn'd robes of white
Or clad themselves in shining green,
And sea and sky alike were seen
To throw aside the sombre hue
That veil'd by night their garments blue,
With jewels now of foam bedeck'd
Or gleaming pearls of vapour fleck'd.
Not all the beauty that awoke
Radiant in earth and heaven, and spoke
In every murmur of the air,
Could win the silent watcher there
In Nature's pure delight to share.
With keen, observant look he swept
The stretch of glittering sea and wide,
While slowly inward roll'd the tide,
And lazy wavelets laughing crept
O'er the low rocks where, dense and brown,
The seaweed's mantle had been thrown.

What doth he seek? The gull's white wing
Reflects its silver to the sun;
It is the only living thing
His eye can rest upon;
O'er all the vast expanse of ocean
That bird alone gives sense of motion.

Oh, weary pass the hours away!
Oh, long and heavy is the day!
For still he standeth there alone,
Though morning into noon hath grown
Up through the cloudless sky.
Once only hath he spoken word,
Once only human voice hath heard
Since first his watch began.
A little child pass'd weeping by,
Holding tight clasp'd his broken toy,
And sobbing out his baby heart
In the first sorrow he had known.
A moment then that grave stern man
Turn'd from his post, and ceas'd to scan
The shining waste of sea.
He sooth'd with fond and tender art
Till childhood's quick returning joy
Broke through the mist of tears.
Would God the griefs of after years
So soon were comforted!
The child went smiling on his way,

The man turn'd sighing back again.
And on the far horizon line
Fix'd his strong gaze. "There comes no sign,"
Thus softly to himself he said ;
 "Thank God, my search is vain."
Nathless he ceas'd it not, though slept
Through the long summer afternoon
The sea and shore in golden heat.
His eyes were weary with the strain,
His heart's wild current surg'd and beat
 In anguish through his frame,
Until at last a respite came,—
Half blinded by the dazzling gleam,
He, waking, dream'd a waking dream,
 Yet still his outlook kept.
He saw across the waters glide
His vanish'd youth, till side by side
 It came and stood with him.
The gloomy frown hath left his face,
And semblance of a banish'd grace
 Sits on that forehead grim ;
Sweet voices fill the air around,
Light feet trip o'er the enchanted ground,
The dreary silence of the place
 In music melts away.
The Present, calling to the Past,
Hath bid her reassert her sway,
O'er that sad heart her magic cast,

And reign one hour of one brief day.
Oh! vision wonderful and bright,
Tarry awhile ; thy transient light
Of pure and changeful loveliness,
Thy momentary joy, are all
That lie between the life they bless,
And horror of the darkest night
That on a human soul can fall.
It is his childhood's voice he hears,
Its touch he feels upon his brow ;
Clear and distinct its accents grow,
And mingle strangely in his ears,
With the soft lapping of the wave
Against the shingle far below ;
To that melodious murmur flow
The kindly memories that lave
 His spirit from its pain.
A man no longer, but a boy
He hears an echo of the strain
 His heart in gladness sang,
When everything in earth and air
With him was innocent and fair,
And his young life from joy to joy
 In happy changes rang.
Alas ! that he again must wake !
That wild, discordant notes must break
 On such celestial harmony !
A cloud hath pass'd his dream before,

And blurr'd the glory of its light ;
It faded from his longing sight,
 Lost ! lost ! for evermore.
A speck the far horizon cross'd,
A small, black speck upon a sea
Resplendent as the silver flood
That bath'd his feet while yet they stood
 On Memory's fairy shore ;
The darkness of untold despair
Hath found for him its birthplace there.
With eyes he fain would think are dim,
And sick and tortur'd look, he gaz'd,
As slowly 'gainst the sky uprais'd,
Clear cut in every mast and shroud,
Came up above the azure rim
A noble outline grand and proud,
More terrible than death to him.
He cannot turn his face away ;
He cannot bend his knee to pray ;
All the whole being of the man
Is wrench'd by some resistless force
To track with every nerve he can
 That vessel on her course.
From close behind him on the hill
The lark hath wing'd her daring flight,
And far from the aërial height,
 Drops down her joyous trill ;
To him it is a cry of pain

That never shall be still'd again,
For through that musical sweet rain
 Of song, the ship nears still.
He saw the mighty hull uprear
Its slow and stately length,
And mirror'd in those waters clear
An image visible appear
 Of calm resistless strength.
Close and more close the vessel grew ;
He saw her white and shining decks,
He saw the living, moving specks,
 That told her thronging crew.
He gaz'd till ev'ry form reliev'd
Itself distinctly to the light,
And then his burning brain perceiv'd
What lies conceal'd from mortal sight,
For by some prescience, strange and true,
Each heart was open'd to his view.
And some were pure as men's may be
That have been touch'd by earthly soil,
And some were hard with care and toil,
 And some with strife were torn,
And some with youth and love were strong,
And some by weary years and long
 Of care and grief were worn ;
For all a weight of sympathy
 Upon his soul was borne.
Would he might perish ! ere the freight

Of human hopes and human fears
That slowly, surely to its fate
Is drifting as the vessel nears,
Have reach'd, the deadly point where lies
 The grave that they must fill.
He cannot! paralyz'd his will,
His feet are rooted to the ground,
And some dread doom his soul hath bound,
 Its sentence to fulfil.
And still that speechless horror grew,
And still the ship pursu'd her way,
No voice of warning bade her stay,
No sign of danger had she seen ;
Yet he who watch'd her path serene,
Self-loathing, self-accusing, knew
 That death before her lay.
Was it for this that man was made
Vicegerent of his God on earth,
That Nature at his foot-stool laid
Her mysteries of highest worth,
That he should make the pow'r she lent,
Murder's unholy instrument ?
He rais'd his hand,—a last wild look
He gave of helpless, mad remorse,—
The vessel held her swerveless course,
 He might not more delay :
His touch the invisible dread force
Set loose on its unerring way.

The guilty earth, the treacherous sea,
In throe of mighty tremour shook ;
And, like a living thing, the ship
Hard quiver'd to her core :
He saw her gently forward dip,
Then heel upon her wounded side,
And sink beneath the crystal tide.
A wail of human agony
Burst upward through the listening air,
And all its slumbering echoes woke
To cry of answering despair ;
It storm'd the gates of Heaven, and broke
In waves of anguish there.

No sound disturbs the silence more ;
The tide, low rippling to the shore,
With evening kiss returns ;
And in his temple, far away,
The slow-retiring priest of day
Hath lit the altar fire that burns
Against the crimson sky.
It is the hour when Nature blends
All glories in her sunset hymn ;
And back to God once more ascends
The beauty she receiv'd of Him.
The watcher who at sunrise took
His post on those high cliffs, yet stood
Immovable, alone,

With light of madness in the look
That wander'd o'er the same expanse,
Unruffled, that his piercing glance
 Had swept throughout the day.
They tell how those whose frenzied thought
Hath broken loose from Reason's sway,
Perceive what else lies deep conceal'd,—
And he whose deed such sentence wrought
Saw what none other could behold ;
To him the fathomless blue flood
As clearest glass transparent grew,
And to his shuddering sight reveal'd
 That which his spirit knew.
He saw where lay the sunken ship,
Surrounded by her silent crew
 Fast held in death's stern grip ;
Their quiet upturn'd faces told
Reproach more terrible than speech,
No suffering of his could reach
 Those pulseless hearts and cold.
Yet they had felt the touch of Peace
Transform life's struggle into rest,—
She laid no hand upon his breast
 To bid his conflict cease.

New days have waken'd o'er the earth,
 And still to sea and land

The new old pleasures brought to birth
 Fresh quicken'd from their Maker's hand
No morning in the eastern heaven
The prison bars of Night hath riven,
But that strange watcher took his stand
 Upon the self-same height,
And gaz'd as the long hours unroll'd
Their shifting pageant to his sight.
And ever as the day wax'd old
His madness burn'd with fiercer flame,
For shoreward o'er the waters came
The phantom of the ship he lost.
He shudder'd as she slowly cross'd
His distant vision, and again
His soul pass'd through that hell of pain.
The vessel near'd as she had near'd
The day that he beheld her first,—
As strong, as beautiful appear'd ;
 And by his doom accurs'd
He saw each mast, he saw the crew,
The same dread horror on him grew
As o'er the fatal track they went
And sank where they had sunk before.
Forthwith a wild and awful cry
 Broke out and pass'd him by,
He thought the wail of dying men
 Rose up to heaven once more.
But 'twas his tortur'd spirit then

The cruel bonds of silence rent,
And waking from its fearful trance
Found thus a fitting utterance.

Oh ye who slumber well and deep
 Within your nameless grave,
Nor ever hear the restless wave
 Its vigil o'er you keep,
Forgive him ! though a murderer's part
On his unwilling soul was laid,
No such requital could be paid
 Save to a brother's heart.

THE OUTCASTS OF ENGLAND.

It was a spot on those majestic shores
Still young to Old World thought, that bear, to all
Whose eyes can read the writing of their God,
The impress of a mighty destiny, wherein
Man holds the noblest part.—There stood, and
 watch'd
The blue Atlantic roll its sounding waves
In music to his feet, an aged man,
Whose snow-white beard swept downward o'er his
 breast,
The reverent veil wherewith Time strove to hide
The ravages he might not spare to work
Upon God's mortal image. Slow, yet firm,
The old man's steps ; and though his form was shrunk,
His face deep-wrinkled, and his eye had lost
Youth's changeful fire, a dignity serene
Stamp'd every feature, and his look retain'd
Its keen and piercing power undimm'd. Near by,
Yet somewhat drawn apart as though to hold
Converse unheard, linger'd a youthful pair
That enter'd now the Paradise of life :

He, tall, erect, with steadfast purpose writ
In all his bearing ; she with grave, sweet face,
And fair as maiden purity could make
The shrine that held it. They together gaz'd
Upon that glorious Ocean, and to them
It chanted of the future. Not so fell
Its voice upon his ears whose life drew nigh
Its utmost term. To him its melody
Was ever of the past, whose meaning grew
Deeper and clearer in that grand refrain.
The memories of Age are oftentimes touch'd
With light Divine to which all eyes are blind
Save theirs on whom it rests, and he beheld
The bygone years that had been hard to live,
Sore vex'd with conflict, dark with pain and grief,
Transfigur'd to a radiant prophecy.
The twain, whose soft low murmuring tones, in speech
For ever new, the old, old story told,
Still ceas'd from time to time their glad employ
To watch his face, whose thoughts so far behind
Had left the present, till the maiden said,
“ See, once again his thought hath carried him
Back to the ancient country, for his look
Takes on that earnest wistfulness it wears
When thither he is led, and we must break
Upon his sadden'd reverie.” Their steps
He heard, and smil'd upon their near approach.
“ Draw nigh, my children ; ye do well to come

Now to my presence, for the Lord hath borne
Upon my spirit that the welcome day
Of my departure lieth close at hand,
And ere I go, I would that ye should hear
From mine own lips my life's full history.
Ye know its outline, and from babyhood
Were made familiar with the stormy path
By which God led this people of His choice ;
Yet much is in my heart ye wot not of,
And much which sore perplex'd me in my youth,
And through the stormy season of my prime,
Now, in this evening of my days, grows clear.
Here will we rest awhile, I eastward turn'd
Tow'rds the dear country of my birth, to speak
As God shall give me of the former things."
They sat them down upon the sea-worn rocks,
And there the old man's thoughts did shape them-
selves
To those two listeners in noble speech.

"Nigh threescore years my memory bears me back
To that far English home, which binds me still
With holy ties stronger than Time or Space.
Once more I tread the old familiar paths
My youth and childhood knew. I see the fields
White unto harvest, and the cool, green meads
Water'd by pleasant streams, most like to me
The pastures where the flock of God is led.

Children, no other country have ye lov'd
Than this which since your birth hath nourish'd you,
But I, an exile all my life, have known
Life hunger for the land which cast me forth.
Fair dwelling-places rise in this new World
Prosper'd of God,—beauty and wealth are here,
And boundless space,—but never have I been
Aught but a stranger and a sojourner,
Whose feet have found no sure abiding place.
I had one home on earth, one country, these
Would none of me, thenceforth the heavenly city,
And that alone, hath claim'd me as its son.
Listen ! It was a spring-time afternoon
And every hedge and hazel copse were bursting
To new, sweet life. I, with some chosen friends,
Boys like myself, had roam'd the woods and fields,
And drunk in all my fill of sound and sight,
And fragrance of the season. Back we came,
Glad as young things alone are glad in spring,
To meet with our first grief. The village street
Was fill'd with weeping women, and with men
Who spake not, nor uprais'd resisting hand,
But from whose faces look'd a stern, deep wrath,
A fixity of purpose that transform'd
The meanest there to majesty. They stood
In silent line on either side the road,
And down the midst there came a company
Of hard and cruel ruffians, strangely nam'd

The Officers of Justice. Scoff, and jeer,
And oath were on their lips ; and these led on
A white-hair'd venerable man, whose eyes,
Unanger'd, gaz'd in pity, as he went
Forth from us homeless, on our stricken throng.
This was our pastor, whom the Lord had rais'd
To preach His truth among us, agèd grown
In toil for God and us, and as he pass'd
A low, deep sound of fervent blessing rose
That would not be suppress'd. Then silence fell
On all again, till he was lost to sight,
And sorrow found a language. Mothers told
How, when their first-born died, his presence brought
Light to the darken'd dwelling. Widows spoke
Of heavenly comfort from his lips that made
A music through their lives, left desolate
Of earthly melody. Strong men remember'd
How words of his had cheer'd them through the heat
And burden of the day, and youths confess'd
How, with the stern rebuke of love, he snatch'd
Their souls from Satan. E'en the little ones,
The babes and children wept, for he had been
To all a father, trusted and rever'd.
And he was gone, driven from the house of God
Where he and we had worshipp'd ; from the graves
Of wife and children ; from the well-lov'd home,
Once bless'd by their dear presence ; from the flock
He cherish'd as his life. In shame he went—

In grief and penury, yet first we knew
Then, when he left us, that a saint of God
Had tarried in our midst. We never saw
His face thereafter. Mortal weakness claim'd
His flesh whose spirit never weakness knew ;
In prison and alone, the agèd hero
Bow'd his strong soul to death. Oh ! well for him,
And ill, most ill, for us ! for in his stead
They gave us one who had forsworn for gain
His conscience and his God. He once had been
A preacher of the true and living Word,
But turned, as Demas turn'd of old, and went
Out from among us, with accursèd feet
Trampling the covenant of grace Divine.
Then, in the temple of the Lord that we
Had purg'd from the abominable thing,
And made an emblem of the sanctuary
Not built with hands, we saw restor'd again
The hateful rites and idol worship we
Loath'd with a righteous horror. Nought we car'd
For fine-spun difference made by king and prelate
Between their Church and Rome. Altar and cross,
Vestment and popish gesture, we beheld ;
And 'neath the form we knew the substance lay.
Not ten in all our village so forsook
The truth's obedience as to sit and hear
That false time-server wile their souls away
With honey'd eloquence, or thunder forth

Anathemas that but recoil'd again
On him who forg'd them ; but at night we went
Out through the lanes and by-paths to some wood,
Or wild forsaken stretch of barren heath,
Where we might pray unfetter'd to our God.
Not age, nor tender youth, nor weakness kept
Our feet from following that blessed way.
The strong upbore the feeble, women trod
With uncomplaining steps the toilsome road
Which led them to the earthly gate of heaven.
And there we gather'd,—there to meet us came
The brave and holy men, who set at nought
Threat and imprisonment, yea death itself,
So they might carry the great Gospel food
To us who hunger'd for it night and day.
High arch, and carven roof, and stately aisle
Form not the House of God, nor doth He need
The low sweet thunder of the organ peal
To pierce this earthly atmosphere, and float
Man's praises upward to His listening ear ;
The Lord's true temple is the earth He built
Whereof He bears the pillars, and one psalm
Rises unceasing to the eternal throne
In which the whole creation hath a part ;
The pure and faithful hear it, and their voice
Is added to the everlasting hymn.
This hath God's Spirit taught me, through long years
Of perilous conflict borne by sea and land,

Whether alone or mingled with the crowd,
Toss'd by the tempest, or to anchor brought
Awhile in some safe haven of the Lord,
He is not far from every one of us.
Lifting up holy hands, we worship Him
Through all the world in spirit and in truth.
But they of England, blind, priest-ridden, wed
To ancient form, were wrath with us that saw
God's light, and follow'd it ; and year by year
They more oppress'd us, till our burden grew
Greater than we could bear. Then some arose
From out our midst, and spake forth burning words
That kindled the dead manhood in our souls :
'What right hath king or priest to bar all roads
Save one, of access to the living God ?
Cast off their yoke, and form yourselves a Church
That courage hath, and right, to make advance
In all the ways of truth the Lord shall show.'
And this we did, striving for one whole year
England and God to serve. Our God accepted,
Our country spurn'd us. Then at last we knew
That we as strangers on the earth were sent.
Heavy the exile's sentence fell on me,
For I was newly married, and my wife,
Tender and young, dreaded the treacherous sea,
The unknown country, and the foreign tongue ;
And I was sorely tempted—Satan came
Then, in my hour of weakness, whispering low

His wily argument : ‘ Remain, conform,
And save her life. Have to thyself and God
Thy secret faith : the heart’s allegiance given,
What more doth He require?’ So hard beset
Was I with fearing for my human love
That well-nigh had I yielded, but one watch’d
With pitying eye the struggle of my soul,
And, in my direst need, stretch’d out his hand
And sav’d me. ’Twas my father ; never he
Falter’d a moment from his firm resolve,
But seeing mine at point to fail, he spake :
‘ Son, thou art torn with strife and wild desire,
And fogs of earth obscure the clearer sight
Which should behold undimm’d the way of God.
With eyes more calm, I, seeking it, have found
There is no faith but must have utterance,
For faith that speaks not is as though one play’d
With master skill upon an instrument
Attun’d for mighty music, and brought forth,
After all effort, silence. God, whose hand
Touches our spirits into melody,
Hath other end than this. Yet He, not I,
Shall judge thee in this matter. For myself,
The voice that came to Abraham of old
To me hath spoken as to him, “ Go hence.” ’
I answer’d not my father, well I knew
The voice of which he told, but when night came
I sought a lonely place, where none but God

Could see me, and in wordless prayer pour'd out
The anguish of my spirit unto Him ;
And as the day broke, He the victory gave,
The darkness that enwrapp'd me roll'd away,
And with the heavenly light upon my path
I, turning, went unto my house in peace
To choose affliction with the sons of God.
He rais'd us up a leader, one on whom
His Spirit rested strongly, and at last,
After long months of hope deferr'd, the day
Of our departure came. By stealth we met
Upon a bleak sad moor that overlook'd
A desolate waste of sea,—young men and old,
Women and little children, driven forth
To wander o'er the earth. None made complaint,
None wept or falter'd ; but one fear we had,
E'en at the point of freedom to be stay'd,
For once already had we gather'd thus,
And then like wolves upon the sheepfold came
Our cruel enemies and held us back,
Imprisoning some, foully entreating all.
England that hated us, could still refuse
Her children one poor boon, the exile's life.
Yet now we felt secure, such secrecy
Had guided all our movements. There we stood
In the gray morning of a chill spring day,
And saw where rose and fell upon the waves
The vessel of our safety. But the sea,

Chaf'd by an adverse wind, in angry surf
Seething and boiling, hiss'd upon the shore,
And as we closer came, the frighten'd babes
Turn'd sobbing from the sight, and mothers fear'd
To trust the boat that should have borne them thence.
Then one arose: 'Husbands and fathers, ye
Must show the way, and these will follow you.'
Silent and stern the men stepp'd forth and took
The foremost place of danger. Then the crowd
Of trembling women parted, and one came
From out their midst. It was my young fair wife,
On whom I durst not look, lest her wild grief
Should tear me from my post. 'Dear heart,' she
said,
'For life or death my place is at thy side;
I go with thee.' The wanness of her face
Chang'd to unearthly beauty as she spake;
Alone of all the wives and mothers there,
She came, her infant in her arms, to share
Her husband's peril, and my soul sent up
A cry of joy to God. Unharm'd He bare
Our fragile craft across the hungry waves;
We reach'd the ship, and, from her deck, gaz'd back
With longing eyes, to see if those we left
Would venture through the waters. Then one groan
Burst from our anguish'd hearts—there on the shore
Their enemies had found those helpless ones,
Fierce horsemen scatter'd them, and ruthless tore

The mothers from the children. Women wail'd
And held imploring hands to us for help—
To us who, save for love's quick sense, could scarce
Have heard their voice above the wind and sea.
We, powerless, saw them snatch'd from out our sight,
Borne, as we knew, to suffering and shame ;
And from our feebleness, a mighty prayer
Rose up to God, our Strength. Father, on Thee
None ever vainly call'd ; and to the depth
Of our despair didst Thou Thy succour send.
In eagerness our foes o'erreach'd themselves.
What wanted they in prison with young babes
And tender women ? And for very shame
They would not send them homeless through the
land.

Thus, after weary days, they set them free,
And bade them join us. Oh, what joy was ours !
Exile and hardship were as things of nought,
So we and our belov'd could bear together
The lot our God appointed, and our feet
Might tread in fellowship the way of truth.
Yet were we sore bestead in that strange land
Which gave us shelter. Like an armèd man
Came poverty upon us, and though we
Regarded it but little, lifting up
Our eyes to Heaven, our dearest country, yet
The weak in spirit left us, and the weak
In body fail'd and died. Not all are made

Strong to endure, and God, the Judge of all,
Alone can tell our frame. My mother first,
Of those I lov'd, pass'd from our arms away.
She never utter'd murmur, not by word
Or look reveal'd her suffering. Day by day
She faded from us slowly, and we saw
Her life was ebbing from the sands of earth,
And setting surely to the heavenly coasts.
Once did my father ask her, 'Is there aught
Thy soul desires that I can do for thee?'
To him she answer'd, smiling, 'Nay, I have
All and abound.' But when he left her, she,
Turning to where I stood, spake quietly,
'Son, it is true; my God doth give me all,
And more than all I need, and yet, I die.
So closely were the fibres of my life
Entwin'd with England, that apart from her
They wither into dust. One breath of air
Blown from her cliffs would bring me health again.
It cannot be. With my whole soul I will
The will of God; He doth not bid me live.
And well I know thy father too hath felt
The touch of Death, and follows where I go.
Thus is it with the aged; but the young,
Who drew so short a time their nourishment
From English earth, can bear to be transplanted,
And striking root into the stranger soil,
Make it their own. Thus should it be, but thus

I see it not. Thy brow is ever sad,
And thy young wife doth bear about her still
The shadow of regretful memory.
Thy little daughter even is pale and grave
Beyond her childish years. And as are ye
Are all our band of exiles, exiles still
And alien to the land wherein they dwell.
And I, from whom the mists of life are lifting
Fast as the light beyond the grave shines out,
Perceive the cause of your continual grief.
Ye cannot here abide ; to weave, to spin,
Are not your calling. God hath given to you
The tillage of the earth, and ye were made
To breathe His free wild air, and not to pine
In streets and lanes of cities. Get you up,
And seek another country, where your toil
Shall bring you joy, not sorrow. Nevermore
Shall England call you back to her again ;
Deceive not your own selves, but find a land
Which, if not you, your sons shall call their own.
Ponder my words, for God doth often use
The dying mouth to speak His messages
To living ears.' Thus said she, and few days
Thereafter left us for the Home of God. •
Then went my father, not with lingering steps
Like hers, but swift and suddenly, as though
Some urgent voice had call'd him, and his soul
Obey'd in haste. He cast no farewell word.

No look behind him. At one moment stood
His feet with ours, upon the shores which Time
Doth water with his sad and restless stream ;
The next, they enter'd the celestial city,
Through which there flows the river of the Lord.
I sorrow'd not for him. Bravely he fought
His life's long battle, grounding not his arms
Till in the midst of war o'ershadov'd him
The glorious face of Peace, and he was still.
But gazing on my drooping wife and child,
And on the anxious brows of those who shar'd
Our weary banishment, my mother's words
Took full and strange significance. Not thus
Pallid, unhopeful, lin'd with early care,
Should be the countenance of men who felt
God's special guidance. Let us rise and see,—
He calleth us perchance to higher paths
Than these we follow. Such my thoughts, and such
I found were working in the hearts of most.
Then some spoke boldly : 'Hath not God's great earth
A place for all? Why should we tarry here,
To lose the living springs of truth which He
Unseals within us, 'mid decaying faiths
And nations growing old? A new grand world
Hath risen from the ocean—let us there
To claim it in the name of our lost country,
And of our Master, Christ. To them who lust
For ease and wealth, leave we the smiling South,

The golden rivers and the jewell'd sands
Whereof they dream for ever, wasting all
Their manhood on a wild and empty vision,
Or, falling from their purpose, lull themselves
With tropic airs and low-voic'd waters, sleeping
Their souls away to death. For us the North,
The thunder of the never-ceasing wave,
The voice of Nature in her sternest mood,
Through which, by learning to obey, we rule.'
Such language held our leaders and we all
Awaken'd from our torpor as one man,
And knew that God had spoken by their mouth
Then that strange people who had given us rest
Awhile from wandering, with fair soft words,
Would fain have been our masters in the land
Whither we went, and made large promises
Of wealth and safety ; but with changeless love
Turn'd we towards England. She alone should claim
Part with the sons whom she refus'd to own ;
Putting away the alien's offer, we
Accepted her hard terms, most hardly won.

“ It was the prime of summer, when at last
The two frail vessels that were all our hope
Made ready to depart, and we that went
Were gather'd on the shore. Our brothers came,
Those whom as yet the Lord will'd not to go,
E'en to the water's edge ; and there we knelt

Once more together, lifting up our heart
To Him Who in the hollow of His Hand
Holds the unquiet ocean. Then uprose
The man of God whose words had ever been
An anchor to our souls, and spread abroad
His hands in blessing, mingling with the words
Of peace and comfort one last solemn charge :—
' In sight of God and of His holy angels,
Brothers, I bid you only follow me
So far as ye have seen me follow Christ.
Death is it to the Church which places bounds
Upon the truth of God. More shall break forth
Than we can measure from His sacred Word.
The greatest and most shining lights that rise
Amid their fellow-men, stand yet outside
The Lord's whole counsel. Ye have sworn yourselves
To follow on as He shall show the way.'
We heard in silence ; then, with many tears,
Parted asunder from those well-belov'd
Who came not with us. From the shipboard, we
Fir'd a last salute, and while the shore
Receded fast, upheld our hands to theirs,
That stretch'd across the widening reach of sea
As they would strive to meet our touch once more.
Oh man ! how straiten'd in thy body, fix'd
To one small spot on this small earth of thine ;
But in thy soul, how free ! A few short furlongs
Divide us from the clasp of fellowship

We deem so sweet ; a thousand leagues of ocean,
Time, space, and death itself, hold not apart
Our spirits join'd together in one faith,
One Lord, and one eternal Baptism
Of suffering and love.

Fair winds we had,
Unruffled summer sea, and in few days
We anchor'd in an English port, for there
More of our brethren who had cast their lot
With ours awaited us. With longing eyes
Saw we our motherland's white cliffs once more ;
And some among us, landing, press'd her soil
With sad and lingering feet. But not of these
Was I ; with firm and resolute will I turn'd
From that fair coast-line to the burning West,
Where eve by eve the sun went down in fire,
And through the fire I knew that we must pass
To follow where God call'd us. For myself
I gave Him thanks that He should count me worthy
Such path to tread, but greatly did I fear
For my belov'd, praying by day and night,
'Oh Father, spare their weakness !' till the day
When we set sail again. Then came my wife,
And, seeming not to note my troubled look,
She spake : ' Husband, I pray thee hear. Three nights
The same strange dream perplexes all my sleep.
God speaks in visions, and perchance to me
He sends some message that I cannot read :

Interpret thou for me. I saw roll by
A wide and fiery stream, whereof the flames
Mounting to heaven obscur'd all other sight,
But ever and anon a mighty wind
Swept them apart, and there appear'd between
Their fork'd and hissing tongues a glorious vision—
The hosts of the redeem'd so cloth'd in light
They made the blinding glow of that fierce fire
Pale into darkness, and they mounted up
Still into greater light, wherein methought
Must be God's presence. Then the flaming curtain
Hid them once more, but far above its sound,
A wonderful, great voice of music spake,
"This is the cleansing furnace of the Lord
Through which all pass who would behold His Face."
And thou, and I, and our young daughter stood
Upon the brink.—Thy feet the first did enter
The burning flood, we pressing on thy steps ;
And in my heart there was no fear—I long'd
So greatly for the glory of my God.
But thou, turning, didst thrust us back, and cry,
"Nay, not for you,—I tread this way alone,"
And with the agony that pierc'd my soul
Thus to be hinder'd, I awoke from sleep.'
She ceas'd, and I before her stood abash'd,
Then in a while I said, ' Thy parable
Needs no interpreting. From thy clear eyes,
That love anoints, I cannot hide my thoughts

Ay, I have pray'd that God would keep thy feet,
Thine and my child's, from passing through the fire ;
Yet I had deem'd it cruel wrong hadst thou
Thus pray'd for me. Forgive me, oh my wife !
I will not stay thee from God's glory, not
Even by a wish, though thou in entering
The flames dost heat them sevenfold for me.
I, faithless, grudg'd my God the dearer gift
He ask'd than life. Willing I yield it now,
And through the midst of that great furnace, we
Shall pass together to the light thou sawest.'

“ With prosperous winds began our voyage, yet
Scarce had we reach'd the open sea when came
Our first delay, for one of those two ships
To which we trusted, seem'd unfit to meet
The swelling waves with safety. Back we put,
And eight long precious days in harbour lost
While she repair'd ; then, for the second time,
Adventur'd forth in vain. The first fresh breeze
That filled our eager sails brought new alarm
To the faint heart of him in whose command
The *Speedwell* lay, and he refus'd to take
Part with us further. Once again we made
An English port, and there in sorrow left
Those of our number who were overmuch
For that one ship which yet remain'd to us ;
Then for the third time started, and lost sight

For ever of our mist-veil'd native shores.
'Farewell ! farewell ! dear England, thou hast been
A hard rude stepdame to thy children, yet
They leave thee with a blessing on their lips !
Good *Mayflower*, bear us well ! The Old World sends
Seeds of a wondrous harvest to the New,
And God shall give the increase.' Thus we went,
And as our vessel leap'd upon the waves,
Toss'd as a plaything on from crest to crest,
The men, at least, drank courage with each breath,
Accounting not the hardships they endur'd.
The women suffer'd, for their feebler frame
Shrank from the piercing gales, and some there were
Who felt the near approach of motherhood
Touch them with fear. Yet never plaint broke forth
From their calm lips. With brave and cheerful words
They strengthen'd each the other, smiling still
Though pain possess'd them. Three long months
we went
Thus on the waters ; winter near'd apace,
And sudden storms, striking our vessel, drove
Her northward far before their icy breath,
Yet God preserv'd us. After many days
We gain'd a wide and quiet haven. There
Cast we our anchor off the New World coasts,
And ere we made for land, we met together,
Binding ourselves by solemn oath to form
One firm united body, wherein all,

Govern'd by just and equal laws, should yield
Their free submission for the good of all.
Then turn'd we to behold our future home,—
Barren and bleak stretch'd out its dreary shores
Beneath snow-laden skies. Behind us lay
The tempest-beaten ocean, and before
An unknown wilderness ; but God was there,
He would suffice us. Slow and painfully
We waded through the shallow waves whose spray
Froze on our clothing. Many felt the grasp
Of mortal sickness close upon them then ;
The land of our adoption sent forth death
To give us greeting. Longingly we sought
Some trace that man had been before us there,
And once found store of corn, but then our feet
Stumbled on graves—a wild forsaken place
Of Indian burial. Some, faint of heart,
Cried out, 'Behold the only resting-place
That earth affords us. Lie we down and die.'
But we, who knew the strength Divine should break
From out our weakness, answer'd back again
To those who doubted, 'God doth truly show
That He is leading us. Is not the grave
The passage way to life? These we behold
Are but the signs our path is rightly chosen.'
Thus through long days we patient search'd in vain
Where we might tarry safely. Rain and snow
Fell on us day and night, the cruel cold

Froze up our very life, we knowing well
Merciless Winter held worse ill reserv'd
Than yet we suffer'd. Then by water went
The most resolv'd, along that desolate shore.
Twice landing, found we no abiding-place,
But still the same deserted country, still
Fresh graves to welcome us, and ruin'd huts
Abandon'd by the Indians. Yet we held
Our way undaunted. God had given to us
A fountain of exhaustless hope, that sprang
For ever new. The pilot of our boat,
An ancient seaman who in years before
Had seen these coasts, told of a harbour lying
Not far beyond, and thitherward we steer'd,
But night was nearing, and a wind arose
With storm of sleet and rain ; our rudder brake,
Struck by an angry sea. All sail we carried
To reach the haven, but the tempest grew,
Shatter'd our feeble mast, and overboard
Bare shroud and rigging. 'We are cast away,'
The pilot cried, and would have run the boat
On shore amid the surf. We hardly stay'd
His hand, and with much labour made
A shelter'd creek, and drew the boat to land.
Thick darkness veil'd us, and the bitter storm
Wax'd ever wilder. Drench'd with spray and rain,
Weary and weak with fasting, we forgot
All but our present need ; despite the fear

Of savage enemies that lay, perchance,
Near us in ambush, kindled we a fire
And rested as God gave us. Cold and grey
The morning brake at last. A goodly harbour
Had given us shelter, and the land whereon
We stood was but an islet that its waters wash'd.
There we abode two days. The first we spent
Recruiting for new toils. Sore press'd were we
To find a refuge from the pitiless winds
For those who, anxious, waited our return.
The second day grew slowly from the night
All dim with mist and rain. With quiet heart
We met its pallid and reluctant dawn :
This was the day which God had claim'd as His,
We would not make it ours. To Him whose gift
Are all our years, the service of one day
Is but a small requital. In that hour
Were rising up to Him the mingled prayers
Of His elect scatter'd throughout the earth,
But far beyond my spirit pierc'd the bounds,
The dark and narrow bounds our bodies know,
And saw the gather'd multitudes that stand
Around the sapphire throne. Like mighty waters
Flow'd the grand stream of their celestial praise,
In harmony unbroken. From our lips,
Poor and discordant, rose a faltering hymn
That died upon the air, and yet I enter'd
Then, in our weakness, with their glorious strength

Open before the vision of my mind,
Into the blest communion of the saints,
One family alike in earth and heaven.
Oh ! ye who safe within the eternal home
Rest from your labours, and are purified
For ever from the soil and taint of evil,
We, sin-defil'd, weary, and spent with war,
Behold your triumph, and the first faint notes
Of victory are sounded through our hearts.

“ After the day of rest, the days of work
Return'd to us once more. Forward we went
Across the harbour waters, seeking still
The limit of our wanderings, and this time
Our God's good hand was on us, for we found
A fit abiding-place. Some few short days
Pass'd, and the *Mayflower* safe at anchor rode
Within the haven. Then, with failing limbs
But will unconquer'd, set we forth to build
The homes we long'd for. Wasting fevers burn'd
The life of many, many were consum'd
With that strange sickness which awhile puts on
Likeness of health and beauty, but to end
In sudden swift decay ; and week by week
Some of our number left us for the land
Where death is not, and where the fount of tears
Dries in the sunshine of the smile Divine.
In deep mid-winter, when the falling snow

Hid sea and shore, with soft and noiseless touch
Transforming all to whiteness, went my wife.
A half-roof'd hut, through which the keen North Wind,
Frost-laden, enter'd at his will, and breath'd
Ice phantoms forth, such was her shelter then,
In those last hours of earth. Her faded face
Shone with the light of heaven, and her weak voice
Ceas'd not the holy words of comfort she
Had learn'd of God and ever spake to us.
In sleep she died, a smile upon her lips,
That still were smiling when I laid her down
Out of my sight in her last resting-place,
And thank'd my God that He had taken her
From further pain. He spar'd me yet my daughter,
Spar'd her to grow in all the grace of heart
And loveliness of form her mother knew,
Then took her to Himself; but that was not
For long years after, and she left me one,
Thyself, fair child, who knew no other care
From infancy than mine, for thy young father
Had gone before her. On thy clear calm brow
I look, and see no shadow of the cloud
That never wholly lifted from their life
Of pain and suffering, but in its stead
The happy love-light of a maidenhood
Where hope and joy are mingled. It is well :
The exile band thinner and thinner grows ;
The sons and daughters born to them, are now

Exiles no more, but children of the soil.
I wander from my tale, an old man's past
Throngs thick upon his memory, and fills
His mind with thoughts that rise too fast for speech.
Spring came at last, the iron chain was loosen'd
That had been bound so long upon the earth :
She breath'd once more the warm, full breath of life ;
Her myriad voices from their silence woke ;
There was a glad, soft murmur through the air,
A chorus in the woods. But not from us
Death's lingering presence pass'd so soon away ;
And ere he left us for a season, half
Our number followed the resistless call
None but the summon'd hear. Yet still our courage
Stood firm in God, and He forsook us not,
But kept us through all danger, till the flood
Of His deep waters ebb'd. Ye who behold
The growing towns, the peaceful villages,
Wherein the dwellers multiply and find
Shelter, and food, and still increasing wealth,—
Who see the golden fields of autumn, where
The reaper fails not, and the pasture lands
With kine replenish'd, 'tis a tale whereof
Ye reach not the full meaning, when ye hear
How the scant handful of your fathers came
To plant the wilderness in which no seed
Before was scatter'd, and to build them cities
Where never sound of man or man's labour

Had rous'd the vast, dumb solitudes that held
A kingdom of their own. Against us warr'd
Famine, disease, and death, and bore defeat.
This hath mine eyes beheld, my hands have wrought
Their part in this great work, and I have tarried
Later than all that were my peers in age
To see the first-fruits of a harvest yet
To ripen through the ages. Now I go ;
There is a finger laid upon my heart
Whose touch I know. There is a voice commands,
And I am sorely straiten'd till I yield
Obedience, and uprise to follow it.
But oh ! my children, hearken ! for I stand
Upon the confines of Eternity,
And Time, with all its vague and shifting scenes,
Ceases to be. Beware the greed of gold,
The sloth of safety ; these have murder'd souls,
And lie in wait to turn you from the faith
By which your fathers conquer'd. Love of truth,
Of liberty and God, brought them across
The waste of waters to this land, which now
They leave you as a lasting heritage :
Then take ye Truth and Liberty and God
As watchwords on the battlefield of life
For you and for your sons. From me, to whom
Past, present, future soon shall only be
One endless present, roll away the clouds
That hide the time to come, and I behold

Things that are not as yet. A mighty nation
Peoples this vast and untrack'd continent,—
I see its wondrous cities that uprise
Where now is desert, yea I see its wealth,
The splendour that shall crown it ; but there seems
To lie a wide and troubled space between,
And this I cannot fathom, but I know
True greatness comes not but through suffering,
To nations as to every soul of man.
Oh, fear not conflict, fear not pain ! but fear
Ease and contentment—these have never been
The lot of God's elect, nor yet the tools
With which the heroes of mankind have hewn
A passage-way to life through barriers
That hemm'd their fellows in. Hear ye my words,
For I, who speak, have fought the fight and won
The victory ye strive for, and henceforth
There is no war for me. More clearly now
I see the cloud of witnesses that throng
About the footsteps of the saints of God
Than aught of earth, for earth is fading fast,
And heaven's wide gates are open thrown to show
The path of light o'er which my soul must pass
To its eternal home. Oh, children, take
My hand and lead me to the dwelling-place
That ye have known as mine ; such glory fills
My vision that I cannot trace the way
Which brought me hither, and such sounds

Are breaking from the everlasting city
 Upon my spirit, that I cannot hear,
 Save, in the faint far distance, the great voice
 Of Ocean which I love. Thou sea, farewell !
 I face once more thy vast wave-furrow'd plain,
 The earth's chief beauty, and the earth's alone,—
 In heaven is 'no more sea.' The heart of man,
 That here is never still from pain and longing,
 Finds utterance in thine infinite unrest,
 And speaks through thee. There, where God's
 presence brings
 Endless unruffled peace, and satisfies
 The soul's deep hunger, language such as thine
 Hath not a place. Yet if the passing need
 Of earthbound spirits have expression thus
 Beyond all measure, what shall be the speech
 With which Life's river fills the palaces
 Where God Himself alone is Light and Sun,
 And where desire lives but to be fulfilled !”

* * * * * *

They led him back. There gathered round his couch
 The elders of his people, who to him
 Seem'd but as children, and his look supplied
 The failing words of blessing. One by one
 They knelt before him, and his hand was laid
 Upon the head of each. With falling tears
 They, reverent, watch'd the slowly ebbing tide
 Of life forsake him, till at length one said,

“ He sleeps to us, but he is gazing now
Upon the face of God—his eyes behold
The vision they have yearn'd for, and his feet
Have reach'd the goal of their long journeyings,
And stand within the presence of the King,
To go not out for ever. It is well :
Cease we our weeping ; we are citizens
Of that same country whither he is gone,
And day by day more nearly we approach
Our term of pilgrimage. Oh Saint of God,
No sound of mourning from the earth shall break
The rest that thou hast gain'd ! We join with thine
The hymn of our thanksgiving unto Him,
The Father of the spirits of all flesh.”

THE RECONCILIATION.

HE was my friend, and bound to me by ties
So close of love and sympathy, we seem'd
More like to brothers. I, by two short years
Elder than he, and of a mood more grave,
Took pride in all the prowess of his youth ;
For he was strong and daring, form'd for all
That men most covet, women most admire ;
Light-hearted too, open and frank of speech,
Superb in manly beauty. As my soul
I lov'd him, and was jealous of his love.
And then—he wrong'd me, foully, basely wrong'd,
All for a woman and a woman's gold,—
Wrong'd me of forethought, with a cruel lie
Upon his smiling lips. False tongue ! false heart !
He turn'd my love to hatred. No revenge
I took, but when he came and cringing sued
With mock repentance for my pardon, I
Turn'd on my heel and left him, and thenceforth
We were as strangers. Yet once more he came,
After long years,—“ Forgive me, oh my friend,
For I was sorely tempted, and I fell,

And bitterly have sorrow'd for my sin."
But when I look'd, he bore no mark of shame
That I could see. My heart grew hard as stone,
Beholding him who ruin'd all my life
Standing before me thus, unscath'd, unhurt.
I knew him happy, prosperous, belov'd ;
And " Go thy way," I cried : " so help me God
I never will forgive thee while I live."
Then with bow'd head he went. Oh ! he could feign
Whate'er would suit his purpose, that I knew ;
I car'd not for his show of grief : and yet,
E'en as he turn'd, such bitter agony
Shot through my soul as I had never felt.
If it were hatred, God for ever keep
All whom I love from hating like to me.
Then other years pass'd over, many years,
And I heard nothing of my enemy,
For such I counted him, until at last,
Casting my eyes upon the list we read
Each day so carelessly, I saw his death.
So he was gone ! He could not harm me more.
Ah ! well, good riddance ! Then a second time
That anguish pierc'd me, and a craving came
That master'd all my reason, once to look
Upon his face again : and ere the sun
Set on the morrow, at his door I stood.
I know not how I enter'd, what I said,
Until one came to meet me whom I knew,

Though never yet my eyes had lit on him.
He needed not to say, "I am his son;"
I felt it,—'twas his very self I saw
Before me in his youth, but pale and wan
With grief as he had never been. I felt
My heart stand still, my lips grow white and cold.
He spoke, the lad,—it was the self-same voice
Wanting the heart-whole ring of happiness
That woke my answering joy in years gone by.
"I do not know your name. Were you his friend?
Have you such right to enter in this house?"
"I *was*—his friend, and I would once again
Behold him for a moment and alone."
He led me to the chamber of the dead
And left me. "Oh mine enemy, at last,
At last thy reckoning finds thee." They had plac'd
Flowers all about, white flowers as he had been
A soul of virgin purity. A cross
Lay on his breast. Good God! a hypocrite
Even in death! I smil'd a bitter smile
And rais'd my eyes to look upon his face.
"Is this the man? So old—so lin'd and worn?
He had no wrinkle when I saw him last;
His hair, unstreak'd of grey, lay thick and brown
About his temples—this is silver white:
And yet he is not old as years count age.
What thus hath alter'd him? Did pain so work?
When I remember him, he never knew

The lightest ill of body. Was it grief?
He left his wife, his children, none of them
Met death before him ; and no touch of want
Hath wither'd up his life, for he was rich.
What, then, so wrought on him ? Suffering hath
stamp'd
Its mark on every feature. Friend ! my friend !
Could it be our estrangement caused such change ?
Did I, who in the former years had died
To save thee pain, such heavy burden lay
Upon thine after life ? My God ! I swore
I would not pardon him. I cannot keep
That oath, for I forgive ! Friend ! I forgive.
Where'er thou art, oh hear ! and be at peace."
I laid my head once more upon his breast,
And tears rain'd down, hot tears on that cold face,
The pent-up hatred of my life rush'd forth
In one great stream of love. They found me there
Hours or minutes after, led me forth
And babbled words of comfort in mine ear
All meaningless to me. They did not know
My history or his, and it hath lain
For ever secret in my inmost heart ;
Yet once I listen'd when they said, " Some grief
We never knew, hath darken'd all his life ;
God, in His mercy, takes him from it now."
And oh ! my friend ! my friend ! thou knowest this,
I do forgive thee, and thy son is mine.

ELIJAH.

I.

HE stood in the Mount of God,
Alone in his agony,
Where foot of man had not trod,
Nor presence of man pass'd by.
His spirit was dumb and proud,
He utter'd no word of prayer,
Yet his anguish cried out aloud
To the Lord Who set him there.

II.

Fierce rush'd down the mountain side
The sound of a mighty blast,
The rocks were rent ere it died
Into silence and calm at last.
All living things, as it went,
Were scatter'd like chaff away.
But the prophet's knee was not bent,
Nor his tongue unloos'd to pray.

III.

At the earthquake shock, to its base
The mountain trembled and clave,
Like water earth mov'd from her place
And open'd her mouth as the grave.
At midday the heavens were veil'd
In a darkness more dread than night,
But the prophet's cheek was not pal'd,
Nor falter'd his soul at the sight.

IV.

With the pitiless strength of death
The swift tempest of fire came,
It shrivell'd the trees at its breath,
The mountain was wrapp'd in flame.
The sound of its voice went before
With a hiss as of myriad snakes,
But it passeth the prophet o'er,
And no fear his proud spirit breaks.

V.

The wind, the earthquake, the fire,
They came, they pass'd, they are gone ;
More strong than the strength of their ire,
The prophet unmov'd stands alone.
What language shall speak to his heart
If the terrors of Nature fail ?

Is he doom'd to dwell ever apart
With the pride that forbids him to quail ?

VI.

There is silence unbroken, unstirr'd,
Its speech is more pregnant than sound ;
Though nothing the prophet hath heard,
Yet prostrate he falls on the ground.
From the stillness a still small voice grows
Which pierceth his heart like a sword ;
From the depth of his being he bows :
For that is the Voice of the Lord.

VII.

We stand in the Mount of God
Alone with our mortal pain ;
None before us climb'd by that road,
None after shall climb it again.
Our spirits are dumb and proud,
We utter no word of prayer,
But our anguish cries out aloud
To the Lord Who sets us there.

VIII.

The wind, the earthquake, the fire
Our souls have shatter'd and riven,
But our strength than their strength was higher,—
Not to them was the victory given.

What shall break the neck of our pride
When lessons thus stern are in vain ?
Their message in impotence died,
What teaching can further remain ?

IX.

In our lives a great silence is made,
It touches our spirits with peace,
We who met the storm undismay'd,
Tremble sorely when feeling it cease.
Then out of the stillness speaks low
The small Voice that doth pierce as a sword,
In the depths of our being we bow :
For that is the Voice of the Lord.

*TELL THE TRUTH AND SHAME
THE DEVIL.*

“Esse quam videri.”

I.

THERE was a son of earth, poor, weak, unlearn'd,
Neglected of his kind ;
In him no fire of genius burn'd,
And though his brow was deeply scarr'd and lin'd,
It was not with the toils of State,
Or cares that men deem great :
The common woes of poor mortality
Alone did leave their weary traces
On his as on his fellows' faces,
And made his steps go slow and sadly by.

II.

To him the adversary came
Disguised as a friend,
For never twice doth Satan seem the same
If he by changing best can gain his end :

“Tell me thy griefs, and I will find a cure,
Out of true sympathy and friendship pure.”

III.

“I am despised, canst thou honour give?
Bereft of knowledge, canst thou make me wise?
Unlovely, canst thou bid all eyes
See beauty in me? Forc'd to live
In poverty, are riches in thy power?”

IV.

“Thou meet'st me in a happy hour,”
The tempter said. “Though great thy wishes be,
They are not past my granting, so that thou
Submit to one condition. Listen now
Till I unfold it. Thou shalt seem
Rich, learned, comely, worshipful to all.
Will this content thee?” “Nay,”
The answer came, “I would not seem, but be.
To seem what I am not, were but a fall
E'en from my low estate, an empty dream.”

V.

“What thou dost say,”
Replied the tempter, “proves thee, friend, a fool.
Nay, start not at plain speaking, keep thee cool.”

Counting thee rich and wise, men, well content,
Will pay thee honour to thy topmost bent.
What needs thee more?" "That what they count
be true,"

The tempted answer'd. "Truth, my friend,"
Said Satan, smiling, "hath more sides than one ;
On all its sides, thou showest now as poor,
Contemn'd and ignorant : far gone
Must be thy reason if thou canst not see
How chang'd the case shouldst thou submit to me,
And seem what thou desirest. Who will then
Refuse thee credence of thy fellow-men ?
And what can Truth do more than be believ'd ?"
"But falsehood is not truth because receiv'd,"

The man replied. "'Tis just the same
To work with," Satan answer'd. "Yes, but I
Should know myself to all a living lie."

VI.

"This is poor logic, friend ; what blame
Is thine for wearing semblance of a truth ?
And who will owe thee ruth ?
Come make an end
Of all this argument, and send
Thy scruples to the winds." The clouded brow
Of that poor son of earth its shadows lost,
Light that was not of earth his visage cross'd :
"Never, God helping me. I know thee now,

Vile tempter, and despise.
Thou art the hated father of all lies.
I have not liv'd these many years for nought,
Nor such hard battles fought,
That thou shouldst claim at last the victory.
Through all my ignorance and poverty,
My low and common lot, I yet remain
That which God made, a man
Created in His image, and in vain
Wouldst thou prevail on me to cast aside
My birthright at thy will.
For thee may still
The crooked ways of falsehood answer best ;
Thou art no guide
To one who bears within his breast
A human soul. I can,
What thou canst not, proclaim aloud to all :
When this poor husk shall fall
From off the ripen'd grain,
A son of God shall rise to greet the day.
Thou, when thy borrow'd garb of light
Is rent and drops away,
Must sink to thine own place, eternal night.

THE PASSAGE OF THE WINDS.

As I sat musing on one lonely day,
All the four winds of heaven did pass me by
And give me greeting. First, the cruel North
Sent out his messenger: "I come," he said,
"Forth from the region of eternal ice,
Destruction on my wings. Behold, I bear
The winding-sheet of earth, and, as I go,
Unfold and drop it o'er her, till she lies
Dress'd as for burial, then, mournful, cry
Back to my sunless kingdom, 'Earth is dead.'"
The North Wind went his way, and from the South
A low, soft murmur broke, "I come, I come
From tropic seas and islands of the sun:
Let hope revive once more. I breathe on earth,
And lo! her snow-shroud melts. Her frozen heart
Feels the warm stirring of the stream of life,
And, throbbing into consciousness, awakes,
All joyous, to the sunshine and the flowers."
Gently the South Wind pass'd, and from the West
Burst a wild voice, with utterance bold and strong:

“ My home is in the far sea-caves : I come
Across the storm-plough'd furrows of the deep,
And through the languid pulses of the earth
Infuse fresh vigour, till she laughs again
In very joy and overflow of life.”

The West Wind pass'd, the East took up his speech :

“ I am the wind that blew in Paradise,
The garden of the earth. I linger'd last,
Yea, last of all, within its happy bounds,
Till the stern angel said, 'Thou too must go,
For sin hath breath'd in thee.' And yet I stay'd,
Sobbing farewell, farewell, to all I lov'd,
Until he drave me forth. So late I was,
Death's river roll'd already 'twixt the gates
Of Paradise and earth. I, fleeing, felt
Its chill possess me, and for evermore
Am doom'd to give it forth ; yet whensoever
I pass throughout the boundaries of earth,
Her sun is cloudless, and her skies serene
As those in Paradise.” The East Wind ceas'd,
And, sighing, went upon his weary way.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I.

I BUILT a castle, grand and tall,
With tower and turret, belfry, all
That serv'd to give the eye delight,
Yet good for use as well as sight,
Just sitting in my easy-chair—
For 'twas a castle built of air.

II.

I had the steps of marble laid,
The doors and beams of gold were made,
The rarest works of art were brought,
The furniture with gems inwrought ;
And yet there was no extra there,
In all my castle built of air.

III.

I fill'd my halls with many a guest,
Enjoy'd with them the feast and jest ;

Talk'd of all subjects 'neath the sky—
Nothing for us too deep or high.
The great, the good, the wise, the fair
Peopled my castle built of air.

IV.

A mistress, too, my castle had,
Whose very presence made it glad.
I did not need to woo and win
Before I bade her enter in :
I wish'd, and straightway she was there
Safe in my castle built of air.

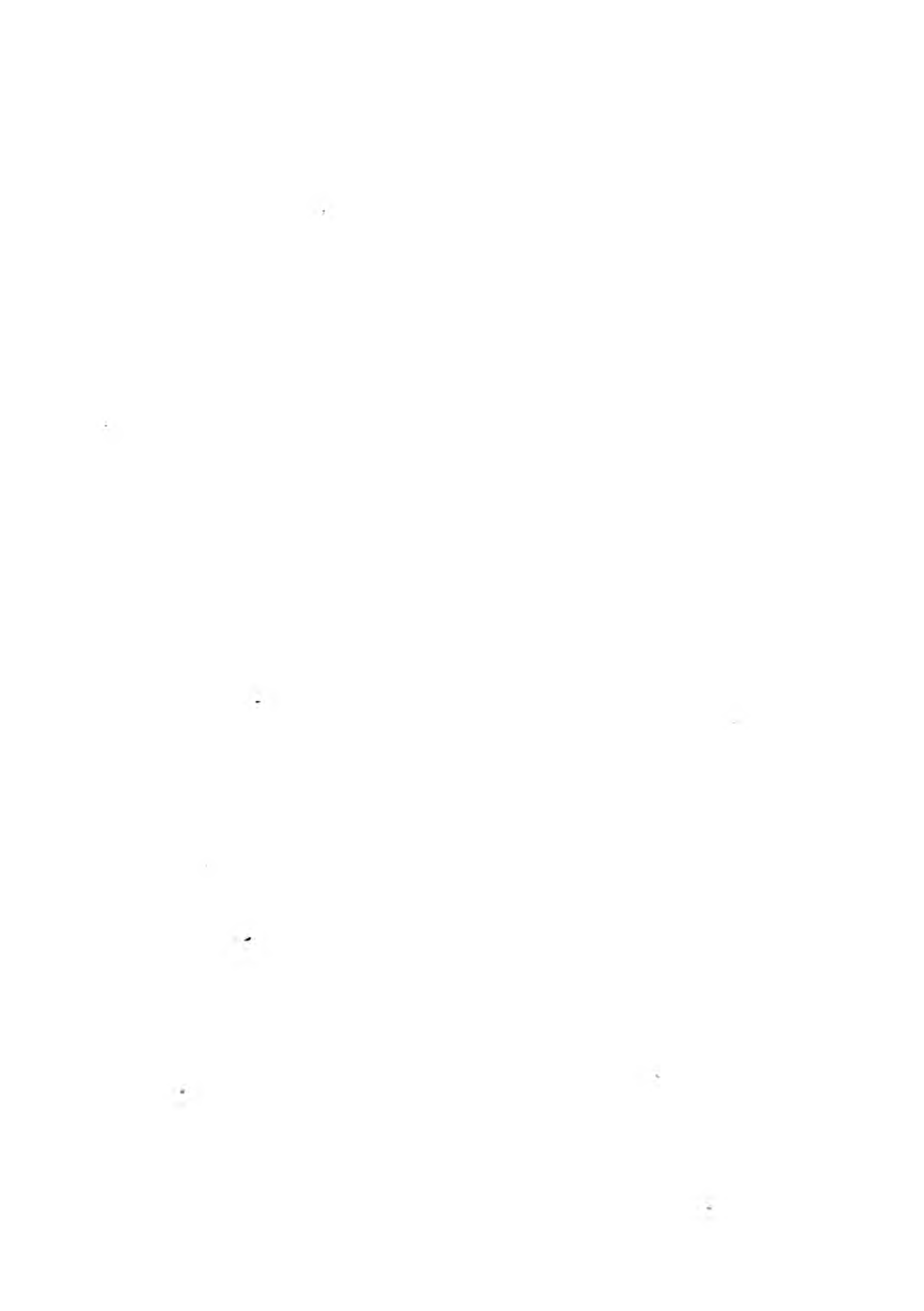
V.

My castle, often built before,
Lasted perhaps an hour or more.
One moment solid did it seem,
The next, it vanish'd as a dream ;
I look'd—there was no castle there,
Nothing was left but empty air.

L'ENVOI.

Now take advice, good people all,
Castles of air are doom'd to fall ;
Yet in their falling be you sure
They'll leave you sadder than before :
So sleep while in your easy-chair,
And don't build castles made of air.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.



A LIST OF
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.'S
PUBLICATIONS.

1, Paternoster Square,
London.

A LIST OF
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.'S
PUBLICATIONS.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|-------------------------------|------|
| GENERAL LITERATURE | 2 | POETRY | 30 |
| INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES | 26 | WORKS OF FICTION | 37 |
| MILITARY WORKS. | 29 | BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG | 38 |

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ADAMSON, H. T., B.D.*—The Truth as it is in Jesus. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- The Three Sevens. Crown 8vo, 5s. 6d.
- The Millennium; or, the Mystery of God Finished. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- A. K. H. B.*—From a Quiet Place. A New Volume of Sermons. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- ALLEN, Rev. R., M.A.*—Abraham; his Life, Times, and Travels, 3800 years ago. With Map. Second Edition. Post 8vo, 6s.
- ALLIES, T. W., M.A.*—Per Crucem ad Lucem. The Result of a Life. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 25s.
- A Life's Decision. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- AMOS, Professor Sheldon.*—The History and Principles of the Civil Law of Rome. An aid to the Study of Scientific and Comparative Jurisprudence. Demy 8vo. 16s.
- ANDERDON, Rev. W. H.*—Fasti Apostolici; a Chronology of the Years between the Ascension of our Lord and the Martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Evenings with the Saints. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- ARMSTRONG, Richard A., B.A.*—Latter-Day Teachers. Six Lectures. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

- AUBERTIN, J. J.*—*A Flight to Mexico.* With Seven full-page Illustrations and a Railway Map of Mexico. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- BADGER, George Percy, D.C.L.*—*An English-Arabic Lexicon.* In which the equivalent for English Words and Idiomatic Sentences are rendered into literary and colloquial Arabic. Royal 4to, £9 9s.
- BAGEHOT, Walter.*—*The English Constitution.* Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Lombard Street. A Description of the Money Market. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Some Articles on the Depreciation of Silver, and Topics connected with it. Demy 8vo, 5s.
- BAGENAL, Philip H.*—*The American-Irish and their Influence on Irish Politics.* Crown 8vo, 5s.
- BAGOT, Alan, C.E.*—*Accidents in Mines: their Causes and Prevention.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Principles of Colliery Ventilation.* Second Edition, greatly enlarged. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- BAKER, Sir Sherston, Bart.*—*The Laws relating to Quarantine.* Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- BALDWIN, Capt. J. H.*—*The Large and Small Game of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces of India.* With 18 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Small 4to, 10s. 6d.
- BALLIN, Ada S. and F. L.*—*A Hebrew Grammar.* With Exercises selected from the Bible. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- BARCLAY, Edgar.*—*Mountain Life in Algeria.* With numerous Illustrations by Photogravure. Crown 4to, 16s.
- BARLOW, James H.*—*The Ultimatum of Pessimism.* An Ethical Study. Demy 8vo, 6s.
- BARNES, William.*—*Outlines of Redecraft (Logic).* With English Wording. Crown 8vo, 3s.
- BAUR, Ferdinand, Dr. Ph.*—*A Philological Introduction to Greek and Latin for Students.* Translated and adapted from the German, by C. KEGAN PAUL, M.A., and E. D. STONE, M.A. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BELLARS, Rev. W.*—*The Testimony of Conscience to the Truth and Divine Origin of the Christian Revelation.* Burney Prize Essay. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- BELLINGHAM, Henry, M.P.*—*Social Aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism in their Civil Bearing upon Nations.* Translated and adapted from the French of M. le BARON DE HAULLEVILLE. With a preface by His Eminence CARDINAL MANNING. Second and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

- BELLINGHAM H. Belsches Graham.*—Ups and Downs of Spanish Travel. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.
- BENN, Alfred W.*—The Greek Philosophers. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 28s.
- BENT, J. Theodore.*—Genoa: How the Republic Rose and Fell. With 18 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 18s.
- BLOOMFIELD, The Lady.*—Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life. New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BLUNT, The Ven. Archdeacon.*—The Divine Patriot, and other Sermons. Preached in Scarborough and in Cannes. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- BLUNT, Wilfred S.*—The Future of Islam. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BONWICK, J., F.R.G.S.*—Pyramid Facts and Fancies. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- BOUVERIE-PUSEY, S. E. B.*—Permanence and Evolution. An Inquiry into the Supposed Mutability of Animal Types. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- BOWEN, H. C., M.A.*—Studies in English. For the use of Modern Schools. Third Edition. Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- English Grammar for Beginners. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.
- BRADLEY, F. H.*—The Principles of Logic. Demy 8vo, 16s.
- BRIDGETT, Rev. T. E.*—History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 18s.
- BRODRICK, the Hon. G. C.*—Political Studies. Demy 8vo, 14s.
- BROOKE, Rev. S. A.*—Life and Letters of the Late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A. Edited by.
- I. Uniform with Robertson's Sermons. 2 vols. With Steel Portrait. 7s. 6d.
- II. Library Edition. With Portrait. 8vo, 12s.
- III. A Popular Edition. In 1 vol., 8vo, 6s.
- The Fight of Faith. Sermons preached on various occasions. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- The Spirit of the Christian Life. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Theology in the English Poets.—Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Burns. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo, 5s.
- Christ in Modern Life. Sixteenth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Sermons. First Series. Thirteenth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Sermons. Second Series. Sixth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

- BROWN, Rev. J. Baldwin, B.A.*—*The Higher Life. Its Reality, Experience, and Destiny.* Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love.* Five Discourses. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- The Christian Policy of Life.* A Book for Young Men of Business. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- BROWN, S. Borton, B.A.*—*The Fire Baptism of all Flesh; or, the Coming Spiritual Crisis of the Dispensation.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BROWNBILL, John.*—*Principles of English Canon Law.* Part I. General Introduction. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- BROWNE, W. R.*—*The Inspiration of the New Testament.* With a Preface by the Rev. J. P. NORRIS, D.D. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- BURTON, Mrs. Richard.*—*The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land.* Cheaper Edition in one volume. Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- BUSBECQ, Ogier Ghiselin de.*—*His Life and Letters.* By CHARLES THORNTON FORSTER, M.A., and F. H. BLACKBURNE DANIELL, M.A. 2 vols. With Frontispieces. Demy 8vo, 24s.
- CARPENTER, W. B., LL.D., M.D., F.R.S., etc.*—*The Principles of Mental Physiology.* With their Applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the Study of its Morbid Conditions. Illustrated. Sixth Edition. 8vo, 12s.
- CERVANTES.*—*The Ingenious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.* A New Translation from the Originals of 1605 and 1608. By A. J. DUFFIELD. With Notes. 3 vols. Demy 8vo, 42s.
- Journey to Parnassus.* Spanish Text, with Translation into English Tercets, Preface, and Illustrative Notes, by JAMES Y. GIBSON. Crown 8vo, 12s.
- CHEYNE, Rev. T. K.*—*The Prophecies of Isaiah.* Translated with Critical Notes and Dissertations. 2 vols. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 25s.
- CLAIRAUT.*—*Elements of Geometry.* Translated by Dr. KAINES. With 145 Figures. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- CLAYDEN, P. W.*—*England under Lord Beaconsfield.* The Political History of the Last Six Years, from the end of 1873 to the beginning of 1880. Second Edition, with Index and continuation to March, 1880. Demy 8vo, 16s.
- Samuel Sharpe.* Egyptologist and Translator of the Bible. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- CLIFFORD, Samuel.*—*What Think Ye of Christ?* Crown 8vo. 6s.
- CLODD, Edward, F.R.A.S.*—*The Childhood of the World: a Simple Account of Man in Early Times.* Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s.
- A Special Edition for Schools. 1s.

CLODD, Edward, F.R.A.S.—continued.

The Childhood of Religions. Including a Simple Account of the Birth and Growth of Myths and Legends. Eighth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 5s.

A Special Edition for Schools. 1s. 6d.

Jesus of Nazareth. With a brief sketch of Jewish History to the Time of His Birth. Small crown 8vo, 6s.

COGHLAN, J. Cole, D.D.—The Modern Pharisee and other Sermons. Edited by the Very Rev. H. H. DICKINSON, D.D., Dean of Chapel Royal, Dublin. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

COLERIDGE, Sara.—Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge. Edited by her Daughter. With Index. Cheap Edition. With Portrait. 7s. 6d.

Collects Exemplified. Being Illustrations from the Old and New Testaments of the Collects for the Sundays after Trinity. By the Author of "A Commentary on the Epistles and Gospels." Edited by the Rev. JOSEPH JACKSON. Crown 8vo, 5s.

CONNELL, A. K.—Discontent and Danger in India. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Economic Revolution of India. Crown 8vo, 5s.

CORY, William.—A Guide to Modern English History. Part I.—MDCCCXV.—MDCCCXXX. Demy 8vo, 9s. Part II.—MDCCCXXX.—MDCCCXXXV., 15s.

COTTERILL, H. B.—An Introduction to the Study of Poetry. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

COX, Rev. Sir George W., M.A., Bart.—A History of Greece from the Earliest Period to the end of the Persian War. New Edition. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 36s.

The Mythology of the Aryan Nations. New Edition. Demy 8vo, 16s.

Tales of Ancient Greece. New Edition. Small crown 8vo, 6s.

A Manual of Mythology in the form of Question and Answer. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

An Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folk-Lore. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

COX, Rev. Sir G. W., M.A., Bart., and JONES, Eustace Hinton.—Popular Romances of the Middle Ages. Second Edition, in 1 vol. Crown 8vo, 6s.

COX, Rev. Samuel, D.D.—Salvator Mundi ; or, Is Christ the Saviour of all Men? Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The Genesis of Evil, and other Sermons, mainly expository. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

COX, Rev. Samuel, D.D.—continued.

A Commentary on the Book of Job. With a Translation. Demy 8vo, 15s.

The Larger Hope. A Sequel to "Salvator Mundi." 16mo, 1s.

CRAVEN, Mrs.—A Year's Meditations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

CRAWFURD, Oswald.—Portugal, Old and New. With Illustrations and Maps. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

CROZIER, John Beattie, M.B.—The Religion of the Future. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Cyclopædia of Common Things. Edited by the Rev. Sir GEORGE W. COX, Bart., M.A. With 500 Illustrations. Third Edition. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

DAVIDSON, Rev. Samuel, D.D., LL.D.—Canon of the Bible; Its Formation, History, and Fluctuations. Third and Revised Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

The Doctrine of Last Things contained in the New Testament compared with the Notions of the Jews and the Statements of Church Creeds. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

DAVIDSON, Thomas.—The Parthenon Frieze, and other Essays. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DAWSON, Geo., M.A. Prayers, with a Discourse on Prayer. Edited by his Wife. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Sermons on Disputed Points and Special Occasions. Edited by his Wife. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Sermons on Daily Life and Duty. Edited by his Wife. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Authentic Gospel. A New Volume of Sermons. Edited by GEORGE ST. CLAIR. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Three Books of God: Nature, History, and Scripture. Sermons edited by GEORGE ST. CLAIR. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DE FONCOURT, Madame Marie.—Wholesome Cookery. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

DE LONG, Lieut. Com. G. W.—The Voyage of the Jeannette. The Ship and Ice Journals of. Edited by his Wife, EMMA DE LONG. With Portraits, Maps, and many Illustrations on wood and stone. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. 36s.

DESPREZ, Phillip S., B.D.—Daniel and John; or, the Apocalypse of the Old and that of the New Testament. Demy 8vo, 12s.

DOWDEN, Edward, LL.D.—Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art. Sixth Edition. Post 8vo, 12s.

Studies in Literature, 1789–1877. Second and Cheaper Edition. Large post 8vo, 6s.

- DUFFIELD, A. J.**—*Don Quixote: his Critics and Commentators.* With a brief account of the minor works of MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, and a statement of the aim and end of the greatest of them all. A handy book for general readers. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- DU MONCEL, Count.**—*The Telephone, the Microphone, and the Phonograph.* With 74 Illustrations. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- EDGEWORTH, F. Y.**—*Mathematical Psychics.* An Essay on the Application of Mathematics to Social Science. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Educational Code of the Prussian Nation, in its Present Form.** In accordance with the Decisions of the Common Provincial Law, and with those of Recent Legislation. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Education Library.** Edited by PHILIP MAGNUS:—
- An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories.** By OSCAR BROWNING, M.A. Second Edition. 3s. 6d.
- Old Greek Education.** By the Rev. Prof. MAHAFFY, M.A. 3s. 6d.
- School Management.** Including a general view of the work of Education, Organization and Discipline. By JOSEPH LANDON. Second Edition. 6s.
- Eighteenth Century Essays.** Selected and Edited by AUSTIN DOBSON. With a Miniature Frontispiece by R. Caldecott. Parchment Library Edition, 6s. ; vellum, 7s. 6d.
- ELSDALE, Henry.**—*Studies in Tennyson's Idylls.* Crown 8vo, 5s.
- ELYOT, Sir Thomas.**—*The Boke named the Gouvernour.* Edited from the First Edition of 1531 by HENRY HERBERT STEPHEN CROFT, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. With Portraits of Sir Thomas and Lady Elyot, copied by permission of her Majesty from Holbein's Original Drawings at Windsor Castle. 2 vols. Fcap. 4to, 50s.
- Enoch the Prophet.** The Book of. Archbishop LAURENCE'S Translation, with an Introduction by the Author of "The Evolution of Christianity." Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Eranus.** A Collection of Exercises in the Alcaic and Sapphic Metres. Edited by F. W. CORNISH, Assistant Master at Eton. Crown 8vo, 2s.
- EVANS, Mark.**—*The Story of Our Father's Love, told to Children.* Sixth and Cheaper Edition. With Four Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

EVANS, Mark—continued.

A Book of Common Prayer and Worship for Household Use, compiled exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.

The Gospel of Home Life. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

The King's Story-Book. In Three Parts. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d. each.

* * Parts I. and II. with Eight Illustrations and Two Picture Maps, now ready.

"Fan Kwae" at Canton before Treaty Days 1825-1844. By an old Resident. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 5s.

FLECKER, Rev. Eliezer.—Scripture Onomatology. Being Critical Notes on the Septuagint and other versions. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

FLOREDICE, W. H.—A Month among the Mere Irish. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

GARDINER, Samuel R., and J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A.—Introduction to the Study of English History. Large Crown 8vo, 9s.

GARDNER, Dorsey.—Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo. A Narrative of the Campaign in Belgium, 1815. With Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo, 16s.

Genesis in Advance of Present Science. A Critical Investigation of Chapters I.-IX. By a Septuagenarian Beneficed Presbyter. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

GENNA, E.—Irresponsible Philanthropists. Being some Chapters on the Employment of Gentlewomen. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

GEORGE, Henry.—Progress and Poverty : An Inquiry into the Causes of Industrial Depressions, and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy. Second Edition. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Also a Cheap Edition. Limp cloth, 1s. 6d. Paper covers, 1s.

GIBSON, James, Y.—Journey to Parnassus. Composed by MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. Spanish Text, with Translation into English Tercets, Preface, and Illustrative Notes, by. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Glossary of Terms and Phrases. Edited by the Rev. H. PERCY SMITH and others. Medium 8vo, 12s.

GLOVER, F., M.A.—Exempla Latina. A First Construing Book, with Short Notes, Lexicon, and an Introduction to the Analysis of Sentences. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

GOLDSMID, Sir Francis Henry, Bart., Q.C., M.P.—Memoir of. With Portrait. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 6s.

- GOODENOUGH, Commodore J. G.*—Memoir of, with Extracts from his Letters and Journals. Edited by his Widow. With Steel Engraved Portrait. Square 8vo, 5s.
- * Also a Library Edition with Maps, Woodcuts, and Steel Engraved Portrait. Square post 8vo, 14s.
- GOSSE, Edmund W.*—Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe. With a Frontispiece designed and etched by Alma Tadema. New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, 6s.
- Seventeenth Century Studies. A Contribution to the History of English Poetry. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- GOULD, Rev. S. Baring, M.A.*—Germany, Present and Past. New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- GOWAN, Major Walter E.*—A. Ivanoff's Russian Grammar. (16th Edition.) Translated, enlarged, and arranged for use of Students of the Russian Language. Demy 8vo, 6s.
- GOWER, Lord Ronald.* My Reminiscences. Second Edition. 2 vols. With Frontispieces. Demy 8vo, 30s.
- GRAHAM, William, M.A.*—The Creed of Science, Religious, Moral, and Social. Demy 8vo, 6s.
- GRIFFITH, Thomas, A.M.*—The Gospel of the Divine Life: a Study of the Fourth Evangelist. Demy 8vo, 14s.
- GRIMLEY, Rev. H. N., M.A.*—Tremadoc Sermons, chiefly on the Spiritual Body, the Unseen World, and the Divine Humanity. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- HAECKEL, Prof. Ernst.*—The History of Creation. Translation revised by Professor E. RAY LANKESTER, M.A., F.R.S. With Coloured Plates and Genealogical Trees of the various groups of both Plants and Animals. 2 vols. Third Edition. Post 8vo, 32s.
- The History of the Evolution of Man. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. Post 8vo, 32s.
- A Visit to Ceylon. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Freedom in Science and Teaching. With a Prefatory Note by T. H. HUXLEY, F.R.S. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- HALF-CROWN SERIES :—
- A Lost Love. By ANNA C. OGLE [Ashford Owen].
- Sister Dora : a Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE.
- True Words for Brave Men : a Book for Soldiers and Sailors. By the late CHARLES KINGSLEY.
- An Inland Voyage. By R. L. STEVENSON.
- Travels with a Donkey. By R. L. STEVENSON.

HALF-CROWN SERIES—*continued.*

Notes of Travel : being Extracts from the Journals of Count VON MOLTKE.

English Sonnets. Collected and Arranged by J. DENNIS.

London Lyrics. By F. LOCKER.

Home Songs for Quiet Hours. By the Rev. Canon R. H. BAYNES.

HAWEIS, Rev. H. R., M.A.—Current Coin. Materialism—The Devil—Crime—Drunkenness—Pauperism—Emotion—Recreation—The Sabbath. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Arrows in the Air. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Speech in Season. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Thoughts for the Times. Thirteenth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Unsectarian Family Prayers. New and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

HAWKINS, Edwards Comerford.—Spirit and Form. Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Leatherhead. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HAWTHORNE, Nathaniel.—Works. Complete in Twelve Volumes. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d. each volume.

VOL. I. TWICE-TOLD TALES.

II. MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.

III. THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, AND THE SNOW IMAGE.

IV. THE WONDERBOOK, TANGLEWOOD TALES, AND GRAND-FATHER'S CHAIR.

V. THE SCARLET LETTER, AND THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.

VI. THE MARBLE FAUN. [Transformation.]

VII. } OUR OLD HOME, AND ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS.

VIII. }

IX. AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS.

X. FRENCH AND ITALIAN NOTE-BOOKS.

XI. SEPTIMIUS FELTON, THE DOLLIVER ROMANCE, FANSHAWE, AND, IN AN APPENDIX, THE ANCESTRAL FOOTSTEP.

XII. TALES AND ESSAYS, AND OTHER PAPERS, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HAWTHORNE.

HAYES, A. H., Junr.—New Colorado, and the Santa Fé Trail. With Map and 60 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 9s.

HENNESSY, Sir John Pope.—Raleigh in Ireland. With his Letters on Irish Affairs and some Contemporary Documents. Large crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, parchment, 10s. 6d.

HENRY, Philip.—Diaries and Letters of. Edited by MATTHEW HENRY LEE, M.A. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

HIDE, Albert.—The Age to Come. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

- HIME, Major H. W. L., R.A.*—Wagnerism: A Protest. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- HINTON, J.*—Life and Letters. Edited by ELLICE HOPKINS, with an Introduction by Sir W. W. GULL, Bart., and Portrait engraved on Steel by C. H. Jeens. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- The Mystery of Pain. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.
- HOLTHAM, E. G.*—Eight Years in Japan, 1873-1881. Work, Travel, and Recreation. With three maps. Large crown 8vo, 9s.
- HOOVER, Mary.*—Little Dinners: How to Serve them with Elegance and Economy. Seventeenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Cookery for Invalids, Persons of Delicate Digestion, and Children. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Every-Day Meals. Being Economical and Wholesome Recipes for Breakfast, Luncheon, and Supper. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- HOPKINS, Ellice.*—Life and Letters of James Hinton, with an Introduction by Sir W. W. GULL, Bart., and Portrait engraved on Steel by C. H. Jeens. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- Work amongst Working Men. Fourth edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- HOSPITALIER, E.*—The Modern Applications of Electricity. Translated and Enlarged by JULIUS MAIER, Ph.D. 2 vols. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. each volume.
- VOL. I.—Electric Generators, Electric Light.
- VOL. II.—Telephone: Various Applications: Electrical Transmission of Energy.
- Household Readings on Prophecy. By a Layman. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- HUGHES, Henry.*—The Redemption of the World. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- HUNTINGFORD, Rev. E., D.C.L.*—The Apocalypse. With a Commentary and Introductory Essay. Demy 8vo, 9s.
- HUTTON, Arthur, M.A.*—The Anglican Ministry: Its Nature and Value in relation to the Catholic Priesthood. With a Preface by His Eminence CARDINAL NEWMAN. Demy 8vo, 14s.
- HUTTON, Rev. C. F.*—Unconscious Testimony; or, the Silent Witness of the Hebrew to the Truth of the Historical Scriptures. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- IM THURN, Everard F.*—Among the Indians of British Guiana. Being Sketches, chiefly anthropologic, from the Interior of British Guiana. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo.

- JENKINS, E., and RAYMOND, J.**—The Architect's Legal Handbook. Third Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- JENKINS, Rev. R. C., M.A.**—The Privilege of Peter, and the Claims of the Roman Church confronted with the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Testimony of the Popes themselves. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- JERVIS, Rev. W. Henley.**—The Gallican Church and the Revolution. A Sequel to the History of the Church of France, from the Concordat of Bologna to the Revolution. Demy 8vo, 18s.
- JOEL, L.**—A Consul's Manual and Shipowner's and Shipmaster's Practical Guide in their Transactions Abroad. With Definitions of Nautical, Mercantile, and Legal Terms; a Glossary of Mercantile Terms in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish; Tables of the Money, Weights, and Measures of the Principal Commercial Nations and their Equivalents in British Standards; and Forms of Consular and Notarial Acts. Demy 8vo, 12s.
- JOHNSTONE, C. F., M.A.**—Historical Abstracts: being Outlines of the History of some of the less known States of Europe. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- JOLLY, William, F.R.S.E., etc.**—The Life of John Duncan, Scotch Weaver and Botanist. With Sketches of his Friends and Notices of his Times. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, with etched portrait, 9s.
- JONES, C. A.**—The Foreign Freaks of Five Friends. With 30 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- JOYCE, P. W., LL.D., etc.**—Old Celtic Romances. Translated from the Gaelic. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- JOYNES, J. L.**—The Adventures of a Tourist in Ireland. Second edition. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- KAUFMANN, Rev. M., B.A.**—Socialism: its Nature, its Dangers, and its Remedies considered. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Utopias; or, Schemes of Social Improvement, from Sir Thomas More to Karl Marx. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- KAY, Joseph.**—Free Trade in Land. Edited by his Widow. With Preface by the Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- KEMPIS, Thomas à.**—Of the Imitation of Christ. Parchment Library Edition, 6s.; or vellum, 7s. 6d. The Red Line Edition, fcap. 8vo, red edges, 2s. 6d. The Cabinet Edition, small 8vo, cloth limp, 1s.; cloth boards, red edges, 1s. 6d. The Miniature Edition, red edges, 32mo, 1s.
- * * All the above Editions may be had in various extra bindings
- KENT, C.**—Corona Catholica ad Petri successoris Pede Oblata: De Summi Pontificis Leonis XIII. Assumptione Epigramma. In Quinquaginta Linguis. Fcap. 4to, 15s.

- KETTLEWELL, Rev. S.**—**Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life.** 2 vols. With Frontispieces. Demy 8vo, 30s.
- KIDD, Joseph, M.D.**—**The Laws of Therapeutics; or, the Science and Art of Medicine.** Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- KINGSFORD, Anna, M.D.**—**The Perfect Way in Diet.** A Treatise advocating a Return to the Natural and Ancient Food of our Race. Small crown 8vo, 2s.
- KINGSLEY, Charles, M.A.**—**Letters and Memories of his Life.** Edited by his Wife. With two Steel Engraved Portraits, and Vignettes on Wood. Thirteenth Cabinet Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 12s.
- * * * Also a New and Condensed Edition, in one volume. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- All Saints' Day, and other Sermons.** Also a new and condensed Edition in one volume, with Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s. Edited by the Rev. W. HARRISON. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- True Words for Brave Men.** A Book for Soldiers' and Sailors' Libraries. Tenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- KNOX, Alexander A.**—**The New Playground; or, Wanderings in Algeria.** New and cheaper edition. Large crown 8vo, 6s.
- LANDON Joseph.**—**School Management; Including a General View of the Work of Education, Organization, and Discipline.** Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- LAURIE, S. S.**—**The Training of Teachers, and other Educational Papers.** Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- LEE, Rev. F. G., D.C.L.**—**The Other World; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural.** 2 vols. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 15s.
- Letters from a Young Emigrant in Manitoba.** Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- LEWIS, Edward Dillon.**—**A Draft Code of Criminal Law and Procedure.** Demy 8vo, 21s.
- LILLIE, Arthur, M.R.A.S.**—**The Popular Life of Buddha.** Containing an Answer to the Hibbert Lectures of 1881. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- LINDSAY, W. Lauder, M.D.**—**Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease.** 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 32s.
Vol. I.—Mind in Health. Vol. II.—Mind in Disease.
- LLOYD, Walter.**—**The Hope of the World: An Essay on Universal Redemption.** Crown 8vo, 5s.
- LONSDALE, Margaret.**—**Sister Dora: a Biography.** With Portrait. Twenty-fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- LOWDER, Charles.**—**A Biography.** By the Author of "St. Teresa." New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 3s. 6d.

- LYTTON, Edward Bulwer, Lord.**—**Life, Letters and Literary Remains.** By his Son, The EARL OF LYTTON. With Portraits, Illustrations and Facsimiles. Demy 8vo.
[Vols. I. and II. just ready.]
- MACHIAVELLI, Niccolò.**—**Discourses on the First Decade of Titus Livius.** Translated from the Italian by NINIAN HILL THOMSON, M.A. Large crown 8vo, 12s.
- The Prince.** Translated from the Italian by N. H. T. Small crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, bevelled boards, 6s.
- MACKENZIE, Alexander.**—**How India is Governed.** Being an Account of England's Work in India. Small crown 8vo, 2s.
- MACNAUGHT, Rev. John.**—**Cœna Domini : An Essay on the Lord's Supper, its Primitive Institution, Apostolic Uses, and Subsequent History.** Demy 8vo, 14s.
- MACWALTER, Rev. G. S.**—**Life of Antonis Rosmini Serbati (Founder of the Institute of Charity).** 2 vols. Demy 8vo.
[Vol. I. now ready, price 12s.]
- MAGNUS, Mrs.**—**About the Jews since Bible Times.** From the Babylonian Exile till the English Exodus. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- MAIR, R. S., M.D., F.R.C.S.E.**—**The Medical Guide for Anglo-Indians.** Being a Compendium of Advice to Europeans in India, relating to the Preservation and Regulation of Health. With a Supplement on the Management of Children in India. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 3s. 6d.
- MALDEN, Henry Elliot.**—**Vienna, 1683.** The History and Consequences of the Defeat of the Turks before Vienna, September 12th, 1683, by John Sobieski, King of Poland, and Charles Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- Many Voices.** A volume of Extracts from the Religious Writers of Christendom from the First to the Sixteenth Century. With Biographical Sketches. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, red edges, 6s.
- MARKHAM, Capt. Albert Hastings, R.N.**—**The Great Frozen Sea : A Personal Narrative of the Voyage of the *Alert* during the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6.** With 6 Full-page Illustrations, 2 Maps, and 27 Woodcuts. Sixth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- A Polar Reconnaissance : being the Voyage of the *Isbjörn* to Novaya Zemlya in 1879.** With 10 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 16s.
- Marriage and Maternity ; or, Scripture Wives and Mothers.** Small crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- MARTINEAU, Gertrude.**—**Outline Lessons on Morals.** Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- MAUDSLEY, H., M.D.**—**Body and Will.** Being an Essay concerning Will, in its Metaphysical, Physiological, and Pathological Aspects. 8vo, 12s.

- McGRATH, Terence.*—*Pictures from Ireland.* New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s.
- MEREDITH, M.A.*—*Theotokos, the Example for Woman.* Dedicated, by permission, to Lady Agnes Wood. Revised by the Venerable Archdeacon DENISON. 32mo, limp cloth, 1s. 6d.
- MILLER, Edward.*—*The History and Doctrines of Irvingism ; or, the so-called Catholic and Apostolic Church.* 2 vols. Large post 8vo, 25s.
- The Church in Relation to the State.* Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- MINCHIN, J. G.*—*Bulgaria since the War : Notes of a Tour in the Autumn of 1879.* Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- MITFORD, Bertram.*—*Through the Zulu Country.* Its Battle-fields and its People. With five Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 14s.
- MIVART, St. George.*—*Nature and Thought : An Introduction to a Natural Philosophy.* Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- MOCKLER, E.*—*A Grammar of the Baloochee Language, as it is spoken in Makran (Ancient Gedrosia), in the Persia-Arabic and Roman characters.* Fcap. 8vo, 5s.
- MOLESWORTH, Rev. W. Nassau, M.A.*—*History of the Church of England from 1660.* Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- MORELL, J. R.*—*Euclid Simplified in Method and Language.* Being a Manual of Geometry. Compiled from the most important French Works, approved by the University of Paris and the Minister of Public Instruction. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- MORSE, E. S., Ph.D.*—*First Book of Zoology.* With numerous Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- MURPHY, John Nicholas.*—*The Chair of Peter ; or, the Papacy considered in its Institution, Development, and Organization, and in the Benefits which for over Eighteen Centuries it has conferred on Mankind.* Demy 8vo, 18s.
- NELSON, J. H., M.A.*—*A Prospectus of the Scientific Study of the Hindû Law.* Demy 8vo, 9s.
- NEWMAN, J. H., D.D.*—*Characteristics from the Writings of.* Being Selections from his various Works. Arranged with the Author's personal Approval. Sixth Edition. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- * * A Portrait of Cardinal Newman, mounted for framing, can be had, 2s. 6d.
- NEWMAN, Francis William.*—*Essays on Diet.* Small crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.
- New Werther.* By LOKI. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

NICHOLSON, Edward Byron.—The Gospel according to the Hebrews. Its Fragments Translated and Annotated with a Critical Analysis of the External and Internal Evidence relating to it. Demy 8vo, 9s. 6d.

A New Commentary on the Gospel according to Matthew. Demy 8vo, 12s.

NICOLS, Arthur, F.G.S., F.R.G.S.—Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth: an Introduction to Geology and Palæontology. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

NOPS, Marianne.—Class Lessons on Euclid. Part I. containing the First two Books of the Elements. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Notes on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. For Readers of the Authorized Version or the Original Greek. Demy 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Nuces: EXERCISES ON THE SYNTAX OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL LATIN PRIMER. New Edition in Three Parts. Crown 8vo, each 1s.

* * The Three Parts can also be had bound together, 3s.

OATES, Frank, F.R.G.S.—Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls. A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Interior of South Africa. Edited by C. G. OATES, B.A. With numerous Illustrations and 4 Maps. Demy 8vo, 21s.

OGLE, W., M.D., F.R.C.P.—Aristotle on the Parts of Animals. Translated, with Introduction and Notes. Royal 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Oken Lorenz, Life of. By ALEXANDER ECKER. With Explanatory Notes, Selections from Oken's Correspondence, and Portrait of the Professor. From the German by ALFRED TULK. Crown 8vo, 6s.

O'MEARA, Kathleen.—Frederic Ozanam, Professor of the Sorbonne: His Life and Work. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Henri Perreyve and his Counsels to the Sick. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

OSBORNE, Rev. W. A.—The Revised Version of the New Testament. A Critical Commentary, with Notes upon the Text. Crown 8vo, 5s.

OTTLEY, H. Bickersteth.—The Great Dilemma. Christ His Own Witness or His Own Accuser. Six Lectures. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Our Public Schools—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, Marlborough, The Charterhouse. Crown 8vo, 6s.

OWEN, F. M.—John Keats: a Study. Crown 8vo, 6s.

OWEN, Rev. Robert, B.D.—Sanctorale Catholicum; or, Book of Saints. With Notes, Critical, Exegetical, and Historical. Demy 8vo, 18s.

OXENHAM, Rev. F. Nutcombe.—**What is the Truth as to Everlasting Punishment.** Part II. Being an Historical Inquiry into the Witness and Weight of certain Anti-Origenist Councils. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

OXONIENSES.—**Romanism, Protestantism, Anglicanism.** Being a Layman's View of some questions of the Day. Together with Remarks on Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome." Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

PALMER, the late William.—**Notes of a Visit to Russia in 1840-1841.** Selected and arranged by JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN, with portrait. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.

Parchment Library. Choicely Printed on hand-made paper, limp parchment antique, 6s. ; vellum, 7s. 6d. each volume.

English Lyrics.

The Sonnets of John Milton. Edited by MARK PATTISON. With Portrait after Vertue.

Poems by Alfred Tennyson. 2 vols. With miniature frontispieces by W. B. Richmond.

French Lyrics. Selected and Annotated by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. With a miniature frontispiece designed and etched by H. G. Glindoni.

The Fables of Mr. John Gay. With Memoir by AUSTIN DOBSON, and an etched portrait from an unfinished Oil Sketch by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Select Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited, with an Introduction, by RICHARD GARNETT.

The Christian Year. Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. With Miniature Portrait of the Rev. J. Keble, after a Drawing by G. Richmond, R.A.

Shakspeare's Works. Complete in Twelve Volumes.

Eighteenth Century Essays. Selected and Edited by AUSTIN DOBSON. With a Miniature Frontispiece by R. Caldecott.

Q. Horati Flacci Opera. Edited by F. A. CORNISH, Assistant Master at Eton. With a Frontispiece after a design by L. Alma Tadema, etched by Leopold Lowenstam.

Edgar Allan Poe's Poems. With an Essay on his Poetry by ANDREW LANG, and a Frontispiece by Linley Sambourne.

Shakspeare's Sonnets. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. With a Frontispiece etched by Leopold Lowenstam, after the Death Mask.

English Odes. Selected by EDMUND W. GOSSE. With Frontispiece on India paper by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

Of the Imitation of Christ. By THOMAS À KEMPIS. A revised Translation. With Frontispiece on India paper, from a Design by W. B. Richmond.

Parchment Library—continued.

Tennyson's The Princess: a Medley. With a Miniature Frontispiece by H. M. Paget, and a Tailpiece in Outline by Gordon Browne.

Poems: Selected from PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Dedicated to Lady Shelley. With a Preface by RICHARD GARNETT and a Miniature Frontispiece.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam." With a Miniature Portrait in *eau-forte* by Le Rat, after a Photograph by the late Mrs. Cameron.

PARSLOE, Joseph.—Our Railways. Sketches, Historical and Descriptive. With Practical Information as to Fares and Rates, etc., and a Chapter on Railway Reform. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PAUL, C. Kegan.—Biographical Sketches, Printed on hand-made paper, bound in buckram. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

PAUL, Alexander.—Short Parliaments. A History of the National Demand for frequent General Elections. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

PEARSON, Rev. S.—Week-day Living. A Book for Young Men and Women. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

PENRICE, Maj. J., B.A.—A Dictionary and Glossary of the *Ko-ran*. With Copious Grammatical References and Explanations of the Text. 4to, 21s.

PESCHEL, Dr. Oscar.—The Races of Man and their Geographical Distribution. Large crown 8vo, 9s.

PETERS, F. H.—The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. Translated by. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PHIPSON, E.—The Animal Lore of Shakspeare's Time. Including Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, Fish and Insects. Large post 8vo, 9s.

PIDGEON, D.—An Engineer's Holiday; or, Notes of a Round Trip from Long. 0° to 0°. New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

PRICE, Prof. Bonamy.—Currency and Banking. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Chapters on Practical Political Economy. Being the Substance of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. New and Cheaper Edition. Large post 8vo, 5s.

Pulpit Commentary, The. (Old Testament Series.) Edited by the Rev. J. S. EXELL and the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE.

Genesis. By the Rev. T. WHITELAW, M.A.; with Homilies by the Very Rev. J. F. MONTGOMERY, D.D., Rev. Prof. R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.B., Rev. F. HASTINGS, Rev. W. ROBERTS, M.A. An Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament by the Venerable Archdeacon FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.; and Introductions to the Pentateuch by the Right Rev. H. COTTERILL, D.D., and Rev. T. WHITELAW, M.A. Seventh Edition. 1 vol., 15s.

Pulpit Commentary, The—*continued.*

- Exodus.** By the Rev. Canon RAWLINSON. With Homilies by Rev. J. ORR, Rev. D. YOUNG, Rev. C. A. GOODHART, Rev. J. URQUHART, and the Rev. H. T. ROBJOHN. Third Edition. 2 vols., 18s.
- Leviticus.** By the Rev. Prebendary MEYRICK, M.A. With Introductions by the Rev. R. COLLINS, Rev. Professor A. CAVE, and Homilies by Rev. Prof. REDFORD, LL.B., Rev. J. A. MACDONALD, Rev. W. CLARKSON, Rev. S. R. ALDRIDGE, LL.B., and Rev. MCCHEYNE EDGAR. Fourth Edition. 15s.
- Numbers.** By the Rev. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B.; with Homilies by the Rev. Professor W. BINNIE, D.D., Rev. E. S. PROUT, M.A., Rev. D. YOUNG, Rev. J. WAITE, and an Introduction by the Rev. THOMAS WHITELAW, M.A. Fourth Edition. 15s.
- Deuteronomy.** By the Rev. W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D. With Homilies by Rev. C. CLEMANCE, D.D., Rev. J. ORR, B.D., Rev. R. M. EDGAR, M.A., Rev. D. DAVIES, M.A. Third edition. 15s.
- Joshua.** By Rev. J. J. LIAS, M.A.; with Homilies by Rev. S. R. ALDRIDGE, LL.B., Rev. R. GLOVER, REV. E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., Rev. F. W. ADENEY, M.A.; and an Introduction by the Rev. A. PLUMMER, M.A. Fifth Edition. 12s. 6d.
- Judges and Ruth.** By the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Rev. J. MORRISON, D.D.; with Homilies by Rev. A. F. MUIR, M.A., Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A., Rev. W. M. STATHAM, and Rev. Professor J. THOMSON, M.A. Fourth Edition. 10s. 6d.
- 1 Samuel.** By the Very Rev. R. P. SMITH, D.D.; with Homilies by Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., Rev. Prof. CHAPMAN, and Rev. B. DALE. Sixth Edition. 15s.
- 1 Kings.** By the Rev. JOSEPH HAMMOND, LL.B. With Homilies by the Rev. E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., Rev. A. ROWLAND, LL.B., Rev. J. A. MACDONALD, and Rev. J. URQUHART. Fourth Edition. 15s.
- Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther.** By Rev. Canon G. RAWLINSON, M.A.; with Homilies by Rev. Prof. J. R. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. Prof. R. A. REDFORD, LL.B., M.A., Rev. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., Rev. J. A. MACDONALD, Rev. A. MACKENNAL, B.A., Rev. W. CLARKSON, B.A., Rev. F. HASTINGS, Rev. W. DINWIDDIE, LL.B., Rev. Prof. ROWLANDS, B.A., Rev. G. WOOD, B.A., Rev. Prof. P. C. BARKER, LL.B., M.A., and the Rev. J. S. EXELL. Sixth Edition. 1 vol., 12s. 6d.
- Jeremiah.** By the Rev. J. K. CHEYNE, M.A.; with Homilies by the Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A., Rev. A. F. MUIR, M.A., Rev. S. CONWAY, B.A., Rev. J. WAITE, B.A., and Rev. D. YOUNG, B.A. Vol. I., 15s.

Pulpit Commentary, The. (New Testament Series.)

St. Mark. By Very Rev. E. BICKERSTETH, D.D., Dean of Lichfield; with Homilies by Rev. Prof. THOMSON, M.A., Rev. Prof. GIVEN, M.A., Rev. Prof. JOHNSON, M.A., Rev. A. ROWLAND, B.A., LL.B., Rev. A. MUIR, and Rev. R. GREEN. 2 vols. Third Edition. 21s.

PUSEY, Dr.—Sermons for the Church's Seasons from Advent to Trinity. Selected from the Published Sermons of the late EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D. Crown 8vo, 5s.

QUILTER, Harry.—"The Academy," 1872-1882.

RADCLIFFE, Frank R. Y.—The New Politicus. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Realities of the Future Life. Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

RENDELL, J. M.—Concise Handbook of the Island of Madeira. With Plan of Funchal and Map of the Island. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

REYNOLDS, Rev. J. W.—The Supernatural in Nature. A Verification by Free Use of Science. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Demy 8vo, 14s.

The Mystery of Miracles. Third and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

RIBOT, Prof. Th.—Heredity: A Psychological Study on its Phenomena, its Laws, its Causes, and its Consequences. Large crown 8vo, 9s.

ROBERTSON, The late Rev. F. W., M.A.—Life and Letters of. Edited by the Rev. STOPFORD BROOKE, M.A.

I. Two vols., uniform with the Sermons. With Steel Portrait. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

II. Library Edition, in Demy 8vo, with Portrait. 12s.

III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Sermons. Four Series. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

The Human Race, and other Sermons. Preached at Cheltenham, Oxford, and Brighton. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Notes on Genesis. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. A New Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

Lectures and Addresses, with other Literary Remains. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

An Analysis of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." (Dedicated by Permission to the Poet-Laureate.) Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

The Education of the Human Race. Translated from the German of GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

The above Works can also be had, bound in half morocco.

* * * A Portrait of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, mounted for framing, can be had, 2s. 6d.

- Rosmini Serbati (Life of).** By G. STUART MACWALTER. 2 vols. 8vo. [Vol. I. now ready, 12s.]
- Rosmini's Origin of Ideas.** Translated from the Fifth Italian Edition of the *Nuovo Saggio Sull' origine delle idee*. 3 vols. Demy 8vo, cloth. [Vols. I. and II. now ready, 16s. each.]
- Rosmini's Philosophical System.** Translated, with a Sketch of the Author's Life, Bibliography, Introduction, and Notes by THOMAS DAVIDSON. Demy 8vo, 16s.
- RULE, Martin, M.A.—The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains.** 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 21s.
- SALVATOR, Archduke Ludwig.—Levkosia, the Capital of Cyprus.** Crown 4to, 10s. 6d.
- SAMUEL, Sydney M.—Jewish Life in the East.** Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- SAYCE, Rev. Archibald Henry.—Introduction to the Science of Language.** 2 vols. Second Edition. Large post 8vo, 25s.
- Scientific Layman.** The New Truth and the Old Faith: are they Incompatible? Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- SCOONES, W. Baptiste.—Four Centuries of English Letters: A Selection of 350 Letters by 150 Writers, from the Period of the Paston Letters to the Present Time.** Third Edition. Large crown 8vo, 6s.
- SHILLITO, Rev. Joseph.—Womanhood: its Duties, Temptations, and Privileges.** A Book for Young Women. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- SHIPLEY, Rev. Orby, M.A.—Principles of the Faith in Relation to Sin.** Topics for Thought in Times of Retreat. Eleven Addresses delivered during a Retreat of Three Days to Persons living in the World. Demy 8vo, 12s.
- Sister Augustine, Superior of the Sisters of Charity at the St. Johannis Hospital at Bonn.** Authorised Translation by HANS THARAU, from the German "Memorials of AMALIE VON LASAULX." Cheap Edition. Large crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- SMITH, Edward, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S.—Tubercular Consumption in its Early and Remediable Stages.** Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- SPEDDING, James.—Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political, and Historical not relating to Bacon.** Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.
- Evenings with a Reviewer; or, Bacon and Macaulay.** With a Prefatory Notice by G. S. VENABLES, Q.C. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 18s.

STAPFER, Paul.—**Shakspeare and Classical Antiquity:** Greek and Latin Antiquity as presented in Shakspeare's Plays. Translated by EMILY J. CAREY. Large post 8vo, 12s.

STEVENSON, Rev. W. F.—**Hymns for the Church and Home.** Selected and Edited by the Rev. W. FLEMING STEVENSON. The Hymn Book consists of Three Parts:—I. For Public Worship.—II. For Family and Private Worship.—III. For Children.

* * * Published in various forms and prices, the latter ranging from 8d. to 6s.

Lists and full particulars will be furnished on application to the Publishers.

STEVENSON, Robert Louis.—**Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes.** With Frontispiece by Walter Crane. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

An Inland Voyage. With Frontispiece by Walter Crane. Small Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Virginibus Puerisque, and other Papers. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Stray Papers on Education, and Scenes from School Life. By B. H. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

STRECKER-WISLICENUS.—**Organic Chemistry.** Translated and Edited, with Extensive Additions, by W. R. HODGKINSON, Ph.D., and A. J. GREENAWAY, F.I.C. Demy 8vo, 21s.

SULLY, James, M.A.—**Pessimism: a History and a Criticism.** Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 14s.

SWEDENBORG, Eman.—**De Cultu et Amore Dei ubi Agitur de Telluris ortu, Paradiso et Vivario, tum de Primogeniti Seu Adami Nativitate Infantia, et Amore.** Crown 8vo, 5s.

SYME, David.—**Representative Government in England. Its Faults and Failures.** Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, 6s.

TAYLOR, Rev. Isaac.—**The Alphabet.** An Account of the Origin and Development of Letters. With numerous Tables and Facsimiles. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 36s.

Thirty Thousand Thoughts. Edited by the Rev. CANON SPENCE, Rev. J. S. EXELL, Rev. CHARLES NEIL, and Rev. JACOB STEPHENSON. 6 vols. Super royal 8vo.

[Vol. I. now ready, 16s.]

THOM, J. Hamilton.—**Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ.** Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THOMSON, J. Turnbull.—**Social Problems; or, An Inquiry into the Laws of Influence.** With Diagrams. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

- TIDMAN, Paul F.*—Gold and Silver Money. Part I.—A Plain Statement. Part II.—Objections Answered. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 1s.
- TIPPLE, Rev. S. A.*—Sunday Mornings at Norwood. Prayers and Sermons. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- TODHUNTER, Dr. J.*—A Study of Shelley. Crown 8vo, 7s.
- TREMENHEERE, Hugh Seymour, C.B.*—A Manual of the Principles of Government, as set forth by the Authorities of Ancient and Modern Times. New and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- TUKE, Daniel Hack, M.D., F.R.C.P.*—Chapters in the History of the Insane in the British Isles. With 4 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, 12s.
- TWINING, Louisa.*—Workhouse Visiting and Management during Twenty-Five Years. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- TYLER, J.*—The Mystery of Being: or, What Do We Know? Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- UPTON, Major R. D.*—Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia. Large post 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- VACUUS, Viator.*—Flying South. Recollections of France and its Littoral. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- VAUGHAN, H. Halford.*—New Readings and Renderings of Shakespeare's Tragedies. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 25s.
- VILLARI, Professor.*—Niccolò Machiavelli and his Times. Translated by Linda Villari. 4 vols. Large post 8vo, 48s.
- VILLIERS, The Right Hon. C. P.*—Free Trade Speeches of. With Political Memoir. Edited by a Member of the Cobden Club. 2 vols. With Portrait. Demy 8vo, 25s.
- VOGT, Lieut.-Col. Hermann.*—The Egyptian War of 1882. A translation. With Map and Plans. Large crown 8vo, 6s.
- VOLCKXSOM, E. W. V.*—Catechism of Elementary Modern Chemistry. Small crown 8vo, 3s.
- VYNER, Lady Mary.*—Every Day a Portion. Adapted from the Bible and the Prayer Book, for the Private Devotion of those living in Widowhood. Collected and Edited by Lady Mary Vyner. Square crown 8vo, 5s.
- WALDSTEIN, Charles, Ph.D.*—The Balance of Emotion and Intellect; an Introductory Essay to the Study of Philosophy. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- WALLER, Rev. C. B.*—The Apocalypse, reviewed under the Light of the Doctrine of the Unfolding Ages, and the Restitution of All Things. Demy 8vo, 12s.

- WALPOLE, Chas. George.*—History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain. With 5 Maps and Appendices. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- WALSHE, Walter Hayle, M.D.*—Dramatic Singing Physiologically Estimated. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- WEDMORE, Frederick.*—The Masters of Genre Painting. With Sixteen Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- WHEWELL, William, D.D.*—His Life and Selections from his Correspondence. By Mrs. STAIR DOUGLAS. With a Portrait from a Painting by Samuel Laurence. Demy 8vo, 21s.
- WHITNEY, Prof. William Dwight.*—Essentials of English Grammar, for the Use of Schools. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- WILLIAMS, Rowland, D.D.*—Psalms, Litanies, Counsels, and Collects for Devout Persons. Edited by his Widow. New and Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Stray Thoughts Collected from the Writings of the late Rowland Williams, D.D. Edited by his Widow. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- WILLIS, R., M.A.*—William Harvey. A History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood: with a Portrait of Harvey after Faithorne. Demy 8vo, 14s.
- WILSON, Sir Erasmus.*—Egypt of the Past. With Chromo-lithograph and numerous Illustrations in the text. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 12s.
- The Recent Archaic Discovery of Egyptian Mummies at Thebes. A Lecture. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- WILSON, Lieut.-Col. C. T.*—The Duke of Berwick, Marshall of France, 1702-1734. Demy 8vo, 15s.
- WOLTMANN, Dr. Alfred, and WOERMANN, Dr. Karl.*—History of Painting. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN. Vol. I. Painting in Antiquity and the Middle Ages. With numerous Illustrations. Medium 8vo, 28s.; bevelled boards, gilt leaves, 30s.
- Word was Made Flesh.** Short Family Readings on the Epistles for each Sunday of the Christian Year. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- WREN, Sir Christopher.*—His Family and His Times. With Original Letters, and a Discourse on Architecture hitherto unpublished. By LUCY PHILLIMORE. With Portrait. Demy 8vo, 14s.
- YOUMANS, Eliza A.*—First Book of Botany. Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. With 300 Engravings. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- YOUMANS, Edward L., M.D.*—A Class Book of Chemistry, on the Basis of the New System. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIO SERIES.

- I. **Forms of Water:** a Familiar Exposition of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers. By J. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. With 25 Illustrations. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- II. **Physics and Politics;** or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 4s.
- III. **Foods.** By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. With numerous Illustrations. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- IV. **Mind and Body:** the Theories of their Relation. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. With Four Illustrations. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 4s.
- V. **The Study of Sociology.** By Herbert Spencer. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- VI. **On the Conservation of Energy.** By Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. With 14 Illustrations. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- VII. **Animal Locomotion;** or Walking, Swimming, and Flying. By J. B. Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S., etc. With 130 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- VIII. **Responsibility in Mental Disease.** By Henry Maudsley, M.D. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- IX. **The New Chemistry.** By Professor J. P. Cooke. With 31 Illustrations. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- X. **The Science of Law.** By Professor Sheldon Amos. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XI. **Animal Mechanism:** a Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. By Professor E. J. Marey. With 117 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XII. **The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism.** By Professor Oscar Schmidt. With 26 Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XIII. **The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.** By J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. Seventeenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XIV. **Fungi:** their Nature, Influences, Uses, etc. By M. C. Cooke, M.D., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XV. **The Chemical Effects of Light and Photography.** By Dr. Hermann Vogel. Translation thoroughly Revised. With 100 Illustrations. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

- XVI. The Life and Growth of Language.** By Professor William Dwight Whitney. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XVII. Money and the Mechanism of Exchange.** By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XVIII. The Nature of Light.** With a General Account of Physical Optics. By Dr. Eugene Lommel. With 188 Illustrations and a Table of Spectra in Chromo-lithography. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XIX. Animal Parasites and Messmates.** By Monsieur Van Beneden. With 83 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XX. Fermentation.** By Professor Schützenberger. With 28 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXI. The Five Senses of Man.** By Professor Bernstein. With 91 Illustrations. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXII. The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music.** By Professor Pietro Blaserna. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXIII. Studies in Spectrum Analysis.** By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. With six photographic Illustrations of Spectra, and numerous engravings on Wood. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.
- XXIV. A History of the Growth of the Steam Engine.** By Professor R. H. Thurston. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.
- XXV. Education as a Science.** By Alexander Bain, LL.D. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXVI. The Human Species.** By Professor A. de Quatrefages. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXVII. Modern Chromatics.** With Applications to Art and Industry. By Ogden N. Rood. With 130 original Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXVIII. The Crayfish : an Introduction to the Study of Zoology.** By Professor T. H. Huxley. With 82 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXIX. The Brain as an Organ of Mind.** By H. Charlton Bastian, M.D. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXX. The Atomic Theory.** By Prof. Wurtz. Translated by G. Cleminshaw, F.C.S. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXXI. The Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life.** By Karl Semper. With 2 Maps and 106 Woodcuts. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

- XXXII. **General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.** By Prof. J. Rosenthal. Third Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXXIII. **Sight: an Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision.** By Joseph le Conte, LL.D. Second Edition. With 132 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXXIV. **Illusions: a Psychological Study.** By James Sully. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXXV. **Volcanoes: what they are and what they teach.** By Professor J. W. Judd, F.R.S. With 92 Illustrations on Wood. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXXVI. **Suicide: an Essay in Comparative Moral Statistics.** By Prof. E. Morselli. Second Edition. With Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXXVII. **The Brain and its Functions.** By J. Luys. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXXVIII. **Myth and Science: an Essay.** By Tito Vignoli. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XXXIX. **The Sun.** By Professor Young. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XL. **Ants, Bees, and Wasps: a Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera.** By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P. With 5 Chromo-lithographic Illustrations. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XLI. **Animal Intelligence.** By G. J. Romanes, LL.D., F.R.S. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XLII. **The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics.** By J. B. Stallo. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XLIII. **Diseases of the Memory; An Essay in the Positive Psychology.** By Prof. Th. Ribot. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XLIV. **Man before Metals.** By N. Joly, with 148 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XLV. **The Science of Politics.** By Prof. Sheldon Amos. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XLVI. **Elementary Meteorology.** By Robert H. Scott. Second Edition. With Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XLVII. **The Organs of Speech and their Application in the Formation of Articulate Sounds.** By George Hermann Von Meyer. With 47 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- XLVIII. **Fallacies. A View of Logic from the Practical Side.** By Alfred Sidgwick.

MILITARY WORKS.

BARRINGTON, Capt. J. T.—England on the Defensive ; or, the Problem of Invasion Critically Examined. Large crown 8vo, with Map, 7s. 6d.

BRACKENBURY, Col. C. B., R.A., C.B.—Military Handbooks for Regimental Officers.

I. Military Sketching and Reconnaissance. By Col. F. J. Hutchison, and Major H. G. MacGregor. Fourth Edition. With 15 Plates. Small 8vo, 6s.

II. The Elements of Modern Tactics Practically applied to English Formations. By Lieut.-Col. Wilkinson Shaw. Fourth Edition. With 25 Plates and Maps. Small crown 8vo, 9s.

III. Field Artillery. Its Equipment, Organization and Tactics. By Major Sisson C. Pratt, R.A. With 12 Plates. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 6s.

IV. The Elements of Military Administration. First Part: Permanent System of Administration. By Major J. W. Buxton. Small crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

V. Military Law: Its Procedure and Practice. By Major Sisson C. Pratt, R.A. Small crown 8vo.

BROOKE, Major, C. K.—A System of Field Training. Small crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

CLERY, C., Lieut.-Col.—Minor Tactics. With 26 Maps and Plans. Sixth and Cheaper Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 9s.

COLVILE, Lieut.-Col. C. F.—Military Tribunals. Sewed, 2s. 6d.

HARRISON, Lieut.-Col. R.—The Officer's Memorandum Book for Peace and War. Third Edition. Oblong 32mo, roan, with pencil, 3s. 6d.

Notes on Cavalry Tactics, Organisation, etc. By a Cavalry Officer. With Diagrams. Demy 8vo, 12s.

PARR, Capt. H. Hallam, C.M.G.—The Dress, Horses, and Equipment of Infantry and Staff Officers. Crown 8vo, 1s.

SCHAW, Col. H.—The Defence and Attack of Positions and Localities. Second Edition, Revised and Corrected. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SHADWELL, Maj.-Gen., C.B.—Mountain Warfare. Illustrated by the Campaign of 1799 in Switzerland. Being a Translation of the Swiss Narrative compiled from the Works of the Archduke Charles, Jomini, and others. Also of Notes by General H. Dufour on the Campaign of the Valtelline in 1635. With Appendix, Maps, and Introductory Remarks. Demy 8vo, 16s.

- STUBBS, Lieut.-Col. F. W.*—The Regiment of Bengal Artillery. The History of its Organisation, Equipment, and War Services. Compiled from Published Works, Official Records, and various Private Sources. With numerous Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 32s.

POETRY.

- ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.*—The Liturgical Poetry of Adam of St. Victor. From the text of GAUTIER. With Translations into English in the Original Metres, and Short Explanatory Notes, by DIGBY S. WRANGHAM, M.A. 3 vols. Crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, boards, 21s.
- AUCHMUTY, A. C.*—Poems of English Heroism : From Brunanburh to Lucknow ; from Athelstan to Albert. Small crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- AVIA.*—The Odyssey of Homer. Done into English Verse by Fcap. 4to, 15s.
- BANKS, Mrs. G. L.*—Ripples and Breakers : Poems. Square 8vo, 5s.
- BARNES, William.*—Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect. New Edition, complete in one vol. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- BAYNES, Rev. Canon H. R.*—Home Songs for Quiet Hours. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
* * * This may also be had handsomely bound in morocco with gilt edges.
- BENNETT, C. Fletcher.*—Life Thoughts. A New Volume of Poems. With Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo.
- BEVINGTON, L. S.*—Key Notes. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- BILLSON, C. J.*—The Acharnians of Aristophanes. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- BOWEN, H. C., M.A.*—Simple English Poems. English Literature for Junior Classes. In Four Parts. Parts I., II., and III., 6d. each, and Part IV., 1s.
- BRYANT, W. C.*—Poems. Red-line Edition. With 24 Illustrations and Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, extra, 7s. 6d.
A Cheap Edition, with Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- BYRNNE, E. Fairfax.*—Millicent : a Poem. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- Calderon's Dramas :** the Wonder-Working Magician—Life is a Dream—the Purgatory of St. Patrick. Translated by DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY. Post 8vo, 10s.

- Castilian Brothers (The), Chateaubriant, Waldemar: Three Tragedies; and The Rose of Sicily: a Drama. By the Author of "Ginevra," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Chronicles of Christopher Columbus. A Poem in 12 Cantos. By M. D. C. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- CLARKE, *Mary Cowden*.—Honey from the Weed. Verses. Crown 8vo, 7s.
- COLOMB, *Colonel*.—The Cardinal Archbishop: a Spanish Legend. In 29 Cancions. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- CONWAY, *Hugh*.—A Life's Idylls. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- COPPÉE, *François*.—L'Exilée. Done into English Verse, with the sanction of the Author, by I. O. L. Crown 8vo, vellum, 5s.
- COXHEAD, *Ethel*.—Birds and Babies. Imp. 16mo. With 33 Illustrations. Gilt, 2s. 6d.
- David Rizzio, Bothwell, and the Witch Lady. Three Tragedies by the author of "Ginevra," etc. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- DAVIE, *G. S., M.D.*.—The Garden of Fragrance. Being a complete translation of the Bostán of Sádi from the original Persian into English Verse. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- DAVIES, *T. Hart*.—Catullus. Translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- DE VERE, *Aubrey*.—The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- Legends of the Saxon Saints. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- DILLON, *Arthur*.—River Songs and other Poems. With 13 autotype Illustrations from designs by Margery May. Fcap. 4to, cloth extra, gilt leaves, 10s. 6d.
- DOBELL, *Mrs. Horace*.—Ethelstone, Eveline, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- DOBSON, *Austin*.—Old World Idylls and other Poems. 18mo, cloth extra, gilt tops, 6s.
- DOMET, *Alfred*.—Ranolf and Amohia. A Dream of Two Lives. New Edition, Revised. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 12s.
- Dorothy: a Country Story in Elegiac Verse. With Preface. Demy 8vo, 5s.
- DOWDEN, *Edward, LL.D.*.—Shakspeare's Sonnets. With Introduction. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- DOWNTON, *Rev. H., M.A.*.—Hymns and Verses. Original and Translated. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- DUTT, *Toru*.—A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields. New Edition. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

- EDMONDS, E. W.*—*Hesperas*. Rhythm and Rhyme. Crown 8vo, 4s.
- ELDRYTH, Maud.*—Margaret, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- ELLIOTT, Ebenezer, The Corn Law Rhymers.*—Poems. Edited by his son, the Rev. EDWIN ELLIOTT, of St. John's, Antigua. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 18s.
- English Odes.** Selected, with a Critical Introduction by EDMUND W. GOSSE, and a miniature frontispiece by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A. Elzevir 8vo, limp parchment antique, 6s.; vellum, 7s. 6d.
- EVANS, Anne.*—Poems and Music. With Memorial Preface by ANN THACKERAY RITCHIE. Large crown 8vo, 7s.
- GOSSE, Edmund W.*—New Poems. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- GRAHAM, William.* Two Fancies and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- GRINDROD, Charles.* Plays from English History. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- GURNEY, Rev. Alfred.*—The Vision of the Eucharist, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- HELLON, H. G.*—Daphnis: a Pastoral Poem. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Herman Waldgrave: a Life's Drama.** By the Author of "Ginevra," etc. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- HICKEY, E. H.*—A Sculptor, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- Horati Opera.** Edited by F. A. CORNISH, Assistant Master at Eton. With a Frontispiece after a design by L. Alma Tadema, etched by Leopold Lowenstam. Parchment Library Edition, 6s.; vellum, 7s. 6d.
- INGHAM, Sarson, C. J.*—Cædmon's Vision, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- JENKINS, Rev. Canon.*—Alfonso Petrucci, Cardinal and Conspirator: an Historical Tragedy in Five Acts. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- KING, Edward.*—Echoes from the Orient. With Miscellaneous Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- KING, Mrs. Hamilton.*—The Disciples. Fifth Edition, with Portrait and Notes. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- A Book of Dreams.** Crown 8vo, 5s.
- LANG, A.*—XXXII Ballades in Blue China. Elzevir 8vo, parchment, 5s.

- LAWSON, Right Hon. Mr. Justice.*—*Hymni Usitati Latine Redditi*: with other Verses. Small 8vo, parchment, 5s.
- LEIGH, Arran and Isla.*—*Bellerophon*. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- LEIGHTON, Robert.*—*Records*, and other Poems. With Portrait. Small crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Lessings Nathan the Wise*. Translated by EUSTACE K. CORBETT. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Living English Poets MDCCCLXXXII*. With Frontispiece by Walter Crane. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo. Printed on hand-made paper. Parchment, 12s., vellum, 15s.
- LOCKER, F.*—*London Lyrics*. A New and Cheaper Edition. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Love in Idleness*. A Volume of Poems. With an etching by W. B. Scott. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- Love Sonnets of Proteus*. With Frontispiece by the Author. Elzevir 8vo, 5s.
- LOWNDES, Henry.*—*Poems and Translations*. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- LUMSDEN, Lieut.-Col. H. W.*—*Beowulf*: an Old English Poem. Translated into Modern Rhymes. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.
- Lyre and Star*. Poems by the Author of "Ginevra," etc. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- MACLEAN, Charles Donald.*—*Latin and Greek Verse Translations*. Small crown 8vo, 2s.
- MAGNUSSON, Eirikr, M.A., and PALMER, E. H., M.A.*—*Johan Ludvig Runeberg's Lyrical Songs, Idylls, and Epigrams*. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.
- M.D.C.*—*Chronicles of Christopher Columbus*. A Poem in Twelve Cantos. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- MEREDITH, Owen, The Earl of Lytton.*—*Lucile*. New Edition. With 32 Illustrations. 16mo, 3s. 6d. Cloth extra, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.
- MIDDLETON, The Lady.*—*Ballads*. Square 16mo, 3s. 6d.
- MORICE, Rev. F. D., M.A.*—*The Olympian and Pythian Odes of Pindar*. A New Translation in English Verse. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- MORRIS, Lewis.*—*Poetical Works of*. New and Cheaper Editions, with Portrait. Complete in 3 vols., 5s. each.
Vol. I. contains "Songs of Two Worlds." Vol. II. contains "The Epic of Hades." Vol. III. contains "Gwen" and "The Ode of Life."

MORRIS, Lewis—continued.

The Epic of Hades. With 16 Autotype Illustrations, after the Drawings of the late George R. Chapman. 4to, cloth extra, gilt leaves, 25s.

The Epic of Hades. Presentation Edition. 4to, cloth extra, gilt leaves, 10s. 6d.

Ode of Life, The. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Songs Unsung. Fcap. 8vo.

MORSHEAD, E. D. A.—The House of Atreus. Being the Agamemnon, Libation-Bearers, and Furies of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo, 7s.

The Suppliant Maidens of Æschylus. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

NADEN, Constance W.—Songs and Sonnets of Spring Time. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

NEWELL, E. J.—The Sorrows of Simona and Lyrical Verses. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

NOAKE, Major R. Compton.—The Bivouac; or, Martial Lyrist. With an Appendix: Advice to the Soldier. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. 6d.

NOEL, The Hon. Roden.—A Little Child's Monument. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

NORRIS, Rev. Alfred.—The Inner and Outer Life. Poems. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

O'HAGAN, John.—The Song of Roland. Translated into English Verse. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

PFEIFFER, Emily.—Glan Alarch: His Silence and Song: a Poem. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Gerard's Monument, and other Poems. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Quarterman's Grace, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Poems. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Sonnets and Songs. New Edition. 16mo, handsomely printed and bound in cloth, gilt edges, 4s.

Under the Aspens; Lyrical and Dramatic. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PIKE, Warburton.—The Inferno of Dante Allighieri. Demy 8vo, 5s.

POE, Edgar Allan.—Poems. With an Essay on his Poetry by ANDREW LANG, and a Frontispiece by Linley Sambourne. Parchment Library Edition, 6s.; vellum, 7s. 6d.

Rare Poems of the 16th and 17th Centuries. Edited W. J. LINTON. Crown 8vo, 5s.

RHOADES, *James*.—The Georgics of Virgil. Translated into English Verse. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

ROBINSON, *A. Mary F.*—A Handful of Honeysuckle. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Crowned Hippolytus. Translated from Euripides. With New Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

SAUNDERS, *John*.—Love's Martyrdom. A Play and Poem. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

Schiller's Mary Stuart. German Text, with English Translation on opposite page by LEEDHAM WHITE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SCOTT, *George F. E.*—Theodora and other Poems. Small 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SELKIRK, *J. B.*—Poems. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Shakspeare's Sonnets. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. With a Frontispiece etched by Leopold Lowenstam, after the Death Mask. Parchment Library Edition, 6s. ; vellum, 7s. 6d.

Shakspeare's Works. Complete in 12 Volumes. Parchment Library Edition, 6s. each ; vellum, 7s. 6d. each.

SHAW, *W. F., M.A.*—Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and Catullus. An Experiment in Translation. Crown 8vo, 5s.

SHELLEY, *Percy Bysshe*.—Poems Selected from. Dedicated to Lady Shelley. With Preface by RICHARD GARNETT. Parchment Library Edition, 6s. ; vellum, 7s. 6d.

Six Ballads about King Arthur. Crown 8vo, extra, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

SLADEN, *Douglas B.*—Frithjof and Ingebjorg, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

TAYLOR, *Sir H.*—Works. Complete in Five Volumes. Crown 8vo, 30s.

Philip Van Artevelde. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Virgin Widow, etc. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Statesman. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

TENNYSON, *Alfred*.—Works Complete :—

The Imperial Library Edition. Complete in 7 vols. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. each ; in Roxburgh binding, 12s. 6d. each.

Author's Edition. In 7 vols. Post 8vo, gilt 43s. 6d. ; or half-morocco, Roxburgh style, 54s.

Cabinet Edition. 13 vols. Each with Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. each.

Cabinet Edition. 13 vols. Complete in handsome Ornamental Case. 35s.

TENNYSON, Alfred—continued.

The Royal Edition. In 1 vol. With 26 Illustrations and Portrait. Extra, bevelled boards, gilt leaves, 21s.

The Guinea Edition. Complete in 13 vols. neatly bound and enclosed in box, 21s. ; French morocco or parchment, 31s. 6d.

Shilling Edition. In 13 vols. pocket size, 1s. each, sewed.

The Crown Edition. Complete in 1 vol. strongly bound, 6s. ; extra gilt leaves, 7s. 6d. ; Roxburgh, half-morocco, 8s. 6d.

* * Can also be had in a variety of other bindings.

In Memoriam. With a Miniature Portrait in *eau-forte* by Le Rat, after a Photograph by the late Mrs. Cameron. Parchment Library Edition, 6s. ; vellum, 7s. 6d.

The Princess. A Medley. With a Miniature Frontispiece by H. M. Paget, and a Tailpiece in Outline by Gordon Browne. Parchment Library Edition, 6s. ; vellum, 7s. 6d.

Original Editions :—

Poems. Small 8vo, 6s.

Maud, and other Poems. Small 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Princess. Small 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Idylls of the King. Small 8vo, 5s.

Idylls of the King. Complete. Small 8vo, 6s.

The Holy Grail, and other Poems. Small 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Gareth and Lynette. Small 8vo, 3s.

Enoch Arden, etc. Small 8vo, 3s. 6d.

In Memoriam. Small 8vo, 4s.

Harold : a Drama. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Queen Mary : a Drama. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Lover's Tale. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Ballads, and other Poems. Small 8vo, 5s.

Selections from the above Works. Super royal 16mo, 3s. 6d. ; gilt extra, 4s.

Songs from the above Works. 16mo, 2s. 6d.

Tennyson for the Young and for Recitation. Specially arranged. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

The Tennyson Birthday Book. Edited by EMILY SHAKESPEAR. 32mo, limp, 2s. ; extra, 3s.

* * A superior Edition, printed in red and black, on antique paper, specially prepared. Small crown 8vo, extra, gilt leaves, 5s. ; and in various calf and morocco bindings.

- THORNTON, L. M.*—The Son of Shelomith. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- TODHUNTER, Dr. J.*—Laurella, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.
- Forest Songs. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- The True Tragedy of Rienzi: a Drama. 3s. 6d.
- Alcestis: a Dramatic Poem. Extra fcap. 8vo, 5s.
- A Study of Shelley. Crown 8vo, 7s.
- Translations from Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, and Vittoria Colonna. Fcap. 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- TURNER, Rev. C. Tennyson.*—Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- Collected Sonnets, Old and New. With Prefatory Poem by ALFRED TENNYSON; also some Marginal Notes by S. T. COLERIDGE, and a Critical Essay by JAMES SPEDDING. Fcap. 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- WALTERS, Sophia Lydia.*—A Dreamer's Sketch Book. With 21 Illustrations by Percival Skelton, R. P. Leitch, W. H. J. Boot, and T. R. Pritchett. Engraved by J. D. Cooper. Fcap. 4to, 12s. 6d.
- WEBSTER, Augusta.*—In a Day: a Drama. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Wet Days. By a Farmer. Small crown 8vo, 6s.
- WILKINS, William.*—Songs of Study. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- WILLIAMS, J.*—A Story of Three Years, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- YOUNGS, Ella Sharpe.*—Paphus, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
-

WORKS OF FICTION IN ONE VOLUME.

- BANKS, Mrs. G. L.*—God's Providence House. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- HARDY, Thomas.*—A Pair of Blue Eyes. Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Return of the Native. New Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- INGELOW, Jean.*—Off the Skelligs: a Novel. With Frontispiece. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- MACDONALD, G.*—Castle Warlock. A Novel. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MACDONALD, G.—continued.

- Malcolm.** With Portrait of the Author engraved on Steel. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Marquis of Lossie.** Fourth Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- St. George and St. Michael.** Third Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- PALGRAVE, W. Gifford.*—**Hermann Agha : an Eastern Narrative.** Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- SHAW, Flora L.*—**Castle Blair ; a Story of Youthful Lives.** New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- STRETTON, Hesba.*—**Through a Needle's Eye : a Story.** New and Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- TAYLOR, Col. Meadows, C.S.I., M.R.I.A.*—**Seeta : a Novel.** New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Tippoo Sultaun : a Tale of the Mysore War.** New Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Ralph Darnell.** New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- A Noble Queen.** New and Cheaper Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- The Confessions of a Thug.** Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Tara : a Mahratta Tale.** Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Within Sound of the Sea.** New and Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- Brave Men's Footsteps.** A Book of Example and Anecdote for Young People. By the Editor of "Men who have Risen." With 4 Illustrations by C. Doyle. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- COXHEAD, Ethel.*—**Birds and Babies.** Imp. 16mo. With 33 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.
- DAVIES, G. Christopher.*—**Rambles and Adventures of our School Field Club.** With 4 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- EDMONDS, Herbert.*—**Well Spent Lives : a Series of Modern Biographies.** New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

- EVANS, Mark.*—*The Story of our Father's Love*, told to Children. Fourth and Cheaper Edition of *Theology for Children*. With 4 Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- JOHNSON, Virginia W.*—*The Catskill Fairies*. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. 5s.
- MAC KENNA, S. J.*—*Plucky Fellows*. A Book for Boys. With 6 Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- REANEY, Mrs. G. S.*—*Waking and Working*; or, *From Girlhood to Womanhood*. New and Cheaper Edition. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Blessing and Blessed*: a Sketch of Girl Life. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Rose Gurney's Discovery*. A Book for Girls. Dedicated to their Mothers. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- English Girls*: Their Place and Power. With Preface by the Rev. R. W. Dale. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Just Anyone*, and other Stories. Three Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1s. 6d.
- Sunbeam Willie*, and other Stories. Three Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1s. 6d.
- Sunshine Jenny*, and other Stories. Three Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 1s. 6d.
- STOCKTON, Frank R.*—*A Jolly Fellowship*. With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- STORR, Francis, and TURNER, Hawes.*—*Canterbury Chimes*; or, *Chaucer Tales retold to Children*. With 6 Illustrations from the Ellesmere MS. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- STRETTON, Hesba.*—*David Lloyd's Last Will*. With 4 Illustrations. New Edition. Royal 16mo, 2s. 6d.
- Tales from Ariosto Re-told for Children*. By a Lady. With 3 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- WHITAKER, Florence.*—*Christy's Inheritance*. A London Story. Illustrated. Royal 16mo, 1s. 6d.



