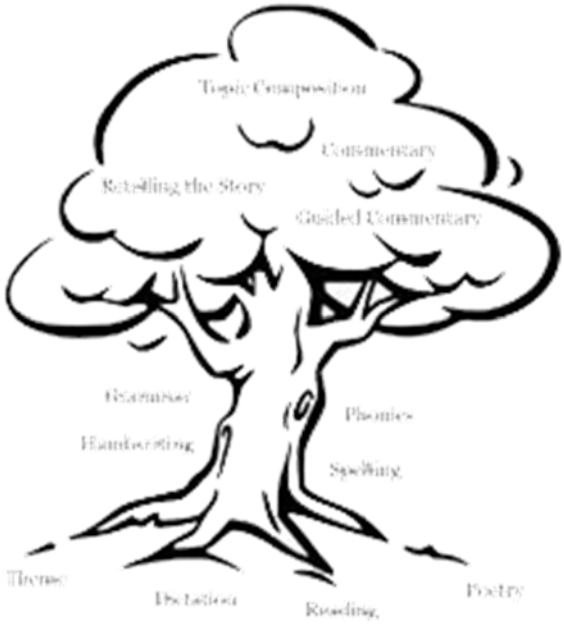
SSPX Language Arts Program



8th Grade Teacher's Guide

S S P X Society of Saint Pius X

The Immortality of Literature

We are told that a hundred years ago most public-school boys in England, and almost all Etonians, knew their Horace if they knew nothing else. It was not unusual for a lad of intelligence to have most of the odes by heart. The twentieth century has many new voices (some of them very insistent), but no one of them speaks to us with the accent of Horace. Hugh MacNaghten, for many years a master at Eton, and a translator of the classics, tells us a pleasant story in this regard. In the second year of the World War he had a letter from a former student who was then fighting in France. It requested – of all the things in the world – a copy of Horace, a small book, and it gave the reason why. Young Platt was one of three Etonians in that line of trenches, and they had recently been joined by a Harrovian who was always quoting Horace. The Etonians were not so preoccupied with the deadly details of their lives as to be indifferent to this challenge. Come what might, they would reread their Horace for their own satisfaction, and for the honor of Eton.

Surely the soul of Horace, wherever it is located, was made glad by that letter. He knew that he would triumph over death. *Non omnis moriar*. He spoke as prophets speak, piercing the future. While Rome lived, he would live. "As long as the Pontiff climbs the Capitol with the silent Vestal by his side, I shall be famed, and beyond the boundaries of Rome I shall travel far."

Barbarians unborn my name shall know.
We know it and are glad.

Agnes Repplier

Guided Commentary

► What do the first two sentences tell us about education "a hundred years ago"? What hint do we have about the time this text was written?
► What might the author mean by, "the accent of Horace"?
► Why does "Young Platt" ask his former teacher for a copy of Horace? What is the "challenge" to which the author refers?
► Explain the sentence, "Surely the soul of Horace, wherever it is located, was made glad by that letter."

Composition Topics

In the second year of the World War Hugh MacNaghton had a letter from a former student then fighting in France. It requested – of all the things in the world… A. Repplier

Continue.

"He knew that he would triumph over death. Non omnis moriar. *He spoke as prophets speak, piercing the future. While Rome lived, he would live."* A. Repplier

Imagine this great Roman. Why will his memory live on?

Vocabulary and culture: Etonians and **Harrovians** are students or alumni of two rival British boarding schools for boys, Eton College (founded in Berkshire in 1440 by King Henry VI as "The King's College of Our Lady of Eton besides Wyndsor") and Harrow School (founded under Elizabeth I north of London in 1572). The annual Eton vs. Harrow cricket match has been held since 1822, and perhaps as early as 1805, one of the longest running annual sporting events in the world. No games were held during the World Wars.
The Latin poet **Horace** (65BC - 8BC) rose from slavery to be the leading lyric poet under Augustus, adapting certain Greek poetic forms to Latin verse. He has been vastly influential on poets and learning since antiquity. "***Non omnis moriar***" means "I shall not wholly die," and is from his Ode 3.30, provided on the facing page. The young men in this passage might also have been inspired by the verse from his Ode 3.2, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," "It is sweet and fitting to die for your country." The aphorism "*carpe diem*," "seize the day" (rather, "harvest the day") is from his Ode 1.11.
The **Vestal Virgins**, particularly the Virgo Vestalis Maxima, maintained the sacred fire of the city of Rome, while the **Pontifex Maximus** was supreme among the priests of Rome. The two represent the deepest sources of ancient Roman civilization and the most sacred and enduring elements of that culture, in Horace's eyes.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Every lesson plan week will include a few suggested sentences to illustrate the grammar concepts of the relevant segment of the grammar progression. Analyze as a class one or two of the sentences in every grammar lesson and parse a few words.

1. We are told that a hundred years ago most public-school boys in England knew their Horace if they knew nothing else.

2. Young Platt was one of three Etonians in that line of trenches, and they had recently been joined by a Harrovian who was always quoting Horace.

3. He spoke as prophets speak, piercing the future.

4. As long as the Pontiff climbs the Capitol with the silent Vestal by his side, I shall be famed, and beyond the boundaries of Rome I shall travel far.

5. We ourselves know it and are glad.

Grammar Assignment

You may prefer to construct a grammar assignment or test using one of the sentences above. As in earlier grades, a grammar assignment generally includes analysis and diagramming; the parsing of three or four words; a verb exercise; and a short thought question.

1. Analyze and Diagram: In the second year of the World War, a former student who was then fighting in France requested – of all the things in the world – a copy of Horace, a small book.

2. Parse: *book, France* and *requested*

3. Give a synopsis of the verb "to request," active voice, indicative mood, all tenses (definite and indefinite), 3rd peson, singular.

4. Answer in a small paragraph:
"The Etonians read their Horace, for their own satisfaction and for the honor of Eton."

What is meant by "*for their own satisfaction and for the honor of Eton*"?

Horace, Book 3, Ode 30 (23 BC) (Translation John Conington, 1882)

And now 'tis done: more durable than brass
My monument shall be, and raise its head
O'er royal pyramids: it shall not dread
Corroding rain or angry Boreas,

Nor the long lapse of immemorial time.
I shall not wholly die: large residue
Shall 'scape the queen of funerals. Ever new
My after fame shall grow, while pontiffs climb
With silent maids the Capitolian height.
"Born," men will say, "where Aufidus is loud,
Where Daunus, scant of streams, beneath him bow'd
The rustic tribes, from dimness he wax'd bright,

First of his race to wed the Aeolian lay
To notes of Italy." Put glory on,
My own Melpoméné, by genius won,
And crown me of thy grace with Delphic bay.

Notes: Boreas: the north wind. Aufidus: a River through Apulia in Southern Italy. Daunus: legendary barbarian king of Apulia. His descendent was Turnus, whom Aeneas conquered. Melpoméné: the Muse of song. Delphic bay: laurel of Apollo, god of music. Aeolian: the Greek Aeolian Islands, named after Aeolus, the god of wind, and associated with lyres and poetry.

The Noblest Sentence Ever Spoken

"What saves a man is to take a step. Then another step. It is always the same step, but you have to take it."

"I swear," said Guillaumet, "that what I went through, no animal would have gone through." This sentence, the noblest ever spoken, this sentence that defines man's place in the universe, that honors him, that re-establishes the true hierarchy, floated back into my thoughts. The body, we may say, is but an honest tool, a servant. And it was in these words, Guillaumet, that you expressed your pride in the honest tool:

"With nothing to eat, after three days on my feet... well... my heart wasn't going any too well. I was crawling along the side of a sheer wall, hanging over space, digging and kicking pockets in the ice so that I could hold on, when all of a sudden my heart conked. It hesitated. Started up again. Beat crazily. I said to myself, 'If it hesitates a moment too long, I drop.' It hesitated, but it went on. You don't know how proud I was of that heart."

If we were to talk to Guillaumet about his courage, he would shrug his shoulders. His place was far beyond mediocre virtue.

Guillaumet's courage is in the main the product of his honesty. But even this is not his fundamental quality. His moral greatness consists in his sense of responsibility. He knew that he was responsible for himself and for the hopes of his comrades. He was holding in his hands their sorrow and their joy. He was responsible for the fate of those men, in as much as his work contributed to it.

Guillaumet was one of those bold and generous men who had taken upon themselves the task of spreading their foliage over bold and generous horizons. To be a man is, precisely, to be responsible. It is to feel, when setting one's stone, that one is contributing to the building of the whole world.

Antoine de St-Exupéry, *Wind, Sand and Stars*

Guided Commentary

► Situate the text.
► Why does Guillaumet say, "What I went through, no animal would have gone through"?
► Why might Guillaumet have shrugged his shoulders if asked about his courage?
► Explain the sentence, "His moral greatness consists in his sense of responsibility."

Composition Topics

To be a man is, precisely, to be responsible. It is to feel, when setting one's stone, that one is contributing to the building of the whole world.

A. de St-Exupéry

Continue this thought, presenting to us a real person or a fictional character who best fits the description.

"Old friend, these pages, written out of my memory, are addressed in homage of you."

A. de St-Exupéry

Continue these lines of praise to the bold and generous hero.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

1. I was crawling along the sheer wall, hanging over space, digging and kicking pockets in the ice so that I could hold on, when suddenly my heart conked.

2. The body, we may say, is but an honest tool, a servant.

3. If we were to talk to Guillaumet about his courage, he would shrug his shoulders.

4. This sentence that defines man's place in the universe, that honors him, that re-establishes the true hierarchy, floated back into my thoughts.

5. Guillaumet was one of those bold and generous men who had taken upon themselves the task of spreading their foliage over bold and generous horizons.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: Guillaumet knew that he was responsible for the fate of those men, in as much as his work contributed to it.

2. Parse: *Guillaumet, that, contributed,* and *it.*

3. Give a synonym for "fate."

4. Give the principal parts of the verbs in this sentence.

5. Continue on of the following sentences:

Guillaumet was one of those bold and generous men who....

To be a man is...

Guillaumet's courage is....

***Correlated Greatness*, By Francis Thompson**

O nothing, in this corporal earth of man,
That to the imminent heaven of his high soul
Responds with colour and with shadow, can
Lack correlated greatness. If the scroll
Where thoughts lie fast in spell of hieroglyph
Be mighty through its mighty habitants;
If God be in His Name; grave potence if
The sounds unbind of hieratic chants;
All's vast that vastness means. Nay, I affirm
Nature is whole in her least things exprest,
Nor know we with what scope God builds the worm.
Our towns are copied fragments from our breast;
And all man's Babylons strive but to impart
The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.

"For that was I born"

All that time in Poitiers whenever Joan spoke of Charles she called him “Dauphin” only. She who so often had called him King, to proclaim his right. They asked her why she used that word “Dauphin” which his enemies used as though to deny his crown. She answered that until she had crowned him, as she would, he was not King. Therefore, with these, would she use no other title.

Memories of her days in Poitiers long lingered. Thibault, a lad in Rabuteau’s house, remembered her, her gaiety and speech. How she clapped him on the shoulder and said she could wish for many more of such goodwill. And many years after, when all had become an ancient tale, one man lingering in the extreme of age would point out the thing he had seen in youth, by the stepping-stone at the corner of St. Stephen’s Street. It was but a moment; the Maid leaping from the stone to the saddle and riding off on that Spring day when she left his town of Poitiers for the King once more, to deliver and to crown him: for she had said: “Indeed, for that was I born.”

Hilaire Belloc, *Joan of Arc*

Guided Commentary

(Children should answer based on this text, but will also need to know the story of Joan of Arc.)

► Why does Joan call Charles “Dauphin” only? What does her answer tell us about Joan?.
► Why, perhaps, did “memories of her days in Poitiers long linger”?
► What do we learn of Joan from the memories of Thibault, and of the “one man lingering in the extreme of age”?
► What is the effect of Joan’s final words in the text?

Composition Topics

Many years after, when all had become an ancient tale, one man lingering in the extreme of age would point out the thing he had seen in youth…

Hilaire Belloc

Let us listen.

It was a sight that had taken a firm hold of my mind in boyhood, and that will remain in it as long as it can make pictures for itself out of the past…

Hilaire Belloc

Paint us the picture. Why might the sight so linger?

It was but a moment; the Maid leaping from the stone to the saddle and riding off on that Spring day when she left his town of Poitiers for the King once more, to deliver and to crown him: for she had said: “Indeed, for that was I born.”

Hilaire Belloc

"Indeed, for that was I born..." Tell us a tale, ending with these words.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

In Poitiers, they lodged her in the house of the Advocate-General, a layman, Rabuteau, whose house was called "The Hostel of the Rose."

All that time in Poitiers whenever Joan spoke of Charles she called him "Dauphin" only.

Many years after, when all had become an ancient tale, one man lingering in the extreme of age would point out the thing which he had seen in youth, by the stepping-stone at the corner of St. Stephen's Street.

It was but a moment; the Maid leaping from the stone to the saddle and riding off on that Spring day as she left his town of Poitiers for the King once more, to deliver and to crown him.

Indeed, for that was I born.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: Thibault, a lad in Rabuteau's house, remembered her, her gaiety and speech.

2. Identify the part of speech above each word:

She had clapped him on the shoulder and said she could wish for many more of such goodwill.

3. Parse: lad, Rabuteau's, remembered, and

4. Rewrite the above sentences and continue the account (about a paragraph). Show your knowledge of adverbial clauses by including at least two of them in your writing. (Underline them.)

Joan of Arc, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

This word had Merlin said from of old:
That out of the Oak Tree Shade
In the day of France's direst dule,
God's hand should send a Maid.
And where Domremy, by Burgundy,
Sits crowned with its oakenshaw,
Even there Joan d'Arc, the Maid of God's Ark,
The light of the day first saw.

Where spirits go, what man may know?
Yet this may of man be said:
That, when Time is o'er and all hath sufficed,
Shall the world's chief Christ-fire rise to Christ
From the ashes of Joan the Maid.

God's Crusader: G.K. Chesterton

Even at the early age of sixteen, G.K. Chesterton was already the kind of being that he was to remain all his life: absent-minded, good-natured, yet stubbornly loyal to his ideas and convictions, and willing to defend them against all comers. A tall, awkward, untidy scarecrow, he sat at his desk, drawing pictures all over his blotter and his books. His thoughts strayed far from his lessons, and came to grips with deep problems beyond his years. Such is the picture of the growing boy, disclosed by his friends and confirmed by his notebooks.

Recalling the period of his attendance at St. Paul's, Chesterton writes: "I was one day wandering about the streets in that part of North Kensington, telling myself stories of feudal sallies and sieges in the manner of Walter Scott, and vaguely trying to apply them to the wilderness of brinks and mortar around me." A school-mate of G.K. Chesterton confirms this picture. "I can see him now, smiling and sometimes scowling as he talked to himself, apparently oblivious to everything he passed."

When Mrs. Chesterton visited the master to seek his advice about her son's future, he remarked: "Six foot of genius. Cherish him, Mrs. Chesterton, cherish him."

Maisie Ward, *Gilbert Keith Chesterton*

Guided Commentary

► What "kind of being" does the author present to us in the first paragraph?
► What does the anecdote of the second paragraph reveal about Chesterton?
► What might the schoolmaster have meant, by his advice to G.K. Chesterton's mother?
► Judging from the entire text, what effect must Chesterton have had on those who knew him?

Composition Topics

A school-mate of G.K. Chesterton confirms this picture. "I can see him now, smiling and sometimes scowling as he talked to himself, apparently oblivious to everything he passed."

M. Ward

Imagine stopping the young Chesterton in his stroll and asking him to let you into his interior conversation.

"I was one day wandering about the streets in that part of North Kensington, telling myself stories of feudal sallies and sieges in the manner of Walter Scott, and vaguely trying to apply them to the wilderness of bricks and mortar around me."

G.K. Chesterton

Continue this thought, as though you were Chesterton.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

At the early age of sixteen, G.K. Chesterton was already the kind of being that he was to remain all of his life: absent-minded, good-natured, yet stubbornly loyal to his ideas and convictions.

A tall, awkward, untidy scarecrow, young Chesterton sat at his desk, drawing pictures all over his blotter and his books.

I can see him now, smiling and sometimes scowling as he talked to himself, apparently oblivious to everything that he passed.

When Mrs. Chesterton visited the master to seek his advice about her son's future, he remarked: "Six foot of genius. Cherish him."

G.K.'s thoughts strayed far from his lessons, and came to grips with deep problems beyond his years.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: I was one day wandering about the streets in North Kensington, telling myself stories of feudal sallies and sieges in the manner of Walter Scott, and vaguely trying to apply them to the wilderness of bricks and mortar around me.

2. Parse: day, myself, and me.

3. Find a synonym for: sallies, vaguely, and mortar.

4. Explain what Chesterton might mean by "trying to apply... stories of feudal sallies and sieges... to the wilderness of bricks and mortar."

The Convert, by G.K. Chesterton

After one moment when I bowed my head
And the whole world turned over and came upright,
And I came out where the old road shone white.
I walked the ways and heard what all men said,
Forests of tongues, like autumn leaves unshed,
Being not unlovable but strange and light;
Old riddles and new creeds, not in despite
But softly, as men smile about the dead

The sages have a hundred maps to give
That trace their crawling cosmos like a tree,
They rattle reason out through many a sieve
That stores the sand and lets the gold go free:
And all these things are less than dust to me
Because my name is Lazarus and I live.

Glittering Rain

I have just been out and got soaking and dripping wet, one of my favorite dissipations. I never enjoy weather so much as when it is driving, drenching, rattling, washing rain. As Mr. Meredeth says in the book you gave me, "Rain. Oh, the glad refresher of the grain and welcome waterspouts of blessed rain!" Seldom have I enjoyed a walk so much! My sister water was all there, and most affectionate. Everything I passed was lovely: a little boy pickabacking another little boy home, two little girls taking shelter with a gigantic umbrella, the gutters boiling like rivers and the hedges glittering with rain. And when I came to our corner, the shower was over, and there was a great watery sunset right over number 80, what Mr. Ruskin calls "an opening into eternity." Eternity is pink and gold. Yes, I like rain! It means something. I am not sure what; something freshening, cleaning, washing out, taking in hand, not caring-a-damn-what-you-think, doing-its-duty, robust, noisy, moral, wet.

G.K. Chesterton, Letter to Edmund Clerihew Bentley, 1895

Guided Commentary

► Why might Chesterton have called walking in the rain "one of his favorite dissipations"?
► What does the rain bring out in people and in nature, according to Chesterton's musing?
► What is the effect of Chesterton's use of so many participles in this text? What contrast does he establish between these and the final adjectives he uses?
► What phrase does Chesterton quote as a description of the "great watery sunset"? Explain.

Composition Topics

I have just been out and got soaking and dripping wet, one of my favorite dissipations. I never enjoy weather so much as when it is driving, drenching, rattling, washing rain.

G.K. Chesterton

"I never enjoy weather so much as when…" Continue.

"Yes, I like rain! It means something. I am not sure what; something freshening, cleaning, washing out, taking in hand, doing-its-duty, robust, noisy, moral, wet."

G.K. Chesterton

What meaning and mystery does your favorite weather suggest? Why does it inspire you?

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Seldom have I enjoyed a walk so much!

My sister water was all there, and most affectionate.

Everything that I passed was lovely: a little boy pickabacking another little boy home, two little girls taking shelter with a gigantic umbrella, the gutters boiling like rivers and the hedges glittering with rain.

Mr. Meredeth says in the book you gave me, "Rain. Oh, the glad refresher of the grain!"

Yes, I like rain!

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram [what is in brackets]: *[When I came to our corner, the shower was over, and there was a great watery sunset right over number 80,] what Mr. Ruskin calls "an opening into eternity." [You may wish to have students analyze all.]*

2. Parse: over (*first use*), right and over (*second use*).

3. Give the principal parts of the verbs used in this sentence.

4. Explain why G.K. Chesterton might have described the scene in this sentence as "an opening into eternity."

Going for Water, by Robert Frost

The well was dry beside the door,
And so we went with pail and can
Across the fields behind the house
To seek the brook if still it ran;
Not loth to have excuse to go,
Because the autumn eve was fair
(Though chill), because the fields were ours,
And by the brook our woods were there.

We ran as if to meet the moon
That slowly dawned behind the trees,
The barren boughs without the leaves,
Without the birds, without the breeze.

But once within the wood, we paused
Like gnomes that hid us from the moon,
Ready to run to hiding new
With laughter when she found us soon.

Each laid on other a staying hand
To listen ere we dared to look,
And in the hush we joined to make
We heard, we knew we heard the brook.

A note as from a single place,
A slender tinkling fall that made
Now drops that floated on the pool
Like pearls, and now a silver blade.

Song of a Ploughman

The oxen moved forward, turning downhill, the white cloud of gulls rose and followed, and the old man's voice, very frail, yet so sure and sensitive in pitch and tone, rose lonely and serene in the immemorial chant that his fathers had sung before him century after century over these same green hills.

Zachary listened, awed and silent again; it was still lovely but it lacked the tenor notes. He tried them softly under his breath, at first tentatively, then more surely, remembering the rhythm of the chanting of the Mass. The plough with its wheeling gulls reached the bottom of the hill, turned and came up again, and as it neared the steepest part of the slope, Zachary was sure of himself and the music. Singing, he pulled off his coat, jumped off the gate and walked to meet the team, still singing he swing in beside Sol and bent his weight to the plough, still singing they moved together up the hill, swung and turned, the gulls turning with them.

Sol, after one glance at the boy beside him, accepted him as he accepted everything, calmly and without astonishment, and rested himself in this blessed comradeship of a tuneful kindred spirit. As for Zachary, wave after wave of exultation beat through him as he gave himself for the first time to this blessed action of the following of the plough. The tread of the oxen, their deep and quiet breathing, the ring of the harness, the creak of the plough, the wind, the cry of the gulls, his own voice singing, Sol's deep bass accompaniment, the rhythmic swing and turn at the start of each ascent and descent, the swath of rose-red earth curling back from the coulter like foam from a ship's prow, it seemed to him all one action, one glorious paean of adoration rising from the altar of earth to the throne of heaven.

Elizabeth Goudge

Guided Commentary

► What atmosphere pervades in the opening lines of this passage? Explain.
► What effects does the old ploughman's song have on Zachary? How does the author impress these effects upon the reader?
► How does Sol accept the boy's help? What did Zachary notice "as he gave himself for the first time to this blessed action of the following of the plough"?
► Why might the author have called this ploughing of the fields by the two men, "one glorious paean of adoration rising from the altar of earth to the throne of heaven"?

Composition Topics

The oxen moved forward, turning downhill, the white cloud of gulls rose and followed, and the old man's voice, very frail, yet so sure and sensitive in pitch and tone, rose lonely and serene in the immemorial chant that his fathers had sung before him century after century over these same green hills.

E. Goudge

Let us hear the song. Why has it been sung "century after century"?

or:

Will no one tell me what she sings? –
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?

W. Wordsworth

Tell us the tale behind the song.

As for Zachary, wave after wave of exultation beat through him as he gave himself for the first time to this blessed action of the following of the plough.

E. Goudge

Who has not felt the same exultation? Share it with us, in any form you wish: description, story, poem, letter...

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Zachary listened, awed and silent again; the chant was still lovely but it lacked the tenor notes.

The plough with its wheeling gulls reached the bottom of the hill, turned and came up again, and as it neared the steepest part of the slope Zachary was sure of himself and the music.

The old man's voice, very frail, yet so sure and sensitive in pitch and tone, rose lonely and serene in the immemorial chant that his fathers had sung before him century after century over these same green hills.

Waves of exultation beat through Zachary as he gave himself for the first time to this blessed action of the following of the plough.

Sol's deep bass accompaniment, the rhythmic swing and turn at the start of each ascent and descent, the swath of rose-red earth curling back from the coulter like foam from a ship's prow, it seemed to Zachary all one action, one glorious paean of adoration rising from the altar of earth to the throne of heaven.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: Sol, after one glance at the boy beside him, accepted him as he accepted everything, calmly and without astonishment, and rested himself in this blessed comradeship of a tuneful kindred spirit.

2. Parse: calmly**,** comradeship, and tuneful.

3. Find a synonym for: swath, coulter and paean.

4. Based on what you can gather from the dictation, briefly present the character of Sol.

The Solitary Reaper, by William Wordsworth

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? –
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; –
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

Other suitable poems would be ***God's Grandeur***, by Gerard Manley Hopkins
or ***Color in the Wheat***, by Hamlin Garland

Beauty in Their Hearts

In the bog, the round red sun rises upon a lively scene – a pleasant contrast with the usually dreary aspect of the white-patched, great and wide stretches of waste. Here and there over the vast surface of it you see high-caged carts, little and big, up-ended; and the animals that drew them, the donkeys and horses, picking stray blades of grass and soft tops of heather, as they wander wide. Reeks of blue smoke are mounting on the morning air from a hundred small fires built nigh the carts, and a hundred family parties, bareheaded and barefooted, each upon a turf-bank near their own fire, are hard at work plying the spade, or catching, or throwing, or carrying, or wheeling the fresh turf, or setting drier ones on end, four or five together – "footing" them.

Father, and sisters, and brothers, take little time – you would think – to hearken to the lark's song or the bees' hum, to enjoy the blue sky, or the bright hills beyond the bog, or the white sunshine that is frisking upon them, or the sweet-smelling smoke that is curling above. Keeping hands and eyes close upon their labour, they work hard and still harder as the sun mounts high and still higher. But, for all that, don't conceit yourself that the beauty is lost on them. It is in their hearts as they work, their blood leaps the quicker for it; the lively tune, and glad song, and merry joke, come lightly from their lips. The black bog is bright, and the lone bog full of life, and the silent bog filled with music, with whistle and song, with laughter, chat and cheery hail.

Before yet the turf is fully won, and dragged home, and stacked in the garden, there is many another long and toilsome, joyous, bright day in the bog still ahead of you. And after the turf is won, and safely stacked at home, on many a winter's night will the high-leaping, bright-blazing turf fire warm you and cheer you, as you propound riddles, and sing songs, and hearken to the old, old, beautiful tales and laoidhs that happily while away the surly, gurly, rainy, stormy, blowy, snowy winter nights, and repay you, happy-hearted children of all ages, for many a sore, toilsome, glorious day in the bog!

Seamus MacManus, "A Day in the Bog"

Guided Commentary

► What activity is being described in this scene?
► What has brought to life the "great and wide stretches of waste"? How does the author use contrasts in the first two paragraphs?
► How has the author emphasized the hard work?
► Explain the sentence, " It is in their hearts as they work, their blood leaps the quicker for it; the lively tune, and glad song, and merry joke, come lightly from their lips."
► How might the perspective described in the final paragraph make turf-gathering more joyous still?

Composition Topics

The beauty is in their hearts as they work, their blood leaps the quicker for it; the lively tune, and glad song, and merry joke, come lightly from their lips.

S. MacManus

Who is at work? What "beauty in their hearts" finds expression in a "lively tune, glad song, or merry joke"?

The call of a dozen fathers: "To your work, brave boys!" soon rings out. And, with brightness in your eyes and merry music on your lips, tripping you come to your task once more.

What is to be done that calls for "brave boys"? Bring the scene to life.

On many a winter's night will the high-leaping, bright-blazing turf fire warm you and cheer you, as you propound riddles, and sing songs, and hearken to the old, old, beautiful tales...

Write a song or riddle for a winter's night around a bright blazing fire.

The black bog is bright, and the lone bog full of life, and the silent bog filled with music...

Continue creating this scene of contrasts or create a new one of your own.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

The call of a dozen fathers: "Go to your work, brave boys!" soon rings out.

With brightness in your eyes and merry music on your lips, tripping you come to your task once more, and in a few minutes' time the bog is again busy with a toiling multitude.

Keeping hands and eyes close upon their labour, they work hard and still harder as the sun mounts high and still higher.

The beauty is in their hearts as they work, their blood leaps quicker for it; the lively tune, and glad song, and merry joke, come lightly from their lips.

Before the turf is fully won, and dragged home, and stacked in the garden, there is many another long and toilsome, joyous, bright day in the bog still ahead of you.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: *After the turf is won and safely stacked at home, on many a winter's night will the high-leaping, bright-blazing turf fire warm you and cheer you.*

2. Parse: *will warm, is won, safely*, and *at*.

3. Put "The fire warms you" in the subjunctive mood, all tenses.

4. Why can Seamus MacManus say it was "a long and toilsome, joyous, bright day in the bog"?

Hurrahing in Harvest, by Gerard Manley Hopkins

Summer ends now; now, barbarous in beauty, the stooks arise
  Around; up above, what wind-walks! what lovely behaviour
  Of silk-sack clouds! has wilder, wilful-wavier
Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across skies?

I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,
  Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour;
  And, éyes, heárt, what looks, what lips yet gave you a
Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of rounder replies?

And the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder
  Majestic—as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet!—
These things, these things were here and but the beholder
  Wanting; which two when they once meet,
The heart rears wings bold and bolder
  And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for him off under his feet.

The Glorious Transmutation of Autumn

The glorious transmutation of autumn had come on: all the vast Canadian shores were clothed with a splendor never seen in France; to which all the pageants of all the kings were as a taper to the sun. Even the ragged cliff-side behind Cécile's kitchen door was beautiful; the wild cherry and sumach and the blackberry vines had turned crimson, and the birch and poplar saplings were yellow. Up by Blinker's cave there was a mountain ash, loaded with orange berries.

In the Upper Town the grey slate roofs and steeples were framed and encrusted with gold. A slope of roof or a dormer window looked out from the twisted russet branches of an elm, just as old mirrors were framed in gilt garlands. A sharp gable rose out of a soft drift of tarnished foliage like a piece of agate set in fine goldsmith's work. So many kinds of gold, all gleaming in the soft, hyacinth-colored haze of autumn: wan, sickly gold of the willows, already dropping; bright gold of the birches, copper gold of the beeches. Most beautiful of all was the tarnished gold of the elms, with a little brown in it, a little bronze, a little blue, even – a blue like amethyst, which made them melt into the azure haze with a kind of happiness, a harmony of mood that filled the air with content.

Willa Cather, *Shadows on the Rock*

Guided Commentary

► How does the first sentence of this text set the stage for what is to come?
► What is the tone of the first paragraph? What image in particular contributes to this tone?
► What comparisons does the author use in describing the intertwining of human dwellings and natural beauty in the second paragraph?
► How does the author evoke the play of colors in this scene? How does the author create "a harmony of mood" throughout the entire description?

Composition Topics

A sharp gable rose out of a soft drift of tarnished foliage like a piece of agate set in fine goldsmith's work.

W. Cather

As the autumn splendor folds around the human dwellings of old Québec, paint for us another human dwelling in such harmony with the beauty of nature.

The glorious transmutation of autumn had come on: all the vast Canadian shores were clothed with a splendor never seen in France; to which all the pageants of all the kings were as a taper to the sun.

Sing the splendor of autumn.

Or:

Continue this autumnal hymn of praise, sustaining the metaphor throughout your composition.

Most beautiful of all was the tarnished gold of the elms, with a little brown in it, a little bronze, a little blue, even – a blue like amethyst, which made them melt into the azure haze with a kind of happiness, a harmony of mood that filled the air with content.

W. Cather

In poem or prose, tell what colors or other impressions make the mood of your favorite season.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

The ragged cliff-side behind Cécile's kitchen door was beautiful; the wild cherry and sumach and the blackberry vines had turned crimson, and the birch and poplar saplings were yellow.

In the Upper Town the grey slate roofs and steeples were framed and encrusted with gold.

A sharp gable rose out of a soft drift of tarnished foliage so that it resembled a piece of agate set in fine goldsmith's work.

Most beautiful was the tarnished gold of the elms, with a little brown in it, a little bronze, a blue like amethyst, which made them melt into the azure haze with a kind of happiness.

The glorious transmutation of autumn had come on: all the vast Canadian shores were clothed with a splendor which was never seen in France; to which all the pageants of all the kings were as a taper to the sun.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: *A slope of roof or a dormer window looked out from the twisted russet branches of an elm, just as old mirrors were framed in gilt garlands.*

2. Parse: *or, were framed,* and *in.*

3. Give a synopsis of "to frame" in the 3rd person plural, passive voice, indicative, in all six tenses.

4. Write a sentence about "the glorious transmutation of autumn" which contains a simile or metaphor.

To Autumn, by John Keats

If they have not already been used, other suitable poems would be
God's Grandeur, by Gerard Manley Hopkins
or ***Color in the Wheat***, by Hamlin Garland

The Touch of Greatness

I have watched greatness touch you in another way. I have seen you sit, uninvited and unforced, listening in complete silence to the third movement of the Ninth Symphony. I thought you understood, as much as children can, when I told you that that music was the moment at which Beethoven finally passed beyond the suffering of his life on earth and reached for the hand of God, as God reaches for the hand of Adam in Michelangelo's vision of the Creation.

And once, in place of a bedtime story, I was reading Shakespeare to John – at his own request, for I never forced such things on you. I came to that passage in which Macbeth, having murdered Duncan, realizes what he has done to his own soul, and asks if all the water in the world can ever wash the blood from his hand, or will it not rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine?

At that line, John's whole body twitched. I gave great silent thanks to God. For I knew that if, as children, you could thus feel in your souls the reverence and awe for life and the world, which is the ultimate meaning of Beethoven and Shakespeare, as man and woman you could never be satisfied with less. I felt a great faith that sooner or later you would understand what I once told you, not because I expected you to understand it then, but because I hoped that you would remember it later: "True wisdom comes from the overcoming of suffering and sin. All true wisdom is therefore touched with sadness."

Whitaker Chambers, *Witness*

Guided Commentary

► Who is speaking to whom, in this text? What is being described?
► How did the children listen to Beethoven? Why? What does Whitaker Chambers think they had understood?
► Why does Chambers give "great silent thanks to God" at John's reaction to the words of Shakespeare? Explain.
► What, for Whitaker Chambers, is "the ultimate meaning of Beethoven and Shakespeare"? What had he hoped the children would receive, by their early contact with these artists?

Composition Topics

True wisdom comes from the overcoming of suffering. All true wisdom is therefore touched with sadness.

W. Chambers

What character or characters from literature illustrate this truth?

You sit, uninvited and unforced, listening in complete silence to...

W. Chambers

...what musical composition? Tell us what you draw from it or understand.

Once, in place of a bedtime story, I was reading Shakespeare to John – at his own request. I came to the passage...

W. Chambers

What passage of Shakespeare would be read at your request? Why? (Give the precise quotation.)

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

I myself have watched greatness touch you in another way.

I knew that you could feel in your souls the reverence and awe for life and the world which is the ultimate meaning of Beethoven and Shakespeare.

I felt a great faith that sooner or later you would understand.

True wisdom comes from the overcoming of suffering and sin; all true wisdom is therefore touched with sadness.

I thought that you understood when I told you that that music was the moment at which Beethoven finally passed beyond the suffering of his life on earth and reached for the hand of God.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: *I have seen you as you sat, uninvited and unforced, listening in complete silence to the third movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.*

2. Parse: *I, have seen, uninvited* and *listening.*

3. When were you* in reverence and awe of life*? (Answer this question using two introductory commas somewhere in your response.)

4. Why do you think these children might have sat* uninivited and unforced, listening in complete silence to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony*?

My Prayer, by e.e. cummings

God make me the poet of simplicity,
Force,and clearness. Help me to live
Ever up to ever higher standards. Teach me to lay
A strong,simple,big-rocked wall
Firmly,the first of all,
And to fill in the fissures with the finer stones and clay
Of alliteration,simile,metaphor. Give
Power to point out error in sorrow and in felicity.
Make me a truthful poet,ever true to the voice of my
Call,
Groping about in blackest night
For ever clearer,dearer light,
Sturdily standing firm and undismayed on a Pillar of
Right
Working with heart,and soul,and a willing might,
Writing my highest Ideal large in whatsoever I write,
Truthfully,loftily,chivalrously,and cheerfully ever,
Fearfully,never.

Duty, Honor, Country

Duty, Honor, Country. Those three hallowed words reverently dictate what you ought to be, what you can be, what you will be. They are your rallying points: to build courage when courage seems to fail; to regain faith when there seems to be little cause for faith; to create hope when hope becomes forlorn. From your ranks come the great captains who hold the nation's destiny in their hands the moment the war tocsin sounds. The Long Gray Line has never failed us. Were you to do so, a million ghosts in olive drab, in brown khaki, in blue and gray, would rise from their white crosses thundering those magic words − Duty − Honor − Country.

This does not mean that you are war mongers. On the contrary, the soldier, above all other people, prays for peace, for he must suffer and bear the deepest wounds and scars of war. But always in our ears ring the ominous words of Plato, that wisest of philosophers: “Only the dead have seen the end of war.” The shadows are lengthening for me. The twilight is here. My days of old have vanished tone and tint; they have gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were. Their memory is one of wondrous beauty, watered by tears, and coaxed and caressed by the smiles of yesterday. I listen vainly for the witching melody of faint bugles blowing reveille, of far drums beating the long roll. In my dreams I hear again the crash of guns, the rattle of musketry, the strange, mournful mutter of the battlefield. But in the evening of my memory always I come back to West Point. Always there echoes and re-echoes Duty − Honor − Country. Today marks my final roll call with you, but I want you to know when I cross the river my last conscious thoughts will be of The Corps, and The Corps, and The Corps.

General Douglas MacArthur,
Speech to the Marine Corps at the US Military Academy at West Point,
May 12, 1962,

Guided Commentary

► Who is speaking to whom in this passage? What tone in the opening paragraph sets the mood for the entire speech? What are the "three hallowed words"? Why?
► Who, according to the speaker, are "the great captains"? Why are "a million ghosts in olive drab, in brown khaki, in blue and gray" mentioned?
► What idea of war does MacArthur give in the beginning of the second paragraph?
► What seems to be the purpose of Gal. MacArthur's speech? Which images in this passage seem to you the most effective?

Composition Topics

Always there echoes and re-echoes Duty − Honor − Country.

or

My days of old have vanished tone and tint; they have gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were. Their memory is one of wondrous beauty...

Gal. MacArthur

Choose one of these quotes and continue the reflection.

Not in the thick of the fight,
Not in the press of the odds,
Do the heroes come to their height . . . .

from The Verdicts, by Rudyard Kipling (1916)

Take a character from literature and show us how that hero came to his height.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

From your ranks come the great captains who hold the nation's destiny in their hands the moment when the war tocsin sounds.

The memory of my days of old is one of wondrous beauty, watered by tears, and coaxed and caressed by the smiles of yesterday.

I listen vainly for the witching melody of faint bugles blowing reveille, and of far drums beating the long roll.

In my dreams I hear again the crash of guns, the rattle of musketry, the strange, mournful mutter of the battlefield.

On the day when I cross the river my last conscious thoughts will be of The Corps, and The Corps, and The Corps.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: *Duty, Honor, Country: those three hallowed words are your rallying points, to build courage when courage seems to fail.*

2. Parse: *those, your,* and *when.*

3. Give two synonyms for "to build" as used in this sentence.

4. Explain in a short paragraph what this sentence means.

O Captain, My Captain, by Walt Whitman,
Recessional, by Rudyard Kipling,
or passages from ***The Charge of the Light Brigade***, by Alfred Lord Tennyson

The Crispin's Day speech from Shakespeare's **Henry V** (Act IV, sc. 3, l. 17-69) would be excellent in conjunction with this speech by MacArthur, but the teacher may wish to save that passage for later, when the students will study the entire play.

Meeting America

When an American gentleman is polished, he is a perfect gentleman. Coupled with all the good qualities that such an Englishman possesses, he has a warmth of heart and an earnestness, to which I render up myself hand and heart. Indeed the whole people have most affectionate and generous impulses. I have not travelled anywhere, yet, without making upon the road a pleasant acquaintance who has gone out of his way to serve and assist me. I have never met with any common man who would not have been hurt and offended if I had offered him money, for any trifling service he has been able to render me. Gallantry and deference to females are universal. No man would retain his seat in a public conveyance to the exclusion of a lady, or hesitate for an instant in exchanging places with her, however much to his discomfort, if the wish were but remotely hinted. They are generous, hospitable, affectionate, and kind. I have never once been asked a rude or impertinent question, except by an Englishman – and when an Englishman has been settled here for ten or twelve years, he is worse than the Devil.

For all this, I would not live here two years – no, not for any gift they could bestow upon me. Apart from my natural desire to be among my friends and to be at home again, I have a yearning after our English customs and English manners, such as you cannot conceive. It would be impossible to say, in this compass, in what respects America differs from my preconceived opinion of it, but between you and me – privately and confidentially – I shall be truly glad to leave it, though I have formed a perfect attachment to many people here. I am going now, to meet a whole people of my readers in the Far West – two thousand miles from New York – on the borders of the Indian Territory!

Charles Dickens in a letter to his friend, the journalist Albany Fonblanque,
writing from Washington D.C., March 12, 1842

Guided Commentary

► How does the title introduce and situate the text?
► What qualities of Americans seem most to have struck Dickens? What is implied by the sentence, "I have never met with any common man who would not have been hurt and offended if I had offered him money, for any trifling service he has been able to render me"?
► Does the first sentence in the second paragraph come as a surprise to the reader? What is drawing Dickens back to his own homeland?
► Throughout this passage, how does Dickens best give us an idea of Americans? [Does he reveal his own character at the same time?] *[Give this last part only to older students.]*

Composition Topics

I am going now, to meet a whole people of my readers in the Far West – two thousand miles from New York – on the borders of the Indian Territory!

Ch. Dickens

Bring us along to watch Charles Dickens meet the Far West.

Apart from my natural desire to be among my friends and to be at home again, I have a yearning after our English customs and English manners, such as you cannot conceive.

Ch. Dickens

Imagine visiting a foreign land and writing a letter home, telling what you have learned about your own land and its customs.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Coupled with all the good qualities that such an Englishman possesses, the American has a warmth of heart and an earnestness, to which I render up myself hand and heart.

No man would retain his seat in a public conveyance to the exclusion of a lady, or hesitate for an instant in exchanging places with her, if the wish were but remotely hinted.

I have never met with anyone here who would not have been hurt and offended if I had offered him money, for any trifling service which he had rendered me.

I shall be truly glad to leave America, though I have formed a perfect attachment to many who live here.

I am going now, to meet a whole people of my readers in the Far West – two thousand miles from New York – on the borders of the Indian Territory!

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: Besides my natural desire to be among my friends and to be at home again, I have a yearning after our English customs and English manners.

2. Parse: *my, home,* and *our*

3. Give all the cases, singular and plural, of the personal pronouns.

4. What custom might an American yearn after if he were in a foreign land? (Respond in a paragraph.)

Home Thoughts, From Abroad, by Robert Browning (1812 - 1889) (Written in Italy.)

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England–now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops-at the bent spray's edge–
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
–Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

The Love of Literature

The conjunction in my father of the love of literature and the talent for acting endowed my youth with riches that have fructified throughout my life. He read aloud with precision of tone, authority and variety. For some eight years of my life for some three or four evenings a week when we were at home, he read to me, my brother and to whatever friends might be in the house, for an hour or more from his old favourites – most of Shakespeare, most of Dickens, most of Tennyson, much of Browning. Often it was pure entertainment. Sometimes he would read the popular plays of his youth, standing, stepping about the room and portraying the characters as he had seen them on the stage. Had it not been so well done, there might have been something ludicrous about the small, elderly, stout figure impersonating the heroines of forgotten comedies with such vivacity. In fact he held us enthralled. But I remember him most fondly as he sat in his arm-chair under the red-shaded lamp, with a little heap of volumes on the table beside him; then, excluding himself, eschewing all gestures or dramatic effects, allowing the melody of the lines to work its own spell, he would discourse the lyrics which we soon knew by heart. His choice was not recondite. Most of his favorite poems were in familiar anthologies or were the work of the poets of his own generation who had been his friends; but heard thus, again and again, they assumed new beauties and significance, as the liturgy does to those who recite it daily and yearly.

In these recitations of English prose and verse the incomparable variety of English vocabulary, the cadences and rhythms of language, saturated my young mind, so that I never thought of English Literature as a school subject, as matter for analysis and historical arrangement, but as a source of natural joy. It was a legacy that has not depreciated.

Evelyn Waugh

Guided Commentary

► What memories is the author savoring in this passage? How does he express the importance of these events?
► What two ways of reading does the author describe? Why was the first kind never "something ludicrous"? Why might he remember the other way "most fondly"? What does it mean, that the author's father was then "excluding himself, eschewing all gestures or dramatic effects"?
► What does his father's choice of reading material tell us about his father?
► Explain the sentence, "It was a legacy that has not depreciated."

Composition Topics

Most of his favorite poems were in familiar anthologies or were the work of the poets of his own generation who had been his friends; but heard thus, again and again, they assumed new beauties and significance.

E. Waugh

Is there such a poem that has "*assumed new beauties and significance*" for you? Tell us why, as you share a part of it with us.

But I remember him most fondly as he sat in his arm-chair under the red-shaded lamp...

E. Waugh

Continue, giving life to a character and a memory of your choice...

The conjunction in my father of the love of literature and the talent for acting endowed my youth with riches that have fructified throughout my life.

E. Waugh

Imagine for us what those riches might have been.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

The conjunction in my father of the love of literature and the talent for acting endowed my youth with riches that have fructified throughout my life.

For some eight years of my life on those evenings when we were at home, he read to me, my brother and to whatever friends might be in the house, for an hour or more from his old favorites – most of Shakespeare, most of Dickens, most of Tennyson, much of Browning.

Sometimes he would read the popular plays of his youth, standing, stepping about the room and portraying the characters as he had seen them on the stage.

Most of his favorite poems were in familiar anthologies or were the work of the poets of his own generation who had been his friends; but heard thus, again and again, they assumed new beauties and significance, as the liturgy does to those who recite it daily and yearly.

In these recitations of English prose and verse the incomparable variety of English vocabulary, the cadences and rhythms of language, saturated my young mind, so that, for me, English Literature was never a matter for analysis and arrangement but a source of natural joy.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: I remember my father most fondly as he sat in his arm-chair under the red-shaded lamp, with a little heap of volumes on the table beside him; then, excluding himself, eschewing all gestures or dramatic effects, allowing the melody of the lines to work its own spell, he would discourse the lyrics which we soon knew by heart.

2. Parse: *little, allowing,* and *himself.*

3. Justify the mood of the verb *"would discourse."*

4. Using synonyms, express the ideas contained in the following phrases: "*excluding himself, eschewing all gestures or dramatic effects, allowing the melody of the lines to work its own spell.*"

Ars Poetica**,** by Archibald MacLeish (1892 - 1982)

A poem should be palpable and mute
As a globed fruit,

Dumb
As old medallions to the thumb,

Silent as the sleeve-worn stone
Of casement ledges where the moss has grown—

A poem should be wordless
As the flight of birds.

*

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs,

Leaving, as the moon releases
Twig by twig the night-entangled trees,

Leaving, as the moon behind the winter leaves,
Memory by memory the mind—

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs.

*

A poem should be equal to:
Not true.

For all the history of grief
An empty doorway and a maple leaf.

For love
The leaning grasses and two lights above the sea—

A poem should not mean
But be.

The Chimes

Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at Midnight, singing in a church!

But, high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch and loophole, and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and twirl the groaning weathercock, and make the very tower shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the belfry is, and iron rails are ragged with rust, and sheets of lead and copper, shrivelled by the changing weather, crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread; and birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists and beams; and dust grows old and grey; and speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly to and fro in the vibration of the bells, and never loose their hold upon their thread-spun castles in the air, or climb up sailor-like in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground and ply a score of nimble legs to save one life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night: and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes I tell of.

They were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptized by bishops: so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism was lost long, long before the memory of man, and they now hung, nameless, in the church-tower.

Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they, to be dependent on the pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering Nor' Wester.

Charles Dickens, "The Chimes: A Goblin Story of Some Bells
That Rang an Old Year Out and a New Year In"

Guided Commentary

► What effect does Dickens create by the first paragraph?
► How does Dickens bring us into the steeple? Does he make us want to go there?
► What is the first introduction that we have to the Chimes? How does the final paragraph change the impression we have of them?
► Why are the Chimes "bent on being heard"? What do their voices tell those listening, in this passage?

Composition Topics

High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night...

Ch. Dickens

Would you have ventured with the wind into the steeple of this old church? Tell us why.

They were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptized by bishops: so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism was lost long, long before the memory of man, and they now hung, nameless, in the church-tower.

Ch. Dickens

Let us hear the old Chimes tell their story.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire!

The foul blast roars and whistles high up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch and loophole, and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and twirl the groaning weathercock, and make the very tower shake and shiver!

High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night: and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes.

Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptized by bishops: so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism was lost long, long before the memory of man.

These bells had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind.

Bent on being heard on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering Nor' Wester.

Grammar Assignment

1. Identify the parts of speech and merely analyze the clauses in the following sentence from Dickens' "The Chimes."

Much too sturdy chimes were they to be dependent on the pleasure of the wind, moreover, and fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally.

2. Parse: *dependent, fighting* and *listening*.

3. Tell how Dickens in this sentence gives a personality to the bells he is describing.

Bells, by Thomas Traherne
(Select stanzas, or learn as a class. Stanza 2, below, may already have been learned in an earlier grade.)

Bells are but clay that men refine
And raise from duller ore;
Yet now, as if they were divine,
They call whole cities to adore;
Exalted into steeples they
Disperse their sound, and from on high
Chime-in our souls; they every way
Speak to us through the sky:
Their iron tongues
Do utter songs,
And shall our stony hearts make no reply!

The Center of the Universe

The father and Tit'Be harnessed Charles Eugene to the wood-sleigh, and laboured at hauling in the trees that had been cut, and piling them near the house; that done, the two men took the double-handed saw and sawed, sawed, sawed from morning till night; it was then the turn of the axes, and the logs were split as their size required. Nothing remained but to cord the split wood in the shed beside the house, where it was sheltered from the snow; the huge piles mingling the resinous cypress which gives a quick hot flame, spruce and red birch, burning steadily and longer, close-grained white birch with its marble-like surface, slower yet to be consumed and leaving red embers in the morning after a long winter's night.

The house became the center of the universe; in truth the only spot where life could be sustained, and more than ever the great cast-iron stove was the soul of it. Every little while some member of the family fetched a couple of logs from under the staircase; cypress in the morning, spruce throughout the day, in the evening birch, pushing them in upon the live coals. Whenever the heat failed, mother Chapdelaine might be heard saying anxiously – "Don't let the fire out, children." Whereupon Maria, Tit'Be or Telesphore would open the little door, glance in and hasten to the pile of wood.

In the mornings Tit'Be jumped out of bed long before daylight to see if the great sticks of birch had done their duty and burned all night; should, unluckily, the fire be out he lost no time in rekindling it with birch-bark and cypress branches, placed heavier pieces on the mounting flame, and ran back to snuggle under the brown woollen blankets and patchwork quilt till the comforting warmth once more filled the house.

Outside, the neighbouring forest, and even the fields won from it, were an alien unfriendly world, upon which they looked wonderingly through the little square windows. Days there were when the weather was tempered and the snow fell straight from the clouds, concealing all. Then in the morning the sky was clear again, but the fierce northwest wind swayed the heavens. Powdery snow, whipped from the ground, drove across the burnt lands and the clearings in blinding squalls, and heaped itself behind whatever broke the force of the gale.

On such days as these the men scarcely left the house except to care for the beasts, and came back on the run, their faces rasped with the cold and shining-wet with snow-crystals melted by the heat of the house. Chapdelaine would pluck the icicles from his moustache, slowly draw off his sheepskin-lined coat and settle himself by the stove with a satisfied sigh. "The pump is not frozen?" he asks. "Is there plenty of wood in the house?" *[If given as a dictation, read all but dictate only two or three paragraphs.]*

Louis Hémon, *Maria Chapdelaine*

Guided Commentary

► How does the first paragraph convey the importance of firewood in the lives of these Canadian farmers? What is the mood of this paragraph?
► In what way is "the great cast-iron stove" the soul of the house? What different reactions does it inspire in the members of this Chapdelaine family, in the second and third paragraphs?
► How does the author build a contrast between the house and the winter world outside, in the last two paragraphs?
► Why might Chapdelaine give, in the last paragraph, "a satisfied sigh"?

Composition Topics

The house became the center of the universe; in truth the only spot where life could be sustained, and more than ever the great cast-iron stove was the soul of it.

L. Hémon

Continue.

Outside, the neighbouring forest, and even the fields won from it, were an alien unfriendly world, upon which they looked wonderingly through the little square windows. And sometimes this world was strangely beautiful in its frozen immobility, with a sky of flawless blue and a brilliant sun that sparkled on the snow; but the immaculateness of the blue and the white alike was pitiless and gave hint of the murderous cold.

L. Hémon

Paint for us a winter world, in poetry or prose.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

The two men took the double-handed saw and sawed, sawed, sawed from morning till night; it was then the turn of the axes, and the logs were split as their size required.

In the mornings Tit'Be jumped out of bed long before daylight to see if the great sticks of birch had done their duty and burned all night.

If the fire should be out he lost no time in rekindling it with birch-bark and cypress branches, placed heavier pieces on the mounting flame, and ran back to snuggle under the brown woollen blankets and patchwork quilt till the comforting warmth once more filled the house.

Days there were when the weather was tempered and the snow fell straight from the clouds, concealing all.

On such days the men only left the house to care for the beasts, and came back on the run, their faces rasped with the cold and glistening with snow-crystals melted by the heat of the house.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: *The house became the center of the universe, the only spot where life could be sustained, and the great cast-iron stove was the soul of it.*

2. Parse: spot, where *and* could be sustained.

3. *"The great cast-iron stove was the soul of the house."* ***Put the verb in all tenses of the subjunctive mood.***

4. Write a few lines of commentary on the sentence in question 1, showing something of the profound reality that it expresses.

Winter Evening Hymn To My Fire,
by James Russell Lowell

Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grape's bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee;
And as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest reverie,
So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought

Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third;
For thou hast magic beyond wine
To unlock natures each to each;
The unspoken thought thou canst divine;
Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
With whispers that to dreamland reach,
And frozen fancy-springs unchain
In Arctic outskirts of the brain.
Sun of all inmost confidences,
To thy rays doth the heart unclose
Its formal calyx of pretences,
That close against rude day's offences,
And open its shy midnight rose!

Wood Lore, Old English Song, Anonymous

Hickory makes the hottest coals in stoves when winter's bleak,
Apple wood like incense burning through the hall doth fragrance seek,
Elm wood fires have little smoke and warm both serf and lord,
Oak logs split and dried this year make good next winters hoard,
Beech burns bright and fills a the room with warmth and dancing light,
Maple sweet, not white or red will burn throughout the night,
Birch logs cut, need ne'er be stored – they blaze, then heat the pot,
Ash, straight grain and easy split – the kettle sings, and stove is hot,
Poplar logs must need be dried lest smoke do then ensue,
Pine and fir midst showers of sparks burn fast and line the blackened flue.

Music in a Cathedral

[If given as a dictation, read all but dictate only part.]

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast pile and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

Washington Irving, "Westminster Abbey," in *The Sketchbook of Geoffrey Crayon*

Guided Commentary

► How does the author create a scene and an atmosphere in the first paragraph?
► How does the mood change in the second paragraph? What analogies does the author use to describe the music? How does he build a contrast between the choir and the organ?
► What effect does the music have on the author, throughout the second and third paragraphs?
► As the author leaves the Abbey, what is the final mood of the text? How do the descriptions of sound throughout this passage help us to visualize the building itself?

Composition Topics

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building!

W. Irving

Follow the grandeur of the music and recreate for us the majesty of the "mighty building."

And now the notes of the organ pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody... Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast pile and seems to jar the very walls. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony! W. Irving

Have you ever thrilled to the sound of beautiful music? Let us taste its beauty, in poetry or prose.

The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light. I slowly retraced my morning's walk. *W. Irving*

What king's effigy or marble figure of a monument remains fixed in your mind? Why?

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound.

How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building!

And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes and piling sound on sound.

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul.
2. Parse: pealing, compressing, *and* its
3. In the following passage, how does the author express the power of music on the hearer?

Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul... And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls
by Alfred Lord Tennyson, from "The Princess"

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Old Friendships

When a pilot dies in the harness his death seems something that inheres in the craft itself, and in the beginning the hurt it brings is perhaps less than the pain sprung of a different death. Assuredly he has vanished, has undergone his ultimate transfer; but his presence is still not missed as deeply as we might miss bread. For in this craft we take it for granted that we shall meet together only rarely. Round the table in the evening, at Casablanca, at Dakar, at Buenos Aires, we take up conversations interrupted by years of silence, we resume friendships to the accompaniment of buried memories. And then we are off again.

Thus is the earth at once a desert and a paradise, rich in secret hidden gardens, gardens inaccessible, but to which the craft leads us ever back, one day or another. Life may scatter us and keep us apart; it may prevent us from thinking very often of one another; but we know that our comrades are somewhere "out there" – where, one can hardly say – silent, forgotten, but deeply faithful. And when our path crosses theirs, they greet us with such manifest joy, shake us so gaily by the shoulders! Indeed, we are accustomed to waiting.

Bit by bit, nevertheless, it comes over us that we shall never again hear the laughter of our friend, that this one garden is forever locked against us. And at that moment begins our true mourning, which, though it may not be rending, is yet a little bitter. For nothing, in truth, can replace that companion. Old friends cannot be created out of hand. Nothing can match the treasure of common memories, of trials endured together, of quarrels and reconciliations and generous emotions. It is idle, having planted an acorn in the morning, to expect that afternoon to sit in the shade of the oak.

We understand better, because of Mermoz, that what constitutes the dignity of a craft is that it creates a fellowship, that it binds men together and fashions for them a common language. True wealth cannot be bought. One cannot buy the friendship of a Mermoz, of a companion to whom one is bound forever by ordeals suffered in common.

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *Wind, Sand and Stars*

Guided Commentary

► Why is the death of a pilot less painful for his friends at first, according to the author?
► How is the earth "at once a desert and a paradise," for these pilots?
► What causes the "true mourning" of the lost pilot's friends? Explain the image which the author uses for old friendships, at the end of the third paragraph.
► What has the death of Mermoz taught Saint-Exupéry?

Composition Topics

What constitutes the dignity of a craft is that it creates a fellowship, that it binds men together and fashions for them a common language.

A. de St.-Exupéry

Illustrate this truth, using a trade you know from life or literature.

True wealth cannot be bought. One cannot buy the friendship of a Mermoz, of a companion to whom one is bound forever by ordeals suffered in common.

A. de St.-Exupéry

What characters in literature illustrate the nature of true friendship?

Biographical notes: Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (1900-44) and Jean Mermoz (1901-36) were pioneers of aviation, carrying bags of air-mail for the Latécoère airline (later known as Aéropostale, and finally Air France). Mermoz, the better pilot, helped to create the flight lines over the Atlantic, linking France, Africa and South America, initiating night-flights over the ocean and then navigating a path over the Andes mountains. His plane, the "Southern Cross," had engine trouble and crashed over the Atlantic on Dec.7, 1936; a loose propeller might have severed the hull. He had returned to the airport because the engine was faulty, but after a quick repair he did not want the mail to be late and so took off again, saying as he got in the plane, "Quick, let's not waste any more time." The plane was never found.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Round the table in the evening, at Casablanca, at Dakar, at Buenos Aires, we take up conversations interrupted by years of silence, we resume friendships to the accompaniment of buried memories.

Thus is the earth at once a desert and a paradise, which is rich in secret hidden gardens, gardens which are inaccessible, but to which the craft leads us ever back, one day or another.

Life may scatter us and keep us apart; it may prevent us from thinking very often of one another; but we know that our comrades are somewhere – silent, forgotten, but deeply faithful.

It is idle, having planted an acorn in the morning, to expect that afternoon to sit in the shade of the oak.

Nothing can match the treasure of common memories, of trials endured together, of quarrels and reconciliations and generous emotions.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: One cannot buy the friendship of a Mermoz, of a companion to whom one is bound forever by ordeals suffered in common.

2. Parse: cannot buy, whom *and* suffered

3. Give a synonym for "ordeals" ***and*** "in common."

4. ***"One cannot buy the friendship of a Mermoz, of a companion to whom one is bound forever by ordeals suffered in common." Why not?*** [or] ***Explain.***

Peace, by Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)
or ***To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence***, by James Elroy Flecker (1884-1915),
or ***The Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna***, by Charles Wolfe (1791-1823)

My soul, there is a country
  Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
  All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
  Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
  Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
  And—O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend
  To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
  There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
  Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
  For none can thee secure
But One who never changes—
  Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Learning to See with Wonder

[If you use this as a dictation, read the entire selection, but dictate only the segment in brackets.]

Black night had shut in my house and garden with shutters first of slate and then of ebony; I was making my way indoors by the fiery square of the lamplit window, when I thought I saw something new sticking out of the ground, and bent over to look at it. In so doing I knocked my head against a post and saw stars; stars of the seventh heaven, stars of the secret and supreme firmament. For it did truly seem, as the slight pain lessened but before the pain had wholly passed, as if I saw written in an astral alphabet on the darkness something that I had never understood so clearly before: a truth about the mysteries and the mystics which I have half known all my life. I shall not be able to put the idea together again with the words upon this page, for these queer moods of clearness are always fugitive: but I will try. The post is still there; but the stars in the brain are fading.

[When I was young I wrote a lot of little poems, mostly about the beauty and necessity of Wonder; which was a genuine feeling with me, as it is still. The power of seeing plain things and landscapes in a kind of sunlight of surprise; the power of jumping at the sight of a bird as if at a winged bullet; the power of being brought to a standstill by a tree as by the gesture of a gigantic hand; in short, the power of poetically running one's head against a post is one which varies in different people and which I can say without conceit is a part of my own human nature. It is a small and special gift, but an innocent one.

I am interested in wooden posts, which do startle me like miracles. I am interested in the post that stands waiting outside my door, to hit me over the head, like a giant's club in a fairy tale. All my mental doors open outwards into a world I have not made. My last door of liberty opens upon a world of sun and solid things, of objective adventures. The post in the garden; the thing I could neither create nor expect: strong plain daylight on stiff upstanding wood: it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.]

G. K. Chesterton, “Wonder and the Wooden Post”

Guided Commentary

[The full text may be too challenging for some 8th graders; an alternative is suggested on the next page.]

► What incident is described in the first paragraph? What may Chesterton mean by "the stars in the brain" that the incident brought him?
► What has always been a genuine feeling with the author of this text? What may be "the beauty and the necessity of Wonder"? Is wonder a necessary thing?
► How does Chesterton use metaphors in the second paragraph to help us understand what he means by "Wonder"? Does this paragraph help us better understand what he meant by "the stars in the brain"?
► How does the last paragraph give us the secret to why "wooden posts... startle [Chesterton] like miracles"?

Composition Topics

When I was young I wrote a lot of little poems, mostly about the beauty and necessity of Wonder.
G.K. Chesterton

Write your own Ode to Wonder, or to Beauty.

There is a "power of seeing plain things and landscapes in a kind of sunlight of surprise."
G.K. Chesterton

Share with us a plain thing seen in the "sunlight of surprise."

For it did truly seem, as the slight pain lessened but before the pain had wholly passed, as if I saw written in an astral alphabet on the darkness something that I had never understood so clearly before...

G.K. Chesterton

Continue in your own way.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Being young, I wrote a lot of little poems, mostly about the beauty and necessity of Wonder, which was a genuine feeling with me.

I am interested in the post that stands waiting outside my door, to hit me over the head, like a giant's club in a fairy tale.

All my mental doors open outwards into a world which I have not made.

My last door of liberty opens upon a world of sun and solid things and of objective adventures.

The post in the garden; the thing I could neither create nor expect: strong plain daylight on stiff upstanding wood: it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: The power of poetically running one's head against a post is one which varies in different people and which is a part of my own nature.

2. Parse: **poetically, running, one's,** ***and*** **one**

3. Give the principal parts of the verb "to run."

4. In a few sentences, explain why "poetically running one's head against a post" is a power to be coveted.

Alternative Guided Commentary

Omit the first paragraph.

► What has always been a genuine feeling with the author of this text?
► What may be "the beauty and the necessity of Wonder"? Is wonder a necessary thing?
► How does Chesterton use metaphors in the second paragraph to help us understand what he means by "Wonder"?
► How does the last paragraph give us the secret to why "wooden posts... startle [Chesterton] like miracles"?

Wonder, by Thomas Traherne (1637-1674)
First three or four stanzas, or learn as a class.

Guarding a Treasure

I dropped down to earth once somewhere in the world. It was near Concordia, in the Argentine, but it might have been anywhere at all, for mystery is everywhere.

Round a corner of the road, in the moonlight, I saw a clump of trees, and behind those trees a house. What a queer house! Squat, massive, almost a citadel guarding behind its tons of stone I knew not what treasure. From the very threshold this legendary castle promised an asylum as assured, as peaceful, as secret as a monastery.

Here, in Concordia, I was filled with wonder. Here everything was in a state of decay, but adorably so, like an old oak covered with moss and split in places with age, like a wooden bench on which generations of lovers had come to sit and which had grown sacred. The wainscoting was worn, the hinges rusted, the chairs rickety. And yet, though nothing had ever been repaired, everything had been scoured with zeal. Everything was clean, waxed, gleaming.

A strange house, evoking no neglect, no slackness, but rather an extraordinary respect. Each passing year had added something to its charm, to the complexity of its visage and its friendly atmosphere, as well as to the dangers encountered on the journey from the drawing-room to the dining-room.

"Careful!"

There was a hole in the floor; and I was warned that if I stepped into it I might easily break a leg. This was said as simply as "Don't stroke the dog, he bites." Nobody was responsible for the hole, it was the work of time. There was something lordly about this sovereign contempt for apologies. They disdained explanation, and this superiority to circumstance enchanted me. The most that was said was:

"The house is a little run down, you see."

Even this was said with such an air of satisfaction that I suspected my friends of not being saddened by the fact. Do you see a crew of brick-layers, carpenters, cabinet-workers, plasterers intruding their sacrilegious tools into so vivid a past, turning this in a week into a house you would never recognize, in which the family would feel that they were visiting strangers? A house without secrets, without recesses, without mysteries, without traps beneath the feet, or dungeons, a sort of town-hall reception room?

"Shall we go in to dinner?"

We went in to dinner. Moving from one room to the next I inhaled in passing that incense of an old library which is worth all the perfumes of the world. And particularly I liked the lamps being carried with us. Real lamps, heavy lamps, transported from room to room as in the time of my earliest childhood; stirring into motion as they passed great wondrous shadows on the walls. To pick one up was to displace bouquets of light and great black palms. Then, the lamps finally set down, there was a settling into motionlessness of the beaches of clarity and the vast reserves of surrounding darkness in which the wainscoting went on creaking.

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *Wind, Sand and Stars*

Guided Commentary

► What was the impression of the house on the author, according to the first two paragraphs, and how does he convey it to the reader?
► What creates the mystery of the house?
► Explain the description, "A strange house, evoking no neglect, no slackness, but rather an extraordinary respect." Why does the author call the tools of workers "sacriliegious"?
► What is the tone of the last paragraph and what effect does it have on the reader?

Composition Topics

Round a corner of the road, in the moonlight, I saw a clump of trees, and behind those trees a house. What a queer house! Squat, massive, almost a citadel guarding behind its tons of stone I knew not what treasure. What treasure? Why is it so valuable?

Here, in Concordia, I was filled with wonder. Here everything was in a state of decay, but adorably so, like an old oak covered with moss and split in places with age, like a wooden bench on which generations of lovers had come to sit and which had grown sacred.

What is in "a state of decay, but adorably so"? Why does it fill you with wonder?

Moving from one room to the next I inhaled in passing that incense of an old library which is worth all the perfumes of the world. Bring this old library to life, allowing us to catch its fragrant incense.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

From the very threshold this legendary castle promised an asylum as assured, as peaceful, as secret as a monastery.

Each passing year had added something to the charm of the house, to the complexity of its visage and its friendly atmosphere, and to the dangers encountered on the journey from the drawing-room to the dining-room.

My hosts merely explained that the house was a little run down, and this superiority to circumstance enchanted me; I suspected that my friends were not saddened by the fact.

Particularly I liked the lamps being carried with us: real lamps, heavy lamps, transported from room to room as they were transported in the time of my earliest childhood; stirring into motion as they passed great wondrous shadows on the walls.

Then, the lamps finally set down, there was a settling into motionlessness of the beaches of clarity and the vast reserves of surrounding darkness in which the wainscoting went on creaking.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: Moving from one room to the next I inhaled in passing that incense of an old library which is worth all the perfumes of the world.

2. Parse: I, inhaled *and* passing

3. Write all the possible participial forms of "to inhale."

4. Why might "the incense of an old library" be worth more than "all the perfumes of the world"?

***Mending Wall*, by Robert Frost**
(To be learned in part or as a class.)

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made,
But at spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go.
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
One on a side. It comes to little more:
He is all pine and I am apple-orchard.
My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down!" I could say "Elves" to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there,
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

The Streets of Saint-Malo

Saint-Malo is a seaman's haven. Not for a moment does the fact allow itself to be forgotten. French sailors, debonair, with wide collars and tam-o'-shanters topped with jaunty pompons, gather about the cafés. Fishermen haunt the shops where slickers, rubber top-boots, red-palmed wollen gloves wave limply without the portal. A smell of salt fish pervades the place. At street corners sit fishwives with baskets in which glistening mackerel rest on beds of dripping seaweed. Gulls soar over the Hôtel de Ville. At the church door the breath of the sea mingles with wafted incense. Within the dark interior of the one-time cathedral, whose spire greets the returning mariner from far at sea, is a mosaic telling how Jacques Cartier knelt to receive the Church's blessing before setting forth on his memorable voyage destined to carry him to the spot where today stands the city of Montreal.

The event of the year is the ceremony of blessing the fleet which departs in March for the Banks of Newfoundland. The narrow streets are agog before the departure. Carters are vociferous in their efforts to make headway in the perilously narrow and winding thoroughfares which form the main arteries of the town. The antique house of Duguay-Trouin, with its overhanging third floor, seems to look out on the feverish rush of springtime with naught but disdain. "What is the outfitting of a paltry fishing fleet compared with that of the men-o'-war of other days?" the spirit of the place might superciliously inquire. "Now, Duguay-Trouin – he was a man!"

Having captured an English ship and taken part in a bloody combat with English merchant-men, this Duguay-Trouin was given his own corsair at the age of eighteen. The gift launched him on a career which was to include the taking of Rio de Janiero and the winning of the highest prize open to a seaman of the time – the rank of Admiral of the King's Fleet.

Amy Oakley, *Enchanted Brittany*

Guided Commentary

► How does the author bring us into this "seaman's haven"?
► In what ways does the author tie past to present, in this passage?
► Had a seaman heard the comment of Duguay-Trouin's house, what might he have answered?

Composition Topics

Within the dark interior of the one-time cathedral, whose spire greets the returning mariner from far at sea, is a mosaic telling...

A. Oakley

What mosaic? Why and how does it communicate a powerful message?

The antique house of Duguay-Trouin, with its overhanging third floor, seems to look out on the feverish rush of springtime with naught but disdain: "What is the outfitting of a paltry fishing fleet compared with that of the men-o'-war of other days?"

A. Oakley

What tales might these ancient walls tell?

Saint-Malo is a seaman's haven. Not for a moment does the fact allow itself to be forgotten. French sailors, debonair, with wide collars and tam-o'-shanters topped with jaunty pompons, gather about the cafés. Gulls soar over the Hôtel de Ville. At the church door the breath of the sea mingles with wafted incense.

A. Oakley

"New York is..." "Chicago is..." "Spokane is..." Choose a city (or other place) whose distinct character cannot for a moment be forgotten because...

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Within the dark interior of the one-time cathedral is a mosaic telling that Jacques Cartier knelt to receive the Church's blessing before setting forth on his memorable voyage destined to carry him to the spot where today stands the city of Montreal.

The event of the year is the ceremony of blessing the fleet which departs in March for the Banks of Newfoundland.

Carters are vociferous in their efforts to make headway in the perilously narrow and winding thoroughfares which form the main arteries of the town.

The antique house of Duguay-Trouin, with its overhanging third floor, seems to look out on the feverish rush of springtime with naught but disdain.

What is the outfitting of a paltry fishing fleet compared with that of the men-o'-war of other days?

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: The gift of a corsair launched Duguay-Trouin on a career which included the taking of Rio de Janiero and the winning of the highest prize that was open to a seaman of the time − the rank of Admiral of the King's Fleet.
2. Parse: taking, seaman *and* rank
3. Give a noun as a synonym for "taking" and for "winning."

Crossing the Bar
by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home!

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourn of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

René Duguay-Trouin ("Dū-gā Troo-ăng,"1673-1736) was a famous French "corsair" whose home port was Saint-Malo in Brittany. A corsair was the owner of a private vessel granted permission by a government during wartime to attack ships of certain countries. (The word "corsair" also applies to the ship.) Duguay-Trouin gained fame under Louis XIV and Louis XV both as a corsair and in the French navy. His military exploits, including the capture of Rio de Janiero, his bold escape from a British prison in Plymouth, and his general panache and boldness earned him legendary status.

The **Hôtel de Ville** (ō-tel duh veal) is essentially the mayor's office or town hall.

A **carter** is one who draws goods for sale in a cart; it is from the Gaelic and Celtic word "cairt."

What My Father Knew

Papa has something of a mustache, which he trims carefully every Sunday with a little pair of nail scissors. He has his hair combed back, and his large forehead is framed by graying temples. I find that that gives him an intelligent air. But most of all Papa has a look. His big blue eyes, which sparkle with intelligence and humor, gaze at you with an infinite tenderness. Who said that blue eyes look at you coldly? His are very kindly. Nevertheless, they are demanding, too, because they love truth. They look, untiringly, for the why and the how of what they see.

But how can there be so much goodness in the look of a scientist, a researcher?

The answer is simple, and we, his children who see him every day, find it obvious. My father is a man of contemplation and wonder. He often explains to us that the only real difference between a man and an ape is the capacity for wonder. Admiring a sunset, contemplating beauty, being aware of the Infinite, and hence being able to reason about the human condition – only man has that.

My father loved to help others understand. He considered knowledge not as a sign of power but as a communion. Then too, he did not explain; he made it a story. And what child doesn't love to have stories told to him!

Never, really never, did Papa refuse to answer one of our questions because he didn't have the time. He left the manuscript of his lecture or his scientific calculations to repair a bicycle tire, string a bow, glue a broken doll, and answer the most incongruous questions. "Papa, did you fight in the Hundred Years' War?... Why are people born?... Why does it rain?... What are the stars for?..."

Yes, it's true that Papa knew all these things and many others, too. He had what was once called the education of a respectable man. He knew how to read Greek and Latin, was acquainted with all the classics, had an appreciation for painting and music, and nourished his mind with philosophy and theology. It was impossible to stump him in history, and he had a passion for antiquity.

He liked recreational mathematics and we saw him one evening triumphant, because he had succeeded in constructing with the compass a complex geometric figure, whereas Masceroni, the expert on the subject, concluded in his book that it was impossible. There was a side to him that said, "It is that much more beautiful because it is useless."

But above all he was a poet. He studied the sciences of humanity and examined the mirror of the soul through the prism of an artist. He had been surrounded by a mother who was a musician and two brothers where were painters, and art was for him the chief expression of human creativity. His lectures, even in very technical fields, always had their share of metaphor, so as to facilitate understanding and to touch the very heart of the mind. With his pleasant voice he was a formidable orator whose style was almost celebratory, since his poetic talent was combined with subtle humor.

Clara Lejeune-Gaymard, *Life is a Blessing: A Biography of Jerome Lejeune*

Guided Commentary

► In the first paragraph, how does the author gradually introduce us to her father?
► How did her father prove that "he considered knowledge not as a sign of power but as a communion"?
► What does her father seem to have been seeking, in his vast knowledge? Explain how a thing could be "that much more beautiful because it is useless."
► What expression in this passage best defines Jerome Lejeune? What gives a sense of unity to this life of so many many varied qualities and interests?

Composition Topics

My father is a man of contemplation and wonder. There was a side to him that said, "It is that much more beautiful because it is useless." C. Lejeune-Gaymard

Share with us some object of wonder, which may be "*that much more beautiful because it is useless*."

My father loved to help others understand. He considered knowledge not as a sign of power but as a communion. C. Lejeune-Gaymard

Have you encountered someone like this father? Bring him to life.

But most of all Papa has a look. His big blue eyes, which sparkle with intelligence and humor, gaze at you with an infinite tenderness. Who said that blue eyes look at you coldly? His are very kindly. Nevertheless, they are demanding, too, because they love truth. C. Lejeune-Gaymard

Paint for us a personality portrait of a great man or woman with such a "*look*."

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

His big blue eyes, which sparkle with intelligence and humor, gaze at you with an infinite tenderness; who said that blue eyes look at you coldly?

Admiring a sunset, contemplating beauty, being aware of the Infinite, and hence being able to reason about the human condition – only man has that power.

Yes, it's true that Papa knew all these things and many others, too.

Papa enjoyed reading Greek and Latin, was acquainted with all the classics, had an appreciation for painting and music, and nourished his mind with philosophy and theology.

My father liked recreational mathematics and we saw him one evening triumphant, because he had succeeded in constructing with the compass a complex geometric figure, whereas Masceroni, the expert on the subject, concluded in his book that it was impossible.

With his pleasant voice he was a formidable orator whose style was almost celebratory, since his poetic talent was combined with subtle humor.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: My father often explains to us that the only real difference between a man and an ape is the capacity for wonder.
2. Parse: my, that, real, *and* between.
3. Give all the possible gerunds for the verb: "to explain."
4. "The only real difference between a man and an ape is the capacity for wonder." ***Continue these words of Jerome Lejeune, expounding and clarifying them.***

Pangur Bán, translated from Gaelic by Robin Flower.

I and Pangur Bán my cat,
'Tis a like task we are at:
Hunting mice is his delight,
Hunting words I sit all night.

Better far than praise of men
'Tis to sit with book and pen;
Pangur bears me no ill-will,
He too plies his simple skill.

'Tis a merry task to see
At our tasks how glad are we,
When at home we sit and find
Entertainment to our mind.

Oftentimes a mouse will stray
In the hero Pangur's way;
Oftentimes my keen thought set
Takes a meaning in its net.

'Gainst the wall he sets his eye
Full and fierce and sharp and sly;
'Gainst the wall of knowledge I
All my little wisdom try.

When a mouse darts from its den,
O how glad is Pangur then!
O what gladness do I prove
When I solve the doubts I love!

So in peace our task we ply,
Pangur Bán, my cat, and I;
In our arts we find our bliss,
I have mine and he has his.

Practice every day has made
Pangur perfect in his trade;
I get wisdom day and night
Turning darkness into light.

(Written in the 8th or 9th century by an Irish monk, perhaps as handwriting practice, in a notebook with Greek and Latin grammar notes and various Latin hymns. The manuscript, called the Reichenau Primer, belonged to a monastery in Austria. "Bán" means "white" in Gaelic; the meaning of Pangur is unknown.)

Around the Table

My father came home every day to eat the midday meal with his children. At noon the meal was quick, since we all had to get back to school or to work. In the evening we had more time, and Mama would always start off the meal by asking Papa, "Whom did you see, and what did they say?"

Papa would then tell us about his day, his encounters, his work. That often led to discussions in which we would reconstruct the world. Once we had reached adolescence it really widened our horizons, and my parents appreciated very much our arguments about ideas.

Quite often my parents had guests over for dinner or supper: some friends, colleagues of Papa, or people who came from all over the world. From an early age we were included at these meals, when we wanted to be. This enabled us to become acquainted with and to appreciate a great number of personalities, both French and foreign, who remember today the old house dating back to the Middle Ages: a house of our own, though not much in the way of comfort, where the children reigned, together with a charming disarray and a hospitality without limits.

It was the house of our dear God, where all friends were welcome to eat, to sleep for a night or for several months. Several of them, I'm sure, found the living good, the welcome warm, and the company pleasant. They could stay all winter just waiting to be chased out by other visitors.

I remember coming back from weekends, vacations, or various expeditions, when we ended up at the house without warning, ten or fifteen of us, all dirty, to have dinner on Sunday evening. I can still see Mama, greeting us with open arms and bringing food out of the refrigerator to meet the invasion. And Papa would come down the stairs with his big smile to keep us company and to hear the story of our adventures.

Then, when the meal was ready, he would disappear with my mother so that we would be free to discuss things at our leisure among friends. Except, and this happened more frequently, when our friends held him back so as to hear him speak, captivated by his learning, his eloquence, and his very wide knowledge of people and of things.

Clara Lejeune-Gaymard, *Life is a Blessing: A Biography of Jerome Lejeune*

Guided Commentary

► Judging from the first two paragraphs, why might Dr. Lejeune have come home every day "to eat the midday meal with his children"?
► Why might the author say that "the children reigned" in her father's house? How did the guests also seem to reign?
► What more do we understand of the qualities and character of Dr. and Mrs. Lejeune, by their welcome of their children's friends?
► How does the last paragraph present a kind of crowning of Dr. Lejeune's hospitality?

Composition Topics

Quite often my parents had guests over for dinner or supper: some friends, colleagues of Papa, or people who came from all over the world. This enabled us to become acquainted with and to appreciate a great number of personalities, both French and foreign. C. Lejeune-Gaymard

Which foreign guest was most appreciated? Why?

I remember today the old house dating back to...

C. Lejeune-Gaymard

Continue in your own way.

Papa would come down the stairs with his big smile to keep us company and to hear the story of our adventures. When the meal was ready, my father would disappear with my mother so that we would be free to discuss things at our leisure among friends. Except, and this happened more frequently, when our friends held him back so as to hear him speak, captivated by his learning, his eloquence, and his very wide knowledge of people and of things. C. Lejeune-Gaymard

Let us share in the exchanges of the evening.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Mama would always start off the meal by asking Papa whom he had seen and what they had said.

At these dinners we became acquainted with a great number of personalities, both French and foreign, who remember today the old house dating back to the Middle Ages: a house where the children reigned, with a charming disarray and a hospitality without limits.

It was the house of our dear God, where all friends were welcome to eat, to sleep for a night or for several months.

I can still see Mama, greeting us with open arms and bringing food out of the refrigerator to meet the invasion.

When the meal was ready, my father would disappear with my mother so that we would be free to discuss things at our leisure among friends, unless our friends held him back to hear him speak, captivated by his learning, his eloquence, and his very wide knowledge of people and things.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: Papa would come down the stairs with his big smile to keep us company and to hear the story of our adventures.
2. Parse: to hear, story *and* our
3. Give all forms of the infinitive "to hear."
4. What does this sentence reveal to us about Papa?

***In the Valley of the Elwy*, by Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J.**

I remember a house where all were good
To me, God knows, deserving no such thing:
Comforting smell breathed at very entering,
Fetched fresh, as I suppose, off some sweet wood.
That cordial air made those kind people a hood
All over, as a bevy of eggs the mothering wing
Will, or mild nights the new morsels of spring:
Why, it seemed of course; seemed of right it should.

Lovely the woods, waters, meadows, combes, vales,
All the air things wear that build this world of Wales;
Only the inmate does not correspond:
God, lover of souls, swaying considerate scales,
Complete thy creature dear O where it fails,
Being mighty a master, being a father and fond.

Note: The Elwy is a river in north Wales; "w" is pronounced "oo" as in "swoon."

Beauty of the Valley in the Evening

The sun itself had gone down but in its wake the whole of the sky at the western end of the valley had become a vast stained-glass window. All the Pre-Raphealite colors were there, rose and purple, gold and green, as the clouds sank away along the edge of the horizon. Still the light seemed to be expanding in that brilliant after-glow, flickering and pulsing with a life of its own.

In some strange way it seemed to transmit a final charge of energy to the valley itself. Out of nowhere the shape of a hare, ears pricked, went bounding over the field below, and then another. I sat on the wall by the steps to watch them, saw young lambs suddenly running a race to the hedge and swallows streaking and circling out of the barn in pursuit of the last few insects.

Only the mountains were still, that great standing circle surrounding the valley from one end to the other. Their presence was solemn somehow, like the words of a familiar psalm. Just for a moment everything else felt eternal, too. I could see the first star tremble above the far chimney, blue woodsmoke drifting down, heady as incense. In that moment it seemed entirely possible to slip away through a chink in time into a different dimension, the secret reality that lay behind the appearance of things.

J. Knox-Mawer

Guided Commentary

► How does the author convey the beauty of the sunset, in the first paragraph?
► In what way does the light "transmit a final charge of energy to the valley itself," in the second paragraph? or [What image or comparison ties the activity in the valley into the description of the sunset?]
► What is the effect on the narrator of the solemn presence of the mountains? Why? [or Why might the author have said, "Just for a moment everything else felt eternal, too"?]
► Explain the last sentence of the text.

Composition Topics

The sun itself had gone down but in its wake the whole of the sky at the western end of the valley had become a vast stained-glass window.

J. Knox-Mawer

Continue.

Only the mountains were still, that great standing circle surrounding the valley from one end to the other. Their presence was solemn somehow, like the words of a familiar psalm.

J. Knox-Mawer

Take us into your contemplation of the mountains, or some other majestic sight in nature.

In that moment it seemed entirely possible to slip away through a chink in time into a different dimension, the secret reality that lay behind the appearance of things.

J. Knox-Mawer

In poetry or prose, let us glimpse that "different dimension, the secret reality behind the appearance of things."

Note: The Pre-Raphaelite movement began in 1848-49 with a group of seven artists banding together in a secret "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" in rebellion against the current conventions of British art (most notable members were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais). They revived medieval and early renaissance styles (up to Raphael) and chose religious themes, using bright colors and emphasizing details, scorning certain canons of composition and perspective. In the mid-1850's the movement shifted toward aestheticism and subjects taken from legend and poetry (Arthurian themes, for example).

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

The sun itself had gone down but in its wake the whole of the sky at the western end of the valley had become a vast stained-glass window.

All the Pre-Raphealite colors were there, rose and purple, gold and green, as the clouds sank away along the edge of the horizon.

I sat on the wall by the steps to watch whatever might happen in the valley below.

Only the mountains were still, that great standing circle surrounding the valley; their presence was solemn somehow, and just for a moment everything else felt eternal, too.

What did seem entirely possible for a moment was to slip away through a chink in time into a different dimension, the secret reality that lay behind the appearance of things.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: *Still the light seemed to be expanding in that brilliant after-glow, flickering and pulsing with a life of its own.*

2. Parse: still *and* seemed to be expanding

3. Rewrite the sentence using a synonym for every verb form.

4. Write another intriguing sentence describing a play of light.

***In the Highlands*, by Robert Louis Stevenson**

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
  And the young fair maidens
  Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And for ever in the hill-recesses
  Her more lovely music
  Broods and dies –

O to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
  And the low green meadows
  Bright with sward;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
  Lo, the valley hollow
  Lamp-bestarr'd!

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
  Through the trance of silence,
  Quiet breath!
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
  Only winds and rivers,
  Life and death.

***God's Grandeur*, by Gerard Manley Hopkins**, would be another good poem this week, if it has not already been learned.

Garden Recreation

Father Latour's recreation was his garden. He grew such fruit as was hardly to be found even in the old orchards of California: cherries and apricots, apples and quinces, and the peerless pears of France – even the most delicate varieties. He urged the new priests to plant fruit trees wherever they went, and to encourage the Mexicans to add fruit to their starchy diet. Wherever there was a French priest, there should be a garden of fruit trees and vegetables and flowers. He often quoted to his students that passage from their fellow Auvergnat, Pascal: that man was lost and saved in a garden.

He domesticated and developed the native wild flowers. He had one hill-side solidly clad with that low-growing purple verbena which mats over the hills of New Mexico. It was like a great violet velvet mantle thrown down in the sun; all the shades that the dyers and weavers of Italy and France strove for through centuries, the violet that is full of rose color and is yet not lavender; the blue that becomes almost pink and then retreats again into sea-dark purple – the true Episcopal color and countless variations of it.

Willa Cather, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*

Guided Commentary

► What does this text reveal about the time and place of the story? What can we gather about Fr. Latour's situation?
► What do we learn about Fr. Latour from the type of orchard he cultivated?
► How does the author allow us to grasp the rich beauty of the hillside which Fr. Latour has planted with verbena? What new aspect of his personality does this paragraph allow us to glimpse?
► Willa Cather calls the mantle of verbena on the hillside, "the true Episcopal color and countless variations of it"; how does this entire passage give us a broader and deeper understanding of missionary work itself?

Composition Topics

Wherever there is a French priest, there should be...

W. Cather

Continue these words of advice from a seasoned missionary to the young priests first encountering their land of mission.

It was like a great violet velvet mantle thrown down in the sun; all the shades that the dyers and weavers of Italy and France strove for through centuries, the violet that is full of rose color and is yet not lavender; the blue that becomes almost pink and then retreats again into sea-dark purple...

W. Cather

In rich prose, allow us to contemplate a scene of striking beauty, either natural or cultivated by man.

Father Latour's recreation was his garden. Wherever there was a French priest, there should be a garden of fruit trees and vegetables and flowers. He often quoted to his students that passage from their fellow Auvergnat, Pascal: that man was lost and saved in a garden.

W. Cather

Paint for us a portrait of Fr. Latour, as seen by one who knew him.

Note*:* An Auvergnat (ō-vār-nya) is a person from the region of central France called Auvergne (ō-vār-ñ). Blaise Pascal (1623-1662) was a mathematician, phycisist, inventor, writer, and philosopher whose Pensées, jotted thoughts on the meaning of life and the reasons for being Catholic, had a powerful influence as arguments of apologetics (they were gathered after his death and published posthumously). He is tinged with Jansensim.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Father Latour grew fruit that was hardly to be found even in the old orchards of California: cherries and apricots, apples and quinces, and the peerless pears of France – the most delicate varieties.

Wherever there was a French priest, there should be a garden of fruit trees and vegetables and flowers.

He often quoted to his students that passage from their fellow Auvergnat, Pascal: that man was lost and saved in a garden.

He had one hill-side solidly clad with that low-growing purple verbena which mats over the hills of New Mexico.

The hillside was like a great violet velvet mantle thrown down in the sun; there glimmered all the shades that the dyers and weavers of Italy and France strove for through centuries, the violet that is full of rose color and is yet not lavender; the blue that becomes almost pink and then retreats again into sea-dark purple – the true Episcopal color and countless variations of it.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: What Fr. Latour always asked of the new priests, was that they plant fruit trees wherever they might be stationed.

2. Parse: *wherever, plant, trees, might be stationed*

3. What do the following sentences by Willa Cather reveal about Fr. Latour, and how he saw the role of a missionary? He urged the new priests to plant fruit trees wherever they went, and to encourage the Mexicans to add fruit to their starchy diet. Wherever there was a French priest, there should be a garden of fruit trees and vegetables and flowers.

***Daffodils,* by William Wordsworth**

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed–and gazed–but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

A People That Can Amuse Itself

To amuse oneself is a mark of gaiety, vitality and love of life. It means that a man's own thoughts are attractive, artistic and satisfying. And the happiness of a people is not to be judged by the amount of fun provided for them. For fun can be provided as food can be provided; by a few big stores or shops. The happiness of the people is to be judged by the fun that the people provide. In healthier ages any amount of fun was really provided by the people and not merely for the people. It was so in a vast multitude of songs, fairy tales and dances; but it was so even in the more ornate and official business of the drama.

The men of the mediaeval guilds enacted in person the miracle plays, with all their highly-coloured symbolism of the mysteries of heaven and hell. I have the fullest political sympathy with the modern Trades Unions; but I confess I cannot easily imagine a railway-porter feeling quite comfortable in the costume of the Archangel Gabriel; or even a plumber getting the full delight out of being the Devil. Yet it must have been a very pure delight to be the Devil. There was any amount of gagging and grotesque impromptu in such a part; for the mediaeval men were quite without the modern reverence for the Devil. The carpenter or cobbler who had the happiness of acting Caiphas used to borrow a cope or chasuble from the parish church; and I earnestly hope that the Archbishop of Canterbury would now lend his apron and gaiters to a dustman for such a purpose.

But the only point here is that numbers of ordinary poor people acted; and there was nothing to prevent it being done in every town and even in every village. I daresay they acted as badly as Bottom the Weaver; but I am not talking about art, but about amusement. Above all, I am talking about people amusing themselves; and not only being amused.

G.K. Chesterton, article in "Vanity Fair," February 1920

Guided Commentary

► What difference does the author establish between "fun provided for the people" and "fun provided by the people"?
► What example of people amusing themselves does the author present?
► Why would it have been "a very pure delight to be the Devil" in one of the miracle plays? Why might a modern workman not "feel quite comfortable" in such roles?
► Why is it ironic, that the parish church would lend a "cope or chasuble" to "Caiphas"? What does it show about Medieval society?

Composition Topics

Fun can be provided as food can be provided; by a few big stores or shops. The happiness of the people is to be judged by the fun that the people provide. G.K. Chesterton

Explain. Do you agree?

The men of the mediaeval guilds enacted in person the miracle plays, with all their highly-coloured symbolism of the mysteries of heaven and hell... Numbers of ordinary poor people acted; and there was nothing to prevent it being done in every town and even in every village.

G.K. Chesterton

Bring us into a medieval village, and the preparation, acting or enjoying of such a play.

In healthier ages any amount of fun was really provided by the people and not merely for the people.

G.K. Chesterton

Tell us why this statement is true, illustrating with some lively examples, real or imagined.

To amuse oneself is a mark of gaiety, vitality and love of life. It means that a man's own thoughts are attractive, artistic and satisfying. G.K. Chesterton

Continue musing along Chesterton's line. ***[This topic is for students older than 8th grade.***]

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

To can amuse oneself is a mark of gaiety, vitality and love of life; it shows whether a man's own thoughts are attractive, artistic and satisfying.

In healthier ages any amount of fun was really provided by the people and not merely for the people.

The men of the mediaeval guilds enacted in person the miracle plays, with all their highly-coloured symbolism of the mysteries of heaven and hell.

I confess I cannot easily imagine a railway-porter feeling quite comfortable in the costume of the Archangel Gabriel; or even a plumber getting the full delight out of being the Devil.

Whoever had the happiness of acting Caiphas used to borrow a cope or chasuble from the parish church.

I daresay that they acted as badly as Bottom the Weaver; but I am not talking about art, but about amusement.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram only the first sentence: What I would simply like to express here is that numbers of ordinary poor people acted in miracle plays. They could be staged in whichever town or village desired to put one on.
2. Identify the parts of speech in the second sentence.
3. Imagine the cook or the carpenter or the villager of your choice acting in a miracle play. What role would be perfect for him? Why?

***The Resurrection,* York Corpus Christi Play**

The following lines are a suggestion; the entire play is provided as a separate document, and your students may enjoy learning parts; lines 29-122 present the Centurion's witness to Annas, Caiphas and Pilate; lines 187-288 present the holy women finding the empty tomb; lines 289-455 present the discomfiture of the guards and the orders of Pilate to hide the truth. Do not be too concerned about precise prununciation but read phonetically, pronouncing all vowels (including final, normally silent e's as "eh" or "uh"), letting the children enjoy the taste of middle English and having them notice the rhythm and alliteration.

CENTURIO A, blissed Lorde, Adonay,
What may thes mervayles signifie
That her was schewed so oppinly
Unto oure sight,
This day whanne that the man gune dye
That Jesus highte?

Itt is a misty thyng to mene;
So selcouth a sight was nevere sene
That oure princes and prestis bedene
Of this affray
I woll go weten withouten wene,
What thei can saye. (ll.37-48)

Arles

All our religion and custom and mode of thought are European. The demarcations between the ever shifting States of Europe are only dotted lines, but between the Christian and the non-Christian the boundary is hard and full.

Now, a man who recognizes this truth will ask, "In what place could I find the best single collection of all the forms which European energy has created, and of all the outward symbols in which its soul has been manifest?" To such a man the answer should be given, "You will find these things better in the town of Arles than in any other place."

Long before men could write, this hill was inhabited by our ancestors. Their barbaric huts were grouped round the shelving shore; their axes and their spindles remain.

When thousands of years later the Greeks pushed northward from Massilia, Arles was the first great corner in their road and the first halting-place after the useless deserts that separated their port from the highway of the Rhone valley.

At the close of Antiquity Rome came to Arles in the beginning of her expansion, and the strong memories of Rome which Arles still holds are famous. Every traveler has heard of the vast unbroken amphitheatre and the ruined temple in a market square that is still called the forum; they are famous – but when you see them it seems to you that they should be more famous still. They have something so familiar yet so unexpected that the centuries in which they were built come actively before you.

Rome slowly fell asleep. The sculpture lost its power; something barbaric returned. The sleeping grew deeper. When Charlemagne was dead and Christendom almost extinguished, the barbarian and the Saracen alternately built, and broke against, a keep that still stands and that is still so strong that one might still defend it. It is unlit. It is a dungeon; a ponderous menace above the main street of the city, blind and enormous. It is the very time it comes from.

When all the fear and anarchy of the mind had passed, and when it was discovered that the West still lived, a dawn broke. The Medieval civilization began to sprout vigorously through the eleventh and twelfth centuries. A peculiarly vivid relic of that springtime remains at Arles. The cloisters of the Church of St. Trophimus are not only the Middle Ages caught and made eternal, they are also a progression of that great experiment from its youth to its sharp close.

As you go round the arches, there pass you one after the other the epochs of the Middle Ages. You have first the solemn purpose of the early work. This takes on neatness of detail, then fineness; a great maturity dignifies all the northern side. Upon the western you already see the mystery of the fifteenth century; all its final vitality is there. You see in fifty details the last attempt of our race to grasp and permanently to retain the beautiful.

There is no way of writing or of telling history which could be so true as these visions are. Arles, at a corner of the great main road of the Empire, catching the earliest Roman march into the north, the Christian advance, the full experience of the invasions; retaining in a vague legend the memory of St. Paul; drawing in, after the long trouble, the new life that followed the Crusades, can show such visions better, I think, than Rome herself can show them.

Hilaire Belloc, *Hills and the Sea*

Guided Commentary

► What does the author say is "found better in the town of Arles than in any other place"? What truth does Arles thereby illustrate?

► To what waves of inhabitants does Arles still bear witness? How is each artifact or monument "the very time it comes from"?

► Why might the author have considered the Church of St. Trophimus with the most care?

► What is meant by the expression, "the last attempt of our race to grasp and permanently to retain the beautiful"?

► Explain the sentence, "There is no way of writing or of telling history which could be so true as these visions are."

Note: Massilia is the French town of Marseilles, settled by Greeks around 600 BC; excavations have uncovered brick habitations dating from about 6,000 BC. Nearby underwater cave drawings are even older.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

A man who recognizes this truth will ask, "In what place could I find the best single collection of all the forms which European energy has created, and of all the outward symbols in which its soul has been manifest?"

Every traveler has heard of the vast unbroken amphitheatre and the ruined temple in a market square that is still called the forum; they are famous – but when you see them it seems to you that they should be more famous still.

The ruins in the Forum have something so familiar yet so unexpected that the centuries in which they were built come actively before you.

When Charlemagne was dead and Christendom almost extinguished, the barbarian and the Saracen alternately built, and broke against, a keep that still stands and that is still so strong that one might still defend it.

When all the fear and anarchy of the mind had passed, and when it was discovered that the West still lived, a dawn broke; the Medieval civilization began to sprout vigorously.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: The demarcations between the ever shifting States of Europe are only dotted lines, but between the Christian and the non-Christian the boundary is hard and full.
2. Parse: *shifting, between* ***(first use), and*** *hard*
3. Give a synonym for "demarcation."
4. Explain why Belloc's statement is true.

Composition Topics

The vast unbroken amphitheatre and the ruined temple in a market square that is still called the forum... have something so familiar yet so unexpected that the centuries in which they were built come actively before you. H. Belloc

[or]

When all the fear and anarchy of the mind had passed, a dawn broke. The Medieval civilization began to sprout vigorously through the eleventh and twelfth centuries. A peculiarly vivid relic of that springtime remains at Arles. H. Belloc

Bring actively before the eyes of the reader the life of an ancient century, still present in a particular creation of the men of that age.

[Here in this work of art,] the Middle Ages are caught and made eternal. You see in fifty details the last attempt of our race to grasp and permanently to retain the beautiful. H. Belloc

What witness to beauty might the author be describing? Continue in the same tone.

There is no way of writing or of telling history which could be so true as these visions. H. Belloc

What place writes or tells history most vividly by its monuments?

The demarcations between the ever shifting States of Europe are only dotted lines, but between the Christian and the non-Christian the boundary is hard and full.

H. Belloc

Illustrate this truth from the nations you have met. ***[Question for older grades.]***

The Gladiator, *or* ***The Destruction of Sennacherib*****, by Alfred Lord Byron,**
or Shakespeare's Sonnet 73 ("*That time of year thou may'st in me behold,*" for the reference to "*ruin'd choirs*.")

Chaucer's Pilgrims: A Cross-Section of English Life

Above all, Chaucer was a story-teller of a far wider gamut than any of his successors. The characters he introduced as pilgrims to Canterbury were broadly, though not mechanically, representative of the men and women he had been observing for forty-five years. It is clear that he made no effort to select an individual from every class and profession; but the group as a whole is a completely adequate cross-section of English life. The pilgrims are people who might very naturally meet at the Tabard Inn. They are, moreover, not types but living persons, each one with class characteristics, but each endowed also with individualizing traits. What they say and do in Southwark and along the road constitutes a story of marvelous interest and veracity.

The Canterbury Tales, though they form a story on a grand scale, are a collection – the work of one great imagination. The reader passes from one kind of narrative to another, and at the end has read through something akin to a little library of masterpieces. Every sort of verse fiction practiced in the Middle Ages is illustrated by them. The romance, the saint's legend, the fabliau, the fable, the exemplary anecdote are all there, though each is something more than a typical specimen because in each appears Chaucer's personality and his artistry. The variety of the fare is astonishing and equally the mastery that each tale exhibits.

Gordon Hall Gerould, *Introduction to the Canterbury Tales*

Guided Commentary

► How does the text describe "Chaucer as a story-teller"? What is most striking about the characters he created?
► What impression of medieval England does this passage leave with the reader?
► How does Chaucer's own personality appear in his works, judging from this passage?

Composition Topics

It happened in that season that one day
In Southwark, at The Tabard*, as I lay*
Ready to go on pilgrimage and start
For Canterbury, most devout at heart,
At night there came into that hostelry
Some nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk happening then to fall
In fellowship, and they were pilgrims all
That towards Canterbury meant to ride.
Prologue, Chaucer

In imitation of Chaucer, give us a character sketch of one of the "sundry folk happening then to fall In fellowship" at *The Tabard*.

Each of you shall help to make things slip
By telling two stories on the outward trip
To Canterbury, that's what I intend,
And, on the homeward way to journey's end
Another two, tales from the days of old;
And then the man whose story is best told,
That is to say who gives the fullest measure
Of good morality and general pleasure,
He shall be given a supper paid by all,
Here in this tavern, in this very hall,
When we come back again from Canterbury.
Prologue, Chaucer

You are one of these Canterbury pilgrims; who are you, and what "romance, saint's legend, fabliau, or fable" would you tell, "to make things slip"?

[*or*]

Bring us into the arrival back at *The Tabard* and the lively discussion around the "supper paid by all."

Grammar Sentences: In-Class Analysis or Assignment

Above all, Chaucer was a story-teller of a far wider gamut than any of his successors.

It is clear that he made no effort to select an individual from every class and profession, but the group as a whole is a completely adequate cross-section of English life.

The Canterbury Tales, though they form a story on a grand scale, are a collection – the work of one great imagination.

The reader passes from one kind of narrative to another, and at the end has read through something akin to a little library of masterpieces.

The romance, the saint's legend, the fabliau, the fable, the exemplary anecdote are all there, though each is something more than a typical specimen because in each appears Chaucer's personality and his artistry.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: What the pilgrims say and do in Southwark and along the road constitutes a story of marvelous interest and veracity.
2. Parse: *What, do,* ***and*** *Southwark.*
3. Give three other words belonging to the same family as "veracity."
4. Is there a line or two from The Canterbury Tales that remains fixed in your mind because of its interest or veracity? Which one? Explain.

The Knight*, from the Prologue to *The Canturbury Tales

There was a *Knight*, a most distinguished man,
Who from the day on which he first began
To ride abroad had followed chivalry,
Truth, honour, generousness and courtesy.
He had done nobly in his sovereign's war
And ridden into battle, no man more,
As well in Christian as in heathen places,
And ever honoured for his noble graces.
He was of sovereign value in all eyes.
And though so much distinguished, he was wise
And in his bearing modest as a maid.
He never yet a boorish thing had said
In all his life to any, come what might;
He was a true, a perfect gentle-knight.
  Speaking of his equipment, he possessed
Fine horses, but he was not gaily dressed.
He wore a fustian tunic stained and dark
With smudges where his armour had left mark;
Just home from service, he had joined our ranks
To do his pilgrimage and render thanks.

Rural Life in England

The English are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a tact for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business, and the success of a commercial enterprise. Even those less fortunate individuals, who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very laborer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice; the pot of flowers in the window; the holly, providently planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside; all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. They exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country.

In rural occupation, there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony.

Washington Irving, "Rural Life in England," from *The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon*

Guided Commentary

- What does Washington Irving mean by "the rural feeling," according to the first paragraph? How does it find expression even in the "inhabitants of cities"?
- What do country dwellings in particular reveal about the "rural feeling" and the effect it has?
- How has "fondness for rural life" influenced the national character as a whole?
- Why might the author say that "such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar"?
- How does the rural life "blend all feelings into harmony" in English society?

Composition Topics

In rural occupation, there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences.

W. Irving

Let us meet "such a man," in his native English countryside.

The very amusements of the country bring, men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. W. Irving

Bring us into the harmony of English society, around the "very amusements of the country."

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

The English possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country.

The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business, and the success of a commercial enterprise.

In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; whatever spot is capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed, while every square has its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

The English gentlemen exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country.

In rural occupation, there is nothing mean and debasing: it leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating [of] external influences.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice; the holly, providently planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside; all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind.

2. Parse: *up* ***and*** *to cheer****.***

3. Explain how "all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind."

Grammar Assignment Option *(Noun Clause Reinforcement)*

1. Analyze and diagram: Men are brought more and more together by whatever amusements pertain to the country, and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony.

2. Parse *"whatever," "together," and "and" (first instance).*

3. Give the principal parts of the verbs used in this sentence, labeling each part clearly.

4. Could such a sentence be true of the city? Explain.

Poetry

Binsey Poplars**, by G.M. Hopkins**

An Agrarian Civilization

With the environment of the New World and the traditions of the Old, the South thus became the seat of an agrarian civilization which had strength and promise for a future greatness second to none. The life of the South was leisurely and unhurried for the planter, the yeoman, or the landless tenant. It was a way of life, not a routine of planting and reaping merely for gain. Washington, who rode daily over his farms and counted his horses, cattle, plows, and bushels of corn as carefully as a merchant takes stock of his supplies, inhaled the smell of ripe corn after a rain, nursed his bluegrass sod and shade trees with his own hands, and, when in the field as a soldier or in the city as President of the United States, was homesick at the smell of fresh-plowed earth.

The system of society which developed in the South was close to the soil. It might be organized about the plantation with its wide fields or it might center around a small farm, ranging from a fifty-acre to a five-hundred-acre tract, tilled by the owner, undriven by competition, supplied with corn by his own toil and with meat from his own pen or from the fields and forests. The amusements might be the fine balls and house parties of the planter or the three-day break-down dances which Davy Crockett loved. The houses were homes, where families lived sufficient and complete within themselves, working together and fighting together. And when death came, they were buried in their own lonely peaceful graveyards, to await doomsday together.

Frank Laurence Owsley, "The Irrepressible Conflict," from *I'll Take My Stand*

Guided Commentary

► What characterizes the "life of the South" in the first paragraph?
► What qualities of George Washington does the text bring to light?
► In the second paragraph, what unites the owner of the plantation and the owner of a small farm?
► What does it mean, "the houses were homes"? Judging from the entire text, what is at the source of the "strength and promise for a future greatness" which the author sees in the old South?

Composition Topics

With the environment of the New World and the traditions of the Old, the South thus became the seat of an agrarian civilization which had strength and promise for a future greatness second to none.

F. L. Owsley

Bring to life the founder of a New World plantation, faithful to his Old World traditions.

Washington... inhaled the smell of ripe corn after a rain, nursed his bluegrass sod and shade trees with his own hands, and, when in the field as a soldier or in the city as President of the United States, was homesick at the smell of fresh-plowed earth.

F. L. Owsley

By letter or narrative, show us how Washington the plantation owner affected Washington the general or Washington the president.

The houses were homes, where families lived sufficient and complete within themselves, working together and fighting together.

F. L. Owsley

Bring us into such a home.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

The life of the South was leisurely and unhurried for the planter, the yeoman, or the landless tenant; it was a way of life, not a routine of planting and reaping merely for gain.

It could be seen how the houses were homes, where families lived sufficient and complete within themselves, working together and fighting together.

It was said that when he was in the field as a soldier or in the city as President of the United States, Washington was homesick at the smell of fresh-plowed earth.

When death came, they were buried in their own lonely peaceful graveyards, to await doomsday together.

Southern life might be organized about the plantation with its wide fields or it might center around a small farm.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: With the environment of the New World and the traditions of the Old, the South thus became the seat of an agrarian civilization which had strength and promise for a future greatness second to none.

2. Parse: seat, which, *and* greatness

3. "The South's greatness would be second to none." Rewrite this sentence in the indicative mood and explain the difference in meaning between the two versions.

4. Why might "the environment of the New World and the traditions of the Old" give rise to "strength and promise for a future greatness"?

***The Old Oaken Bucket*, by Samuel Woodworth, or**
the first two verses of *Resolution and Independence*, by William Wordsworth, below.

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;--on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

Roman Sunset

In the evening I would come to the terrace of the Pincian Gardens, and the balustrade where every visitor to Rome has watched the sun set behind St. Peter's. Below me lay the Piazza del Popolo and the three churches in the piazza, all dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. I gazed at this splendid foreground, and then out across the roofs of Rome to the dome of St. Peter's. It is one of the great views of the world, and as I stood with the declining sun in my eyes, the whole landscape, with the dome in the center, the tomb of Hadrian with its Angel, and the long, dark ridge of the Janiculum to the left, took on the exquisite colors that are not the least of Rome's glories. It is not really the sunset, but the afterglow in summer that is so wonderful from the Pincio. The sun went down. A golden light hovered above the city, seeming to ascend from it. The dome grew sharper against the sky, and gradually an upsurge of dull red light spread in the west and moved up to blend and mingle with the still dark blue of a summer's day in Italy. This is the rich Homeric light that suggests the dust flung by the galloping horses and the wheels of chariots, an epic color which deepened and darkened as the blue sky turned paler, until there was a rusty glow all over the west, a promise that tomorrow would be as cloudless as the day just ended.

This is the perfect moment as night comes. The streets remain strangely luminous in the dark, colored pink as if the soft volcanic tufa had soaked up the sun and would store it until morning. The fading light glows from walls of saffron, rose-red and peach, and the pavements shine warmly, almost as though the lava remembered prehistoric fires. St. Peter's dome was now black across the Tiber, standing against the last remaining bars of red. The chariots of the sun had gone, the dust of their wheels had settled; and the first stars burned over Rome. At this moment the heart is touched. First one and then another – one hardly knows where it starts – the bells of Rome are ringing the Angelus – the Ave Maria – and another day of life has gone. There is now the dark, and tomorrow.

H.V. Morton, *A Traveller in Rome*

Guided Commentary

(These questions are challenging; give as an assignment rather than a test.)

► Set the scene of this passage. What do the first lines tell us of the author?
► As the author gazes over the rooftops of Rome, what conveys a sense of perennity?
► How does the play of the light itself become a part of Rome and bring to life her past?
► What impression is given by the ringing of the bells of Rome? Why is it an appropriate closing to this passage?

Composition Topics

It is one of the great views of the world, and as I stood with the declining sun in my eyes...

H.V. Morton

Continue.

This is the perfect moment as night comes. The streets remain strangely luminous... The fading light glows from walls of saffron, rose-red and peach, and the pavements shine warmly, almost as though the lava remembered prehistoric fires.

H.V. Morton

Sketch for us a city of ancient glory and enduring memory, gazed upon for the first time.

Rome! What a scroll of History thine has been!

O. Wilde

Sing the glory of Rome, in poetry or prose.

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

As I stood with the declining sun in my eyes, the whole landscape, with the dome in the center, the tomb of Hadrian with its Angel, and the long, dark ridge of the Janiculum to the left, took on the exquisite colors that are not the least of Rome's glories.

The dome grew sharper against the sky, and gradually an upsurge of dull red light spread in the west and moved up to blend and mingle with the still dark blue of a summer's day in Italy.

The streets remain strangely luminous in the dark, colored pink as if the soft volcanic tufa had soaked up the sun and would store it until morning.

The fading light glows from walls of saffron, rose-red and peach, and the pavements shine warmly, as though the lava remembered prehistoric fires.

First one peals out and then another – one hardly knows where it starts – the bells of Rome are ringing the Angelus – the Ave Maria – and another day of life has gone.

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and diagram: This is the rich Homeric light that suggests the dust flung by the galloping horses and the wheels of chariots, an epic color which deepened and darkened as the blue sky turned paler.
2. Parse: Homeric, galloping, of, *and* paler.
***3. Put the sentence, "This is the rich Homeric light," in the* subjunctive mood, present and present perfect tenses, and explain the differences in meaning of the three sentences.**
4. Why do you think the author has chosen the adjectives "Homeric" and "epic" to evoke the light?

***Rome Unvisited*, by Oscar Wilde, especially the first four stanzas, or one of the following:**

***Urbs Sacra Aeterna*, by Oscar Wilde**

Rome! What a scroll of History thine has been!
In the first days thy sword republican
Ruled the whole world for many an age's span:
Then of thy peoples thou wert crowned Queen,
Till in thy streets the bearded Goth was seen;
And now upon thy walls the breezes fan
(Ah, city crowned by God, discrowned by man!)
The hated flag of red and white and green.
When was thy glory! when in search for power
Thine eagles flew to greet the double sun,
And all the nations trembled at thy rod?
Nay, but thy glory tarried for this hour,
When pilgrims kneel before the Holy One,
The prisoned shepherd of the Church of God.

***Salve Saturnia Tellus*, by Oscar Wilde**

I reached the Alps: the soul within me burned
Italia, my Italia, at thy name:
And when from out the mountain's heart I came
And saw the land for which my life had yearned,
I laughed as one who some great prize had earned:
And musing on the story of thy fame
I watched the day, till marked with wounds of flame
The turquoise sky to burnished gold was turned
The pine-trees waved as waves a woman's hair,
And in the orchards every twining spray
Was breaking into flakes of blossoming foam:
But when I knew that far away at Rome
In evil bonds a second Peter lay,
I wept to see the land so very fair.

The Flight of the Merlin, and the Sunlight in the Spring

On the 29th of April, as I was fishing from the bank of the river near the Nine-Acre-Corner bridge, standing on the quaking grass and willow roots, where the muskrats lurk, I heard a singular rattling sound, somewhat like that of the sticks which boys play with their fingers, when, looking up, I observed a very slight and graceful hawk, like a nighthawk, alternately soaring like a ripple and tumbling a rod or two over and over, showing the under side of its wings, which gleamed like a satin ribbon in the sun, or like the pearly inside of a shell. This sight reminded me of falconry and what nobleness and poetry are associated with that sport. The Merlin it seemed to me it might be called: but I care not for its name. It was the most ethereal flight I had ever witnessed. It did not simply flutter like a butterfly, nor soar like the larger hawks, but it sported with proud reliance in the fields of air; mounting again and again with its strange chuckle, it repeated its free and beautiful fall, turning over and over like a kite, and then recovering from its lofty tumbling, as if it had never set its foot on terra firma. It appeared to have no companion in the universe – sporting there alone – and to need none but the morning and the ether with which it played. It was not lonely, but made all the earth lonely beneath it. Where was the parent which hatched it, its kindred, and its father in the heavens? The tenant of the air, it seemed related to the earth but by an egg hatched some time in the crevice of a crag; – or was its native nest made in the angle of a cloud, woven of the rainbow's trimmings and the sunset sky, and lined with some soft midsummer haze caught up from earth? Its eyry now some cliffy cloud.

[Beside this I got a rare mess of golden and silver and bright cupreous fishes, which looked like a string of jewels. Ah! I have penetrated to those meadows on the morning of many a first spring day, jumping from hummock to hummock, from willow root to willow root, when the wild river valley and the woods were bathed in so pure and bright a light as would have waked the dead, if they had been slumbering in their graves, as some suppose. There needs no stronger proof of immortality. All things must live in such a light. O Death, where was thy sting? O Grave, where was thy victory, then?]

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*

Guided Commentary

[for the text outside of brackets]

► In the first sentence, how does the author prepare the reader for his sighting of the hawk?
► From his description, explain why "the sight reminded [him] of [...] nobleness and poetry."
► How does Thoreau help the reader to imagine "the most ethereal flight [he] had ever witnessed"?
► Why might the author have said, "It was not lonely, but made all the earth lonely beneath it"? Putting yourself in his place, what might be your final reflection?

Composition Topics

On the 29th of April, as I was fishing from the bank of the river near the Nine-Acre-Corner bridge, standing on the quaking grass and willow roots, where the muskrats lurk, I heard a singular sound...

H. D. Thoreau

Continue in the same tone.

This sight reminded me of falconry and what nobleness and poetry are associated with that sport. It was the most ethereal flight I had ever witnessed.

H. D. Thoreau

With what sport are "nobleness and poetry" most associated, in your mind? Allow the reader to taste the same admiration.

Ah! I have penetrated to those meadows on the morning of many a first spring day, when the wild river valley and the woods were bathed in so pure and bright a light as would have waked the dead, if they had been slumbering in their graves, as some suppose. There needs no stronger proof of immortality. All things must live in such a light.

H. D. Thoreau

What sight in nature most sings to you of immortality?

Grammar Sentences for In-Class Analysis

Looking up, I observed a very slight and graceful hawk, like a nighthawk, alternately soaring like a ripple and tumbling a rod or two over and over, showing the under side of its wings, which gleamed like a satin ribbon in the sun, or like the pearly inside of a shell.

This sight reminded me of falconry and what nobleness and poetry are associated with that sport.

The merlin did not simply flutter like a butterfly, nor soar like the larger hawks, but it sported with proud reliance in the fields of air.

Mounting again and again with its strange chuckle, it repeated its free and beautiful fall, turning over and over like a kite, and then recovering from its lofty tumbling, as if it had never set its foot on terra firma.

It appeared to have no companion in the universe—sporting there alone—and to need none but the morning and the ether with which it played.

Was its native nest made in the angle of a cloud, woven of the rainbow's trimmings and the sunset sky, and lined with some soft midsummer haze caught up from earth?

Grammar Assignment

1. Analyze and Diagram: *On the 29th of April, as I was fishing from the bank of the river near the Nine-Acre-Corner bridge, standing on the quaking grass and willow roots, where the muskrats lurk, I heard a singular rattling sound, somewhat like the noise of the sticks which boys play with their fingers.*
2. Parse: as, near, *and* somewhat
3. Imagine what else the sound might have been, and write a few lines in the style of the author.

The Windhover*, by Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–89)*
To Christ our Lord

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of; the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermillion.

The key to understanding this poem, which Hopkins considered his best, is in the dedication: "To Christ our Lord." The first eight lines describe the poet's sighting of a windhover, or kestrel, to him like a prince of the air, in the glory of its sailing on the wind (its movement is compared to a skillful rider of a horse or skater on ice...). Lines 9-10 are transitional as the poet expresses why the bird has so impressed him: its flight is like a supreme act of all its powers, combined in one display, buckling or crushing together and flashing out splendor. After the "AND" Hopkins lifts his gaze higher, to the knight and hero, Christ, whose supreme act was indeed to "buckle" and be crushed. Even [our] clay ploughed down, even [our] ashes galled and gashed, may share the royal brilliance.

Bells, by Thomas Traherne (1637-1674)

1
Hark! hark, my soul! the bells do ring,
And with a louder voice
Call many families to sing
His public praises, and rejoice:
Their shriller sound doth wound the air,
Their grosser strokes affect the ear,
That we might thither all repair
And more divine ones hear.
If lifeless earth
Can make such mirth,
What then shall souls above the starry sphere!

2
Bells are but clay that men refine
And raise from duller ore;
Yet now, as if they were divine,
They call whole cities to adore;
Exalted into steeples they
Disperse their sound, and from on high
Chime-in our souls; they every way
Speak to us through the sky:
Their iron tongues
Do utter songs,
And shall our stony hearts make no reply!

3
From darker mines and earthy caves
At last let souls awake,
And rousing from obscurer graves
From lifeless bells example take;
Lifted above all earthly cares,
Let them (like these) rais'd up on high,
Forsaking all the baser wares
Of dull mortality,
His praises sing,
Tunably ring,
In a less distance from the peaceful sky.

4
From clay, and mire, and dirt, my soul,
From vile and common ore,
Thou must ascend; taught by the toll
In what fit place thou may'st adore;
Refin'd by fire, thou shalt a bell
Of praise become, in metal pure;
In purity thou must excel,
No soil or grit endure,
Refin'd by love,
Thou still above
Like them must dwell, and other souls allure.

5
Doth not each trembling sound I hear
Make all my spirits dance?
Each stroke's a message to my ear
That casts my soul into a trance
Of joy: they're us'd to notify
Religious triumphs, and proclaim
The peace of Christianity,
In Jesus' holy name.
Authorities
And victories
Protect, increase, enrich, adorn the same.

6
Kings, O my soul, and princes now
Do praise His holy name,
Their golden crowns and sceptres bow
In honour of my Lord: His fame
Is gone throughout the world, who died
Upon the cross for me: and He
That once was basely crucified
Is own'd a Deity.
The higher powers
Have built these towers
Which here aspiring to the sky we see.

7
Those bells are of a piece, and sound,
Whose wider mouths declare
Our duty to us: being round
And smooth and whole, no splinters are
In them, no cracks, nor holes, nor flaws
That may let out the spirits thence
Too soon; that would harsh jarring cause
And lose their influence.
We must unite
If we delight
Would yield or feel, or any excellence.

/ TO / BOOK: THEME: Christmas traditions

READING

GUIDED COMMENTARY

Ringing out the Old Year

In the midst of this season between Christmas and Twelfth Day comes the ceremony of the New Year, and this is how it is observed:

On New Year's Eve, at about a quarter to twelve o'clock at night, the master of the house and all that are with him go about from room to room opening every door and window, however cold the weather be, for thus, they say, the old year and its burdens can go out and leave everything new for hope and for the youth of the coming time.

This also is a superstition, and of the best. Those who observe it trust that it is as old as Europe, and with roots stretching back into forgotten times.

While this is going on the bells in the church hard by are ringing out the old year, and when all the windows and doors have thus been opened and left wide, all those in the house go outside, listening for the cessation of the chimes, which comes just before the turn of the year. There is an odd silence for a few minutes, and watches are consulted to make certain of the time (for this house detests wireless and has not even a telephone), and the way they know the moment of midnight is by the boom of a gun, which is fired at a town far off, but can always be heard.

At that sound the bells of the church clash out suddenly in new chords, the master of the house goes back into it with a piece of stone or earth from outside, all doors are shut, and the household, all of them, rich and poor, drink a glass of wine together to salute the New Year.

Hilaire Belloc, "A Remaining Christmas"

► What seems to be the setting for this text?

► What is "the ceremony of the New Year" described in the second paragraph? Why does the author say it is "a superstition, and of the best"?

► How does the author in the last two paragraphs help us share the different emotions of the people in the text?

► Why do you think the people of this house – and of the surrounding village – continue to perform these ceremonies year after year?

POEM

Make It Snow, by George Wither

(Excerpts are suggested at the end of the Grammar Review page.)

COMPOSITION TOPICS

The whole family turned out with sleds and hatchets and ropes to get a fine tree. They cut a lusty round one and helped drag it home to the house. It smelled cold and spicy and delicious as they carried it up the steps of the back porch to wait for the great day.

C. Meigs

Continue the story.

Sliding on the ice in winter was another joy. Not on the big slide, which was as smooth as glass and reached the whole length of the pond. That was for the strong, fighting spirits who could keep up the pace, and when tripped up themselves would be up in a moment and tripping up the tripper.

F. Thompson

What do you call winter enjoyment?

It is about five o'clock that the guests and the children come into the house, and at that hour in England, at that date, it has long been quite dark; so they come into a house all illuminated with the Christmas tree shining like a cluster of many stars seen through a glass.

H. Belloc

Let us share in your Christmas traditions.

GRAMMAR ASSIGNMENT

1. Analyze: *On New Years' Eve, at the stroke of midnight, a gun booms in a far-off town and then the bells of the church clash out suddenly in new chords.*

2. Parse: *midnight*, *booms* and *far-off*.

3. Give the principal parts of *strike*, *boom* and *clash*.

4. Rewrite this sentence using a synonym for *booms* and for *clash out*.

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY

DICTATIONS

Christmas at the Manor (To be divided into two or more dictations.)

On Christmas Eve a great quantity of holly and of laurel is brought in from the garden and from the farm (for this house has a farm of 100 acres attached to it and an oak wood of ten acres). This greenery is put up all over the house in every room just before it becomes dark on that day. Then there is brought into the hall a young pine tree, about twice the height of a man, to serve for a Christmas tree, and on this innumerable little candles are fixed, and presents for all the household and the guests and the children of the village.

It is about five o'clock that these last come into the house, and at that hour in England, at that date, it has long been quite dark; so they come into a house all illuminated with the Christmas tree shining like a cluster of many stars seen through a glass.

The first thing done after the entry of these people from the village and their children (the children are in number about fifty) is a common meal, where all eat and drink their fill. Then the children come in to the Christmas tree. They are each given a silver piece one by one, and one by one, their presents. After that they dance in the hall and sing songs, which have been handed down to them for I do not know how long. These songs are game-songs, and are sung to keep time with the various parts in each game, and the men and things and animals which you hear mentioned in these songs are all of that countryside. Indeed, the tradition of Christmas here is what it should be everywhere, knit into the very stuff of the place; so that I fancy the little children, when they think of Bethlehem, see it in their minds as though it were in the winter depth of England, which is as it should be.

These games and songs continue for as long as they will, and then they file out past the great fire in the hearth to a small piece adjoining where a crib has been set up with images of Our Lady and St. Joseph and the Holy Child, the Shepherds, and what I will call, by your leave, the Holy Animals. Here, again, tradition is so strong in this house that these figures were never new-bought, but are as old as the oldest of the children of the family, now with children of their own. On this account, the donkey has lost one of its plaster ears, and the old ox which used to be brown is now piebald, and of the shepherds, one actually has no head. But all that is lacking is imagined. There hangs from the roof of the crib over the Holy Child a tinsel star grown rather obscure after all these years, and much too large for the place. Before this crib the children sing their carols, and mixed with their voices is the voice of the miller (for this house has a great windmill attached to it). The miller is famous in these parts for his singing, having a very deep and loud voice which is his pride. When these carols are over, all disperse, except those who are living in the house, but the older ones are not allowed to go without more good drink for their viaticum, a sustenance for Christian men.

Then the people of the house, when they have dined, and their guests, with the priest who is to say Mass for them, sit up till near midnight. There is brought in a very large log of oak. This log of oak is the Christmas or Yule log and the rule is that it must be too heavy for one man to lift; so two men come, bringing it in from outside, the master of the house and his servant. They cast it down upon the fire in the great hearth of the dining room, and the superstition is that, if it burns all night and is found still smouldering in the morning, the home will be prosperous for the coming year.

With that they all go up to the chapel and there the three night Masses are said, one after the other, and those of the household take their Communion.

Next morning they sleep late, and the great Christmas dinner is at midday. It is a turkey; and plum pudding, with holly in it and everything conventional, and therefore satisfactory, is done. Crackers are pulled, the brandy is lit and poured over the pudding til the holly crackles in the flame, and the curtains are drawn a moment that the flames may be seen. This Christmas feast is so great that it may be said almost to fill the day.

Hilaire Belloc, *A Remaining Christmas*

GENERAL REVIEW

Review any parts of speech that have posed a difficulty for the children. Review all forms of sentences: simple, interrogative, compound, complex, with adjective and adverbial clauses. Select the sentences below which are best at the children's level.

On Christmas Eve, holly and laurel are brought from the garden and from the farm.

This greenery is placed throughout the house in every room before dark on that day.

A young pine tree, about twice the height of a man, is brought into the hall to be the Christmas tree.

Innumerable little candles are fixed on the tree, and presents for all the household and the guests and the children of the village are placed under it.

At five o'clock, after night has fallen, the guests come into the house, which is all illuminated with the Christmas tree shining like a cluster of many stars seen through a glass.

These songs are game-songs, and they are sung to keep time with the various parts in each game.

The men and things and animals which are mentioned in these songs are all of that countryside.

Indeed, the tradition of Christmas here is knit into the life of the village.

The little children, when they think of Bethlehem, imagine it in the winter depth of England.

The miller is famous in these parts for his singing, having a very deep and loud voice which is his pride.

A very large log of oak, called the Christmas or Yule log, is brought into the house.

The master of the house and his servant cast it down upon the fire in the great hearth of the dining room.

At the Christmas dinner, crackers are pulled, the brandy is lit and poured over the pudding til the holly crackles in the flame.

Make It Snow, by George Wither

So now is come our joyful feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Christmas Supplement Key

1. Analyze and (diagram):

   I **a** **b** **c** **d**

   [(On New Year's Eve), (at the stroke) (of midnight), a gun booms (in a far-off town)] and

   +

   II **e** **f**

   [then the bells (of the church) clash out suddenly (in new chords).]

   This is a compound, declarative sentence.

Cl/Phr	Nature	Form	Office/Function
I	independent	- - -	- - -
II	independent	- - -	- - -
a	adverbial phrase	prepositional	time, modifies the verb "booms"
b	adverbial phrase	prepositional	time, modifies the verb "booms"
c	adjectival phrase	prepositional	modifies the noun "stroke"
d	adverbial phrase	prepositional	place, modifies the verb "booms"
e	adjectival phrase	prepositional	modifies the noun "bells"
f	adverbial phrase	prepositional	manner, modifies the verb "clash out"

2. Parse midnight, booms, far-off

   midnight: noun, common (class), neuter, singular, third person, object of the preposition "of," objective case

   booms: verb, weak, intransitive, active, indicative, present, subject is "gun," 3rd person, singular

   far-off: adjective, descriptive (compound), positive degree of comparison, modifies the noun "town"

3. Give the principal parts of strike, boom, clash

Present	Past	Participle
strike	struck	struck (or stricken)
boom	boomed	boomed
clash	clashed	clashed

4. Rewrite this sentence using a synonym for "booms" and for "clash out."

General Review

1. **I** **a** **b** **c**
[(On Christmas Eve), holly and laurel are brought (from the garden) and (from the farm).]
+ +

This is a simple, declarative sentence.

***I** is an independent clause.*
***a** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of time, modifying the verb "are brought."*
***b** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "are brought."*
***c** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "are brought."*

2. **I** **a** **b** **c** **d**
[This greenery is placed (throughout the house) (in every room) (before dark) (on that day).]

This is a simple, declarative sentence.

***I** is an independent clause.*
***a** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "is placed."*
***b** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "is placed."*
***c** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of time, modifying the verb "is placed."*
***d** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of time, modifying the verb "is placed."*

3. **I** **a** **b** **c**
[A young pine tree, about twice the height (of a man), is brought (into the hall) (to be the

Christmas tree).]

This is a simple, declarative sentence.

***I** is an independent clause.*
***a** is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "height."*
***b** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "is brought."*
***c** is an adverbial infinitive phrase of purpose, modifying the verb "is brought."*

4. **I** **a** **II** **b**
[Innumerable little candles are fixed (on the tree),] and [presents (for all the household and
+ +

c **d**
the guests and the children) (of the village) are placed (under it).]
+

This is a compound, declarative sentence.

I is an independent clause.
II is an independent clause.
a is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "are fixed."
b is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "presents."
c is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "children."
d is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "are placed."

5. I a II b III
[(At five o-clock), [after night has fallen], the guests come (into the house), [which is
c d e
all illuminated (with the Christmas tree) shining (like a cluster) (of many stars) seen
f
(through a glass).]]

This is a complex, declarative sentence.

I is a principal clause.
II is a subordinate adverb clause of time, introduced by the subordinate conjunction "after," modifying the verb "come."
III is a subordinate adjective clause, introduced by the relative pronoun "which," modifying the noun "house."
a is an adverbial prepositional phrase of time, modifying the verb "come."
b is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "come."
c is an adverbial prepositional phrase of means, modifying the verb "is illuminated."
d is an adverbial prepositional phrase of manner or comparison, modifying the participle "shining."
e is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "cluster."
f is an adverbial prepositional phrase of manner, modifying the participle "seen."

6. I PN II a b
[These songs are game songs,] and [they are sung (to keep time) (with the various parts)
+
c
(in each game).]

This is a compound, declarative sentence.

I is an independent clause.
II is an independent clause.
a is an adverbial infinitive phrase of purpose, modifying the verb "are sung."
b is an adverbial prepositional phrase of accompaniment, modifying the infinitive "to keep."
c is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "parts."

7. I II a
[The men and things and animals [which are mentioned (in these songs)] are all
+ +
b
(of that countryside).]

This is a complex, declarative sentence.

I is a principal clause.
II is a subordinate adjective clause, introduced by the relative pronoun "which," modifying the nouns "men," "things," and "animals."
a is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "are mentioned."
b is an adverbial prepositional phrase of origin, modifying the verb "are";
or an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the nouns "men," "things," and "animals."

8. I a b c
[Indeed, the tradition (of Christmas) here is knit (into the life) (of the village).

This is a simple, declarative sentence.

I is an independent clause.
a is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "tradition."
b is an adverbial prepositional phrase of manner or place, modifying the verb "is knit."
c is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "life."

9. I II a DO b
[The little children, [when they think (of Bethlehem)], imagine it (in the winter depth)
c
(of England).]

This is a complex, declarative sentence.

I is a principal clause.
II is a subordinate adverb clause of circumstance (or time is acceptable), introduced by the subordinate conjunction "when," modifying the verb "imagine."
a is an adverbial prepositional phrase of reference, modifying the verb "think."
b is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the pronoun "it."
c is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "depth."

10. I a b c
[The miller is famous (in these parts) (for his singing), (having a very deep and loud voice)
+
II DO
[which is his pride.]]

This is a complex, declarative sentence.

***I** is a principal clause.*
***II** is a subordinate adjective clause, introduced by the relative pronoun "which," modifying the noun "voice."*
***a** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the adjective "famous."*
***b** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of cause, modifying the adjective "famous."*
***c** is an adjectival participial phrase modifying the noun "miller."*

11. **I** **a** **b** **c**
[A very large log (of oak), (called the Christmas or Yule log), is brought (into the house).]

This is a simple, declarative sentence.

***I** is an independent clause.*
***a** is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "log."*
***b** is an adjectival participial phrase modifying the noun "log."*
***c** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "brought."*

12. **I** **a** **DO** **b** **c**
[The master (of the house) and his servant cast it down (upon the fire) (in the great hearth)
d
(of the dining room.)]

This is a simple, declarative sentence.

***I** is an independent clause.*
***a** is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "master."*
***b** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "cast."*
***c** is an adjectival prepositional phrase modifying the noun "fire."*
***d** is an adjectival prepositional phrase of modifying the noun "hearth."*

13. **I** **a** **II** **b**
[(At the Christmas dinner), crackers are pulled,] [the brandy is lit and poured (over the
III **c**
pudding) [til the holly crackles (in the flame.)]]

This is a complex, declarative sentence.

***I** is an independent clause.*
***II** is a principal clause*
***III** is a subordinate adverb clause of result or time, introduced by the subordinate conjunction "til," modifying the verbs "pulled," "lit," and "poured."*
***a** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verbs "pulled," "is lit," and "poured" (**a** modifies the verbs in clause **II**, even though it is not inside clause **II**)*
***b** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of place, modifying the verb "poured."*
***c** is an adverbial prepositional phrase of cause or place, modifying the verb "poured."*

English Christmas

Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms: and which when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance into a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look around upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

Washington Irving, “Old Christmas”

Guided Commentary

► Why is Christmas different from other old festivals, according to the author?
► How does "the very season of the year" add to this quality of Christmas? Explain the last sentence of the second paragraph.
► Why is the fireside so important to the "heartful associations" of Christmas? How does the author help us feel the "glow and warmth" of the Christmas fireside?
► How do the last lines bring the reader even more deeply into the scene which the author creates? With what final image does he leave us?

Composition Topic

Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations.

There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling at Christmas-time that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas.

W. Irving

Choose one sentence above, and continue, in any way you like.

Country Dance

On our way homeward the Squire's heart seemed overflowing with generous and happy feelings. As we passed over a rising ground which commanded something of a prospect, the sounds of rustic merriment now and then reached our ears.

We had been long home when the sound of music was heard from a distance. A band of country lads, without coats, their shirt-sleeves fancifully tied with ribands, their hats decorated with greens, and clubs in their hands, were seen advancing up the avenue, followed by a large number of villagers and peasantry. They stopped before the hall door, where the music struck up a peculiar air, and the lads performed a curious and intricate dance, advancing, retreating, and striking their clubs together, keeping exact time to the music; while one, whimsically crowned with a fox's skin, the tail of which flaunted down his back, kept capering around the skirts of the dance, and rattling a Christmas-box with many antic gesticulations.

After the dance was concluded, the whole party was entertained with brawn and beef, and stout home-brewed. The Squire himself mingled among the rustics, and was received with awkward demonstrations of deference and regard.

Washington Irving, "Old Christmas"

Composition Topic

"We had not been long home when the sound of music was heard from a distance..."

W. Irving

Imagine the rest of the story.

Minstrels, by William Wordsworth (1170-1850)

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened?--till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim,
The greeting given, the music played
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all.

School Holiday

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, – presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thraldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take – there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

My little travelling companions had been looking out of the coach-windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy – "There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them: he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once; and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him by questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated: for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterward to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach-window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

Washington Irving, "The Stage-coach"

Guided Commentary

► How does the author bring the reader into the scene with him? What is happening? Where?
► Why was it delightful for the author to hear the "little rogues" planning their Christmas holidays?
► What more do we learn about these boys when the coach finally arrives at their home? How does the scene affect the reader? Why are the details about the pony amusing?
► What is the tone of the last paragraph? With what image in our mind does the author leave us?

Composition Topic

Off the boys set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him by questions about home, and with school anecdotes.

W. Irving

Let us meet these boys and spend Christmas with their family. *[This topic is for younger students.]*

Portrait of Charles Dickens as a Young Man

Very different was his face in those days from that which photography has made familiar to the present generation. A look of youthfulness first attracted you, and then a candor and openness of expression which made you sure of the qualities within. The features were very good. He had a capital forehead, a firm nose with full wide nostril, eyes wonderfully beaming with intellect and running over with humor and cheerfulness, and a rather prominent mouth strongly marked with sensibility. The head was altogether well formed and symmetrical, and the air and carriage of it were extremely spirited. The hair so scant and grizzled in later days was then of a rich brown and most luxuriant abundance, and the bearded face of his last two decades had hardly a vestige of hair or whisker; but there was in that face as I first recollect it which no time could change, and which remained implanted on it unalterably to the last. This was the quickness, keenness, and practical power, the eager, restless, energetic outlook on each several feature, that seemed to tell so little of a student or writer of books, and so much of a man of action and business in the world. Light and motion flashed from every part of it. It was as if made of steel, was said of it, four or five years after the time to which I am referring, by a most original and delicate observer, the late Mrs. Carlyle. "What a face is his to meet in a drawing-room!" wrote Leigh Hunt to me, the morning after I made them known to each other. "It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings." In such sayings are expressed not alone the restless and resistless vivacity and force of which I have spoken, but that also which lay beneath them of steadiness and hard endurance.

John Forster (English biographer and critic and a friend of Charles Dickens),
The Life of Charles Dickens

Guided Commentary

► Present the text. Why would "the present generation" not know the youthful face of Charles Dickens?
► How does the author of this passage introduce the reader to the personality of Dickens? What in "the features" indicated the character of the man?
► What was "in that face... which no time could change"? What images does the author use to emphasize this fundamental quality?
► How do the statements of Mrs. Carlyle and Leigh Hunt add to our understanding of Charles Dickens?

Composition Topic

A look of youthfulness first attracted you, and then a candor and openness of expression which made you sure of the qualities within.

J. Forster

Choose a person whom you admire from literature and paint a portrait in words.

Note for Teacher Interest: Jane Welsh Carlyle (1801-1866) was the wife of Scottish philosopher Thomas Carlyle and a literary figure in her own right, as a letter-writer; James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was an English poet and writer in the same literary circle. His poem "Jenny Kissed Me" is about Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.

John Forster describes "the fascinating influence of that sweet and noble nature. With some of the highest gifts of intellect, and the charm of a most varied knowledge of books and things, there was something 'beyond, beyond.' No one who knew Mrs. Carlyle could replace her loss when she had passed away."

Portrait of Scrooge as an Old Man

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*

Guided Commentary

► What is the effect on the reader of the first sentence of this passage? Why?
► What analogies does the author use to introduce the reader to Scrooge?
► How does the author use the extended analogy of weather to give the reader a clearer idea of Scrooge's personality? Why are these images appropriate?
► What is the tone of this passage? What does the last sentence add to the tone?

Grammar Exercise

This text is full of participial adjectives and may serve as a source of identification exercises. If the teacher feels comfortable with the distinction between participles and participial adjectives, he may want to make a small exercise out of this amusing text and spend a little time having the children modify the sentences, to take the participial adjectives and turn them into pure participles. For example, "...spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice" could become, "he spoke out shrewdly, his voice grating," or "No falling snow was more intent upon its purpose" could become, "No snow falling to the ground was more intent upon its purpose." The students could then see more clearly that participles attribute action but do not describe a quality inherent in the thing, as participial adjectives do.

This exercise would also bring out fossil participles, such as "self-contained," which cannot be turned into a pure participle since it has lost all verbal force. Likewise, "tight-fisted" appears as not any form of participle at all because there is no verb form, but just an idiomatic use of the participle form for the description of features, like "blonde-haired."

Christmas Eve in London

The fog and darkness thickened so, that the people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slily down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke: a glorious pageant with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol: but at the first sound of

"God bless you, merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*

Guided Commentary

► How does the author give his reader a sense of being present in London on Christmas Eve? What is the tone in the beginning of the passage?
► What images next come as a contrast? Does the tone change?
► How does the author more than once bring the reader's attention to Scrooge himself? Explain the images used to describe the caroler.
► How does the final sentence suddenly change the tone? With what image does the author leave us? [Judging from what we know of Scrooge and also what you know of the story that follows, tell what is ironic in the scene of the Christmas caroler.] *[This last part may be given to older students.]*

Composition Topic

The cold became intense. In the main street at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture.

Ch. Dickens

Continue.

or

Tell the tale of one of these London boys.

Biographical Note: St. Dunstan (909-988), monk, abbot of Glastonbury and later Archbishop of Canterbury, lived for some time as a hermit in a cave next to the church of Glastonbury; when the devil came to tempt him, St. Dunstan kept him away by holding his face with his fire-tongs.

The Ball at Mr. Fezziwig's

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest, upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had no notion of walking.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*

Remembering Mr. Fezziwig

But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would have become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsey, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*

The Home of Scrooge's Clerk

It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's), that notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinkling of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a-week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*

The Pudding

But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*

Guided Commentary

► What is happening in this scene? How does Dickens create importance around the pudding?
► How does the tone change as soon as the pudding arrives, intact?
► Why might the pudding have been a weight on Mrs. Cratchit's mind?
► How do the last three sentences tell us more, not only about the pudding but about the family?

The Cratchit Family Circle

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily.

Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter;" at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by-and-bye they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*

Guided Commentary

► How does the Christmas meal end for the Cratchit family? How is this a fitting conclusion?
► What is the "family display of glass"? What does its contents tell us about the family situation?
► What does the family do as they sit around the hearth? How does their conversation tell us more about them? Why does Peter "pull up his collars so high"?
► How does the evening end? What is the tone of the last sentence?

General Composition Topics for *A Christmas Carol*

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

Imagine what does become of Tiny Tim.

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed.

What does Scrooge mean by these words?

Dickens is a creator of characters that live in the reader's memory and that become more real even than many persons we meet in daily life.

Brother Leo

What characters from *A Christmas Carol* will live on in your memory? Why do they seem so real?

The genius of Dickens consists in seeing in somebody, whom others might call merely prosaic, the germ of a sort of prose poem...

G.K. Chesterton

In agreement with Chesterton, you illustrate this statement with some examples taken from *A Christmas Carol*.

The beauty and the real blessing of the story, A Christmas Carol, do not lie in the repentance of Scrooge, they lie in the great furnace of real happiness that glows through Scrooge and everything round him.

G.K. Chesterton.

What is "the great furnace of real happiness"? Allow us to catch a glimpse of its beauty throughout this work.

The House of Christmas, by G.K. Chesterton

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay on their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honour and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost - how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

Gloria in Profundis, by G.K. Chesterton

There has fallen on earth for a token
A god too great for the sky.
He has burst out of all things and broken
The bounds of eternity:
Into time and the terminal land
He has strayed like a thief or a lover,
For the wine of the world brims over,
Its splendour is spilt on the sand.

Who is proud when the heavens are humble,
Who mounts if the mountains fall,
If the fixed stars topple and tumble
And a deluge of love drowns all-
Who rears up his head for a crown,
Who holds up his will for a warrant,
Who strives with the starry torrent,
When all that is good goes down?

For in dread of such falling and failing
The fallen angels fell
Inverted in insolence, scaling
The hanging mountain of hell:
But unmeasured of plummet and rod
Too deep for their sight to scan,
Outrushing the fall of man
Is the height of the fall of God.

Glory to God in the Lowest
The spout of the stars in spate-
Where thunderbolt thinks to be slowest
And the lightning fears to be late:
As men dive for sunken gem
Pursuing, we hunt and hound it,
The fallen star has found it
In the cavern of Bethlehem.

New Prince, New Pomp, by Robert Southwell (1561-1595, priest and martyr)

Behold a silly tender Babe, in freezing winter night;
In homely manger trembling lies, alas a piteous sight:
The inns are full, no man will yield this little Pilgrim bed,
But forced He is with silly beasts, in crib to shroud His head.
Despise Him not for lying there, first what He is enquire:
An orient pearl is often found, in depth of dirty mire;
Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish, nor beasts that by Him feed:
Weigh not His mother's poor attire, nor Joseph's simple weed.
This stable is a Prince's court, the crib His chair of state:
The beasts are parcel of His pomp, the wooden dish His plate.
The persons in that poor attire, His royal liveries wear,
The Prince Himself is come from heaven, this pomp is prized there.
With joy approach, O Christian wight, do homage to thy King,
And highly prize this humble pomp, which He from heaven doth bring.

from George Wither's ***Juvenilia*** (1588-1667)

Lo, now is come the joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Eache roome with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry.

Old Christmas Carol

"Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbours together;
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather,"

from ***Poor Robin's Almanack***, 1684.

"Now trees their leafy hats do bare,
To reverence Winter's silver hair;
A handsome hostess, merry host,
A pot of ale now and a toast,
Tobacco and a good coal fire,
Are things this season doth require."

from ***Hamlet***, by William Shakespeare

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

From the choral poem, ***In the Holy Nativity of Our Lord***, by Richard Crashaw (1613-1649)

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young Dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from Their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee; and we blessed the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Welcome, all Wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span.
Summer to winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man.
Great little One! Whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves.
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves;
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

Moonless Darkness Stands Between, by Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J.

Moonless darkness stands between.
Past, the Past, no more be seen!
But the Bethlehem-star may lead me
To the sight of Him Who freed me
From the self that I have been.
Make me pure, Lord: Thou art holy;
Make me meek, Lord: Thou wert lowly;
Now beginning, and alway:
Now begin, on Christmas day

Christmas Cheer, by Thomas Tusser (1524-1580)

Good husband and housewife, now chiefly be glad,
Things handsome to have, as they ought to be had.
They both do provide, against Christmas do come,
To welcome their neighbors, good cheer to have some.

Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall,
Brawn, pudding, and souse, and good mustard withal.
Beef, mutton, and pork, and good pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well drest,
Cheese, apples and nuts, and good carols to hear,
As then in the country is counted good cheer.

What cost to good husband, is any of this?
Good household provision only it is:
Of other the like, I do leave out a many,
That costeth the husband never a penny.

The Three Kings, A Christmas Poem
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

(This would be a good poem for choral recitation by the class, or even the basis of a small skit by younger students.)

Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of the night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no King but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the grey of morn;
Yes, it stopped --it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone,
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

The Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna,
by Charles Wolfe (1791-1823)

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Lieutenant General Sir John Moore (1761-1809) defeated a French army at A Coruña in Spain but was mortally wounded during the battle. Like Lord Nelson, wounded at Trafalgar, he lived only long enough to know that the British had been victorious. As he lay dying, he saw one of his officers in the room, Charles Stanhope, and his last words were, “Remember me to your sister, Stanhope.” The French forces eventually took the town and the General who had been initially defeated ordered a funeral monument built on Moore’s burial site.

TO A POET A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE

by James Elroy Flecker

I who am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,
And statues and a bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
And prayers to them who sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind
That falls at eve our fancies blow,
And old Mæonides the blind
Said it three thousand years ago.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.

Wonder, by Thomas Traherne (1637-1674)

How like an angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among his works I did appear
O how their glory me did crown!
The world resembled his eternity,
In which my soul did walk;
And ev'ry thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air;
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all his glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine;
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were conceal'd,
Oppressions tears and cries,
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes
Were hid, and only things reveal'd
Which heav'nly spirits, and the angels prize.
The state of innocence
And bliss, not trades and poverties,
Did fill my sense.

The streets were pav'd with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine,
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones,
In joy and beauty they appear'd to me,
And every thing which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorn'd the ground.

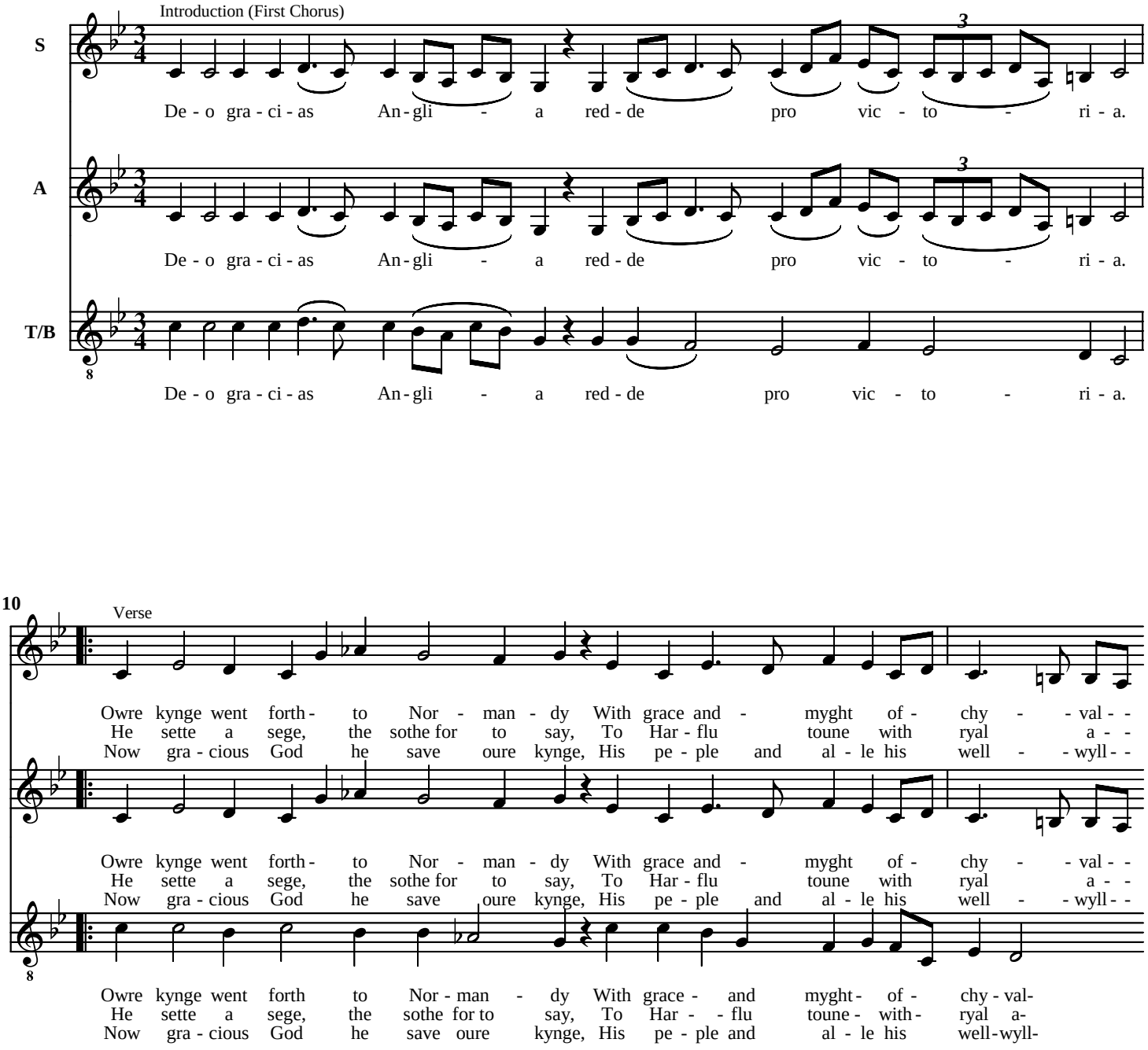
Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In ev'ry place was seen;
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great wonders cloth'd with glory did appear,
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth was ev'ry where:
No joy to this!

Curs'd and devis'd proprieties,
With envy, avarice
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes,
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
I dream'd not aught of those,
But wander'd over all men's grounds,
And found repose.

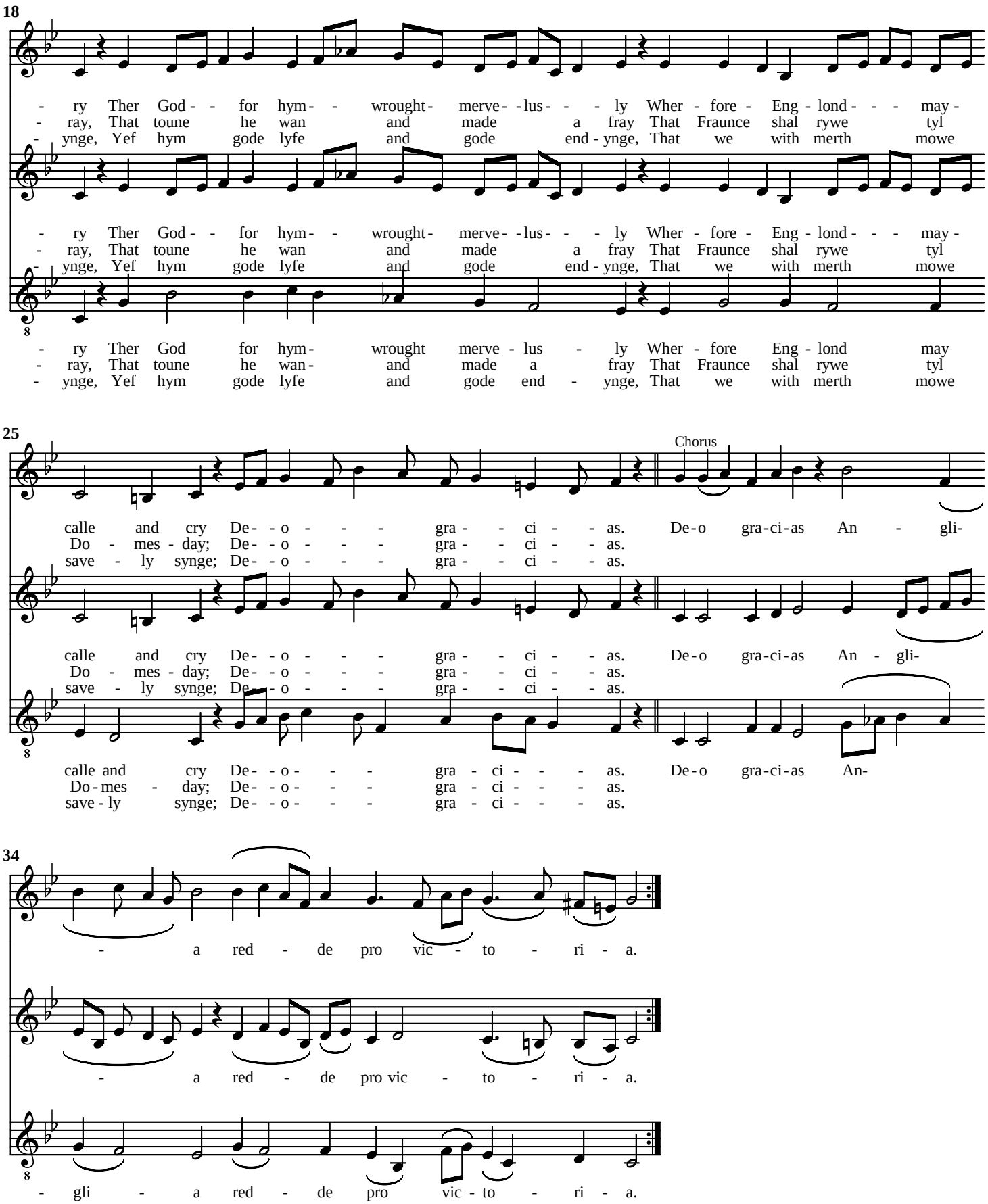
Proprieties themselves were mine,
And hedges ornaments;
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteem'd
My joys by others worn:
For me they all to wear them seem'd
When I was born.

Agincourt Carol

Anonymous (15th Century)



Edited by Aaron Pavao


18
- ry Ther God - for hym - wrought - merve - lus - ly Wher - fore - Eng - lond - may -
- ray, That toune he wan and made a fray That Fraunce shal rywe tyl
- ynge, Yef hym gode lyfe and gode end - ynge, That we with merth mowe
- ry Ther God - for hym - wrought - merve - lus - ly Wher - fore - Eng - lond - may -
- ray, That toune he wan and made a fray That Fraunce shal rywe tyl
- ynge, Yef hym gode lyfe and gode end - ynge, That we with merth mowe
- ry Ther God for hym - wrought merve - lus - ly Wher - fore Eng - lond may
- ray, That toune he wan - and made a fray That Fraunce shal rywe tyl
- ynge, Yef hym gode lyfe and gode end - ynge, That we with merth mowe
25
Chorus
calle and cry De - - o - - - gra - - ci - - as. De-o gra-ci-as An - gli-
Do - mes - day; De - - o - - - gra - - ci - - as.
save - ly synge; De - - o - - - gra - - ci - - as.
calle and cry De - - o - - - gra - - ci - - as. De-o gra-ci-as An - gli-
Do - mes - day; De - - o - - - gra - - ci - - as.
save - ly synge; De - - o - - - gra - - ci - - as.
calle and cry De - - o - - - gra - ci - - - as. De-o gra-ci-as An-
Do-mes - day; De - - o - - - gra - ci - - - as.
save - ly synge; De - - o - - - gra - ci - - - as.
34
- a red - de pro vic - to - ri - a.
- a red - de pro vic - to - ri - a.
- gli - a red - de pro vic - to - ri - a.

Play 38, The Resurrection

by: Clifford Davidson (Editor)
from: The York Corpus Christi Plays 2011

The Carpenters

PILATUS Lordingis, listenys nowe unto me:
I comaunde you in ilke degré — *each rank*
Als domesman chiffe in this contré — *judge chief; country*
For counsaill kende, — *known*
Atte my bidding you awe to be — *ought*
And baynly bende. — *without delay oblige*

And Sir Cayphas, chiffe of clergye,
Of youre counsaill late here in hye, — *quickly*
By oure assente sen we dyd dye — *cause to die*
Jesus this day,
That we mayntayne and stande therby
That werke allway.

CAYPHAS Yis, sir, that dede schall we mayntayne;
By lawe it was done all bedene, — *accordingly*
Ye wotte youreselve, withouten wene, — *a doubt*
Als wele as we.
His sawes are nowe uppon hym sene, — *(i.e., come back upon him)*
And ay schall be.

ANNA The pepull, sirs, in this same steede, — *place*
Before you saide with a hole hede — *(i.e., without any dissent)*
That he was worthy to be dede
And therto sware.
Sen all was rewlid by rightis rede, — *reason*
Nevyn it no more. — *Say*

PILATUS To nevyn me thinketh it nedfull thyng. — *speak*
Sen he was hadde to beriyng — *burying*
Herde we nowthir of olde ne ying — *neither*
Thithynges betwene.

CAYPHAS Centurio, sir, will bringe thidings
Of all bedene.

We lefte hym there for man moste wise;
If any rebelles wolde ought rise

Oure rightwise dome for to dispise
Or it offende,
To sese thame till the nexte assise — *seize; court session*
And than make ende.

CENTURIO A, blissed Lorde, Adonay,
What may thes mervayles signifie
That her was schewed so oppinly
Unto oure sight,
This day whanne that the man gune dye — *did*
That Jesus highte? — *was named*

Itt is a misty thyng to mene; — *portent; mention*
So selcouth a sight was nevere sene — *wondrous*
That oure princes and prestis bedene — *forthwith*
Of this affray
I woll go weten withouten wene, — *reveal; doubt*
What thei can saye.

God save you, sirs, on ilke a side,
Worschippe and welthe in worldis wide.
With mekill mirthe myght ye abide
Boght day and nyght. — *Both*

PILATUS Centurio, welcome this tide,
Oure comely knyght.

Ye have bene miste us here among. — *missed*

CENTURIO God giffe you grace grathely to gang. — *worthily to go*

PILATUS Centurio, oure frende full lang, — *long*
What is your will?

CENTURIO I drede me that ye have done wrang
And wondir ill.

CAYPHAS Wondir ill, I pray thee, why?
Declare it to this company.

CENTURIO So schall I, sirs, telle you trewly
Withowten trayne. — *deception*
The rightwise mane thanne mene I by — *just man; mean*
That ye have slayne.

PILATUS Centurio, sesse of such sawe. — *cease; words*

Thou arte a lered man in the lawe, *learned*
And if we schulde any witnes drawe
Us to excuse,
To mayntayne us evermore thee awe, *ought*
And noght reffuse. *refuse*

CENTURIO To mayntayne trouthe is wele worthi. *truth*
I saide you, whanne I sawe hym dy,
That he was Goddis Sone almyghty
That hangeth thore.
Yitt saie I soo, and stande therby
For evermore.

CAYPHAS Ya, sir, such reasouns may ye rewe; *rue*
Ye schulde noght neveyn such note enewe, *say (raise); matter anew*
But ye couthe any tokenyngis trewe *signs*
Unto us tell.

CENTURIO Such woundirfull cas nevere yitt ye knewe
As now befell.

ANNA We praye thee telle us of what thyng.

CENTURIO All elementis, both olde and ying,
In ther maneres thai made mornyng *ways; lamenting*
In ilke a stede,
And knewe be countenaunce that ther Kyng
Was done to dede.

The sonne for woo he waxed all wanne, *dark*
The mone and sterres of schynyng blanne, *stopped*
The erthe tremeled, and also manne
Began to speke;
The stones that never was stered or thanne *moved ere then*
Gune asondir breke, *Did*

And dede men rose, both grete and small.

PILATUS Centurio, beware withall,
Ye wote oure clerkis the clipsis thei call *eclipse*
Such sodayne sight, *sudden*
Both sonne and mone that sesoune schall *season*
Lak of ther light.

CAYPHAS Ya, and if dede men rose bodily,
That myght be done thurgh socery; *sorcery*

Therfore we sette nothyng therby
To be abaiste. *abashed*

CENTURIO All that I tell for trewthe schall I
Evermore traste. *trust*

In this ilke werke that ye did wirke
Nought allone the sonne was mirke,
But howe youre vaile raffe in youre kirke, *veil was rent asunder; church*
That witte I wolde.

PILATUS Swilke tales full sone will make us irke *angry*
And thei be talde. *If; told*

ANNA Centurio, such speche withdrawe;
Of all thes wordes we have none awe. *no respect*

CENTURIO Nowe sen ye sette noght be my sawe,
Sirs, have gode day.
God graunte you grace that ye may knawe
The soth alway. *truth*

ANNA Withdrawe thee faste, sen thou thee dredis, *you are afraid*
For we schall wele mayntayne oure dedis.

PILATUS Such wondir reasouns as he redis *wondrous; tells*
Was nevere beforne.

CAIPHAS To neven this noote no more us nedis, *speak of; matter; need*
Nowthere even ne morne. *evening*

Therfore loke no manne make ille chere;
All this doyng may do no dere, *harm*
But to beware yitt of more were *suspicion*
That folke may fele,
We praye you, sirs, of these sawes sere
Avise you wele. *Advise*

And to this tale takes hede in hye, *quickly*
For Jesu saide even opynly
A thyng that greves all this Jury, *Jewry*
And righte so may:
That he schulde rise uppe bodily
Within the thirde day.

And be it so, als motte I spede,

His lattar deede is more to drede
Than is the firste, if we take hede
Or tente therto. *attend*
To nevyn this noote methynke moste nede *mention; matter*
And beste to do.

ANNA Ya, sir, if all that he saide soo,
He has no myght to rise and goo
But if his menne stele hym us froo *steal*
And bere away. *bear [him]*
That were tille us and other moo
A foule fraye, *disturbance*

For thanne wolde thei saie, evere ilkone,
That he roose by hymselffe allone;
Therfore latte hym be kepte anone *let; anon*
With knyghtes hende *worthy*
Unto thre daies be comen and gone
And broght till ende.

PILATUS In certayne, sirs, right wele ye saie,
For this ilke poynte nowe to purvaye *arrange*
I schall ordayne if I may.
He schall not ryse,
Nor none schalle wynne hym thens away
On nokyns wise. *In no wise*

Sir knyghtis, that are in dedis dowty, *deeds bold*
Chosen for chiffe of chevalrye,
As we ay in youre force affie *always; trust*
Bothe day and nyght,
Wendis and kepis Jesu body
With all youre myghte.

And for thyng that evere be maye
Kepis hym wele to the thirde day
And latis no man takis hym away *let*
Oute of that stede; *place (grave)*
For and thei do, suthly I saie,
Ye schall be dede.

I MILES Lordingis, we saie you for certayne,
We schall kepe hym with myghtis and mayne;
Ther schall no traitoures with no trayne *trickery*
Stele hym us froo.
Sir knyghtis, takis gere that moste may gayne *equipment; be helpful*

And lates us goo.

II MILES Yis, certis, we are all redy bowne, *bound (prepared)*
We schall hym kepe till oure rennowne. *for our reputation*
On ilke a side latte us sitte doune
Nowe all in fere, *all together*
And sone we schall crake his croune
Whoso comes here.

Tunc Jhesu resurgente. *Then Jesus being risen;*

Tunc angelus cantat Resurgens. *Then the angel sings "[Christ] is arisen"*

I MARIA Allas, to dede I wolde be dight,
So woo in werke was nevere wight; *[experienced by] a person*
Mi sorowe is all for that sight
That I gune see, *have seen*
Howe Criste my maistir, moste of myght,
Is dede fro me.

Allas, that I schulde se his pyne, *pain*
Or yit that I his liffe schulde tyne; *suffer (the loss of)*
Of ilke a myscheve he is medicyne
And bote of all, *remedy*
Helpe and halde to ilke a hyne *hold (support); person*
That hym on wolde call.

II MARIA Allas, who schall my balis bete *sorrows lessen*
Whanne I thynke on his woundes wete?
Jesu, that was of love so swete
And nevere did ill,
Es dede and graven under the grete *buried; earth*
Withouten skill.

III MARIA Withowten skill the Jewes ilkone
That lovely Lorde has newly slayne,
And trespasse did he nevere none
In nokyn steede. *(i.e., anywhere)*
To whome nowe schall I make my mone
Sen he is dede?

I MARIA Sen he is dede, my sisteres dere,
Wende we will on mylde manere
With oure anoynementis faire and clere
That we have broght
To noynte his wondis on sides sere

That Jewes hym wroght.

II MARIA Goo we same my sisteres free. *together*
Full faire us longis his corse to see, *we desire; body*
But I wotte noght howe beste may be,
Helpe have we none.
And who schall nowe here of us thre
Remove the stone?

III MARIA That do we noght but we wer moo,
For it is huge and hevy also.

I MARIA Sistirs, a yonge childe as we goo
Makand mornyng, *Making mourning*
I see it sitte wher we wende to
In white clothyng.

II MARIA Sistirs, sertis, it is noght to hide:
The hevy stone is putte beside.

III MARIA Sertis, for thyng that may betyde *for whatever*
Nere will we wende,
To layte that luffely and with hym bide *seek; loved one*
That was oure frende.

ANGELUS Ye mournand women in youre thought,
Here in this place whome have ye sought?

I MARIA Jesu, that to dede is brought,
Oure Lorde so free.

ANGELUS Women, certayne here is he noght,
Come nere and see.

He is noght here, the soth to saie,
The place is voide that he in laye.
The sudary here se ye may
Was on hym laide.
He is resen and wente his way, *risen*
As he you saide.

Even as he saide so done has hee:
He is resen thurgh grete poostee. *power*
He schall be foune in Galilé *found*
In flesshe and fell. *(i.e., physically present)*
To his discipilis nowe wende ye

And thus thame tell.

I MARIA Mi sisteres dere, sen it is soo
That he is resen dede thus froo
As the aungell tolde me and yow too,
Oure Lorde so fre,
Hens will I never goo
Or I hym see. *Ere*

II MARIA Marie, us thare no lenger lende, *[need] there; stay*
To Galilé nowe late us wende.

I MARIA Nought tille I see that faithfull frende,
Mi Lorde and leche; *healer*
Therfore all this, my sisteres hende, *gracious*
That ye forth preche.

III MARIA As we have herde, so schall we saie,
Marie oure sistir, have goode daye.

I MARIA Nowe, verray God as he wele maye,
Man moste of myght,
He wisse you, sisteres, wele in youre waye *direct*
And rewle you right.

Allas, what schall nowe worthe on me?
Mi kaytiffe herte will breke in three *miserable (unhappy) heart*
Whenne I thynke on that body free
How it was spilte.
Both feete and handes nayled tille a tre
Withouten gilte. *guilt*

Withouten gilte the trewe was tane, *true one; taken*
For trespas did he nevere none.
The woundes he suffered many one
Was for my misse. *sins*
It was my dede he was for slayne *deed*
And nothyng his.

How might I but I loved that swete,
That for my love tholed woundes wete *suffered*
And sithen be graven undir the grete, *buried; earth*
Such kyndnes kithe? *revealed*
There is nothing to that we mete *except that; meet*
May make me blithe. *happy*

I MILES What, oute allas! What schall I saie?
Where is the corse that herein laye? *body*

II MILES What ayles thee, man? Is he awaye
That we schulde tent? *attend*

I MILES Rise uppe and see.

II MILES Harrowe! For ay,
I telle us schente. *believe we are destroyed*

III MILES What devill is this, what aylis you twoo, *ails*
Such noyse and crye thus for to make too?

II MILES Why, is he gone?

III MILES Allas, whare is he that here laye?

IV MILES Whe, harrowe! Devill, whare is he away?

III MILES What, is he thusgatis fro us wente, *in this way*
That fals traitour that here was lente? *placed*
And we trewly here for to tente *watch*
Had undirtane.
Sekirlie, I telle us schente,
Holy ilkane. *Entirely*

I MILES Allas, what schall we do this day
That thus this warlowe is wente his waye? *warlock*
And savely, sirs, I dare wele saie *certainly*
He rose allone.

II MILES Witte Sir Pilate of this affraye, *[If] learns*
We mon be slone. *slain*

III MILES Why, canne none of us no bettir rede? *advise*

IV MILES Ther is not ellis, but we be dede. *otherwise*

II MILES Whanne that he stered oute of this steede *stirred*
None couthe it kenne. *could*

I MILES Allas, harde happe was on my hede,
Amonge all menne.

Fro Sir Pilate witte of this dede,

That we were slepande whanne he yede, *sleeping; went [away]*
He will forfette withouten drede
All that we have.

II MILES Us muste make lies, for that is nede
Oureselve to save.

III MILES Ya, that rede I wele, also motte I goo. *advise; go (prosper)*

IV MILES And I assente therto alsoo.

II MILES An hundereth, schall I saie, and moo *more*
Armed ilkone *each one*
Come and toke his corse us froo,
And us nere slayne.

I MILES Nay, certis, I halde there none so goode
As saie the soth even as it stoode:
Howe that he rose with mayne and mode *(i.e., supernatural power)*
And wente his way.
To Sir Pilate if he be wode, *even if; angered*
This dar I saie.

II MILES Why, dare thou to Sir Pilate goo
With thes tydingis and saie hym soo?

I MILES So rede I, if he us sloo *slay*
We dye but onys. *once*

III MILES Nowe, he that wrought us all this woo,
Woo worthe his bonys. *(i.e., Woe upon him)*

IV MILES Go we thanne, sir knyghtis hende,
Sen that we schall to Sir Pilate wende;
I trowe that we schall parte no frendes
Or that we passe. *Ere*

I MILES And I schall hym saie ilke worde tille ende,
Even as it was.

Sir Pilate, prince withouten pere,
Sir Cayphas and Anna in fere
And all ye lordyngis that are here
To neven by name, *identify*
God save you all, on sidis sere,
Fro synne and schame.

PILATUS Ye are welcome, oure knyghtis kene,
Of mekill mirthe nowe may ye mene; *tell*
Therfore some tales telle us betwene
Howe ye have wroght.

I MILES Oure wakyng, lorde, withouten wene, *watching; doubt*
Is worthed to noght. *Comes to naught*

CAYPHAS To noght? Allas, sesse of such sawe. *cease; words*

II MILES The prophete Jesu that ye wele knawe
Is resen and gone, for all oure awe, *awe (fear)*
With mayne and myght.

PILATUS Therfore the devill hymselffe thee drawe,
Fals recrayed knyght. *recreant*

Combered cowardis I you call; *Encumbered (Miserable)*
Have ye latten hym goo fro you all? *allowed*

III MILES Sir, ther was none that did but small *little*
When that he yede. *went forth*

IV MILES We wer so ferde downe ganne we falle,
And dared for drede. *stupefied; fear*

ANNA Hadde ye no strenghe hym to gaynestande? *withstand*
Traitoures, ye myght have boune in bande *bound; bonds (ropes)*
Bothe hym and thame that ye ther fande *found*
And sessid thame sone. *seized*

I MILES That dede all erthely men levand
Myght noght have done.

II MILES We wer so radde ever ilkone *terrified*
Whanne that he putte beside the stone,
We wer so stonyed we durste stirre none *astonished*
And so abasshed.

PILATUS What, rose he by hymselfe allone?

I MILES Ya, sir, that be ye traste. *may you trust*

IV MILES We herde never sen we were borne,
Nor all oure faderes us beforne,

Suche melodie, mydday ne morne
As was made there.

CAYPHAS Allas, thanne is oure lawes lorne
For everemare.

II MILES What tyme he rose good tente I toke. *attention (heed)*
The erthe that tyme tremylled and quoke, *quaked*
All kyndely force than me forsoke *natural strength*
Tille he was gone.

III MILES I was aferde, I durste not loke,
Ne myght had none, *strength*

I myght not stande, so was I starke. *stiff (with fear)*

PILATUS Sir Cayphas, ye are a connyng clerke; *intelligent*
If we amysse have tane oure merke, *taken; mark (aim)*
I trowe same faile; *[we] together*
Therfore what schalle worthe nowe of this werke, *shall become*
Sais your counsaille?

CAYPHAS To saie the beste forsothe I schall,
That schall be prophete to us all; *profitable*
Yone knyghtis behoves there wordis agayne call *must; call back*
Howe he is miste.
We nolde for thyng that myght befall *would not*
That no man wiste. *knows*

ANNA Now, Sir Pilate, sen that it is soo
That he is resynne dede us froo, *risen*
Comaundis youre knyghtis to saie wher thei goo
That he was tane
With twenty thousand men and mo, *more*
And thame nere slayne. *nearly slain*

And therto of oure tresorie *treasury*
Giffe to thame a rewarde forthy.

PILATUS Nowe of this purpose wele plesed am I,
And forther thus;
Sir knyghtis, that are in dedis dowty, *bold*
Takes tente to us,

And herkenes what that ye schall saie *harken*
To ilke a man both nyght and daye,

That ten thousand men in goode araye
Come you untill,
With forse of armys bare hym awaye *arms*
Agaynst your will.

Thus schall ye saie in ilke a lande,
And therto on that same comenaunde *agreement*
A thousande pounde have in youre hande
To your rewarde;
And frenschippe, sirs, ye undirstande
Schall not be spared.

CAIPHAS Ilkone youre state we schall amende,
And loke ye saie as we you kende. *we instructed you*

I MILES In what contré so ye us sende,
Be nyght or daye,
Wherso we come, wherso we wende,
So schall we saie.

PILATUS Ya, and whereso ye tarie in ilke contré,
Of oure doyng in no degré
Dois that no manne the wiser be, *Allow*
Ne freyne beforne, *ask*
Ne of the sight that ye gonne see *have seen*
Nevynnes it nowthere even ne morne. *Speak*

For we schall mayntayne you alwaye,
And to the pepull schall we saie
It is gretely agaynste oure lay *law*
To trowe such thing. *believe*
So schall thei deme, both nyght and day,
All is lesyng. *lying*

Thus schall the sothe be bought and solde,
And treasoune schall for trewthe be tolde.
Therfore ay in youre hartis ye holde
This counsaile clene,
And fares nowe wele, both yonge and olde,
Haly bedene. *Wholly indeed*

Play 38, *THE RESURRECTION*: EXPLANATORY NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS: ***AV***: *Authorized ("King James") Version*; ***Meditations***: *Meditations on the Life of Christ*, trans. Ragusa and Green; ***MED***: *Middle English Dictionary*; ***OED***: *Oxford English Dictionary*; **RB**: Richard Beadle, ed., *York Plays*; ***REED***: *Records of Early English Drama*; ***YA***: Davidson and O'Connor, *York Art*; ***York Breviary***: *Breviarium ad usum insignis ecclesie Eboracensis*; ***York Missal***: *Missale ad usum insignis ecclesiae Eboracensis*.

References to the ***Ordo paginarum*** are to *REED: York*, 1:16–27.

The York pageant, mounted by the Carpenters who are known to have supported their own religious guild devoted to the Resurrection,[1] incorporates material typically associated with the liturgical *Visitato Sepulchri* but embeds it in the story of the four knights chosen by Pilate to guard the sepulcher. Their narrative may be read elsewhere, as, for example, in the *Northern Passion*, and they emerge as nearly necessary depictions on representations of the Resurrection.[2] There is a strong connection in this pageant with image devotion, with a focus on seeing the rising of Jesus out of the tomb to the accompaniment of liturgical music, identified by Rastall as *Christus resurgens*, shared with the York *Elevatio* ceremony performed on Easter morning.[3] The Harleian text of the *Northern Passion* indicates that anyone who "heres or redes" (line 20) the narrative will be given Christ's blessing and a hundred days of pardon in Purgatory granted by Pope Innocent,[4] and one would imagine that a similar blessing could likely have been expected from seeing and hearing the story as staged at Corpus Christi. At some point a copy of the York *Resurrection* was borrowed by a compiler of the Towneley collection, formerly thought to be the Wakefield cycle, and the two texts even share, as Beadle has noticed, a corrupt passage (York, lines 294–98; Towneley, lines 452–58).[5] The Towneley version, which was derived from an independent copy of the play that is now lost, confirms the expected character designations for the Marys, with the first being Mary Magdalen, the second Mary the mother of James, and the third Mary Salome, and it also provides some readings that correct mistakes by the scribe who entered the play into the York Register. The York *Resurrection*, which in some ways is the climax of the York cycle, uses a six-line stanza.

1–36 The high priests have gone to Pilate and argue with him about the Crucifixion, which they claim was justified and reasonable. The Centurion will, however, contradict their assertions about its justice and even insist that Jesus "was Goddis Sone almyghty" (line 75).

86–97 In answer to Caiphas' request for some "tokenyngis trewe" (line 81), the Centurion rehearses a list of remarkable signs, including an eclipse, that occurred at the Crucifixion. These are based on Matthew 27:51–54, and represent something "outside nature" that will be accepted as such by the audience (see Twycross, "Playing 'The Resurrection,'" p. 279). Lines 93–94 are confused but refer to the arising of men from their graves in Matthew 27:52–53. Pilate, however, will dismiss the eclipse as a natural phenomenon (line 99), but more ominously Caiphas renews his charge of sorcery, for that is the only way he believes dead men could rise and walk (lines 103–04).

123–24 *Such wondir reasouns as he redis / Was nevere beforne*. Sharply distinguishing the York Pilate from the more hostile high priests. Thereafter Caiphas and Anna will launch into a

rehearsal of their charges, now including their fear that Jesus' body will be stolen from the grave (lines 147–48). Pilate agrees to guard the tomb and will appoint soldiers to do so.

183 *On ilke a side latte us sitte doune*. Embedded stage direction. The soldiers have arrived at the tomb and are taking their places at its four corners. They will sit, a convenient posture from which to show them sleeping. They are sometimes shown thus in iconography, and not infrequently take their places in niches in the tomb.

186 s.d. *Tunc Jhesu resurgente*. Rastall points out that this stage direction, by the main scribe, refers ahead to the speech by the first Mary as "warning her not to speak until Christ has risen from the tomb and left the playing area" (*Minstrels Playing*, p. 9n14). The silence of Jesus is striking when, if the usual iconography is maintained, he steps out of the coffer tomb, perhaps onto the back of one of the sleeping soldiers. As Sheingorn notes, this involved "a significant change in content from the Latin plays" and "underscored the theme of triumph which is an inseparable part of the celebration" ("Moment of the Resurrection," p. 111). For further discussion, see C. Davidson, "Memory, the Resurrection, and Early Drama," pp. 3–37, and Twycross, "Playing 'The Resurrection'." Whether Jesus' rising is accompanied by a "gret erthe dyn" or earthquake as the angel descends to roll back the stone (see Matthew 28:2, and the *Pepysian Gospel Harmony*, p. 102) we do not know, but it was feasible and would have been a stunning introduction to the action and the singing of the angel. The Coventry plays are known to have had a "baryll for the yerthe quake" (*REED: Coventry*, p. 474), but not for the Resurrection pageant.
Tunc angelus cantat Resurgens. This is added in a later hand, but likely represents long-standing practice. As noted above, the item must be *Christus resurgens*, of which several possibilities are available, the most likely of which is perhaps the antiphon (see Rastall, *Minstrels Playing*, pp. 35–36). Dutka translates: "Christ having risen from the dead dies now no more: death shall have no more dominion over him. [For the life he lives, he lives with God. Alleluia, Alleluia]" (*Music*, p. 115). The first soldier, who has heard the singing in his sleep, will report that they "herde never sen we were borne / . . . Suche melodie" (lines 384–86). The angel traditionally wears an alb, taking the description in Mark 16:5 of a white garment as a prescription. The *Pepysian Gospel Harmony* describes the angel as wearing "clothes als white as snow" and having a "visage als rede as fyre" (p. 102).

187 *Allas, to dede I wolde be dight*. Beginning the laments of the Marys, leading up to their discovery at the tomb.

195–96 *he is medicyne / And bote of all*. Still the first Mary refers to Jesus as "medicyne," a medical solution to the problems of guilt and despair; see 1 Peter 2:24, which asserts, referring to Jesus' Passion and suffering on the cross, "by whose stripes you were healed." The actor playing Jesus who has just been seen by the audience will still seem to bear the wounds of his suffering, perhaps still wet, as the second Mary remembers them in the next speech.

203 *graven under the grete*. The grave, however, is almost certainly a coffer tomb, not one that is sunk into the ground.

213 *anoynementis faire and clere*. Mary I, identified in Towneley as Mary Magdalen,

traditionally would have carried a jar containing ointment and spices, iconography in part conflating her (incorrectly) with the reformed prostitute who anointed Jesus' feet in the house of Simon — an act which, as we have seen, plays a role in Judas' plot to kill his Master (see Play 36, lines 129–54).

230 *The hevy stone is putte aside*. Suggesting the cover of the coffer tomb usually seen in depictions in the visual arts (see *YA*, pp. 91–92) rather than the stone which requires rolling away in Mark 16:3 and Luke 24:2, nor is it a tomb that can be entered, as in John 20:5 and in some liturgical dramas (see especially Ogden, "*Visitatio Sepulchri*: Public Enactment and Hidden Rite").

235–40 *Ye mournand women . . . . / Here in this place whome have ye sought? . . . Come nere and see*. Compare the *Quem queritis* exchange in the liturgical Easter play, the *Visitatio sepulchri*, of which, however, there is no evidence in York service books.

243 *The sudary*. Love explains that the sudary was the head wrap that Jesus wore at his burial, but also indicates that the other "clothes that he was wrapped inne" were found (*Mirror*, p. 198). The grave clothes were presented as a prime piece of evidence of the Resurrection here as in such liturgical dramas as the well-known Fleury *Visitatio* (Young, *Drama of the Medieval Church*, 1:394–95). The sudary will be shown to the audience. While Twycross suggests that the effect, in contrast with the liturgical drama, is "curiously distant" ("Playing 'The Resurrection,'" p. 293), we can hardly be sure that this was the case. It is not a relic like the Turin shroud, but it *represents* the actual cloth in which Jesus was buried and hence is likely to have had a devotional role in the drama.

260 *To Galilé nowe late us wende*. Mary II and Mary III go to inform the disciples of what they have seen.

267–88 Mary I's lament, continued after the departure of the other Marys. This is made all the more urgent when it is remembered that this is Mary Magdalen, who is represented as the repentant "Sinner" and that this is a saint with whom personal identification was often very strong among some members of the audience. She is the woman who had a special love for Jesus, a point that is exploited tastelessly in the twentieth-century musical *Jesus Christ Superstar*. When she completes her lament, she must leave the stage, and just then the soldiers, who have been sleeping throughout the previous scene, rouse themselves to find that Jesus is gone from the grave.

310–11 *Witte Sir Pilate of this affraye, / We mon be slone*. While being witnesses to the Resurrection (note especially line 293a: "Rise uppe and see"), the soldiers are primarily motivated by their fear of being executed for dereliction of duty, here presented as a capital crime. At first they consider lying, but then resolve to tell the truth — that is, that it was a supernatural event; see line 332.

339 *We dye but onys*. Proverbial. See Whiting and Whiting, *Proverbs*, D243.

348ff. The soldiers, now back at Pilate's court, will try to explain their failure. Caiphas and

Anna, who are also present, recognize the importance of the event but of course misunderstand its essential character. They will make suggestions for what, in the current jargon, will be a "cover-up." The knights will be bribed to remain quiet about the event. In Gréban's *Passion* the soldiers insist on a large payment "because they are selling something very rare and precious: Truth" (Muir, *Biblical Drama*, p. 140).

450–51 *Thus schall the sothe be bought and solde, / And treasoune schall for trewthe be tolde*. Pilate emerges as a politician, one more interested in himself and in public relations affecting him, than in the truth. These words are followed by a mock benediction in which the audience is urged to hold this advice "ay in youre hartis," a lesson quite at variance with the meaning of the Resurrection that the audience has just seen in representation.

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ NOUNS; PREPOSITIONS; ADVERBS

Spend the first four or five weeks reviewing nouns, filling in gaps and reviewing based on parsing practice in class with words from the weekly sentences. Spend time especially on the difficult notions of apposition, absolute uses, predicate objective, adverbial objective, pp. 33-36. Use primarily the sentences suggested each week, but the example sentences within the Classical Grammar lesson and the Exercises on pages 34, 36, 40 and 44 may provide extra illustration, at your discretion. The Exercises for the various parts of speech in the Preface could also useful for review.

Focus on prepositions around weeks five and six, pointing out that prepositions govern an object, allow the object to be incorporated into the sentence and related to other elements of the sentence. It is important that students see prepositional phrases as modifiers, with a force of meaning beyond the meaning of the preposition by itself. Sentences for General Exercise, p. 232, may be used for identification of phrases and for parsing. The teacher may take inspiration from §263.

In the last two or three weeks of this segment, review adverbs, especially through parsing of suggested sentences. Review the idea of class by use and class by meaning, and give a brief preview of conjunctive adverbs, §209, which will be considered more in detail when we study noun clauses intensively, midway through the year.

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ VERBS

Spend the first eight weeks reviewing the form and use of verbs, especially through parsing words from the suggested sentences. The exercises p. 126 provide additional sentences with a good variety of verbs to be parsed, as needed. The exercises p. 129, 136, 138, and 162-163 may also provide good material. You may wish to follow the directions given or else use these exercises as you see fit.

The purpose of these weeks is to ensure that the basic notions are in place; you will continue to parse verbs throughout the year so there is no need for understanding to be perfect, but later lessons will incorporate more and more difficult notions.

ANALYSIS ~ PREPOSITIONAL PHRASES; ADVERBIAL CLAUSES

Focus on classifying prepositional phrases. You may find §263 useful for your own overall view of grammar. Use the suggested sentences each week.

Review adverbial clauses, using suggested sentences and §281, discussing in particular the more nuanced ideas of concession, condition, degree, result. Concession is a new notion; see pages 217 and 283.

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ PRONOUNS; ADJECTIVES

Weeks nine through thirteen, review pronouns. Remind the children of the various classes of pronouns, spending extra time emphasizing notions which were only introduced briefly in 7th grade: personal pronouns, especially compound personal (or reflexive, §66); interrogative pronouns (§67-71); relative pronouns, especially double and indefinite (§84-88); adjective pronouns, especially reciprocal distributive ("each other," §102); indefinite pronouns (§104). The Exercises after each of these sections would give useful practice.

Weeks fourteen and fifteen, review adjectives. Remind children of the various classes, and emphasize especially pronominal adjectives: simple or indefinite relative, interrogative, and exclamatory (§120).

N.B. Avoid analyzing any of the above pronouns or adjectives as introducers to noun clauses. The only noun clauses studied should be those introduced by the subordinate conjunction "that," really or understood.

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ PARTICIPLES

Review participles throughout these weeks, presenting all forms and both voices (§179-181). Practice parsing examples in suggested sentences. The Exercise after §181 may also be useful for occasional practice. Participles have the power to attribute action to a substantive and they have a power to describe it. In a given sentence, they do one or the other. The following chart should help. (We indicate a parsing order for simplicity; CG2 allows more than one.) Participles are a challenging topic and the keys will contain further indications.

Parsing of participles: ***participle, voice*** *[active or passive],* ***form*** *[imperfect, perfect, perfect definite],* ***belongs to the*** *[part of speech] "___"*	Participles attribute action only; they are said to *belong* to a substantive rather than to *modify* it, as they do not really express any quality inherent to the thing.	"*He lifted his hands to his head,* **trying** *to steady himself, that he might think*." (from the Exercises after §191) "Trying" is not a quality of the subject but expresses an action in connection with it.
Parsing of participial adjectives: ***participle, voice*** *[active or passive],* ***form*** *[imperfect, perfect, perfect definite],* ***adjective, descriptive, degree of comparison, modifies*** *[or* ***predicated of****..."]* ***the*** *[part of speech] "___"*	Participial adjectives are truly verbals by their form and origin and have some verbal force, but they are used like adjectives, to name some quality inherent to a thing. They are often in the attributive or predicate position.	"*May each stone in this* **vaulted** *roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!*" (from the Excercises after §191) "Vaulted" is a verb form and does express action once received (passive voice), but it also names a definite shape inherent to the roof.
Fossil/faded participles have lost all verbal force and are simply adjectives. "*Sleep is a* ***blessed*** *thing*." §117.4b		
See §152 for help distinguishing participles as complements from participles as parts of verbs.		

N.B. It is possible in English for participles or participial phrases legitimately to act as adverbs. You may wish to avoid examples of this kind for the sake of simplicity; we will try to point them out in the keys.

ANALYSIS ~ PARTICIPIAL PHRASES; ADJECTIVE CLAUSES

Throughout these weeks, review participial phrases, especially independent use (§270[6], §271[4], §272[4]; also §29[4c] and §63[5]).

At the same time, study subordinate adjective clauses (§280), especially those introduced by a subordinate conjunction. There is an example in §219[2], but the suggested sentences will also provide practice.

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ CONJUNCTIONS & INTERJECTIONS

Review the **classes of conjunctions** (coordinate, subordinate, §217), and their subclasses.

Point out that **coordinate conjunctions are divided by subclass according to their meaning**, showing simple addition (*copulative*), or opposition (*adversative*), or some idea of reason or cause (*causal*), or else of a choice or possibility between two things (*alternative*). Coordinate conjunctions therefore contain meaning, yet they are not subordinating one element to another but joining them as of equal rank. (It may sometimes seem difficult to discern *causal* coordinate conjunctions joining independent clauses, from *causal* subordinate conjunctions, introducing adverbial clauses of cause or reason.) See §217, with the sentences and suggested Exercises providing illustration and practice, as needed.

Subordinate conjunction subclasses (§219-221) are not all distinguished based on the same aspect, but the list in §220 and parsing examples should help to clarify. Most conjunctions may be subdivided based on their intrinsic meaning. If a conjunction which may have several meanings ("as" for example) is used to introduce an adverbial clauses, give its subclass based on the adverb class of the clause ("comparison," "degree," "time...") (see §281). Subordinate conjunctions used to introduce adjectival clauses and some noun clauses are subdivided merely based on their own meaning (§219, ex. 2 or 3; see also §280, ex. 2). However, some subordinate conjunctions have no real or significant meaning value when they are introducing a noun clause, and these are subclassified as "substantive," based merely on the nature of the clause they introduce: "if," "that," or "whether," introducing noun clauses, have no significant meaning value in themselves.

The sentences in the Exercises following §220 and §221 may provide illustration and occasional practice.

Correlative conjunctions are not a third class of conjunction, but are two words working together to perform the office of a coordinate or a subordinate conjunction. See §222 and §209(2). The analysis of the elements so joined, and the parsing of these conjunctions, will be illustrated especially in the keys.

Interjections are words which merely express some emotion ("Ha!" "Ow!"); often their meaning cannot be understood without considering the whole sentence. They are not to be confused with imperative words, nous used independently, or adverbs, which are real parts of speech and do have intrinsic meaning ("Help!" "Mother!" "Indeed!"). (§238)

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ GERUNDS

Review **gerunds** (§186-188), emphasizing form and voice. A gerund may be a subject or a direct object, but may also be a complement, an appositive, or an object of a preposition.

Notice that there is no such thing as a gerund phrase, even though a gerund may govern its own object.

Gerunds may be modified by adverbs or by adjectives, because they partake of the nature of a noun and a verb.

The Exercise after §188 may be useful, and §189 with the Exercise following may also help cement the differences between the various *-ing* words which the students have studied. The key for each week will provide examples to help distinguish and parse gerunds and other *-ing* words.

ANALYSIS ~ NOUN CLAUSES

Review **subordinate noun clauses** introduced by the subordinate conjunctions "that," "whether" and "if." The students should be familiar with these already, but we would like to solidify this basic structure before introducing noun clauses without conjunctions or noun clauses introduced by some other subordinate conjunction or by certain pronouns or adjectives.

Examples may be culled from §277-279, and will be provided in the key.

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ INTERROGATIVE PRONOUNS & INDEFINITE RELATIVE PRONOUNS; INTERROGATIVE ADJECTIVES & INDEFINITE RELATIVE ADJECTIVES

ANALYSIS ~ NOUN CLAUSES

The parts of speech lessons these weeks are closely tied to the analysis lessons.

Weeks 21-23, study interrogative pronouns, particularly in noun clauses (§67-75; §90-91; §277-279), as well as indefinite relative pronouns, which always introduce noun clauses (§86-88; §277-279).

The interrogative pronouns "who," "which," and "what" may introduce indirect questions, as in several of the Exercise sentences after §91. A pronoun is interrogative, and the clause an indirect question, if there is no antecedent mentioned, showing that a question is concealed in the sentence:

He demanded again of the unknown culprit what *he came there for, and* whom *he was seeking.*

Indefinite relative pronouns are those with no certain or definite antecedent at all, but a sense of "all things which," or "everything that," "anyone who." Many pronouns may be used indefinitely, as is clear from the sentences included in §86:

Whoso *is heroic will always find crises to try his edge.*
Only itself can inspire whom *it will.*
Take which *you please, – you cannot have both.*
Do what *we can, summer will have its flies.*

Point out that the double relative pronoun "what" may also introduce a noun clause.

What *we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, is some application of good sense to a common want.* (Sent. after §283: 21. See also 18 and 21.)

Weeks 24-26, study "what" and "which" used as indefinite relative adjectives (§120[1]) and as interrogative adjectives (§120[2]). These are subclasses of pronominal adjectives, because "what" and "which" are primarily pronouns but may be used to modify and so become adjectives. They may act as introductory words for noun clauses (§279). (Many of the indefinite relative pronouns may become adjectives, not only "which" and "what.")

His head looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which *way the wind blew.* (§279)
Whichever *way I turn, I find beauty.* (§121[1a])

The interrogative adjectives may introduce a direct or indirect question.

In the whirl of London life, what *man sees his neighbor, and* what *brother his sister?*

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ INFINITIVES

Review infinitives in adjective, adverbial, and independent phrases as well as in verbal use (§182-185). Emphasize form and voice; so far the children have focused mainly on the simple (or indefinite) form, but they should learn to recognize all forms, both voices. The Exercise after §185 would be useful, and the keys will also give examples.

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ CONJUNCTIVE ADVERBS

Study conjunctive adverbs in detail, in tandem with the analysis lesson below, on noun clauses introduced by conjunctive adverbs. What we call conjunctive adverbs are actually interrogative adverbs used in indirect questions (*when, where, why, how*, §209[1] and §279), or pairs of connecting words (often composed of an adverb and a subordinate conjunction, §209[2]). It is important not to apply the term "conjunctive adverb" too broadly, for example, to certain subordinate conjunctions (§220[1-3]).

Spend additional weeks in a general review of parts of speech.

PARTS OF SPEECH ~ INFINITIVES; IMPERATIVE MOOD

Weeks 27-28, continue studying infinitives.

Weeks 29-30, review and study the imperative mood, §156, including the 1st and 3rd person construction with "let...."

Spend additional weeks reviewing notions of verbs and verbals which may have been difficult for the students.

ANALYSIS ~ NOUN CLAUSES

Study subordinate noun clauses introduced by conjunctive adverbs.

Spend additional weeks studying all forms of clauses and phrases, but noun clauses in particular.

Steps for Logical Analysis of Sentences

nota bene: These guidelines, as well as the Grammatical Progression Chart, are intended as preliminary resources for teachers who are eager to implement the Classical Grammar series before its publication and have already led their students through Classical Grammar I. They are not intended to be definitive in every detail but will point teachers in the right direction and allow them already to align their students' grammar work with the Language Arts reform currently underway.
Teachers are encouraged to take from these guidelines what they are able to apply - even within the grammar system actually in use in their 5-8 classroom - but should be careful not to introduce notions which remain unclear to them, in order to avoid confusion for the students.

1. Copy the sentence.
2. Handling clauses:
   a. Underline the subjects once and the verbs twice for every clause.
   b. Write D.O. over the direct object of any verbs in the clauses.
   c. Draw a cross under coordinate conjunctions linking independent (or principal) clauses. Frame with a box all subordinate conjunctions, relative pronouns or other conjunctive elements introducing clauses.
   d. Put the clauses into brackets, nesting subordinate clauses within their principal clauses. Exclude from clause brackets coordinate conjunctions connecting independent (or principal) clauses. Include subordinate conjunctions or relative pronouns within clause brackets.
   e. Label each clause with a Roman numeral, above and slightly to the right of the opening bracket.
3. Handling phrases:
   a. Put the phrases into parentheses, nesting phrases which modify elements of another phrase.
   b. Label each phrase with a lowercase letter, above and slightly to the right of the opening parenthesis.
4. State the form (simple, complex, compound) and use (declarative, interrogative, imperative, exclamatory) of the entire sentence, and whether the compound sentence unites simple sentences, complex sentences, or simple and complex sentences.
5. Analyze the clauses and then the phrases in a chart specifying Nature, Form and Office of the clause or phrase, using the labels given in the sentence.
6. Diagram the sentence.
7. Parse any simple element within the sentence according to its parsing order.

I a II III b
[The posture (of her head) was high,] and [her body, [which was visibly informed (by an immortal
+
c D.O. IV
spirit,)] had (in its carriage) a large, a regal, an uplifted bearing [which turns common every other

V DO
sight [that has encountered me.]]

This is a compound declarative sentence, uniting a simple and a complex sentence.

Logical Analysis Chart

Clause	*Nature*	*Form*	*Office / Function*	
(I, II...)	Independent or Principal*	-	-	
	Subordinate Noun Clause	Introduced by...	subject of... object of... complement of... in apposition with... object of the preposition...	
	Subordinate Adjective Clause	Introduced by the relative pronoun... Introduced by the subordinate conjunction...	modifies the noun or pronoun...	
	Subordinate Adverbial Clause	Introduced by the subordinate conjunction... (*may less commonly be introduced by:* indefinite relative pronoun; indefinite relative adjective; conjunctive adverb...)	*[class:]* time place manner cause/reason degree/comparison purpose result condition concession (other ...)	modifies the verb or verbal, adjective, or adverb...

Phrase	*Nature*	*Form*	*Office / Function*	
(a, b, c...)	Adjective Phrase	Infinitive, Prepositional or Participial	modifies the noun...	
	Adverbial Phrase	Infinitive, Prepositional or Participial	*[class:]* time place manner cause/reason degree/comparison purpose result condition concession	modifies the verb, adjective or verbal...
	Independent Phrase	Infinitive, prepositional or participial, direct address, exclamatory	Absolute use; conjunctive use within context...	

* A principal clause is an independent clause which has one or more subordinate clauses dependent upon it.

ADVERB CLASS	DESCRIPTION	EXAMPLES
TIME	tells time of action: time when or within which an action takes place, the duration of time of an action; answers the questions "when?" "within what time frame?" "for how long?"	*He left* ***at the third hour*** *(time when); We shall leave* ***within three hours*** *(time within which); He toiled* ***throughout the years*** *(duration of time);* ***today, following the sermon, when he finishes his cereal,*** *etc.*
PLACE	tells place of action: the place where, the place from which, the place to which; answers the questions "where?" "from which?" "to which?"	*He is staying* ***in the city*** *(place where)****;*** *We are sailing* ***from the island*** *(place from which)****; They are coming to the town*** *(place to which);* ***here, over the hill, where the red fern grows, towards the sun,*** *etc.*
-Origin	answers the question "where or what did it come from?" (can indicate the source, as in parentage or station)	*He inherited his skill* ***from a race of dreamers;*** *He was born* ***of reputable parents;*** *She was born* ***of nobility.***
MANNER	tells manner of action; answers the question "in what manner?" or "how?"	*He cut his son's hair* ***as he would have cut the grain;*** *He received the gift* ***with great joy;*** *She speaks* ***with dignity; quickly, with great caution,*** *etc.*
-Accompaniment	tells that a thing accompanies another	*He traveled* ***with the boys;*** *She sang* ***with many voices;*** *I came* ***with my friend.***
-Agency	tells by whom a thing is done or accomplished	*This was done* ***by Caesar;*** *The fence was painted* ***by many industrious boys;*** *Classical music should be loved* ***by the young as well as the old.***
-Assertion	tells speaker's belief or disbelief in a statement, or extent of belief or disbelief; answers the question "how certainly?"	***perhaps, probably, certainly, without a doubt***
-Condition	as in "if this condition existed" or "if this were the case" (NB: with adverbs of condition, nothing is implied contrary to fact - compare to adverbs of concession)	*You would think we won,* ***to hear his version; If you go to Rome,*** *you will see the Tiber;* ***If he were there,*** *I would kill him;* ***If we tire of the saints****, . . . ;* ***Were goddesses mortal*** *. . . ;*
-Circumstance (can also be under CAUSE)	indicates the circumstances surrounding or accompanying an action	*The city was founded* ***under good auspices;*** ***When we see such things,*** *we are frightened.*
CAUSE or Reason	answers the question "why?"; could begin with "because . . . " or "for this reason: "	*He closed the windows,* ***as he needed to take a nap;*** *I froze* ***at the sound;*** *I rejoiced* ***at the good fortune*** *of my friend; The baby leapt* ***for joy*** *; She lost her mind* ***for lack of sleep*** *; He died* ***of cancer;*** *She was pleased* ***with the finished dress.***
-Purpose	very like cause or reason, but with a view to the goal of the action; "that one might . . . " (indicates the end toward which an action is directed, or the direction in which it tends)	*He worked for months* ***that he might win the prize;*** *The children set out* ***to find acorns;*** *These things are useful* ***for war.***
-Result or Consequence (can also be under DEGREE)	some action occurs "that this happened" or "because this happened"	***To our great delight,*** *she sang the entire aria****;*** *He agreed to the terms* ***so that all was accomplished;*** *He returned* ***to find the ship wrecked;*** *Hang the idiot,* ***to bring me such stuff;*** *He so lived* ***that everyone praised him;*** *Hers was the immortalizing touch which changes dust* ***into gems.***

ADVERB CLASS	DESCRIPTION	EXAMPLES
DEGREE or Comparison	tells degree of adjective or adverb, tells the degree of difference between things; answers the questions "to what extent?" or "how much?"	***many, few, slightly,*** *Prosecuted* ***to the fullest extent of the law;*** *He was as nervous* ***as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rockers;*** *She is happier* ***than you are*** *; They cooked food enough* ***to feed an army;*** *His portion was smaller* ***by a half;*** *An angel is* ***like you, Kate.***
-Number	tells how many regarding an adjective or adverb	***once, singly, two-by-two***
-Specification	tells "in respect to which"	*The river is twenty feet* ***in depth;*** *The Helvetians surpassed all the Gauls* ***in valor.***
REFERENCE	means "with regard to" or "as to" or "respecting" or "about" or "concerning" (indicates to whom a statement refers, of whom it is true, to whom it is of interest)	***For the rest,*** *sleep is the cure; He dreamed* ***of the hour*** *; She boasted* ***of her skills*** *; Do not write* ***on that topic*** *; This is a great sorrow* ***to me.***
MEANS OR INSTRUMENT	tells by what a thing is done or accomplished	*He gave up his weapon* ***of his own free will; By great effort*** *he finally reached the shore; The boys lifted the log* ***with a crowbar;*** *I busy myself* ***with duty;*** *They praise the gods* ***in many languages.***
SEPARATION	tells that a thing is separate or apart from another	*All arrived in time* ***except the lost*** *; The spot was cleared* ***of branches;*** *They took away the honor* ***from the man.***
CONCESSION	this is the case "even though . . . " (NB: states one thing is true in spite of something else; there is an adversative relationship - compare to adverbs of condition)	*He had never really studied them,* ***though he had seen them many times before; However good she may be,*** *she will never become a champion* ***; For a fool,*** *thou hast considered wisely; He won the race* ***in spite of the obstacles; Although all virtue attracts us,*** *yet justice does so especially.*
MATERIAL	tells that a thing is made of or done with a certain material	*A chalice crafted* ***of the finest gold;*** *Sandals made* ***of boar's hide***

PUNCTUATION RULES

1. END MARKS

a. **Declarative and Imperative Sentences.** Use periods at the end of declarative and imperative sentences.
   i. Declarative
      1. *Necessity is the mother of invention.*
      2. *The mill stands by the little creek.*
   ii. Imperative (expressing a command, an entreaty, or a polite request)
      1. *Go to the ant, thou sluggard.*
      2. *Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.*
      3. *Will the accused please rise.*

b. **Questions/Interrogative Sentences**. Questions, including sentences which are made questions by the speaker's intonation, end with a question mark.
   i. *Who can count the stars?*
   ii. *You were there at the beginning?*

c. **Exclamation Points**. Use exclamation points at the end of expressions denoting strong emotion - exclamatory sentences, exclamatory words, and interjections.
   i. *How are the mighty fallen!* [exclamatory declarative sentence]
   ii. *Strike for your altars and your fires!* [exclamatory imperative sentence]
   iii. *Oh death! Where is thy sting!* [exclamatory interrogative sentence]
   iv. *"Horror! horror!" exclaimed I.* [after exclamatory words]
   v. *Alas! Is it not too true, what we said?* [after interjections]

d. **Abbreviations**. Use periods for most standard abbreviations. Some abbreviations, especially acronyms of organizations ("SSPX"), do not use periods.
   i. *H. G. Wells, Jr.*
   ii. *Pg. 27*
   iii. *Thurs., Dec. 26th*
   iv. *221 Baker St., Apt. B*

2. COMMAS

a. **Series**. Use commas to separate items in a series. (It is also acceptable to omit the comma following the item before the conjunction, as long as that comma is not needed for clarity: *Mother set places at the table for Jonathan, James and Michael*. See example iii, where the comma after "green" is necessary.)
   i. *Success depends upon our acting prudently, steadily, and vigorously.*
   ii. *The wagon flew over the road, across the bridge, and behind the burning fortress.*
   iii. *She chose ribbons of red and blue, yellow and green, and white and gold.*

b. **Compound sentences**. Use commas to separate main clauses of a compound sentence when the clauses are separated by a conjunction.
   i. *The Christmas play had ended, so the ladies began to serve the food.*
   ii. *He was not fond of the technical language of metaphysics, but he had grappled with its most formidable problems.*

iii. *The man certainly did utter the jest, though who it was that he stole it from is another question.*
iv. *He sang and she played. [comma may be omitted if the two clauses are short]*

c. **Introductory expressions**. Use commas after certain expressions that introduce sentences or main clauses.
   i. Single words
      1. *Well, there is good beef and carrot at two o'clock.*
      2. *My, what a strange man you are!*
      3. *Indeed, he was the idol of the younger part of the company.*
   ii. Phrases
      1. *In either case, we should decide in favor of clarity.*
      2. *Till about twelve o'clock in the morning, these needy persons know not what they shall say.*
   iii. Adverb clauses
      1. *Since thou owns't that praise, I spare thee mine.*
      2. *Although they had various success, the advantage remained with the challengers.*

d. **Interrupting expressions**. Use commas to set off interrupting expressions as follows:
   i. **Direct address**
      1. *Courage, father, fight it out!*
      2. *Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee!*
   ii. **Appositives**
      1. *This fell sergeant, Death, is strict in his arrest.*
      2. *The butterfly, child of the summer, flutters in the sun.*
   iii. **Parenthetical expressions**
      1. *Integrity is, no doubt, the first requisite.*
      2. *A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put these dismal reflections to flight.*
   iv. **Questions**
      1. *It is a fact, isn't it, that you just tilled the soil yesterday?*
      2. *Something can be done, can't it, to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses?*
   v. **Negating expressions**
      1. *There should be joy, not sorrow, following the events of this day.*
      2. *Strong proofs, not a loud voice, produce conviction.*
   vi. **Nonrestrictive adjective phrases**
      1. *The children, with packages in tow, were sent off to the station.*
      2. *Miss Charlotte's students, in their Sunday best, assembled on the stage.*
   vii. **Nonrestrictive adjective clauses**
      1. *On hearing their plan, which was to go over the Cordilleras, she agreed to join the party.*
      2. *A few barons, whose names ought to be clear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt.*

e. **Dates**. Use commas for dates as follows:
   i. Day and date
      It was Thursday, January 12th, when the package was delivered.

ii. Date and year

It was March 19th, 1872, when the fighting ceased.

iii. Month and year – no comma used

It was March 1872 when the treaty was signed.

iv. Date as adjective – no comma is used after the date

The March 20, 1872 edition of the London Times printed the story.

f. **Addresses**. Use commas for addresses included in sentences (not as used to address an envelope) as follows:

i. Street and city

He lived at 221B Baker Street, London, at the time.

ii. City and state

He lived in London, England, at the time.

iii. City, state, and zip code – consider the zip code as part of the state, do not put a comma between the state and zip code.

The headquarters were moved to 11485 N. Farley Rd., Platte City, Missouri 64079, in the spring of last year.

3. SEMICOLONS

a. **Compound sentences – without conjunctions.** Use semicolons to separate main clauses in a compound sentence when the clauses are not joined by a conjunction.

i. *He had not left his resting place; their steps on the soundless snow he could not hear.*

ii. *The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you!"*

b. **Compound sentences – with conjunctions.** Semicolons are also used to separate main clauses in compound sentences even when there is a conjunction between the clauses, if the clauses are particularly long or contain commas within them.

i. *When the play was over, the children left the stage and the men set up the tables; so the ladies quickly prepared the dinner plates.*

ii. *A third day came, and whether it was on that or the fourth I do not recollect; but on one or the other, there came a welcome gleam of hope.*

iii. *Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet they were many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness.*

c. **Items in a series.** If there are any commas within items in a series, separate the items by semicolons rather than commas.

i. *Present were William, the president; Johann, the vice-president; and Isaac, the treasurer.*

ii. *The cities that she dreamed of visiting included Paris, France; London, England; and Lisbon, Portugal.*

d. **Appositives at the end of a sentence.** Use a semicolon before an appositive which is placed at the end of a sentence and is introduced by words or phrases like *that is, for example, for instance, namely, to wit,* etc.

i. *There are four seasons; namely, spring, summer, autumn, and winter.*

ii. *It is a graminivorous quadruped with forty teeth; to wit, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive.*

4. COLONS

a. **Formal list**. Use a colon before a formal list at the end of a sentence.
   i. *Pronominal adjectives fall under these subclasses: relative, interrogative, or exclamatory.*
   ii. *Every man who rises above the common level has received two educations: the first from his teachers; the second, more personal and important, from himself.*

b. **Emphasized statement.** Use a colon before a statement that is the subject of particular focus.
   i. *The most important lesson they learned was this: keep your eye on the ball!*
   ii. *But there is this difference: whereas the simple sentence always has a word or phrase for subject, object, complement, and modifier, the complex sentence has another statement or clause for one of these elements.*
   iii. *It is evident, to those who have studied the language historically, that it is very hazardous to make rules in grammar: what is at present regarded as correct may not be so twenty years from now, even if our rules are founded on the keenest scrutiny of the "standard" writers of our time.*

c. **Quotations requiring full stop.** Use a colon before quotations which are preceded by an introduction and do not flow readily from that introduction.
   i. *The headmaster sternly gave this warning: "Any young men who choose to participate in these unseemly behaviors will be summarily dismissed."*
   ii. *The headmaster said, "Such behavior will not be tolerated." [no colon needed]*

d. **Appositives that are complete statements**. Use a colon before an appositive which is placed at the end of a sentence if the appositive is a complete statement.
   i. *He could issue only one final command: Take the castle!*

e. **With certain numerical combinations**. Use a colon to separate the following:
   i. Hours from minutes – *6:30 p.m.*
   ii. Numbers in a ratio – *3:1*
   iii. Bible chapters from verses – *John 3:16*
   iv. Volume number from page number – *Harpers 203:37*

5. DASHES/HYPHENS

a. **Compound words and expressions.** Use dashes to join parts of compound words and expressions.
   i. *Gentlemen, welcome your commander-in-chief.*
   ii. *They spent the afternoon gathering forget-me-nots from the lush meadows.*

b. **Division of words into syllables, including after a syllable at the end of a line when the rest of the word is carried to the next line.** Use dashes to divide words into syllables. If a word is divided between two lines of text, end the line with a dash.
   i. *Truth-ful*
   ii. *A suffix is a syllable added at the end of a word; as, truth-ful, kind-ness. A pre-fix is a syllable added at the beginning of a word; as un-truth, mis-spell.*

c. **Break in thought**. Use dashes to indicate a major break in thought.
   i. *Even the sound of the waifs – rude as may be their minstrelsy – breaks upon the mid-watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony.*

ii. *I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea voyage – with me it is almost a continual reverie – but it is time to get to shore.*

d. **Items in a series in the middle of a sentence.** Use dashes before and after a series of three or more items in the middle of a sentence.
   i. *I am not that being – cold, insensate, and morose – which I have seemed to be.*
   ii. *Verbals – participles, infinitives, and gerunds – are words that express action or being in a general way, but do not limit the action to any time, do not assert it of any subject, and cannot be used as predicates.*

e. **Emphasized or dramatic appositives at the end of a sentence**. Use a dash before an appositive which is placed at the end of a sentence for added emphasis or dramatic effect.
   i. *She forwarded to the English leaders a touching invitation – to unite with the French.*
   ii. *At last the fog lifted enough to reveal the shape beside the gate – a small child!*

f. **Appositives in the middle of a sentence which include words or phrases such as *that is, for example, for instance, namely, to wit,* etc.** Use dashes before and after these appositives.
   i. *Some of the horses – the larger ones especially – were able to carry the packages without difficulty.*
   ii. *One great desire – namely, to express symmetrically and abundantly – is shared by the painter, the sculptor, the composer, the epic rhapsodist, the orator.*
   iii. *If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot – say St. Paul's Churchyard, for instance – literally to astonish his son's weak mind.*

6. **UNDERLINING** (italics in print)

Titles. Underline titles of books, newspapers, magazines, full-length movies and plays, works of art, airplanes, ships, and trains. [For printed materials, underline those which would normally be published as an individual work. For those which would not be published separately – short stories, newspaper articles, individual poems, etc. – their titles should be enclosed by quotation marks.]

   i. *Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol is performed on stage every December.*
   ii. *The New York Times published the story.*
   iii. *Winston Churchill's portrait graced the cover of the 1940 issue of Time.*
   iv. *The St. Mary's Theatre production of Macbeth was a tremendous success.*
   v. *Young school boys marveled over the paintings of the USS Merrimack, the first frigate with steam power, constructed in 1854.*

7. QUOTATION MARKS

a. **Direct quotations.** Use quotation marks to enclose a direct quotation.
   i. *Between every pause was heard the voice of the heralds exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights!"*
   ii. *The lessons which these observations convey is, "Be, and not seem."*

b. **Titles of written works**. Use quotation marks to enclose the titles of written works which would not be printed in a separate publication.
    i. *Rudyard Kipling's poem "If" was published in his 1910 collection of children's stories, <u>Rewards and Fairies</u>, as a companion piece to "Brother Square Toes."*
    ii. *The traditional structure of the fourteen-line Italian sonnet is exemplified in John Keats' "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer."*
c. **Single quotation marks.** Use single quotation marks to enclose a quotation within a quotation.
    i. *"I like the old custom," said the butler, "especially when the children shout, 'come out, come out!' "*
    ii. *"The tall man then ran into the street," she recounted excitedly, "calling after the girl, 'Halloa! Stop! Where are you going?' It was quite a scene!"*
d. **Other punctuation marks used with quotation marks**
    i. **Commas for quoted sentence.** If the quotation is a complete sentence, put a comma at every break between it and the encompassing sentence.
        1. *After he said, "I'm afraid I must leave immediately," he left by the side door.*
        2. *"What were you doing," she asked, "when the horses ran out of the barn?"*
    ii. **Placement of commas and periods.** Commas and periods always go inside closing quotation marks, whether they are single or double quotation marks.
    iii. **Placement of semicolons and colons.** Semicolons and colons always go outside closing quotation marks.
    iv. **Question mark/exclamation point – when quotation is a sentence.** If the quotation is a question or an exclamatory sentence, put the question mark or exclamation mark inside the closing quotes, even if it is in the middle of the encompassing sentence.
        1. *"The tall man then ran into the street," she recounted excitedly, "calling after the girl, 'Halloa! Stop! Where are you going?' It was quite a scene!"*
    v. **Question mark/exclamation point – when quotation is not a sentence.** If the quotation is not a question, but the encompassing sentence is, use a question mark to end the encompassing sentence, and place it outside the closing quotes. (This rule is the same for exclamatory sentences.)
        1. *Why did you say, "I have no butter"?*

8. PARENTHESES

a. Parenthetical expressions within a sentence should consist of words which may be omitted without changing the meaning of the sentence.

    My gun was on my arm (as it always is in that district), but I let the weasel kill the rabbit.
b. Place end marks (period, question mark, or exclamation point) inside the parentheses if the enclosed expression is meant to stand alone as a sentence.

    If the quotation is not a question, but the encompassing sentence is, use a question mark to end the encompassing sentence, and place it outside the closing quotes. (This rule is the same for exclamatory sentences.)
c. Other punctuation marks (commas, semicolons, etc.) may be placed within the parentheses if these punctuation marks are part of the parenthetical expression (as they are, for example, in this sentence).

9. APOSTROPHES

a. **Contractions** – Use an apostrophe to show where one or more letters have been omitted.
   i. *Isn't*
   ii. *Weren't*
   iii. *Who's, It's* (which mean *who is* or *who has*, and *it is* or *it has*; be careful not to confuse with *whose* and *its*, which are the possessive forms of *who* and *it*.)
      1. *Who's sounding the alarm? Who's been to Long Island?*
      2. *Whose books are on the desk?*
      3. *It's a beautiful morning. It's been a long day.*
      4. *The horse shook its mane.*

b. **Plurals of letters**
   i. Use an apostrophe for the plural of lower-case letters.
      1. *p's and q's*
   ii. Most upper-case letters do not need an apostrophe for their plural forms. However, for clarity, use an apostrophe for the plurals of the following upper-case letters:
      1. *I's* (to distinguish from *Is*)
      2. *U's* (to distinguish from *Us*)
      3. *A's* (to distinguish from *As*)
      4. *M's* (to distinguish from *Ms*, which is an abbreviation)
         a. Sorting through the drawers, the printer found eleven *M's*.
         b. *Ms.* Jamison waited patiently in the corridor.

c. **Possession of nouns**
   i. Use an apostrophe to show possession in nouns.
      1. *Michael's*
      2. *student's* (singular), *students'* (plural)
   ii. If the word ends in *s* or an "s" sound, add an apostrophe only.
      1. *He reviewed each of the clerks' books from the accounting department.*
      2. *The men completed five days' work in less than twenty-four hours.*
   iii. If you would add an extra syllable when you pronounce the possessive form, add an apostrophe and an *s* even if the word ends in *"s."*
      1. *Margaret was the boss's daughter.*
      2. *James's horse was the victor, by a nose!*

d. **Possession of personal pronouns**
   i. Apostrophes are never used to show possession in personal pronouns.
   ii. The words *yours, hers, ours,* and *theirs* are already possessive in form; the words "*your's, yours', her's, hers', our's, ours', their's, theirs*" are always incorrect.

Learning to Read and Write
Introduction to the Basic Tools of Language

The hearts and minds of children not yet able to read should be formed by discussion of themes, listening to books read aloud, and the memorization of poetry. However, children should be given the ability to read and write as soon as possible after they enter school.

Phonics: The Door to the Language Arts Program

The study of phonics teaches the relation between sounds and their written symbols, and so introduces children to the world of writing and reading, allowing them access to the entire language arts program. Phonics is a tool for reading and correct spelling, vital but purely mechanical and therefore subordinate in importance to the elements which are intrinsically meaningful: theme, dictation, reading, poetry, and composition. Teachers should integrate the study of phonics as much as possible into these meaningful elements of the program.

A phonics program should present clear rules for reading and spelling which the students may understand, memorize and practice, and which the teachers of the different grades may use for review as often as necessary. Phonics should be studied until it is mastered, which means, until correct reading and spelling become second nature to the child. Detailed criteria for an effective phonics program may be divided according to the various associated skills it is meant to teach.

The program recommended by the Language Arts Committee as best fulfilling the criteria for learning to read and write in kindergarten and 1st grade is *Spell to Write and Read*, by Wanda Sanseri.[1] Its various elements may be easily adapted for continued phonics review.

The Skills Associated with the Study of Phonics

Learning to Read

A phonics program should teach children to read in a way which respects the nature of language and the nature of the child. The English language is primarily but not entirely phonetic, which means the study of phonics will need to be supplemented by certain sight words. By their nature, children learn gradually, taking in information through all of their senses, advancing by stages from known to unknown. A phonics program should therefore be multisensory, giving every child the greatest possibility to associate sound with symbol according to his dominant sense: sight, hearing, or touch. The program should simplify elements as much as possible: for example, some children have difficulty learning all at once the appearance, name and sound of a letter. Many good programs teach only the appearance and sound of each letter initially. However, it is important that the phonics program appeal to the reason of the child and draw him as quickly as possible to conscious, reflective learning. A phonics program should include explicit definitions and rules, accessible to the child's understanding and which the teacher can take for review in later years, as indicated above. Likewise, the initial practice of reading aloud, as children associate written language with sound, is best done with real words rather than meaningless syllables.

[1] Schools may wish to use the accompanying handwriting program, *Cursive First*, designed by Elizabeth FitzGerald and meant for integration with *Spell to Write and Read*.

Learning to Write and the Perfection of Handwriting

Like the apprenticeship of reading, the method for teaching to write should also respect the nature of language and the nature of the child. First, it is important to note that writing and reading are learned almost simultaneously; in certain very effective programs, writing is learned first and the child then reads his own written words. Writing familiar sounds into words requires less abstraction and leads the child by simpler steps than introducing letters and asking the child to decode writing all in one step. Second, writing demands fine motor skills and should be prepared by other tactile activities such as drawing and coloring, kneading clay into shapes, painting, or writing on a small chalkboard. Finally, the handwriting lines for the youngest grades should encourage precision: they should not be excessively wide and should provide light or dotted guidelines to help indicate the different heights of letters or even their slant. It is important that handwriting be legible and neat, not rigidly identical to a certain model. Finally, schools should bear in mind that left-handed children will encounter difficulties in the writing process, and should consider training all children to be right-handed while their skills are still in formation.

The common form of handwriting in the adult world is cursive, both for ease of writing and for elegance of form. Children also need to know how to print, if only from the purely practical standpoint of knowing how to fill out forms. Both forms of handwriting should be mastered by the end of 3rd grade. It is, however, recommended that schools teach cursive first, and this for several reasons. From a philosophical viewpoint, words in cursive appear as unities, corresponding to the nature of language; aesthetically, cursive is the more pleasing form of handwriting and the form allowing greater variation and therefore more individual expression. From a practical viewpoint, children master more fully the skill which they learn earliest, and the curves of cursive are more natural to an awkward hand than rigid lines and perfect circles.

Schools have a choice of handwriting programs but should implement any program in a way which emphasizes quality over quantity. It would be preferable that children work almost exclusively in permanent lined notebooks or copybooks, so that they learn a greater respect for their work and take greater care with it. Any pre-printed workbook should rest flat enough for students to work neatly.

Spelling and Vocabulary

Correct spelling is a function of the rules of phonics rather than a separate discipline and should always be taught in a way which recalls these rules to the children. Spelling skills are best reinforced and vocabulary developed in conjunction with theme, literature, poetry, dictation, and composition exercises. As far as possible, spelling words should come from these elements, in particular dictation, so that the words will be seen in a context and so retain their meaning, more profoundly penetrating the child's memory than words in a random listing. As the child is learning to read, spelling words may be provided by the phonics progression and should be associated with and supplemented by dictation and reading. Once he can read fluently, spelling words may be provided by literature and dictation alone; a spelling grade may come from a dictation exercise, and extra effort may be focused on individual difficulties. Children should be encouraged to broaden their vocabulary by retaining and using words from their reading.

Using Themes to Deepen and Unify Education

"Themes" in the Language Arts curriculum are universal topics drawn from literature which are selected to be the focus of class discussion over a given period of time, encouraging the children to reflect on natural, noble values present in their everyday lives. Themes help ensure the balanced formation of the mind and heart of the child, educating him toward a deeper insight into human nature and civilization, teaching him that spiritual values exist already on a natural level. Focusing on such themes in the younger grades prepares the children to bring judgment and insight to the later study of literature, and teaches them that literary themes are not something alien to real life.

Themes are essentially unifying. They provide a backdrop for English class, especially in the younger grades: the choice of a weekly theme determines the choice of reading, poetry and dictation, as well as all of the grammar, spelling and handwriting exercises which are based on the reading. Weekly themes are particularly important for giving formational value to kindergarten through 2nd grade, when the study of quality literature tends to constitute only a small portion of Language Arts class. Although these themes are encountered primarily in literature and poetry, they apply naturally to every school subject by their universality, integrating and elevating the entire curriculum. Not only is English class tied into the rest of the curriculum, but the children are learning from the earliest age to integrate the beautiful things they learn in school into the life they lead outside of school.

Because themes set the tone for the English program and for a child's entire formation, it is important that they be well selected to ensure breadth and balance. These noble realities should always be presented with the help of some beautiful text whose style is elegant and pleasant and whose characters are realistic and appealing. The beauty of the text will correspond to the beauty of the theme studied, so that the noble idea is not falsified in the child's mind: debased to the level of mere feeling or to the level of a moralizing tool for obtaining good behavior.

Kindergarten, 1st and 2nd grade may follow a biographical "themebook," determining the theme for every week. The goal is to awaken the very young children to the nobility within their everyday surroundings: the sacred nature of home, family, homeland, or daily duty, as they see those realities incarnated in the daily life of a saint or hero. Before they have reached an age to reflect abstractly on such matters, children learn to view the world they live in as something infused with spiritual values and sacred realities, even on the simplest natural level. Through a themebook they meet the mother and father of young Giuseppe Sarto in a dictation text, for example, learn about his village and his schoolwork. The poem should be chosen to echo the same theme, and the composition topic may ask a child to describe his own home, his own father and the work he does.

After 3rd grade, the literature itself is able to guide the teacher in the choice of theme: he selects the weekly poetry and dictations according to the dominant quality represented in the reading. The children still require very concrete themes: the values of home, family, work, homeland, not yet considered abstractly but as seen through the characters in literature. Composition topics should also reflect the theme in some way, leading the child gradually toward more abstract reflection, as specified in the composition guidelines.

After 6th grade, the array of themes widens to encourage reflection on any noble value, at first still embodied in particular individuals, then gradually considered in itself, abstractly. Thus the younger students will reflect on courage through a passage recounting the deeds or personality of a courageous hero, while older students are reflecting on the very nature of courage.

Through 9th grade, the teacher should still be choosing poetry, dictation and composition topics in function of a specific theme. By the time children are in 10th grade, they have grown accustomed to reflecting seriously upon a concrete, everyday reality animated with spiritual values. After such prolonged and healthy consideration of true and noble ideas, the children will have learned how to read literature with appreciation and insight; the world of culture and ideas opens before them and calls for their own personal reflection. Class discussion is determined by literature; poems and compositions encourage the children to ever deeper penetration of these literary themes.

The Role of Literature in an English Program

The ideas contained in beautiful literary texts are what should animate the entire English program, so that the choice of literature throughout the grades takes on a primary importance. The characters in literature act on the children powerfully, providing them with vicarious experience of life and of the choices it will demand: they should be selected for their truth. The literature program should gradually awaken children to the nobility to which man is called even in the natural order by the fact of his spiritual soul. In this way, genuine literature should prepare an understanding of the harmony between nature and supernature by revealing some truth of human life. These truths give literature a universal quality, independent of time and place. At the same time, genuine literature should bring pleasure to the reader through the beauty of idea and expression.

The literature studied in each class has to be accessible to the students yet always drawing them higher, both by its form and its ideas. Its treatment in class should be a formation of mind and heart, an apprenticeship of personal reflection on the truth contained in beautiful literary creations. The teacher should draw out the universal qualities of the text in a living manner, avoiding two extremes: merely reading aloud with no commentary; or dissecting works in a detached, academic analysis. Books should be chosen primarily for their value in forming the children and leading them toward maturity; literary works of different genres and time periods may be shuffled in the interest of balance or thematic unity, that the universal ideas in each might penetrate the students more deeply.

In Kindergarten through 2nd grade, the goal of literature class is to awaken in the children a sense of wonder toward the world around them, drawing them to notice the daily realities that surround them – family, friendship, homeland, school, or work – and to sense the noble, spiritual quality of those realities, opening onto the infinite. Children are just learning to read, but it is best to move them away from simple phonetic readers as soon as possible, and frequently to read aloud to the children those works which they cannot yet read for themselves. At this age, it is very important that the pictures in children's literature be beautiful as well as the ideas, so as to nourish all of the senses with order and harmony and thus form the children's souls to a love of beauty.

In 3rd through 5th grade, literature class should broaden the horizons of the children, bringing them out of themselves to an awareness of the larger world around them. Literature should continue to nourish the imagination and form the children to a love of beauty and a sense of balance, order and harmony. The teacher should try to instill a love of reading, emphasizing quality over quantity of pages read. Books should be read together in class rather than at home, so that the teacher might train understanding and fluency; however, students may be asked to read at home and prepare certain pages for the following day, so that classroom reading may be more fluid.

Literature in 6th through 8th grade should be even richer in intellectual content. The teacher should be gradually leading the children to draw more abstract principles from the concrete elements of the text, making explicit the moral qualities which they only sensed in the younger grades. While much of the text should still be read aloud and commented in class, the teacher may assign entire chapters to be read at home and prepared for study on a following day.

The study of literature in 9th and 10th grade should be consolidating the transition to abstract reflection and independent reading, as children are asked to read entire works in preparation for class discussion. The teacher should choose excerpts to read and comment together in class, treating the works thematically through a study of the characters and their development. Works may demand discernment on the part of the student and guidance on the part of the teacher. The teacher needs to lead the child not only to understand what the text says but also to judge its value, weighing both its aesthetic and its moral quality. The two pitfalls to be avoided in this analysis are *aestheticism* on the one hand and *moralism* on the other. Aestheticism would judge the work only according to its beauty, ignoring the goodness of the ideas contained. Moralism on the other hand would dismiss all concern for the art of a beautiful expression in order simply to draw out a lesson for the children.

By 11th and 12th grades, students should be increasingly challenged by the literary works. Their contact with beautiful, formative literature should now allow them to approach new texts with discernment and reflection, always under the guidance of the teacher. The number of works studied may increase dramatically, as children are expected to do nearly all of their reading outside of class in preparation for class discussion.

Dictation: Integrating Meaning into Mechanism

Overview: What is Dictation?

The practice of *Dictation* in a meaning-based language arts program serves a double purpose: it places the children in prolonged and attentive contact with beautiful, formative literary passages, and at the same time unifies the different aspects of the language arts program by providing meaningful matter for grammar, spelling, and handwriting. Dictation is therefore a vehicle of meaning, turning otherwise mechanical exercises into a reflection on literature, reinforcing the themes of reading and poetry.

Dictation is appropriate for 1st through 9th grade. The basic exercise is simple: a teacher gives a dictation exercise by reading aloud a short text, while the students listen and write it down. Depending on the grade level, the text will vary in length from two to twenty lines. The teacher reads the passage once through in its entirety, making sure the students grasp the meaning, before rereading it in segments short enough to allow the children to transcribe the words and punctuation accurately. The older the children, the longer the segments should be, so that the memory of the child is fixed upon meaningful phrases and full clauses as often as possible. The teacher may write out certain words or indicate punctuation, depending on the goal of a given exercise.

Dictation exercises may be divided broadly into *Explained Dictations*, in which a given passage is used as an illustration of a grammar or phonics lesson – often written on the board for general perusal, before being erased and then dictated in its entirety; and *Dictation Tests*, in which students are given a passage without previous introduction, to test spelling or punctuation skills. There should be at least one dictation per week, but the teacher may find it useful to introduce several dictations in a week. Children in Kindergarten and 1st grade who are just learning to read may be prepared for dictation exercises by *copy* exercises, transcribing in their notebooks a short sentence which the teacher has written on the board.

Uses of Dictation: Detailed Description

Awakening the Mind and Educating the Moral Judgment

The most important purpose of dictation is to help awaken the children's minds to noble realities. A well-chosen text will focus the students' attention on an exceptional passage from a work which they study in class, or introduce them to a work of literature with which they may not otherwise have come into contact. It likewise helps to form their literary taste and their own writing style by placing them in continual contact with beautiful passages of English prose or poetry.

Secondly, dictation exercises the memory and the listening skills of the child, who must reproduce what he has heard. In this way, it is already a formation of the will as the child is obliged to master himself for the length of the exercise.

Finally, dictation texts provide the matter for the other elements of an English program: they are the source of spelling and vocabulary words and the subject of grammar exercises and handwriting practice. This unity throughout the program itself is significant and formational, as the child learns to make connections between disciplines and maintain reflection on an abstract question throughout various applications.

Source of Spelling Words and Phonics Practice

Dictation can be a source of spelling words, avoiding the randomness of certain vocabulary lists, allowing the teacher to point out phonics rules in a literary context. Rather than inventing more or less meaningful sentences which employ a spelling word, students will be delving deeper into a text of value. The student is more likely to retain and reuse spelling words encountered in a text and therefore held together by a context.

Source of Grammar Exercises

Sentences pulled from dictation can likewise be used as grammar exercises to illustrate the weekly lesson. As students analyze and diagram dictation sentences, passages will enter their memory and the meaning and value of the text will continue to nourish their reflection. Grammar will appear to students in its true light, primarily as a tool for penetrating the meaning of a text.

Opportunity for Handwriting Practice

The very mechanism of handwriting also takes on new meaning when applied to dictation texts. Clear, beautiful handwriting shows a respect not only for the reader but also for the words written, and how better to teach respect for one's own handwriting effort than by transcribing with care a passage of quality, teaching the child to give a worthy form to noble ideas expressed with elegance and style.

Source for Composition Topics

Finally, dictation texts can serve as a basis for writing compositions. A text which is meaningful and which stimulates reflection can be an excellent source of composition topics. The quality of the text will set the tone for student writing while the value of its content interests and inspires the young author.

The practice of dictation is a microcosm of education itself: the child is brought into contact with truth and beauty so that he might come to integrate these realities and express them for himself. Using dictation as the source of composition topics is therefore the logical fulfillment of the exercise, as the child comes slowly and with guidance to express his own ideas and form his own style.

The choice of a passage for use in dictation will depend on the specific purpose of a given exercise: the text should be always be one of quality, but the teacher may also choose passages in function of their vocabulary or sentence structure, better apt to illustrate the weekly lessons. The source of dictation texts is extremely broad: it may simply be taken from the reading book, it may be a text entirely new to the children yet accessible to their understanding, reinforcing the themes of class discussion. Teachers may certainly draw on their own reading material to provide dictation texts.

Teachers will develop their own standards for grading dictations, depending on the goal of a given exercise; they may wish to give an overall grade for faithful transcription, and assign another grade for correct spelling, for example. It is a good idea to ask children to recopy misspelled words several times as part of the correction.

Using Grammar to Sharpen Analysis and Clarify Expression

School grammar may be defined as the study of the laws of language and of the common rules of proper English expression. These two aspects correspond to the double purpose of grammar in a meaning-based language arts program: the refinement of analytical skills first, and consequently the improvement of personal expression. Familiarity with the logical scaffolding of language will gradually build lasting qualities of mind in the children, allowing them to go more quickly to the essential ideas of a text and follow the nuances of an author's expression. Grammar is therefore a tool allowing the children to be more perfectly nourished by the beautiful texts of the literature program. Secondly, following so closely the nuances of an author's thought will give the children the ability to think and to express themselves with greater clarity and precision, even as the beautiful language more deeply nourishes the student's own style. To fulfill this double purpose, grammar has to be studied in a way which maintains it at the service of thought, from the very youngest age. The expression of grammatical rules and definitions should appeal to a child's understanding, corresponding to the reality of language and not merely to a superficial aspect of it. Exercises should lead the student to reflect on complete, meaningful sentences in such a way that he might dominate the thought expressed, rather than training him in a mechanism to identify elements in isolation.

It is preferable that the same person teach literature, dictation, composition, and grammar, to maintain the vital relationship between the elements of the English program. The main grammar lesson of the week is best combined with a dictation exercise: grammar will take on meaning and interest by the illustration, and in turn help the dictation text to penetrate and nourish the child's memory. Thoroughly analyzing every element of one or two sentences whose meaning has been understood will do more for the formation of a lasting quality of thought than will a multitude of repetitive mechanical exercises. Fill-in-the-blank exercises are particularly to be avoided because they ask the child for only a minimum of personal effort and reflection. Whenever the teacher chooses exercises from a book or worksheet, he may have the children copy the exercises completely into a permanent notebook, as a way of better ensuring that they reflect upon the meaning of the sentence. Grammar reviews should be brief but frequent, as the teacher draws from the reading a few examples to illustrate the grammar concept of the week. Grammar will thus appear to the students true to its nature as an integral part of the language arts program.

The most basic elements of meaningful language are the individual words making up a sentence. The student analyzes the words of a sentence through "parsing," identifying the nature of the word in itself and in its relation to other words in the sentence. Parsing should lead the student to identify with precision the nature, form and function of a given word within a given complete expression.

Such accurate identification can only take place if the expression as a whole has been understood. In literature, students will quickly encounter sentences made up of a series of more or less complete thoughts, subordinated within a larger overall thought. They need to possess the concepts and logical categories by which to name and understand the relation of the various clauses and phrases within complex or compound sentence, identifying the nature, form and function of each clause and phrase. The process by which a given

expression is broken down into its component phrases and clauses is called logical analysis; it trains the child to discern what is of primary significance in an expression and define the relation of all secondary elements.

Full written analysis may be supplemented but not replaced by sentence diagramming, which is a way of representing a whole sentence by a picture, showing at a glance the relation of its parts. The inherent weakness of a sentence diagram is that it shows the fact of a relation between words and phrases – drawing a line from the main clause to a subordinate clause, for example, showing subordination – but it cannot specify the profound or precise nature of that relation. Diagramming may be useful for consolidating a child's understanding, but can only be the illustration of a relation already understood intellectually, and which the child should be able to express in words.

If it is to be effective in forming lasting qualities of mind, the study of grammar should also be gradual and cumulative. Beginning already in 2nd grade, the study of grammar should be instilling a very solid grasp of the basic elements of sentences, adding definitions and nuances every year while constantly reviewing the basic realities. This review occurs naturally by the very fact of using whole-sentence exercises and by using cumulative, increasingly exhaustive parsing and logical-analysis charts. Teachers from 2nd through 9th grade should use consistent definitions and expressions as well as similar forms for charting written analysis, everything increasing in detail as the years go by, giving the student an ever sharper tool of understanding. By the end of 9th grade, students should possess all of the distinctions necessary for the analysis of even the most complex, Latinate English sentence, drawn from any one of the works of literature studied. It goes without saying that such a grasp of English grammar and the subtleties of syntax will give the children considerable ease in the learning of foreign languages.

The Language Arts Committee recommends the use of the *Classical Grammar* series published by Angelus Press, as the textbooks which best correspond to the nature of grammar and the exigencies of a meaning-based language arts curriculum. It is in fact a revised and augmented edition of the *Baskervill-Sewell English Course*. Book 1 is intended for 2nd through 4th grade; Book 2 is appropriate for 5th through 7th or 8th grade; Book 3 is a comprehensive grammar guide appropriate for 9th grade grammar class or as a reference book for high school students. Teacher guides published by the Language Arts Committee indicate the ideal grammar progression and grammar goals for each grade, corresponding to the *Classical Grammar* series.

Compositions to Educate the Heart and Mind

Composition is a written exercise of personal expression which calls upon all aspects of the language arts program, proving and at the same time increasing the child's mastery of each element. Its role in every grade is to deepen the child's understanding of the noble realities which are the soul of English class and draw him to make them his own, by asking him to continue pondering beyond class discussion and then express his own reflections in a way which is original, elegant, clear, and orderly.

Every composition topic should therefore lead the child to reflect independently upon the elements which have nourished his understanding and sparked his interest and imagination (literature, poetry, and theme in particular). The child should express his thoughts in a personal and well-organized manner, drawing upon the vocabulary and style absorbed in poetry and dictation, and upon the rules of spelling and grammar practiced every day of the week. Finally, his efforts are to be recorded in his best handwriting, preferably in a series of permanent notebooks chronicling his progress over the year and throughout his school career. As the child grows, composition topics should grow with him, training qualities of reflection and analysis, as well as maturity of feeling and elegance of style.

For this gradual formation to take place, composition topics must not simply be mechanical exercises of form taken from a composition textbook. Topics are best created by the teacher based on class discussion of literature and themes, drawing students to continue pondering in a way which is ever more personal and profound. For the child to succeed and progress, the teacher should spend time preparing the children for the topic, explaining the writing process and then offering detailed evaluations of the children's work.

Student writing can be divided into two categories, developing two main types of reflection. *Topic compositions* accompany the child from 2nd grade through 12th, asking him to develop a theme from literature or class discussion which is increasingly broad and increasingly abstract as the child progresses. *Text-Analysis compositions*, appearing in different forms depending on the grade level, ask the child to analyze a particular, brief literary selection and comment on it with increasing detail and maturity.

Composition exercises in these two categories incorporate the various elements of style, structure, and method which children need to develop if they are to become good writers. Dividing the exercises according to type of reflection is based on the most essential element of self-expression: the thought to be expressed. Mastery of technique will be learned at the same time, always considered as a tool appropriate for expressing a given thought. Thus, children will learn about sentence and paragraph structure, topic sentences and essay structure; expository, persuasive, descriptive, narrative, and imaginative writing; organization, voice, word choice, sentence fluency, unity and coherence, audience, and proper punctuation; brainstorming, outlining, rough draft construction, and proofreading… as they become necessary for the expression of more and more complex and profound ideas.

Within an integrated curriculum, all subjects should have writing assignments proper to the matter. However, the English teacher may need to give certain remedial lessons in report structure which should not occupy too much time.

Topic Compositions

General Guidelines for Creating Composition Topics

Precise

All composition topics should be precise so that the child knows where to focus his efforts. This means avoiding writing assignments in which the child is asked to create his own topic, or write simply what comes into his mind (journal writing). If the child is asked to create a composition topic, it should be within certain parameters ensuring the quality and pertinence of the reflection. The teacher may base the topic on some work studied, integrating a brief quote, to make a clear connection with class discussion. Precise, well-chosen topics will allow a broader, more meaningful development, ultimately allowing the child fuller play of his own powers of imagination and reflection.

Universal

In order to allow this breadth of development, composition topics should be related to themes which are in some way universal, or treating of common human experience. This guideline applies even to the younger grades, before the child is of an age to develop these themes abstractly (topics relating to home, family, patriotism, for example, which are considered concretely at first but open onto a larger perspective).

Uplifting

In order for the child's reflection to develop in a way which continues to form his heart and mind, topics should be uplifting; they will be so naturally if their subject matter is universal, following on works studied and class discussion. This guideline does not mean that themes of evil or disordered aspects of certain works should never be treated, but that they should be approached in such a way as to show their disorder and the larger harmony which does exist, both in reality and in true literature.

Objective

In order for composition to continue the formation of mind and heart, topics should be as objective as possible, drawing the child out of himself to reflect on the world around him. Topics which ask for first person narrative are appropriate for 2nd and 3rd grade, but by 4th grade the teacher should be introducing topics which demand reflection on a broader experience: topics about characters in the works studied, about people beyond the child's immediate family, or about the physical world beyond the home.

Intriguing

Finally, topics will spark the child's interest and encourage greater development if they contain some dilemma to be resolved or if they continue class discussion of some disputed point. (This guideline applies particularly as the children progress beyond the stage of simply telling a story or an episode from their own lives.)

Grade-Specific Guidelines for Composition Topics

In 2nd and 3rd grade, it is best to give a single topic, one which is very simple and concrete, asking for a story within the child's own experience. It should be related as far as possible to the themes in the literature being studied. Topics should follow the general guidelines as much as possible, touching on themes of common human experience in a form which is uplifting, without expecting abstract development. Topics asking the child to imagine a story should be precise enough to prevent his wandering into vague silliness and absurd invention. The child should be taught to introduce and conclude his thought with a special sentence. The child is expected to write a single paragraph in 2nd grade, very short at first and gradually longer. He should be able to write two or more paragraphs by the end of 3rd grade, but the teacher should always encourage a complete and original thought with a proper sequence of events rather than a long composition. He should be taught that an entirely new thought should be expressed in a new paragraph, slowly introducing him to the idea of a multi-paragraph composition. As he advances through the various grades, the child should be learning that idea is more important than form, but that form is essential to the clear expression of the idea.

In 4th and 5th grade, the topics should gradually move away from first-person narrative and toward reflection on works studied. As always, the topics should encourage reflection on noble realities and avoid anything which could degenerate into vulgarity: the quote chosen to introduce the topic should set the tone. The child should be capable of writing three or four paragraph compositions by the end of 5th grade, with a clear introductory sentence for each paragraph and an introductory and concluding sentence for the composition as a whole. Students should be learning about proper transition between paragraphs, necessary for a clear transition of ideas. As in 2nd and 3rd grade, the teacher should encourage completion, order and originality more than length.

In 6th and 7th grade, children should only rarely be asked to recount their own experiences in a first person narrative. Topics should ask for a more prolonged reflection on noble ideas, yet these ideas should still be incarnated in specific literary characters as far as possible. Thus a child in 6th grade may be asked to write about a courageous character in the work being studied and comment on his courage, rather than being asked to write about courage abstractly. Some imagination topics should still be given, as precise as possible and stemming as much as possible from works studied. Compositions should be at least five paragraphs long, with introduction, conclusion and clear transition.

From 8th grade onward, topics become more abstract and demand ever deeper personal reflection on ideas. However, even when the child is asked to write on an abstract notion or quality, he should always base his reflection on a concrete work or example to avoid pontificating. Basing topics on works studied will help to ground students in reality and oblige them to greater rigor in proving their statements. Compositions need not be substantially longer in 8th grade than in 6th, but should be more penetrating. By 10th grade, students should be able to fill four sides of letter-sized pages.

No guidelines are specified above for the time given weekly to tests and writing assignments. Children in 2nd and 3rd grade should write 30 to 40 minutes, in class; in 4th through 7th, this should increase to an hour, with some writing assignments to be composed at home; after 8th grade, assignment writing should be done at home, only tests at school; at least 2 hours are naturally required for sufficient development of the topic.

Preparing the Children to Write

Preparing the children to express their own thoughts means teaching them how to develop and organize those thoughts, and then how to find the proper form for communicating them. The primary element has to be the idea, or composition will become a mere exercise in mechanics, devoid of intrinsic interest for the child and therefore devoid of educational value. Yet, the child should understand that the quality and organization of his writing will prove the quality of his thought, because only what is clearly conceived can be clearly expressed. Likewise, he should see that giving a proper form to his writing will help him to identify and focus on those elements which are essential, allowing him continually to surpass himself and take his reflection deeper.

The remote and continual preparation for writing is class discussion, as well as literature and dictation which are gradually nourishing his imagination with forms of elegant style and with a broadening vocabulary. The child's thinking will naturally model itself on the teacher's presentation of a work or an idea, as he leads the class to reflect together on what is most interesting or essential and to draw conclusions. In particular, the children should be learning that to go deeper means always asking *why*.

The more immediate preparation for writing is to teach the child first to gather ideas, then to group related ideas and organize them based on some natural or logical order, such as chronology or hierarchy of causes. This organization of ideas should push the child to further reflection, as he uncovers related ideas or realizes that he needs to be more precise in his analysis. This outline should be the basis of the various paragraphs of the composition.

Such outlining or class brainstorming may be very basic in the early grades when topics are less abstract. Rough draft writing will also be useful in the younger grades, as the children learn to see that the events they have written are not in order and need to be rewritten. As the children progress, rough drafts should give way entirely to outlining.

Topic compositions allow a wide variety of forms of writing; the teacher may want to assign a topic to be treated in the form of a written speech, a debate or a letter, for example. Preparation for writing will include coaching in the elements proper to those forms. Certain books containing such elements are recommended as teacher supplements.

There is also a preparation for writing included in the class correction of previous assignments, as children see the errors they have made and are taught how to avoid them. Rewriting flawed compositions can be a good way of preparing for better writing in the future. However, the spark of interest which leads to good writing will be lost if the initial idea is belabored by repeated correction. The main sources of improvement are the child's own desire and interest, as well as his repeated effort. Many short assignments – at least one every two weeks – will therefore be more useful in improving student writing than a handful of longer assignments progressively rewritten.

The teacher should be able to point out conventions of style in literature and encourage them in student writing: images, analogies and other literary devices, effective use of quotations, and so on. He should also encourage variety of sentence structure and breadth of vocabulary. However, he should avoid coaching the children to include such conventions or to seek out complicated vocabulary merely as ends in themselves. Simple structure and clear, precise vocabulary are much to be preferred if they are better suited to the idea.

Text-Analysis Compositions

Topic compositions teach the children to develop broad themes, either using their imaginations to tell a story, or else treating more abstract notions, incorporating different elements and ideas in a synthetic manner. Text analysis compositions train children especially in precision of analysis, gradually teaching them to present a particular literary passage in a systematic and rigorous manner.

The passage to be analyzed needs to be relatively short, about the length of a dictation for a given age group; most of all, it should be a passage worthy of study by its ideas and its beauty. According to the age of the child, the *text-analysis* will take one of three forms: for 2nd through 5th grade, it is a simple *retelling of a story*; for 5th through 9th grade, it becomes a *guided commentary*, with questions helping the student draw out the essential elements of meaning and style; for 9th through 12th, it reaches maturity in a simple *commentary*, in which the student draws out these elements for himself, structuring his own commentary on the text, which is by now longer and introduces more abstract ideas.

Like *topic compositions*, *text-analysis compositions* are meant to form the heart and mind of the child and open him to the good and the beautiful. It is important to choose texts which spark the interest of the child and at the same orient his reflection toward noble realities. A text chosen for study should be one in which the truth is expressed with beauty, for the child's ability to think straight and to write well are awakened through contact with the great writers. Such a text not only has the power to awaken to the beautiful, but great authors put the soul in motion: they set a spark in the child, enflaming a desire to proceed deeper in reflection, beyond the text itself.

Retelling the Story: 2nd – 5th Grade

Retelling the story is the simplest form of *text-analysis*. It is an exercise in memory and attention and therefore resembles a dictation, but it also gives practice in self-expression. The teacher reads a story of a few sentences in 2nd grade, or up to two paragraphs in 5th grade, and the student is expected to retell the story, preferably in his own words, beginning to end, with particular attention to the order of events. In 2nd grade, the teacher reads the text three times; by the end of 5th grade, he may read it only once. If the student repeats the facts in the order in which they occurred, he is already composing a well-structured story by imitation.

Guided Commentary: 5th – 9th Grade

Guided commentary is introduced toward the end of 5th grade and is practiced through 9th grade. Students are presented with a series of broad questions about the selected passage, which they are expected to answer in their own words, incorporating a quote into each answer and justifying their reasons. There should be five to seven questions in a 5th grade *guided commentary*, four to five questions in 8th and 9th grade, arranged in clusters so that the students, by their answers, already compose paragraphs into an essay.

The purpose of this exercise is to develop the student's causal thinking, teaching him to understand the chain of events in the text or the chain of logic, and verifying that

he is indeed remaining faithful to the text itself in his answer. Questions should be well chosen so that the child learns how to draw the essential elements out of the text, namely: the chain of events or ideas presented; their importance in the context of the larger work if the text is taken from the reading; the value of those ideas; the stylistic tools used to present the ideas and which make up the material beauty of the text.

The *guided commentary* is an important extension of literature class, not only an exercise in reading but an exercise in contemplation, as teacher and students work to penetrate the text and allow its truth and beauty in turn to penetrate into them. The children should be made sensitive both to the value of the text in itself and to its relative or historical value, as a work issuing from a certain cultural context. The teacher should lead the children toward an openness and attention to the text itself, humble yet always evaluating, seeking the thought of the author and not hastily imposing an interpretation. This attention implies a respect for something true and profound, and the teacher should awaken the children to the qualities of tone and expression which they might have overlooked in their haste or immaturity. Even the choice of punctuation carries nuances of which the children should be made aware.

Commentary: 10th – 12th Grade

The *commentary* may be introduced toward the end of 9th grade and should allow the student to put into practice the skills learned in *guided commentary*. The student is expected to judge for himself what points are essential and organize the treatment of a passage from literature. There is an unlimited possibility for variety in a student *commentary*, whose only invariable guideline is that he remain faithful to the true character of the work and support his judgments with quotes from the text itself.

The student should lead his reader through the text from the outside in. He should first introduce his commentary by briefly situating the passage in its context, whether literary or historical, and tell the period and genre of the work studied. Thus, for a speech or dialogue in a passage taken from a play, the student should explain who is speaking and the importance of the passage to the development of the plot. He briefly should point out the ideas and tone which predominate in the passage, and at the same time give a hint of the role of these ideas in the work as a whole.

The body of the commentary should develop these same ideas, taking care to remain close to the text and show in detail how the author conveys his ideas. The student should not simply pass through the text in a narrative manner, retelling the story, but structure his commentary in an intelligent and original way so as to give the reader a clear view of the whole. He should point out specific rhetorical tools used by the author, the images employed, the general atmosphere of the text and the word choice and syntax which help convey that atmosphere. He should show in greater detail the relation of the passage to the development of the plot and the themes of the work as a whole. He should express the writer's purpose in the work as far as possible, as well as the expectations and reactions of the audience.

The student should conclude his analysis with a synthesis of what he has already stated, giving a final summary for his reader of the nature and value of the text. He may conclude with his own judgment of the work or with suggestions for continued reflection; finishing with a question can be effective.

Preparing Students to Write Text-Analysis Compositions

The gradual stages of *text-analysis* compositions build toward the final, most difficult exercise of *commentary*. At the *retelling the story* stage, the exercise is fairly simple to prepare because the children will be used to receiving dictations. Rather than writing the dictation immediately, they listen and write from memory. The teacher may wish to lead them orally through the exercise the first few times, helping them remember the essential. Much of training will be in the correction of previous exercises. The text chosen should be very short in the beginning of 2nd grade, gradually lengthening and naturally training the child to remember more accurately. The teacher prepares for *guided commentary* by explaining what is required, asking simple questions initially, and gradually making them more challenging. The skill of the child improves by increments, very naturally. By the time he is in 10th grade, the previous eight years have trained him to go to the essential and ask himself the right questions, using quotes to prove his answers. Preparation for writing will include modeling this reflection as a class discussion, much as for topic compositions.

Rubric for Grading Compositions

There can be no set rubric for assigning a number grade to a composition – topic compositions or text-analysis compositions – but the teacher's criteria for grading should be clear and prioritized as well as consistently applied. These criteria should be communicated to the students, so that they might understand their grade and see where they should improve.

As a general principle, whatever the grading rubric, elements of thought and meaning should be weighted more heavily than elements of form, since mechanics are at the service of idea and education. The first criterion by which a composition should be judged is therefore whether or not the student treated the topic assigned: an off-topic composition cannot receive a passing grade. The teacher should then consider how well the topic is treated: What is the depth and quality of the ideas expressed by the student, according to his age? Is there evidence of real personal reflection and originality or has the student simply regurgitated the statements of the teacher? How well does the student maintain his focus on the topic, tightly building his story or his argument paragraph by paragraph, sentence by sentence, without tangents or superfluous development? Does a story follow an appropriate sequence of events, does an argument use appropriate quotations, and does the whole build to a coherent conclusion? Is vocabulary chosen for its accuracy and pertinence or does the student seem to have written thesaurus in hand, using words he does not fully understand? Has the student used proper spelling and punctuation? Is his handwriting legible and is the paper clearly and neatly presented?

Teachers should avoid assigning high grades too easily, in order to encourage good students to strive for excellence and continually surpass themselves. Compositions are meant to present noble ideas and universal notions – even when the form is that of a narrative – and children should learn that such a topic is inexhaustible, allowing for no perfect treatment of it and therefore no *perfect* paper. Our very manner of grading thus continues to foster in the children a respect for the great ideas.

The Use of Permanent Notebooks

Permanent notebooks should be used wherever possible in the various elements of the language arts program, in order to encourage students' respect for their studies and so contribute to the formation of lasting qualities.

The number of notebooks is at the discretion of the teacher, depending on the organization of his class. A notebook should be used for poetry, dictation, composition, grammar exercises, and handwriting, although more than one subject may be contained in a single notebook. Exercises contained in a grammar or phonics book may also be copied into the permanent notebook, helping students better to reflect on the questions. Teachers may want students to have one or more informal notebooks for taking notes or copying down exercises done as a class. The teacher may find it useful to have color-coded notebooks for use in the different elements of language arts.

Notebooks should be chosen for their quality, with pages that lend themselves to neat handwriting. They should have lines narrow enough to encourage precision, with guidelines according to the age of the children; the weight and brightness of the pages should take ink smoothly without bleeding through; the cover should be rigid enough to survive transportation back and forth from the students' homes; notebooks should lay open flat, and should be thin enough for the student's hand to rest comfortably for writing.

The teacher should specify the format he wants in these notebooks: the heading to put on each page, for example, the margins to leave around writing, whether or not to begin new assignments on a new page, and any marks or lines to indicate the end of an assignment. Defacing notebooks should not be tolerated. This format should be school-wide as far as possible, for the sake of simplicity, and to ensure that all teachers insist on the same elegance and neatness.

Notebooks cease to hold the same importance by 10^{th} grade, when language arts class consists primarily in literature, poetry and composition, with fewer written exercises. Students should always be encouraged to save their compositions in a permanent folder.

Related to the question of notebooks is the question of writing implements. Students should be encouraged to write tests and exercises in ink as soon as possible. The teacher should encourage or impose the use of ink- or gel-pens, which allow the students to write more smoothly and therefore more neatly than ball-point pens.