

EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

But eheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then, write me as one that loves his fellow-men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night it came again with a great wakening light, and showed the names whom love of God had blessed, and lo Ben Adhern's name led all the rest.

LEIGU HUNT

JA•TAR

JAFFAR, the 13armeeide, the good Vizier, the poor man's hope, the friend without a peer, Jaltar was dead, slain by a doom unjust; and guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust • Of what the good and e'en the bad might say, ordained that no man living from that day should dare to speak his name on pain of death. All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show how far for love a grateful soul could go, and facing death for very scorn and grief, (For his great heart wanted a great relief), stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square where once had stood a happy house, and there Harangued the tremblers at the seymitar, on all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began to bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he-, "From bonds far worse Jaffir delivered me;

FOUR POEMS

From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears; Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears; Restored me, loved me, put me on a par With his great self. How can I pay Jane?"

Hamm, who felt that on a soul like this the mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss, now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate might smile upon another half as great. He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will; The caliph's judgment shall ble master still. Go: and since gifts so move thee, take this gem, the richest in the Tartar's diadem, and hold the giver as thou dcemest fit."

"Gifts I" cried the friend. He took; and holding it High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star, Exclaimed, "This too I owe to thee, Jan.'s."

LEIGIT HUM.

SOME GALLOPING POEMS

There fell a spark on the upland grass—
The dry Bush leapt into flame;—
And I felt my heart go cold as death,
And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,
But I heard him name Her name.

Down the hill-side the fire-floods rushed.
On the roaring eastern wind;—Neck
and neck was the reckless race,—Ever
the bay mare kept her pace,
But the grey horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I say!"
And his bridle rein he drew.
He sprang to the ground,— "Look Sharp I " he said,
With a backward toss of his curly head—
"I ride lighter than you!"

Down and up—it was quickly done—
No words to waste that day!—Swift
as a swallow she sped along, The good
bay mare from Dandenong,—
And Bannerman rode the grey.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast
From the very mouth of Hell:-

The blue gums caught and blazed on high
Like flaming pillars into the sky; ...
The grey horse staggered and fell.

"Ride, ride, lad—ride for her sake!" he cried;
Into the gulf of flame
Were swept, in less than a breathing space,
The laughing eyes, and the comely face,
And the lips that named *Her* name.

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She bore me bravely, the good bay mare,—
Stunned, and dizzy and blind,
I heard the sound of a mingling roar—
'Twas the river's rush that I heard before,
And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe—safe, at Nammoora gate,
I fell, and lay like a stone.
O love! thine arms were about me then,
Thy warm tears called me to life again,—
But—O God! that I came alone!—

I and my Beautiful dwelt in peace,
By the Murray streams in the West,—
But oft through the mist of my dreams along

Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,
With the blood-red rose on his breast.

ALICE WERNER