

I

Mr. Dryden, in his Fable of the Cock and the Fox, makes a speech for his Hero the Cock, which is a pretty instance for this purpose:

"Then turning, said to Partlet, see, my dear,
How lavish Nature hath adorned the year;
How the pale primrose & the violet spring,
And birds essay their throats, disused to sing;
All these are ours, & I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs &aping me.
Spectator.

II

Milton's characters, most of them, lie out of Nature,
∇ were to be formed purely by his own Invention.
It shows a greater genius in Shakespeare to
have drawn his Caliban than his Hotspur or
Julius Caesar: the one was to be supplied
out of his own Imagination, whereas the other
might have been formed upon Tradition, History,
∇ Observation.

Addison.

III

The life of a man of letters surely ought to include some record of the influence of his work on his successors, & Scott was a power on the Continent, & in the New World, where his "feudal nonsense" has been the subject of bitter attack, notably by Mark Twain. If Scott's longer poems are, as seems generally agreed, for the young & the local enthusiast, his lyrics, such as "Pauline" are for everybody, & for all time.

Athenaeum.

IV

De Quincey was born in an age when larger drafts were made upon the human personality than had been made for some generations. In the age before him, a man without learning could hardly have written at all; still more unlikely would he be to gain a title to a reputation. Take away the learning from Johnson & even from Gray & you might still have a great man, but you would have a man utterly different. But the best work of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt and their contemporaries, would hardly suffer at all by such a loss. . . . It was his nature to be what every one calls "artificial", and we owe him a great debt for the apparently unpalatable truth that every great thing is not simple. His own writing, like Sir Thomas Browne's and Jeremy Taylor's, is a notable example and proof. Simplicity of subject and complexity of treatment is his most marked peculiarity.

ロイド氏選
 六月大学
 英文科
 口述試験
 問題

V

Autobiography! So you say,
So do I not believe!

For no men or women that live today,
Be they as good or as bad as they may,
Ever would dare to leave,
In faintest pencil or boldest ink,
All they truly and really think,
What they have said and what they have done,
What they have lived & what they have felt,
Under the stars or under the sun.
At the touch of a pen the dewdrops melt,
And the jewels are lost in the grass,
Though you count the blades as you pass.
At the touch of a pen the lightning is fixed,
An innocent streak on a broken cloud;
And the thunder, that pealed so fierce and loud,
With musical echo is softly mixed.

Autobiography? No!
It never was written yet, I know!
Grant that they try!
Still they must fail!
Words are too pale
For the fervour and glow
Of the lava-flow.

F. R. Havergal.

VI

1. Paraphrase.

Wise nature hath a several tongue for each,
 With language sympathetic to our moods,
 Whether we seek her in the solemn woods
 Or where the billows murmur on the beach.
 For them she loves she hath a mystic speech,
 And whoso woo her in her solitudes,
 Mantled in awe when holy silence broods,
 Rare wisdom and weird knowledge she doth teach.
 In vain her secrets shall the haughty seek —
 Then she in beauty evanescent flies;
 No foot profane her tempted heights may scale,
 But if our hearts be humble, chaste, & meek,
 And childlike wholly, to our reverent eyes
 Her face the mighty mother will reveal.

Wm. L. G.

VII

Of all the sights of Venice, none are more enchanting than the palaces on either side of the Grand Canal, whose marble foundations are continually washed by the waters. Every house is a palace - every stone a monument. Here is the Rialto, the scene immortalized by Shakespeare, the oriental Bazaar of past days: its steps are not now crowded with Moors, Turks, & Greeks, exchanging gold, pearls, & other valuable goods for Venetian merchandize; the Shylocks have emigrated from their old quarters & the Rialto of today is the Covent Garden of Venice. Here, again, is the Mocenigo Palace, with which the memory of Shelley, Moore, Byron, & many other celebrities is inseparably connected; but among them all, ^{to} with the last-named English bard, who loved Venice so dearly, and spent in communion with her so many years of his life, her fame owes most.

VIII

I ask only pity —
 A little pity from flesh that I conceived,
 A little mercy from the body that I bore,
 And touches from the baby hands I kissed.
 Nothing I ask of you only to love me,
 And if not that, to bear with me a while
 Who have borne much for you: no, Nero, child,
 I will not weary you: I yearn for you.
 Forgive me all the deeds that I have done for you,
 Forget the great love I have spent on you,
 Pardon the long, long, life for you endured.

— Stephen Phillips —

IX

Pater's individuality was so distinct, his personality so typical, that it is absolutely necessary to approach it in full sympathy and admiration: to approach it stiffly, disapprovingly, dogmatically, would be not to approach it at all. He was so reticent, so secluded, so evanescent a personality, that it is difficult to capture anything that may be called biographical about him.

A. C. Benson