"But only to share the name and fame of one who is great and renowned. In a year's time I will come to claim your promise——"

"My promise was made to you a year ago—was it not?" inquired Mildred. "I rather fancied you said something of the same kind then—about a year's time or something."

Reginald looked at her a moment dubiously. But no, it was not possible that she was wavering!

"I said that in a year's time," he proceeded, "I should be independent—on my own hands—and that the path to success would be open before me."

"Oh, that was the year!" she said. "And now this other year——"

"This other year is all I ask you to wait. Wait a year, and then, if I do not return to claim you, consider yourself free."

"As I have evidently promised you before," said Mildred, coldly, "I will let it stand precisely as it is at present."

"God bless you for what you have said," replied Reginald, kissing her though she repelled him. "You have given new vigour to my resolution—new energies to my soul. I foresee the radiant future that lies before me."

Soon after this he left the Rectory, and shortly afterwards left the village to return to London, bidding good-bye to his mother and Phyllis, and not staying to superintend the transference of the little homestead to the new home in his uncontrollable eagerness to reach London and renew his studies.

(*To be concluded.*)

ON CONVERSATION.

As physicians discover the health or sickness of a man by looking on his tongue, so our words are true indicators of the quality of our souls," says a great French writer, and there is a vast amount of truth in the observation, for what quality in man gives a greater insight into his character, or a surer indication to his mind, than his conversation? There can be no question as to the desirability of excelling in this, the greatest of all social arts. Wealth is, doubtless, a much coveted quality, rank is the subject of interest to many, talents often prove great blessings, but there is no art so pleasing, no talent so full of zest, no quality of such unbounded influence, of such immense importance, and of such infinite power as that of being able to keep up an agreeable social intercourse.

Those who can talk well invariably awake an interest in the minds of those with whom they converse, they also generally raise the tone of the conversation and draw out others to their best advantage. If they are students, too, they will be attentive listeners, remembering that—

"The lowest genius can afford some light,
And give a hint that had escaped their sight."

People well-versed in the art of conversation, moreover, seem to spread a genial influence over the slowest and dullest assembly. Their presence in a room is like the shining of the sun on a winter's day, dispelling coldness and formality, and bringing with them, by their pleasing narratives, their wit and jollity, their bright descriptions and their vivid colourings, a general atmosphere of ease and gaiety.

The French seem to be a people widely-famed for their art in conversing, the wit, the taste, and the spirit with which they carry on their social intercourse having proved a subject for eulogy by many writers. On visiting France I was astonished to find how much attention is bestowed on this branch of education, and how many of its books and writers are taken up with it in its various branches.

Trusting that "our girls" will be sufficiently interested in this important subject to read with pleasure some remarks culled from eminent English and French authorities concerning it, I proceed to enumerate them under the subjoined headings:—

SILENCE.

Perhaps it may seem strange to begin an article on speech under the heading "Silence," but it is a well-known saying, that "the best talkers are the best listeners," and the most brilliant conversation in the world would pall and be insipid, if not relieved by what Sydney Smith calls "a few flashes of silence."

There are four kinds of silence: First, the eloquent silence, which serves sometimes to approve and sometimes to condemn. Second, the mocking silence. Third, the silence arising from idleness, timidity, or sheer imbecility, and Fourth, the respectful silence. It is very easy to distinguish these different kinds of silence by the airs and manners of the listener, and if the mocking silence be insolent in the extreme, there is nothing more polite or complimentary than the respectful silence due to the aged, or to one's superiors. It is not only courteous and polite to be sometimes rather a listener than a talker, but it is in many cases very diplomatic.

"Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak though sure with seeming diffidence,"

is a good bit of advice from Pope, and the celebrated Pascal, in his *Pensées*, conjures all "to hold themselves silent as much as possible, so as to have freer and more perfect intercourse with God."

To prove the eloquence that silence sometimes possesses, and its soothing effect even between great friends, I can but quote the well-known story of Tennyson and Carlyle.

It is related of these two celebrities that they spent a whole afternoon sitting opposite each other and smoking, but neither of them uttered a syllable. When Carlyle rose to go, he shook hands heartily with the great poet, and said: "Well, Alfred, my lad, we've had a grand time of it, when shall we meet again?"

Racine, the great French writer and dramatist, was the cause of envy amongst many of his compatriots, by reason of his unbounded influence over the king. On his being asked the cause of his popularity, he replied naively, "I listen patiently to all his Majesty has to say, and I speak very little, except now and then to say a word which will lead the conversation on topics upon which he is well-informed. I habitually make him realise his own merits. Sometimes I am silent for hours together, but I make him think how clever he is himself, and never on any account draw his attention to myself or my qualities."

Polhymnia, the muse of eloquence, is represented with the fore-finger over her mouth, doubtless with the intention of showing to the world at large how important it is to introduce into one's intercourse a discreet admixture of silence!

EGOTISM.

Of all the faults in conversation, egotism is the most common and the most unendurable. The "I" is always creeping in somehow or other. People are so interested in themselves, that they foolishly imagine it is the same case with everybody else, and, by their continual talk of themselves, their eccentricities, their illnesses, their peculiarities, their talents, and their ideas, generally become most tedious.

Egotism is in some sort an exponent of ignorance, for well-cultured people will care for books, for art, for music, poetry, etc. They will talk on these subjects too, admiring great men and their works, and seldom descending to that foolish adulation of self, so common amongst the vain and frivolous members of society.

I think it is Ruskin who says: "The subject of conversation with *thoughtful* men is IT. With *thoughtless* men it's I."

It is very bad taste to refer too often to scenes in which one has figured, to successes that one has achieved, to meritorious actions that one has done, or in any way to draw attention or remark to one's self, one's qualities, or even one's eccentricities.

"Speech of one's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. I know one who was wont to say in scorn—'He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself;'" says Bacon; and La Rochefoucauld, who was a hater of egotistical converse, declares that "the reason so few are agreeable in their conversation, is because everyone thinks of what he will say, rather than of what others are saying. One must listen to those that are speaking, if one expects to be listened to one's self," he continues, "and one should always leave others the liberty of making themselves heard, and even to say things that are useless. Nothing can render a person more disliked than selfishness."

Delille, a great French writer, has rendered the egotist for evermore an object of ridicule and contempt in his celebrated poem "L'Egoist." I here give a translation of the first two verses:—

"Look at this vain man,
This tyrant to society,
Always before himself in an extasy;
At all times, under all circumstances,
The '*I*' reigning—the '*I*' vanquishing,
Is in his heart and on his lips.
One speaks of a banquet—he cites *his* table,
Of wine—*his* is the finest in the world,
Of a beautiful house, or charming garden,
He has *his* park and all its surroundings,
Of a country seat—*his* is enchanting,
Of music—*his* is the finest anywhere,
Of a tragic adventure, he counts *his* combats and shows *his* wounds," etc.

Another French writer says on this subject that "you should always avoid mention of yourself, since if it is an eulogium people will regard it as a lie, whilst if you criticise yourself, people will take you at your word, and receive it as an article of faith!"

POLITENESS.

One of the greatest rules of politeness in conversation, is never to say anything unpleasant, or unamiable, when it can possibly be avoided.

"He that offends not with his tongue, is a perfect *man*."

One may converse fluently, recount with ease, describe brilliantly, but if politeness be lacking in one's conversation, it will lose all charm.

"Though learned, well-bred, and though well-bred sincere," is advice from Pope; and La Rochefoucauld warns would-be diplomatists, that though they may conserve their own opinions, if reasonable, they may never wound the sentiments of others by those same opinions, nor seem shocked at what they have said.

Whispering in company is very impolite. St. Louis strongly condemned it, particularly at table, lest it should give others occasion to suspect that some evil was spoken of them.

"He that is at table," said he, "and hath something to say that is merry, and pleasant, let him speak it so that all the company may hear it; but if it be a thing of importance, let him keep silent."

Avoid extremes in conversation—they are impolite, for, as a French writer justly remarks: "To be too reserved or to refuse to join in conversation looks like disdain, or want of confidence, and, on the other hand to be always babbling, so as to afford neither leisure nor opportunity for others to speak is a mark of shallowness and levity."

A polite person will never notice the faults, eccentricities, or little weaknesses of those with whom he converses—he will never use low words or slang—he will never be quarrelsome. It is only the vulgarest people who are always at feud.

When one is a guest, one should never put on an air of boredom, or refuse to join in conversation, because it is not quite up to one's standard of excellence. This may make others feel uncomfortable; one should always endeavour to enjoy one's self, and make others do likewise.

It is impolite to ask acquaintances their age or other personal questions—

To make jokes or remarks on persons present.

To be always dragging one's self into notice.

To interrupt people when speaking, or to introduce vulgar topics and anecdotes.

Contradiction is also, in many cases, inadvisable. It was the advice of St. Louis in order to avoid contention, not to contradict any one in discourse unless it were either sinful, or some great prejudice to acquiesce to him; but, should it be necessary to contradict or oppose our own opinion to that of another, we must do it with such mildness and dexterity, as not to exasperate his spirit, for nothing is ever gained by harshness and violence.

ARGUMENT.

Argument, like contradiction, ought also to be often guarded against.

"People do not always realise how impolite a thing it is to be always proving themselves in the right thereby showing another that he is in the wrong."

"When next you talk of what you view
Think others see as well as you."

Is a good bit of advice to be remembered in argument. People are often so narrow-minded that they can only see matters from their own point of view instead of taking them *in from all sides*. An American writer says that "it is wrong to be always in the right," and it certainly is most tiresome.

SATIRE AND TEASING

should also be avoided as much as possible in conversation as they often lead to quarrels and ill-feeling.

CAUTION AND DISCRETION.

Caution and discretion are of utmost importance in our conversation, and there are few occasions on which we ought to watch ourselves more narrowly.

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue," says the Bible, and it would be well to meditate a little on these solemn words.

Again, "He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his soul, but he that hath no guard on his speech shall meet with evils."

Those who wish to be skilled in diplomacy would do well to learn the following adage by heart:—

"If your lips you'd keep from slips,
Five things observe with care,
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*."

"Discretion of speech," says Bacon, "is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably with him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order."

In few things perhaps is caution in speech more necessary than in giving advice; this should only be done by a superior to an inferior, and very delicately even then.

"Be niggards of advice,
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain.
And charitably let the dull be vain."

One should never put down as sure that which is doubtful, and even if one is sure of what one is saying, one should still speak, following Pope's advice, "with seeming diffidence."

It is indiscreet in conversation to speak of religion or devotion in a slight or thoughtless way. If sacred subjects are introduced they should be treated with the utmost attention and reverence. Scoffing at religion is never attractive either in men or women, under any circumstances or at any time.

It is indiscreet to argue with people when they are disinclined, or out of sorts, or out of temper.

"She, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.
Distrustful sense with modest *caution* speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes."

Watts says that "we should be swift to hear, but cautious of our tongues lest we betray our ignorance." And, indeed, there are many people who make a lamentable parade of their ignorance by discussing subjects on art, literature, etc., etc., when, in reality, they know nothing whatever about them; they want a little study to give strength to their criticism.

DETRACTION.

One of the greatest plagues of conversation is detraction, or that act which so many have of finding faults in their neighbours and dilating upon them. Detractors ought to be shunned like poison, as there is no end to the mischief they can do. Some people can never open their mouths unless to blame, grumble, or carp at others.

"He that could deliver the world of detractors, might free it from a great part of the sins of iniquity," cries a learned French divine. "And," he continues, "whosoever robs his neighbour of his good name, besides the sin he commits, is also bound to make reparation, for no man can enter heaven with the goods of another; and, amongst all exterior goods, a good name is best."

David, speaking of detractors, says (Psalm cxxxix.) "They have whet their tongues like serpents." Now, as the serpent's tongue, according to Aristotle, is forked and has two points, so is that of the detractor who, at one stroke, stings and poisons the ear of the hearer and the reputation of him against whom he is speaking.

"Who steals my purse steals trash.
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed."

SLANDER.

Almost worse than Detraction is Slander, for the former generally has a foundation of truth to work upon, whilst the latter is not only mischievous, but untruthful into the bargain. Shakespeare describes the slanderer as having a "dagger in his mouth," and at other times he apostrophises slander as a poisonous viper. Perhaps his most forcible passage against slander, however, appears in *Cymbeline*—

"'Tis slander
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world."

CHATTERING.

How very many people there are in the world who, like Jane Austin's Miss Bates, begin talking the moment they enter a room, and go on without stopping until they leave, giving no one else the chance to say a word. They talk for the sake of talking, and often in a most inconsiderate manner, utterly regardless as to whether the topics chosen are interesting, or the reverse to their listeners.

"A chatterbox can, however, render you a service," says a French writer; "confide to him, under the seal of secrecy, a fact that you wish made public. You can be sure that before the end of the day all the world will know about it."

Chattering, simply for the sake of hearing one's own voice continually, is a sign of shallowness and levity. People afflicted with this mania remind one of the old saying, "Empty vessels make the most sound."

"Many say many things, and, therefore, little credit is to be given them," says Thomas à Kempis, and one of our great writers has observed that "even triviality and imbecility that can sit silent, is preferable to the vapid verbiage of shallow praters."

QUESTIONING.

There is really an art in asking questions skilfully, which should be learned by all. There are three kinds of questions: First, those asked out of prying curiosity. Second, those posed for the sake of acquiring knowledge, and Third, those which are the medium of true kindness and politeness.

There is nothing but abuse to be said about the first-named, and those who, in society, have bad enough taste to ask personal questions, really deserve to be snubbed, or, at any rate, politely silenced, for, in all probability, they only pose their question on purpose to hear disparaging remarks against the person they are quizzing.

The second style of questioning is commendable, though it should be used with discretion.

"By what method have you acquired so much knowledge?" was asked of a Persian philosopher. "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions," answered he.

SCANDAL.

"He that questioneth much," says Bacon, "shall learn much and content much, but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh. For he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak."

The third style of questioning is not only commendable, but also kind and courteous in the extreme. Many a shy and timid person is by this method diplomatically employed, induced to speak of himself and his exploits, not only to the extreme satisfaction of himself, but very often to the company in general.

Anecdotes in Conversation.

Although conversation can be sometimes aided, and even ornamented by a well-told anecdote or story, it is not advisable to let the occurrence be too frequent, as the professed story-teller, who drags in his anecdotes at all times, and all seasons, irrespective of his company, and whether the topics be grave or gay, is generally rather troublesome.

To repeat stories which are already well-known, is also most tiresome to one's listeners.

In telling a story, one should avoid parenthesis and long-windedness. To use too many circumstances before one comes to the point is very wearisome; but, on the contrary to use none at all is blunt. One should try to arrive at a happy medium.

A story should seldom be introduced unless it is in some way appropriate to the subject on hand, or unless it bears some connection with it.

Some people who have a story to tell, drag it in, in utter disregard to these rules, and are generally smiled at for their pains.

A man once had a funny story of a gun, which he was very fond of relating. As the conversation rarely turned on guns, he used to suddenly stamp his foot under the table and say: "Dear me! what was that noise. It sounded very like the report of a gun, and ah! talking of guns reminds me of a very good story," etc.

A man once talking to a theologian, and wishing to show off his Biblical knowledge, said suddenly—"Who was ever stronger than Samson?"—"Why, you are," answered the theologian, "for you have just dragged him in by the head and shoulders."

Shop.

Amongst a certain class of unthinking people or probably people who are too lazy to think, a kind of rule is laid down, that one must not talk shop; that is to say a man must not talk on subjects, of which he has made a special study, or on which he is an authority. A barrister must not discuss law, an artist, art, a doctor medicine, etc.

Now this is perhaps the most foolish rule that has ever been laid down among the regulations of society, because it forbids a man to speak of subjects that he understands, and forces him into tittle-tattle and small talk. Of course, also conversation is by this rule deprived of any value which it might possess as a medium for imparting instruction, or spreading knowledge. Nothing can be more dreary than spending two or three hours in a company, who insist upon everything in conversation being gagged, except small talk and local gossip.

Unpleasant Subjects.

Some people have a habit of introducing into their conversation most unpleasant and disagreeable subjects. They go into details about their illnesses, the illnesses of their children, and even of their servants; they chat for hours together about their domestic grievances; they bore one to death by a list of their various troubles. I have heard people in society go into most unnecessary and gruesome details of their face-aches, neuralgia, or liver complaints, and whine piteously over the laziness and impertinence of their servants, and the unsatisfactoriness of their friends. Even the most patient listener must sometimes heave a sigh, or suppress a yawn over these tedious details, and they show an immense want of taste and delicacy on the part of the relator.

Affectation.

There is scarcely anything more laughable, or more surely the sign of a shallow mind, than affectation in speech. "Let your speech be meek, frank, open and sincere, without the least admixture of artifices," says a learned French doctor.

There are some men that cannot call a spade a spade, but mix up with the most simple announcement, a quantity of pompous nothings, cloudy nonsense, and big words without a meaning.

Wit and Satire.

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed, What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed," and, like this, it is a very adjunct and great ornament to conversation, enlivening the dullest discourse, and giving a touch of brightness to the merest commonplace talk.

Unfortunately wit is often allowed to degenerate into sarcasm, or witty sarcasm, and many a quarrel or life-long separation have been the result of a retort of this description.

An American writer on wit says: "It is very significant that the lower the society, the greater the relish for smart and tart sayings and doings, and," he continues, "it may be seriously doubted whether any person famed for frequent satirically-witty retorts was ever at heart either a lady or a gentleman."

Politeness and wit ought always to go hand in hand; the former gives a piquancy to the latter.

"As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set,
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen."

Of course wit is at times in exceedingly bad taste, and thoroughly out of place. "As for wit," says Bacon, "there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick. Generally men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory."

REFLECTION.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an old saying, and there is a world of wisdom in it, though it is so seldom carried out.

"It is very wise to speak little," says a French writer, "but it is still more so to think before one speaks at all." How many men are there who think after they have spoken, but the word has slipped, and reflection comes too late. One should try to follow the words of Scripture, and keep a door and lock before one's mouth, so that no word may fall therefrom which could offend.

One often regrets having spoken. One seldom regrets having been silent. "How many evils and disorders have been caused by an inconsiderate word, and what long repentance has a thoughtless word occasioned." —*La Rochefoucauld.*

ON CONVERSATION IN GENERAL.

"What is it that first strikes us in the language of a man of education, so that one cannot stand under the same archway without finding him out?" says Coleridge. "It is not the weight or novelty of his remarks. It is not the unusual interest of facts communicated by him. No! It is the unpremeditated and habitual arrangement of his words that finds him out. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in his fragments."

A golden rule of Julius Cæsar is to avoid an unusual word as one would a rock, and it is certain that no man or woman, unless they want to make themselves ridiculous, would have frequent recourse to peculiar words or phrases.

Ungrammatical conversation and slang are two things to be carefully guarded against. The former shows lamentable ignorance, the latter unpardonable vulgarity.

To speak one's own language correctly ought to form a most important branch of education, as there is scarcely anything which tells so terribly against one in society as faults in language.

"Every man or woman of ordinary intelligence by resolutely acquiring information and imparting it in correct language can become a good talker," says an American writer.

Reading aloud well-written works and writing composition, are great aids in forming and giving an ease to one's language.

Gabbling and stuttering should, if possible, be carefully guarded against; one should likewise be careful in pitching one's voice. Speaking too loud is rude, and too low very inconvenient. A happy medium is here to be commended, with a large admixture of distinctness.

"Speak clearly if you speak at all,
Carve every word before you let it fall."
Holmes.

"The happiest conversation is that in which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing expression," says an English writer, and another writer on the same subject says, "Bear continually in mind the fact that in the art of conversation, the secret of success lies not so much in knowing what to say as in what to avoid saying. Those please most who offend the least."

The power of Coleridge's conversation has proved a topic for many writers. "You came," said one, "to a man who had travelled in many countries, and in critical times, one to whom all literature and art were absolutely subject. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk in low, equable, but clear and musical tones concerning things human and divine, marshalling all history, harmonising all experiment, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination, but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind that one was almost dazzled. And this he would do without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others; gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the parti-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light."

NOTE UPON "THE FATHER OF THE FOREST AND OTHER POEMS" BY WILLIAM WATSON.

A PERUSAL of Mr. Watson's last little volume confirms one in the opinion that his poetry is literature, beautiful, and therefore destined to last. Let the critics say, "Here is no new note"; "Only a minor poet this." To the first disparagement Mr. Watson replies with proud modesty in his "Apologia."

In regard to the second impeachment, it should be remembered that our greatest poets had their period of poetic minority, and that the first fruits of Mr. Watson's muse are worthy of favourable comparison with the "early poems" of some of the best poets of this century. Indeed it may be boldly claimed for Mr. Watson that from the first, his verse has borne the impress of the dignity, maturity and finish both of ripe experience and decided natural poetic power.

First: We note the rhetorical or eloquent quality of Mr. Watson's work. To adopt Scott's homely characterisation of Byron's poetry, it is "The Big Bow-Wow." We must accept Mr. Watson's statement that he "finds not fashions his numbers." His, then, must be a very capable and obliging muse, for I imagine most poets only get from theirs mere suggestions more or less vague, which they require to hammer and chisel and mould into shape and with final fastidious touches complete. But if we think we see in Mr. Watson's work traces of the refining labour which his big brother Tennyson expended on his periods, still there is a grand swell in Mr. Watson's harmonies, and a great rush in his rhythms which bespeak spontaneity, the eloquence of a pure ideal and a glowing enthusiasm. The opening lines of his pieces at once win your attention, his development of the theme stirs you, and his peroration with its rapture completely captivates you. As an instance of a finely effective closing strain, take these verses of the first poem—

"With oceans heedless round her feet,
And the indifferent heavens above,
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
Of wars and tears, and death and love;
And, wise from all the foolish Past,
Shall peradventure hail at last

The advent of that morn divine
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all, in their unlikeness, blend
Confederate to one golden end—

Beauty: the Vision whereunto,
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star,
Now touching goal, now backward hurled,
Toils the indomitable world."

Second: We next observe the seriousness of Mr. Watson's note—the pensiveness of a pure spirit who is a dear confidant of solitude and silence.

In the "Father of the Forest" the poet addresses to the old Emperor Yew an historical retrospect of persons and events, which the "fantastic sire" has seen "retire into the dusk of alien things." But the yew replies—

"To me more sweet
The vigils of Eternity
And Silence patient at my feet."

In the Hymn to the Sea, a poem of magnificent diction and noble thought, the poet says—

"We, self-amorous mortals, our own multitudinous image
Seeking in all we behold, seek it and find it in thee;
Seek it and find it when o'er us the exquisite fabric of Silence
Perilous-turreted hangs, trembles and dulcetly falls."

'Yea, it is we, light perverts, that waver, and shift our allegiance;
We, whom insurgence of blood dooms to be barren and waste!
We, unto Nature imputing our frailties, our fever and tumult:
We, that with dust of our strife sully the hue of her peace.
Thou, with punctual service, fulfillest thy task, being constant;
Thine but to ponder the Law, labour and greatly obey;
Wherefore, with leapings of spirit, thou chantest the chant of the faithful,
Chantest aloud at thy toil, cleansing the Earth of her stain."

Third: The perfect clearness of these verses is another of their recommendations. The sentences are often long, but they have the flow of a fine river, not the puzzling meandering of a maze. A stanza of one sentence might be quoted from the Hymn to the Sea, and also a stanza from, say, Abt Vogler by Browning with the object of simply comparing the grammatical structure of the two, and