

Long may we flourish, Trade and Spade,  
 In city and in plain!  
 The people starve while we dispute—  
 We must not part again.” CHARLES MACKAY.

## 110. WHO IS GREATEST.

- Thomas.* I do not see the use of it, any how!  
*Ellen.* The use of what? my dear little brother.  
*Thomas.* Why, the use of getting all these lessons.  
*John.* He's always talking in that way, sister; but I tell him that to learn is the way to become a great man.  
*Ellen.* A great man?  
*John.* Yes, a great man.  
*Ellen.* What is a great man, John?  
*John.* Men of learning are great men, and so are statesmen<sup>1</sup> and heroes.<sup>2</sup>  
*Ellen.* Why are they great men?  
*John.* Because they know more and can do more than other people.  
*Ellen.* And that makes them great?  
*John.* Yes.  
*Ellen.* If that is all that makes greatness, I would ask, with Thomas, what is the use of studying to be great?  
*John.* Sister! how can you talk so! Is it nothing to be as great as Cæsar, Bonaparte, Columbus, or Newton?  
*Ellen.* What made them great, John?  
*John.* They were great because they could do more than others, as I have just said.  
*Ellen.* I have seen a very different description of greatness, and, from the source whence it came, I am inclined to believe, a much truer one.

<sup>1</sup> States' men, men learned in the art of government.—<sup>2</sup> Hé' rôes, great warriors; brave men.

- John.* Where did you see it, sister?  
*Ellen.* I saw it in the Bible.  
*John.* I never saw a description of greatness there, that I now remember.  
*Ellen.* But there is one, and it is in these words—  
 “And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.” Can you understand that?  
*John.* I can't understand why you should call that a description of greatness.  
*Ellen.* It certainly is. To be the *chief* of all, is to be the greatest of all.  
*John.* But how can any one be the chief of all, and yet the servant of all? I have often read that verse in the Bible, but never clearly understood it; and now it sounds stranger than ever. Servants are the lowest and humblest of all—not the greatest—nor the chief. I wish you would explain it to me, sister.  
*Ellen.* It means, if I understand it, that if we would become truly great, we must do good to all. We must *serve* them.  
 I remember once hearing father say, that the greatest men in the world are those who have rendered the world most *service*. Under this view, we might call Newton and Columbus, whom you have mentioned, great men; but I should doubt the claims of Cæsar and Bonaparte to that title.  
*John.* If you do not call them great men, sister, what do you call them?  
*Ellen.* They were ambitious men; men who loved themselves so much better than they loved their fellows, that to gain the distinction they coveted,<sup>1</sup> they would willingly have spread death and destruction, from one end of the world to the other. How different is the description of their characters from that of the great man that I have quoted from the Bible!

<sup>1</sup> Cov et ed (kûv' et ed), desired earnestly; longed for.

## 111. WHO IS GREATEST—CONCLUDED.

*John.* I can't exactly understand this, sister. The servant of all, the greatest of all, sounds very strange. At that rate, Sally, our cook, is greater than any of us. She is the servant of all in the house.

*Ellen.* Who renders all the rest the greatest service? Does Sally?

*John.* No. I do not think that she does.

*Ellen.* Well, who does? Depend upon it, brother, you will discover, when you fix upon that one, that you have found the greatest in our house. Now, think whose service is of most importance? Whose loss would be most severely felt?

*John.* The loss of our father.

*Ellen.* Yes. Our father is the servant of all, and the greatest of all. He supplies the wants of all in the house, and brings us all our comforts. Sally cooks for us our food, but how little does she do for us, compared with what our father and mother do! [Enter MOTHER.]

*Mother.* You look serious, my children. What are you talking about?

*John.* Just before you came in, mother, we were talking about greatness.

*Mother.* Ah! Well, have you found out in what greatness consists?

*John.* Ellen says that the servant of all is the greatest of all.

*Mother.* Does she, indeed! And has she convinced you that she is right?

*John.* I can't say just yes, nor can I say no. But I suppose she may be right.

*Mother.* I have no doubt of it, John. She has the best possible authority on her side—the Bible.

*John.* So it appears. But it makes me feel discouraged.

*Mother.* Why?

*John.* I have always thought that I would like to be a

great man; and the hope of becoming great has made me study harder than any thing else.

*Mother.* How, great, my son?

*John.* Great like the warriors, statesmen, and men of science who have distinguished themselves in all ages.

*Mother.* For the good they have done?

*John.* No; I can not say that I have ever thought of the good. It is just this, that makes me feel discouraged. If true greatness comes only to those who seek to serve others, in order to do them good, I am afraid I shall not be great.

*Mother.* Why?

*John.* I could study and work hard in the hope of becoming a distinguished man; but not that I might become, simply, a useful man.

*Mother.* My dear boy, your error is the error of thousands and tens of thousands, who have gone before you. It is an error that has caused the world much sorrow, and will cause it much more. You must try very hard to get away from it, or it will bring you years of unhappiness.

No one is truly great but he who is truly good. God is the greatest of all, and he is Goodness itself. He seeks not his own glory, but the good of his creatures, making his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sending his rain upon the just and the unjust. If we would be great, we must be like him,—there is no other way.

ALTERED FROM ARTHUR.

## 112. THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

1. **B**ETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn  
Is the lowly home where I was born;  
The peach-tree leans against the wall,  
And the woodbine wanders over all;  
There is the shaded doorway still,  
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

2. There is the barn—and, as of yore,<sup>1</sup>  
I can smell the hay from the open door,  
And see the busy swallows throng,  
And hear the peewee's<sup>2</sup> mournful song;  
But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—  
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.
3. There is the orchard—the very trees  
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,  
And watched the shadowy moments run,  
Till my life imbibed<sup>3</sup> more shade than sun:  
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,  
But the stranger's children are swinging there.
4. There bubbles the shady spring below,  
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow:  
'Twas there I found the calamus-root,<sup>4</sup>  
And watched the minnows<sup>5</sup> poise<sup>6</sup> and shoot,  
And heard the robin lave<sup>7</sup> his wing,  
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.
5. Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still;  
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,  
Then think what countless harvest sheaves  
Have passed within that scented door,  
To gladden eyes that are no more!
6. Deal kindly with those orchard trees;  
And when your children crowd their knees,  
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,  
As if old memories stirred their heart:  
To youthful sport still leave the swing,  
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.
7. The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,  
The meadows with their lowing herds,

<sup>1</sup> Yore, old times.—<sup>2</sup> Pee' wee, a bird called the pewee, or lapwing.—  
<sup>3</sup> Im bibed', drank in; received; took.—<sup>4</sup> Cal' a mus-root, flag-root.—  
<sup>5</sup> Min' nows, small fishes.—<sup>6</sup> Poise, balance; rest.—<sup>7</sup> Lave, wash.

The woodbine on the cottage-wall—  
My heart still lingers with them all.  
Ye strangers on my native sill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still!

T. BUCHANAN READ.

### 113. OPINIONS OF ANIMALS.

AS I lay, stretched by the stream, and gradually<sup>1</sup> sinking into almost unconsciousness<sup>2</sup> of the world and all it holds,—the little birds sported about, careless of my presence, and the insects pursued that incessant<sup>3</sup> turmoil,<sup>4</sup> which seems never to cease, until winter lays his icy fetters on all nature, and drives them into their inscrutable<sup>5</sup> hiding-places. There is a lapse in the recollection of the current of my thoughts at that moment; but, after a short period of forgetfulness, I was roused by a hoarse, croaking voice, exclaiming, "Cruel, savage monster!<sup>6</sup> what does he here?"

2. I looked all around, and could see only a hawk seated on the limb of a dry tree, eyeing me, as I fancied, with a peculiar expression of hostility.<sup>7</sup> In a few moments I again relapsed<sup>8</sup> into a profound revery,<sup>9</sup> from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper: "I dare say the blood-thirsty villain has been setting traps for us."

3. I looked again, and at first could see nothing from which I supposed the voice might proceed, but, at the same time, imagined I distinguished a sort of confused

<sup>1</sup> Grad' u al ly, by degrees.—<sup>2</sup> Un cón' scious ness, a state in which a person does not perceive or know any thing.—<sup>3</sup> In cés' sant, without stopping.—<sup>4</sup> Tur moil (têr' moil), confusion; disorderly state of things.—<sup>5</sup> In scrú ta ble (in skrê' ta bl), that which can not be found out.—<sup>6</sup> Mòn' ster, a horrible being; something out of the course of nature.—<sup>7</sup> Hos til' i ty, enmity; state of warfare.—<sup>8</sup> Re lápsed', fell back.—<sup>9</sup> Rêv' er y, a state in which a person, although awake, appears to be in a dream.

whisper, in which many little voices seemed commingled.<sup>1</sup> My curiosity was awakened, and, peering<sup>2</sup> about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects, gathered together for some unaccountable purpose. They seemed very much excited, and, withal, in a great passion about something, all talking at once. Listening attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

4. "Let us pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep!" cried a bald-eagle; "for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I don't require one above once a week. See where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living!" "Let me scratch his eyes out!" screamed a hawk; "for he will not allow me peaceably to carry off a chicken from his barnyard, though I am dying of hunger, and come in open day to claim my natural right."

5. "Ay, ay!" barked a fox; "he interferes in the same base manner with my privileges, though I visit his henroost in the night, that I may not disturb him." "Agreed!" hissed a rattlesnake; "for he won't let me bite him, though he knows it is my nature, and he always kills me, according to Scripture." Thereupon he rattled his tail, curled himself in spiral volumes, and darted his tongue at me in a most fearful manner.

6. "Agreed!" said a great fat spider, who sat in his nest, surrounded by the dead bodies of half a dozen insects, "agreed! for the bloody-minded savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labors, on all occasions." "By all means!" buzzed a great bluebottle fly, "for he will not let me tickle his nose of a hot summer day, though he must see, with half an eye, that it gives me infinite<sup>3</sup> satisfaction."

<sup>1</sup> Com min gled (kom min' gld), mixed together.—<sup>2</sup> Pée'ring, peeping; looking carefully.—<sup>3</sup> In' fí nite, without end; endless.

7. "Kill him!" cried a little ant, who ran fuming<sup>1</sup> and fretting about at a furious rate, "kill him without mercy! for he don't mind treading me into a million of atoms, a bit more than *you* do killing a fly," addressing himself to the spider. "The less you say about that the better," whispered the spider. "Odds fish!" exclaimed a beautiful trout, popping his head out of the brook, "odds fish! kill the monster by all means! Hook him, I say, for he entices me with worms, and devours me to gratify his insatiable<sup>2</sup> appetite."

8. "To be sure," said a worm; "kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterwards! for though I am acknowledged, on all hands, to be his brother, he impales<sup>3</sup> me alive on a hook, only for his amusement." "I consent," cooed the dove, "for he has deprived me of my beloved mate, and made me a disconsolate<sup>4</sup> widow." Upon which she began to moan so piteously, that the whole assembly deeply sympathized in her forlorn condition.

9. "He has committed a million of murders," cried the spider. "He drowns all my kittens," mewled the cat. "He tramples upon me without mercy," whispered the toad, "only because I'm no beauty." "He is a treacherous,<sup>5</sup> cunning villain!" barked the fox. "He has no more compassion than a wolf!" screamed the hawk. "He is a bloody tyrant!" croaked the eagle. "He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths," exclaimed they all with one voice.

#### 114. OPINIONS OF ANIMALS—CONCLUDED.

I BEGAN to be heartily ashamed of myself, and was casting about how I might slip away from hearing these unpleasant reproaches; but curiosity and listless-

<sup>1</sup> Fúm'ing, smoking or burning with anger.—<sup>2</sup> In sa tia ble (in sá' sha ble), that can not be satisfied.—<sup>3</sup> Im pále', to fix on a stake or sharp instrument.—<sup>4</sup> Dis cón' so late, very sorrowful; not to be consoled.—<sup>5</sup> Tréach' er ous, deceitful; betraying.

ness<sup>1</sup> together kept me quiet, while they continued to discuss the best mode of destroying the tyrant. There was, as usual in such cases, great diversity of opinion.

2. "I'll bury my talons in his brain!" said the eagle. "I'll tear out his eyes!" screamed the hawk. "I'll whip him to death with my tail!" barked the fox. "I'll sting him home!" hissed the rattlesnake. "I'll poison him!" said the spider. "I'll tease him to death!" buzzed the fly. "I'll drown him, if he'll only come into the brook, so I will!" said the trout. "I'll drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I'll warrant!" said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whole assembly.

3. "And I'll—I'll—" said the worm. "What will you do, you poor wretch?" exclaimed the rest in a titter. "What will I do? why, I'll eat him after he is dead!" replied the worm; and then he strutted about, until he unwarily came so near, that he slipped into the brook, and was snapped up in a moment by the trout.

4. The example was contagious. "Oh ho! are you for that sport?" mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his head under water. "Tit for tat," barked Renard, and, snatching pussy up in his teeth, was off like a shot. "Since 'tis the fashion," said the spider, "I'll have a crack at that same bluebottle;" and thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling. "By your leave," said the toad, and snapped up the spider in less than no time.

5. "You ugly thief of the world!" hissed the rattlesnake, in great wrath; and, indignantly laying hold of the toad, he managed to swallow him about half way, where he lay in all his glory. "What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless little ones!" cooed the dove, and, pecking at the ant, was just flying away with it in quite a sentimental style, when the hawk, seeing this, screamed

<sup>1</sup> List' less ness, want of care; unemployed in mind.

out, "what a plump dove for a dinner! Why should I not eat her?"

6. He was carrying her off, when the eagle darted upon him, and, soaring to his nest on the summit of an inaccessible<sup>1</sup> rock, composedly<sup>2</sup> made a meal of both hawk and dove. Then, picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed with great complacency,<sup>3</sup> "What a glorious thing it is to be king of the birds!"

7. "Hem!" exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes, for it seemed I had been half asleep, "hem! a man is not so much worse than his neighbors, after all." And, shaking off the spell that was over me, I bent my steps homeward, wondering why it was, that it seemed as if all living things were created for the sole purpose of preying on each other. The only solution<sup>4</sup> which offered itself to my mind was, that the pleasure arising from eating, is much greater than the pain of being eaten; and that this propensity<sup>5</sup> to devour each other, on the whole, conduces<sup>6</sup> to the general happiness.

PAULDING.

#### 115. THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

1. A LITTLE child, beneath a tree  
Sat and chanted<sup>1</sup> chcerily  
A little song, a pleasant song,  
Which was—she sang it all day long—  
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;  
But a good God reigns over all."
2. There passed a lady by the way,  
Moaning<sup>2</sup> in the face of day:  
There were tears upon her cheek,

<sup>1</sup> In ac cès' i ble, that can not be approached.—<sup>2</sup> Com pòs' ed ly, without disturbance; in a state of repose.—<sup>3</sup> Com plá' cen cy, state of being pleased; satisfaction.—<sup>4</sup> So lú' tion, a way to explain.—<sup>5</sup> Pro pèn' si ty, disposition to do a thing.—<sup>6</sup> Con dúc' es, leads to.—<sup>7</sup> Chánt' ed, sung.—<sup>8</sup> Mòrn' ing, complaining.

- Grief in her heart too great to speak;  
Her husband died but yester-morn,  
And left her in the world forlorn.<sup>1</sup>
3. She stopped and listened to the child  
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled  
And saw not for her own despair,<sup>2</sup>  
Another lady, young and fair,  
Who, also passing, stopped to hear  
The infant's anthem<sup>3</sup> ringing clear.
4. For she but few sad days before  
Had lost the little babe she bore;  
And grief was heavy at her soul  
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,  
And showed how bright had been the past.  
The present drear<sup>4</sup> and overcast.
5. And as they stood beneath the tree  
Listening, soothed and placidly,<sup>5</sup>  
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes  
Spoke of a load of miseries;  
And he, arrested<sup>6</sup> like the twain,  
Stopped to listen to the strain.
6. Death had bowed the youthful head  
Of his bride beloved, of his bride unwed:  
Her marriage robes were fitted on,  
Her fair young face with blushes shone,  
When the destroyer smote her low,  
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.
7. And these three listened to the song,  
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,  
Which that child, the livelong day,  
Chanted to itself in play—

<sup>1</sup> For lorn', forsaken; without friends.—<sup>2</sup> De spair', the loss of all hope.—<sup>3</sup> An' them, a song.—<sup>4</sup> Drear, dismal; gloomy.—<sup>5</sup> Plac' id ly, calmly; mildly.—<sup>6</sup> Ar rest' ed, held or restrained from moving.

- "When the wind blows the blossoms fall,  
But a good God reigns over all."
8. The widow's lips impulsive<sup>1</sup> moved;  
The mother's grief, though unreprieved,  
Softened, as her trembling tongue  
Repeated what the infant sung;  
And the sad lover, with a start,  
Conned<sup>2</sup> it over to his heart.
9. And though the child—if child it were,  
And not a seraph sitting there—  
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three  
Went on their way resignedly,  
The song still ringing in their ears:  
Was it music from the spheres?<sup>3</sup>
10. Who shall tell? They did not know.  
But in the midst of deepest woe  
The strain recurred<sup>4</sup> when sorrow grew;  
To warn them, and console<sup>5</sup> them too—  
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,  
But a good God reigns over all."

CHARLES MACKAY.

116. WINTER AND SPRING.

- Winter.* WHEN I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,<sup>6</sup>  
Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the water!
- Spring.* When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,

<sup>1</sup> Im pũ' sive, with quick force.—<sup>2</sup> Cõnnd, studied.—<sup>3</sup> Spheres (sfers), worlds. The ancients had an idea that the sun, moon, and stars made music as they moved, and they called it the music of the spheres.—<sup>4</sup> Re curred' (re kerd'), came again.—<sup>5</sup> Con sũle', to comfort.—<sup>6</sup> Lãnd' scape, that part of a country which we can see.

Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,  
Singing, onward rush the rivers.

*Winter.* When I shake my hoary tresses,  
All the land with snow is covered;  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.  
From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo! they are not.  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forest  
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,  
And the earth becomes as flintstone!

*Spring.* When I shake my flowing ringlets,  
Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,  
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back unto their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild goose and the heron,  
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the blue-bird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blossoms,  
All the woodlands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

117. THE SNOW-SHOWER.

1. STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,  
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;  
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,  
And dark and silent the water lies;  
And out of that frozen mist the snow

- In waving flakes begins to flow;  
Flake after flake  
They sink in the dark and silent lake.
2. See how in a living swarm they come  
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;<sup>1</sup>  
Some hover awhile in air, and some  
Rush prone<sup>2</sup> from the sky like summer hail.  
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,  
Meet, and are still in the depth below;  
Flake after flake,  
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.
  3. Here delicate snow-stars out of the cloud  
Come floating downward in airy play,  
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd  
That whiten by night the milky way;  
There broader and burlier<sup>3</sup> masses fall:  
The sullen water buries them all;  
Flake after flake,  
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.
  4. And some, as on tender wings they glide  
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,  
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,  
Come clinging along their unsteady way;  
As friend with friend or husband and wife  
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;  
Each mated flake  
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.
  5. Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste  
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,  
As myriads<sup>4</sup> by myriads madly chased,  
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.

<sup>1</sup> Vail, a covering.—<sup>2</sup> Prone, headlong.—<sup>3</sup> Bur li er (bêr' li er), greater in size.—<sup>4</sup> Myr' i ads, a myriad is ten thousand, but is sometimes used for any very large number.

The fair frail creatures of middle sky,  
 What speed they make with their grave so nigh,  
     Flake after flake,  
 To lie in the dark and silent lake!

6. I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;  
     They turn to me in sorrowful thought:  
 Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,  
     Who were for a time, and now are not;  
 Like these fair children of cloud and frost,  
 That glisten<sup>1</sup> a moment, and then are lost,  
     Flake after flake,  
 All lost in the dark and silent lake.
7. Yet look again, for the clouds divide;  
     A gleam of blue on the water lies;  
 And far away on the mountain side,  
     A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.  
 But the hurrying host<sup>2</sup> that flew between  
 The cloud and the water, no more is seen;  
     Flake after flake,  
 At rest in the dark and silent lake.      W. C. BRYANT.

### 118. THE SNOW-STORM.

I HAVE a short and simple story to tell of the winter-life of the moorland<sup>3</sup> cottager—a story but of one evening, with few events, and no signal catastrophe,<sup>4</sup> but which may haply please those hearts whose delight it is to think on the humble under-plots<sup>5</sup> that are carrying on in the great drama<sup>6</sup> of life.

2. Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting by

<sup>1</sup> Glis ten (gills' sn), shine.—<sup>2</sup> Høst, an army; any large number.—  
<sup>3</sup> Møor' land, low, wet land.—<sup>4</sup> Ca tās' tro phe, accident.—<sup>5</sup> Un' der-plots, little things which happen while great events are taking place.—  
<sup>6</sup> Drā' ma, a story which is acted, not related.

their cheerful peat<sup>1</sup> fire one winter evening, in a small, lonely hut, on the edge of a wide moor<sup>2</sup>, at some miles' distance from any other habitation.

3. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The father and the mother were sitting together, without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with happiness; for on this Saturday night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills.

4. Forty shillings a year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee; but though she wore at her labor a tortoise-shell comb in her auburn<sup>3</sup> hair, and though in the church none were more becomingly arrayed<sup>4</sup> than she, one-half, at least, of all her earnings were to be reserved for the holiest of all purposes; and her kind, innocent heart was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the long-expected Saturday night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

5. Of such a child the happy cottagers were thinking in their silence. And well, indeed, might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial<sup>5</sup> piety is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladness of childhood, but had not yet reached that time when inevitable<sup>6</sup> selfishness mixes with the pure current of love.

6. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had left so long; and when she looked on the pale face and bending frame of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and whitening hairs of her father, often would

<sup>1</sup> Pëat, turf; the roots of vegetables dried for burning.—<sup>2</sup> Møor, a marsh; a tract of low, watery ground.—<sup>3</sup> Au' burn, reddish brown.—  
<sup>4</sup> Ar' rāyed, dressed.—<sup>5</sup> Fil' ial (fil' yal), belonging to a son or daughter; filial piety is the love of a son or daughter to father or mother.—<sup>6</sup> In év' i ta ble, that which can not be avoided.



she lie weeping, for their sakes, on her midnight bed, and wish that she were beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayer.

7. She had discerned<sup>1</sup> the relation in which she, an only child, stood to her poor par'ents, now that they were gëtt'ing old; and there was not a passage in Scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the crö'ss, that was not written, never to be obliterated,<sup>2</sup> on her uncorrupted heart.

8. The father rose from his seat, and went to the door, to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands, and the full moon was risen. It was almost light as day; and the snow, that seemed incrust<sup>3</sup>ed with diamonds, was so hardened by the frö'st, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface.

9. He had been toiling all day among the distant Castle-woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child; but his wife's kind voice dissuaded<sup>4</sup> him, and, returning to the fireside, they begän to talk of her whose image had been so löng passing before them in their silence.

---

119. THE SNOW-STORM—CONTINUED.

**L**ITTLE Hannah Lee had left her master's house soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been löng anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped löng beneath the beauty of the silent heaven.

<sup>1</sup> Dis cërned', seen.—<sup>2</sup> Ob lit' er ät ed, forgotten, or blotted out.—<sup>3</sup> In-crü'st' ed, having the surface hardened.—<sup>4</sup> Dis suäd' ed, caused to give up; to persuade a person not to do.

2. Still, as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a söng, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frö'st; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence.

3. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her öwn little fireside—her par'ents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her öwn little room, kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed, prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in the garden, peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow—friends all, and inmates of that happy household.

4. So stepped she löng, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frö'st wove a wreath of lucid<sup>1</sup> pearls round her fö'rehead. She had now reached the edge of the Black-mö'ss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow.

5. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her söng, and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her cöurse, and felt bolder and bolder, every step that brought her nearer to her par'ents' house.

6. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-

---

Lä' cid, bright; shining; giving light.

möss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably<sup>1</sup> intermingled; and furiously wafted<sup>2</sup> in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense,<sup>3</sup> and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.<sup>4</sup>

7. "It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills.

8. At last she could no longer discern<sup>5</sup> a single-mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted; and, shedding tears for herself, at last sank down in the snow.

120. THE SNOW-STORM—CONCLUDED.

"I DO not like the night," said William Grieve, her master's son; "there will be a fresh fall of snow, soon, or the witch of Glen Scrae is a liar; for a snow-cloud is hanging o'er the Birch-tree-lin, and it may be down to the Black-möss as soon as Hannah Lee."

2. So he called his two sheep-dögs that had taken their place under the löng table, before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely acöss the Black-möss.

3. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forward, shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for her voice. He sent his well-trained dögs over the snow, in all directions, repeating

<sup>1</sup> In tærm' in a bly, without end.—<sup>2</sup> Wäft' ed, carried.—<sup>3</sup> In tænsē', very severe.—<sup>4</sup> In sen si bil' i ty, want of feeling.—<sup>5</sup> Dis cern', to see.

to them her name—"Hannah Lee"—that the dumb animals might, in their sagacity,<sup>1</sup> know for whom they were searching. Often they went öff into the darkness, and as öften returned; but their looks showed that every quest<sup>2</sup> had been in vain.

4. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission<sup>3</sup> or diminution.<sup>4</sup> Still, there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee; and one of his dögs at last came to his feet, worn out entirely, and afraid to leave its master; while the öther was mute, and, as the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow, or through some floundering<sup>5</sup> drift.

5. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead, and dashed himself down in the snow, in a fit of despair. But presently he heard the barking of his absent dög, while the one at his feet hurried öff in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise, or anger, or fear, but of recognition<sup>6</sup> and love.

6. William spräng up from his bed in the snow, and, with his heart knocking at his bosom, even to sickness, he rushed häd löng through the drifts, with a giant's strength, and fell down, half dead with joy and terror, beside the body of Hannah Lee.

7. But he soon recovered from that fit, and, lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her förehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a löng, deep sigh came from her inmost bosom.

8. The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse<sup>7</sup> life

<sup>1</sup> Sa gac' i ty, quickness to see and know.—<sup>2</sup> Quäst, search; act of searching.—<sup>3</sup> In ter mis' sion, stopping.—<sup>4</sup> Dim i nu' tion, growing less.—<sup>5</sup> Floun' der ing, causing violent and irregular motions.—<sup>6</sup> Rec og nif' tion, remembrance of a person or thing.—<sup>7</sup> In fuse', to pour into.