

G. TRANSLATION

Translate into Hindi / your mother language:

One day the woman is visited by some young people who seem bent on disproving her clairvoyance and showing her up for the fraud they believe she is. Their plan is simple: they enter her house and ask the one question the answer to which rides solely on her difference from them, a difference they regard as a profound disability : her blindness. They stand before her, and one of them says. "Old woman, I hold in my hand a bird. Tell me whether it is living or dead."

THE UNITY OF INDIAN CULTURE

Humayun Kabir

Humayun Kabir was a famous poet, novelist, essayist and a renowned political thinker. He was a Cabinet Minister for Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs during Nehru's Primeminstership. An Oxford product, he had the proud privilege of being elected president of the Oxford University Student's Union. The present piece is an adapted version of Humayun Kabir's lecture delivered in Baroda University. The lecture focuses on the glorious past of India's culture and its rich heritage. It precisely reflects Kabir's love and faith in the greatness of his motherland.

A. Work in small groups and discuss the following:

1. Have you ever found people of another community participating in your festival or vice versa? Narrate your experience.

THE UNITY OF INDIAN CULTURE

Till recently, the Aryans were regarded as the earliest invaders of the land. It was thought that they came to a country which was uncivilised

and barbarian, but modern research has proved that there were invaders even before the Aryans poured into this land. They had evolved a civilization higher than that of the Aryan hordes who came in their wake. These Pre-Aryans had displaced still earlier people and built up new civilization which has astonished modern scholars by its extent and depth. The Aryan invasion repeated the process and led to fresh infusion of the old with the new. This continued with the successive inroads of fighting races who came to conquer but remained to lose themselves in the Indian racial cauldron. The Greek invaders were followed by Sakas and Huns and a hundred other nameless tribes. They all appeared on the scene as victors but were soon absorbed in the ranks of the vanquished.

Today, whatever is Indian, whether it be an idea, a word, a form of art, a political institution or a social custom, is a blend of many different strains and elements.

In spite of this derivation from many sources and the consequent variety of forms and types we find a remarkable unity of spirit informing Indian culture throughout the ages. In fact, it is this underlying unity which is one of the most remarkable features of Indian culture. In volume and duration no civilization (with the possible exception of the Chinese) can bear comparison with the civilization of India. The area of the land, the number of the people, the variety of the races and the length of the India's history are hardly repeated elsewhere. The vitality of Indian culture is equally amazing. In spite of a thousand vicissitudes, it has survived to the modern day. This has been possible only on account of a sense of Indianness which imposed unity on all diversity and wove into one fabric of national life the many strands of different texture, colour and quality which have entered here.

The ancient world threw up fine flowers of civilization in many lands. With the exception of India and China, they are all dead and gone.

It is only in India and to some extent in China that the old civilization and culture have grown and changed but never grown or changed at the expense of an underlying unity. This has been possible only through the capacity of readjustment exhibited by the Indian society.

B.1.1 Write 'T' for true and 'F' for false statements:

1. The vitality of Indian culture is not amazing.
2. The ancient world threw up fine flowers of civilization in many lands.
3. The old civilization and culture have grown up and changed only in Japan.
4. The Aryans were regarded as the earliest invaders of the land.
5. Give the opposites of the following words:
 1. Modern
 2. Conquer
 3. Unity
 4. Possible
 5. Dead

B.1.2. Answer the following questions briefly:

1. Who has delivered the speech 'The Unity of Indian Culture'?
2. How were the Aryans regarded till recently?
3. How did the pre-Aryans build up a new civilization?
4. What, according to the author, is the most remarkable feature of Indian culture?
5. Where has old civilization and culture grown and changed?

One ground of this adjustment is found in the spirit of toleration that has characterised Indian history throughout the ages "Live and let live" has been the policy of the Indians in all spheres of life. Sometimes this has been carried so far that contrary, if not contradictory, attitudes have been allowed to survive simultaneously. Toleration had led to the sufferance, of civil and even indifference to the values of life. This however, is at worst the defect of a virtue. Such toleration is perhaps preferable to the fanatic devotion which leads to the denial and persecution of all other values but its own.

Throughout the changes of Indian history we therefore find a spirit of underlying unity which informs the diverse expressions of its life but the unity was never a dead uniformity, a living unity never is.

Unity and universality must belong to any culture that is true and vital. Now culture is a concept which cannot be simply or unitarily defined. There is no single character or mark which can be regarded as the essence or distinctive feature of culture. It is always a complex of many strands of varying importance and vitality. If we attempt to differentiate between culture and civilization of life which makes civil society possible, culture, on the other hand, is the resultant of such organisation and expresses itself through language and art, through philosophy and religion, through social habits and customs and through political institutions and economic organisations. Not one of them is separately culture, but collectively they constitute the expression of life which we describe as culture. Culture is the efflorescence of civilization. Civilization is the organisation of society which creates the condition of culture. There can, therefore, be no culture without civilization, but there may be civilization which have not yet developed their culture. Perhaps what is more often the case is that there are civilised people among whom only a small section has achieved culture. We have, therefore, had and still have races and nations that are civilised;



but, except for India, we have not yet had any nation or race that could be regarded as cultured in all its sections and classes, for here in India, culture is almost as extensive as civilization.....

The experience of European countries gives us cases of civilization without culture. In India, on the other hand, even the casual tourist has observed that the difference between the masses and classes is not one of quality and can be explained in terms of information and opportunity. It is often otherwise in Europe. There the difference in quality between the masses and the classes is at times so great that it has shaken the faith of the most fervent of democrats.

The remarkable phenomenon can be explained only in terms of the unity and continuity of Indian culture. Unity is, in one sense, the common characteristic of all culture. What specially distinguishes the culture of India is its unbroken continuity. Here, there have been no violent or sudden breaks, but on the contrary, a steady growth and extension of culture which has gradually permeated every class and section of society.

B.2.1. Answer the following questions briefly:

1. What has been the policy of the Indians in all spheres of life?
2. What is preferable to fanatic devotion?
3. Which spirit underlies the changes of the Indian history?
4. How does Humayun Kabir define culture?
5. How does Humayun Kabir define civilization?
6. What does the experience of European countries give us?

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

invader (n): one who attacks or enters (a country) so as to occupy.

barbarian (adj): rude, uncultured

astonish (v): to amaze, to surprise

cauldron (n): a large boiling vessel

absorb (v): to incorporate

vicissitude (n): variation, changes

diversity (n): unlikeness, variety

toleration (n): forbearance

vanquish (v): to defeat, to conquer

fervent (adj): warm, zealous

fanatic (adj): unreasonably enthusiastic in religion

C.1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

1. What, in your opinion, are the characteristic features of the Indian culture?
2. How is the Indian culture different from the cultures of other countries?
3. Explain clearly the difference between culture and civilization.
4. What is the capacity of readjustment exhibited in the Indian society? Is it the strength or the weakness of the Indian society?
5. Discuss the main ideas contained in the text.

C.2. GROUP DISCUSSION

Discuss the following in groups or pairs:

1. Is the capacity of readjustment on wane in contemporary society?
2. Live and let others live.

D. WORD STUDY

D.1. Correct the spelling of the following words:

infuson	atitute	fervant
ecception	consept	voilent
lenght	teksture	society

D.2. Mark the following words taken from the lesson :

tolerate	-	toleration
civilise	-	civilisation
infuse	-	infusion
organise	-	organisation

Now, Make ten words using the suffix '-ion'

D.3. Find out from the lesson words the meanings of which have been given on the left hand side. The last part of each word is given on the right hand side:

1. uncivilised rian
2. large kettle dron
3. structure ture
4. twisted threads making a fabric ands
5. blossoming of flowers ences
6. tribes that keep moving
from one place to another rdes

Ex. 2. Fill in the blanks with the words given below:

amazing	civilization
remarkable	efflorescence
	blend

1. The pre-Aryans built up a new
2. We find a unity of spirit in the Indian culture.
3. The vitality of Indian culture is equally
4. Indian social custom is a of many different strains and elements.
5. Culture is the of civilization.

D.4. PHRASES

Read the lesson carefully and find out the sentences in which the following phrases have been used:

a blend of	on the other hand	in fact
at times	in spite of	on the contrary

E. GRAMMAR

Active and Passive voice

Ex. 1. Read the following sentences taken from the lesson carefully:

1. The Aryans were regarded as the earliest invaders.
2. The length of India's history are hardly repeated elsewhere.

You see in these passive sentences, that the agent is not mentioned because the agent is either unknown or is too obvious. It is not a necessary piece of information.

Note : The agent (the preposition 'by' and its subject) is to be mentioned when the meaning of the sentence would otherwise not be clear; complete or understandable.

Now look at the following sentences:

1. In Patna, the traffic is controlled by the police.



- English is taught in our school by Mr. Sinha.

(In these sentences the agent is mentioned to supply necessary information)

Ex. 1. Now change the following sentences into Passive Voice:

- People loved Gandhiji.
- Police caught the thief red-handed.
- Thieves took away all the money.
- Someone stole my watch.
- People believe that the earth is round.

Sentences with two objects

Ex. 2. Read the following sentences carefully:

- I gave the boy a pen.
- Tom gave me money.

Note : When sentences with two objects in Active Voice are changed into their passive equivalents, either object may become the subject of the verb in the passive sentences. However, the direct object is usually preferred as the subject of the passive sentence.

So, the passive form of above two sentences will be as:

- The boy was given a pen by me.
- I was given money by Tom.

The construction can be presented as follows:

NP1 + V + NP2 + NP3

= NP2 + V passive + by + NP1 + NP3

= NP3 + V passive + by + NP1 + NP2

Note: NP = Noun Phrase

Ex. 2.1. Now Change these sentences in Active Voice into Passive Voice:

1. She teaches me English.
2. He gave me a book.
3. Mohan asked me several questions.
4. They offered me a good job.
5. I taught him Sanskrit.

Ex. 3. Look at the sentences given below and then do the exercise that follows:

- (i) I am to do it. (Active)
It is to be done by me. (Passive)
- (ii) Sonu has to give me money. (Active)
I have to be given money by Sonu (Passive)
- (iii) He was to help the poor. (Active)
The poor were to be helped by him. (Passive)
- (iv) Ravi had to feed me. (Active)
I had to be fed by Ravi (Passive)

Ex. 3.1. Change into Passive :

- (i). My teacher has to teach me.
- (ii) Robin had to buy a car.
- (iii) Vinayak was to close the door.
- (iv) My father is to plant the tree.
- (v) People have to save the forest.
- (vi) We have to help the blind.
- (vii) Kamal Kishore is to sing a song.

Ex. 4. Now study the sentences given below and then do the exercise that follows :

- (i) Who did it? (Active)
By whom was it done? (Passive)
- (ii) When do you take milk? (Passive)
When is milk taken by you? (Passive)
- (iii) Do you sing a song? (Active)
Is a song sung by you? (Passive)
- (iv) Help me (Active)
Let me be helped or I should be helped. (Passive)
- (v) Give me your book, please. (Active)
You are requested to give me your book. (Passive)

Ex. 4.1. Change into Passive Voice :

- (i) Who helps the blind?
- (ii) Is he writing a story?
- (iii) Why do you want to do it?
- (iv) Did Rekha buy a car?
- (v) Close the door.
- (vi) Solve the problem, please.
- (vii) Post the letter.

F. ACTIVITIES

1. Collect a few folk songs which the people of your community sing on different festive occasions.
2. Write a short report on the preservation of the cultural heritage of your state.

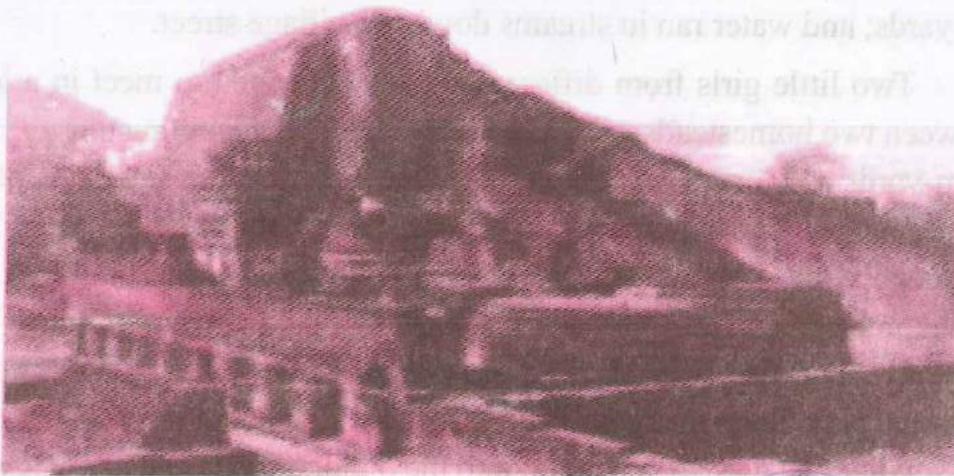
G. TRANSLATION

Translate the following passage from the lesson into Hindi:

Culture is the efflorescence of civilisation. Civilisation is the organisation of society which creates the condition of culture. There can, therefore, be no culture without civilisation, but there may be civilisation which have not yet developed their culture. Perhaps what is more often the case is that there are civilised people among whom only a small section has achieved culture. We have, therefore, had and still have races and nations that are civilised; but, except for India, we have not yet had any nation or race that could be regarded as cultured in all its sections and classes, for here in India, culture is almost as extensive as civilisation.

H. PICTURE COMPOSITION

Work in pairs or in small groups:



Look at the picture and write at least ten sentences about it.

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LITTLE GIRLS WISER THAN MEN

Leo Tolstoy

A. Work in small groups and pairs and discuss the following :

1. Do you celebrate festivals?
2. Which festival do you enjoy most?
3. How do you celebrate it?



It was an early Easter. Sledging was only just over; now still lay in the yards; and water ran in streams down the village street.

Two little girls from different houses happened to meet in a lane between two homesteads, where the dirty water after running through the farm-yards had formed a large puddle. One girl was very small, the other a little bigger. Their mothers had dressed them both in new frocks. The little one wore a blue frock, the other a yellow print, and both had red handkerchiefs on their heads. They had just come from church when they met, and first they showed each other their finery, and then they began to play. Soon the fancy took them to splash about in the water, and the smaller one was going to step into the puddle, shoes and all, when the elder checked her:

‘Don’t go in so, Malásha,’ said she, ‘your mother will scold you. I

will take off my shoes and stockings, and you take off yours.'

They did so, and then, picking up their skirts, began walking towards each other through the puddle. The water came up to Malásha's ankles, and she said:

'It is deep, Akoúlya, I'm afraid!'

'Come on,' replied the other. 'Don't be frightened. It won't get any deeper.'

When they got near one another, Akoúlya said:

'Mind, Malásha, don't splash. Walk carefully!'

She had hardly said this, when Malásha plumped down her foot so that the water splashed right on to Akoúlya's frock. The frock was splashed, and so were Akoúlya's eyes and nose. When she saw the stains on her frock, she was angry and ran after Malásha to strike her. Malásha was frightened, and seeing that she had got herself into trouble, she scrambled out of the puddle, and prepared to run home. Just then Akoúlya's mother happened to be passing, and seeing that her daughter's skirt was splashed, and her sleeves dirty, she said:

'You naughty, dirty girl, what have you been doing?'

'Malásha did it on purpose,' replied the girl.

At this Akoúlya's mother seized Malásha, and struck her on the back of her neck. Malásha began to howl so that she could be heard all down the street. Her mother came out.

B.1. Answer the following questions briefly :

1. Which festival is referred to by the writer?
2. Why was sledging over?

3. Why was water running in streams down the village street?
4. Where do two little girls meet?
5. Are they of same age?
6. Why did Akoúlya try to check Malásha?
7. What advice did Akoúlya offer?

B1.2. Say True (T) or False (F) to the following statements:

1. Akoúlya and Malásha take off their shoes and stockings.
2. They do not walk towards each other in the puddle.
3. Malásha assures Akoúlya that water is not deep.
4. Malásha splashes water.
5. Akoúlya ran to strike Malásha.
6. Malásha purposely splashes water.

‘What are you beating my girl for?’ said she; and began scolding her neighbour. One word led to another and they had an angry quarrel. The men came out and a crowd collected in the street, everyone shouting and no one listening. They all went on quarrelling, till one gave another a push, and the affair had very nearly come to blows, when Akoúlya’s old grandmother, stepping in among them, tried to calm them.

‘What are you thinking of, friends? Is it right to behave so? On a day like this, too! It is a time for rejoicing, and not for such folly as this.’

They would not listen to the old woman and nearly knocked her off her feet. And she would not have been able to quiet the crowd, if it had not been for Akoúlya and Malásha themselves. While the women were abusing each other, Akoúlya had wiped the mud off her frock, and

gone back to the puddle. She took a stone and began scraping away the earth in front of the puddle to make a channel through which the water could run out into the street. Presently Malásha joined her, and with a chip of wood helped her dig the channel. Just as the men were beginning to fight, the water from the little girls' channel ran streaming into the street towards the very place where the old woman was trying to pacify the men. The girls followed it; one running each side of the little stream.

'Catch it, Malásha! Catch it!' shouted Akoúlya; while Malásha could not speak for laughing.

Highly delighted, and watching the chip float along on their stream, the little girls ran straight into the group of men; and the old woman, seeing them, said to the men:

'Are you not ashamed of yourselves? To go fighting on account of these lassies, when they themselves have forgotten all about it, and are playing happily together. Dear little souls! They are wiser than you!'

The men looked at the little girls, and were ashamed, and, laughing at themselves, went back each to his own home.

'Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no way enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

B 1.3 Complete the paragraph on the basis of the unit you have just studied :

They all went ——— quarrelling, till one gave another ———, and the affair had very ———

come to blows, when Akoúlya's old grandmother, stepping ——— among them, tried to ——— them. What are you thinking of friends? Is it right to ——— so?

On a day ——— this, too! It is a time ——— rejoicing and not for such folly ——— this.



B.3.2. Answer the questions briefly:

1. Why did Akoúlya shout at Malásha?
2. Why did Akoúlya's mother seize Malásha?
3. What happened when Malásha's mother came out after hearing her howl?
4. Why was no one listening?
5. Did the old woman succeed in her effort?
6. What did Akoúlya do while other women were abusing each other?
7. What did the two girls do when men started fighting?
8. Why did the old woman say to the crowd "Are you not ashamed of yourselves?"

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

sledging (n) : to ride on a sledge (an object for travelling over snow)

streams (n) : a narrow moving mass of liquid

puddle (n) : small shallow pool of liquid that has spread on the ground

finery (n) : wearing impressive clothes and jewellery on special occasions

splash (v) : to hit or disturb water in a noisy way

scold (v) : to speak angrily when someone does something wrong

scrambled (v) : to move in a hurried or undignified way

howl (v) : making long, loud cry expressing pain, anger or unhappiness

chip (n) : a small broken piece of something

C. 1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

1. Why were the two girls dressed in new clothes and were showing their finery to each other?

2. Why did they step into the puddle? What made them fight?
3. What did the old woman mean by "Is it right to behave so? On a day like this, too!"
4. Why does the writer call the two little girls "Dear little souls".
5. Explain "Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no way enter into the kingdom of heaven".

C.2. GROUP DISCUSSION

Discuss in groups or pairs

1. Is it proper to fight on trivial issues like sitting in the first row?
2. Discipline and love for mankind make one's character strong.

C.3. COMPOSITION

1. If you move from one culture to another culture you may find variation in custom, food habits, dress code and activities. Write a paragraph on cultural variations that you observe in the society.
2. Despite variations there are some features, which are common to the whole of mankind. Write a paragraph on those features.

D. WORD STUDY

E1. Phrasal verbs: Phrasal verbs consist of two words (verb + adverb particle), which carries a single meaning and this meaning is not the sum total of the two words.

ex. give up, put out, break down are phrasal verbs.

Pick out phrasal verbs used in the lesson and use them in sentences of your own.



E. GRAMMAR**Ex.1. One may report the words of a speaker in two different ways:**

1. May quote the actual words of speaker (direct speech).
2. Or report what a speaker said without quoting his exact words is (indirect speech).

Look at the following sentences in your lesson:

‘Don’t go in so, Maláshá, said she.

She said, ‘Your mother will scold you.’

Since these are the speaker's exact words, they are written within inverted commas.

Now look at following sentences:

She advised Malásha not to go in that way.

She warned her that her mother would scold her.

In reporting statements, commands and requests of direct speech in indirect speech, a few changes are required. You have been told about these changes in earlier lessons. In addition to those changes you have to note how the reporting verb of commands and requests are introduced by verbs expressing command or request and also how the imperative mood is changed into the infinitive.

Now pick out sentences from the lesson written in direct speech and change them into indirect speech.

Ex. 2. Write the extended or full form of the following:

One has been done for you.

I'm	I am	won't
don't	didn't
hadn't	hasn't
haven't	shouldn't
shan't	aren't
wouldn't	weren't
isn't			

F. ACTIVITY

1. Recall any past event related to your friend similar to this story. Report that event to your friend in indirect speech.

G. TRANSLATION

Translate the passage into Hindi:

They would not listen to the old lady, and nearly knocked her off her feet. And she would not have been able to quiet the crowd, if it had not been for Akoúlya and Malásha themselves. While the women were abusing each other, Akoúlya had wiped the mud off her frock, and gone back to the puddle. She took a stone and began scraping away the earth in front of the puddle to make a channel through which the water could run out into the street.

...





POETRY

They would not learn to the old lady, and nearly knocked her off her feet. And she would not have been able to quiet the crowd. If it had not been for Alcega's words, she might have been hurt. Alcega was shouting each name. Alcega had wiped the mud off her face and gone back to the pulpit. She took a stone and began scraping away the earth in front of the pulpit to make a channel through which the water could flow into the street.



GOD MADE THE COUNTRY

William Cowper

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800) may be said to be giving in his poems a foretaste of the poetry of Wordsworth. There is in his works the same deep respect for the rural life, the common people and the lovely, quiet landscape. Like Wordsworth again he did not hesitate in giving clear-cut opinion about the issues of his time.



It is a paradox that the poets and dramatists who lived in cities or state capitals have written powerfully about the beauty of the rural life. The simplicity of the common villagers engaged in humble professions, the abundance of natural life in the flora and the fauna and the peaceful living they together make have always inspired poets to write on the life in the countryside.

Cowper's poem is a classic example of this kind of writing. The first line of the poem - "God made the country and man made the town" - truly sums up the creation of the countryside and the evolution of towns. Being created in a natural way, villages possess a perfection that towns and cities can never have. Addressing the town-dwellers, the poet throws light on the virtues of the rural life and exhorts them to escape from artificial luxury and comfort to the simple, but enduring, pleasures of a village.

A. Answer the following questions briefly:

1. Do you belong to a village? Which natural scenes and objects there attract you most?
2. Do you belong to a town? What things there cause annoyance to you?

GOD MADE THE COUNTRY

God made the country, and man made the town.

What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts

That can alone make sweet the bitter draught

That life holds out to all, should most abound

And least be threatened in the fields and groves? 5

Possess ye, therefore, ye, who borne about

In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue.

But that of idleness, and taste no scenes

But such as art contrives, possess ye still

Your element; there only can ye shine; 10

There only minds like yours can do no harm.

Our groves were planted to console at noon

The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve

The moonbeam, sliding softly in between

The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish, 15

Birds warbling all the music. We can spare

The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse

Our softer satellite. Your songs confound

Our more harmonious notes : the thrush departs

Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute., 20

B. Answer the following questions briefly:

1. Where do you find health and virtue?
2. Where do you find fields and groves?
3. What is the source of light in villages in the evening?
4. Why is the nightingale mute in a town?

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

abound : to be in plenty

threaten : to intimidate by threats

sedan : a covered chair to be carried on poles

fatigue : exhaustion

contrive : to make something happen

pensive : sad

confound : to create confusion

thrush : a song bird

C. 1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

1. Why does the poet believe that God made the country?
2. Why does the poet believe that man made the town?
3. Why is life bitter?
4. What can make our life sweet?
5. What function do groves perform in a village?
6. What are the birds scared of? Explain.



C. 2. GROUP DISCUSSION

1. The villages are no longer beautiful and peaceful. Discuss.
2. Towns are important for the progress of civilization. Discuss.

C. 3. COMPOSITION

1. You spent your summer vacation in a village. Write a letter to a friend, telling him the things you enjoyed there.
2. Write a paragraph on the trees that are found in your village.

D. WORD STUDY**D.1. Dictionary Use****1. Correct the spelling of the following words:**

abound	kontrie	cedan
pencive	idleness	eklips

2. Complete the following sentences with the words given below:

idleness	taste	wanderer	threatened
pensive	offended	confounded	chariots

1. He _____ to beat me.
2. _____ will not let you rise in life.
3. Did you _____ the sweet dish ?
4. Like a _____ I just moved here and there.
5. Having failed at the examination, he was in a _____ mood.
6. His words _____ me and I could not give a correct reply.
7. _____ were the vehicles of gods and kings.
8. The teacher was _____ when Raju went on arguing with him.

D. 2. Word Formation**1. A number of verbs are made by simply adding - en to them in the end-**

eg. threat (n) threaten (v)

haste (n)	hasten (v)
light (adj)	lighten (v)
mad (n)	madden (v)
strength (n)	strengthen (v)

Use these verbs in sentences of your own.

2. By using '-er' in the end of an adjective we give it a comparative form

eg. soft	softer
kind	kinder
sharp	sharper
thin	thinner
dark	darker
thick	thicker

Now make comparative adjectives by adding -er to the following:

big	sweet	tasty	old	out
white	black	green	small	large

D. 3. Word Meaning

Match the following words in column 'A' with their meanings given in column 'B' -

A	B
threaten	exhaustion
fatigue	natural quality
element	express a threat
spare	frightened
splendour	brilliance
scared	additional to what is required



E. GRAMMAR

On many occasions, we simply connect two sentences

by the using and -

eg. God made the country, and man made the town.

We went to the market, and we also went to the cinema.

Now join the following sentences with and -

1. Raju wrote letters. He posted them.
2. Mother cooked dinner. She served it.
3. The teacher taught the lesson. He asked us to do exercises.
4. Rajan saw a puppy in the street. He brought it home.
5. The boys were playing. They were making a noise.
6. The king gave him land. The queen gave him jewels.
7. He went to the circus. His friends went to the cinema.
8. We will go to Delhi. They will go to Jaipur.
9. My father is in the drawing room. I am in the study.

F. ACTIVITIES

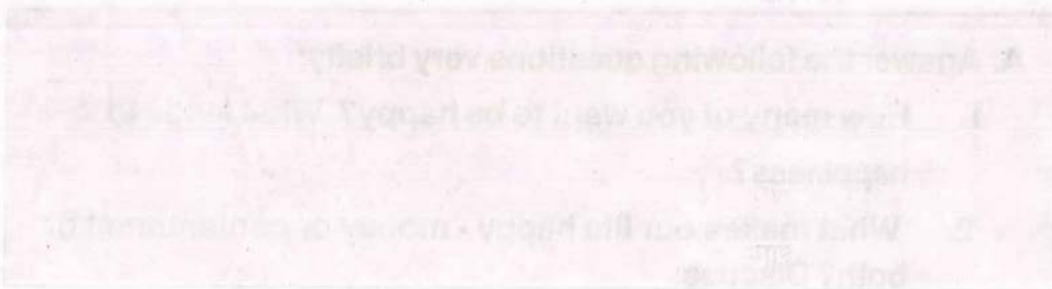
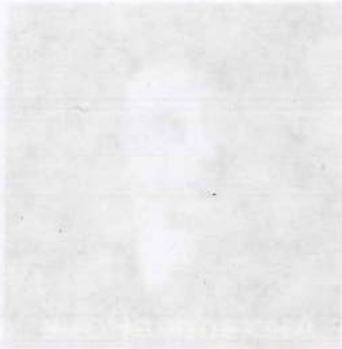
1. Collect four poems in Hindi that deal with village life.
2. Write a short profile of a village you have visited / the village you belong to.

G. TRANSLATION

Translate the following into English:

1. इस फल को मत खाओ।
2. धूप में मत खेलो।
3. बाजार शाम में जाओ।

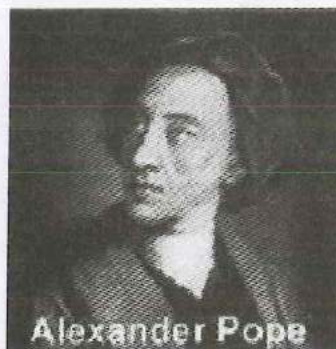
4. प्रतिदिन व्यायाम करो।
5. नियमित रूप से अध्ययन करो।
6. धार्मिक पुस्तकों का अध्ययन करो।
7. कुछ समय छोटे भाई-बहनों के साथ बिताओ।
8. रोज अखबार पढ़ो।
9. रोज कुछ नए अंग्रेजी के शब्द सीखो।
10. कमरे की खिड़कियाँ खोल दो।



ODE ON SOLITUDE

Alexander Pope

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744), was one of the greatest satirists of the early 18th century. He was also a critic. But he is remembered chiefly as a satirist. This vein of his poetry is best expressed in 'The Rape of the Lock' 'The Dunciad' and 'The Epistles'. Two of his other famous works are 'Essay On Criticism' and 'Essay On Man.'



Ode is a poem addressed to a person or an object. The Greek word 'ode' meant a choric song generally accompanied by dance. The term is presently used to refer to long, meditative lyric poems that in dignified manner address a noble subject. In the present poem 'Ode On Solitude' the poet draws a beautiful picture of a happy man.

A. Answer the following questions very briefly:

1. How many of you want to be happy? What leads to happiness?
2. What makes our life happy - money or contentment or both? Discuss.

- 3. Have you ever visited a remote village adorned with natural beauty and a capital town full of sky-scrapers? Which one would you like and why?**

Happy the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

5

Whose flocks supply him with attire;

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find

Hours, days, and years, slide soft away

10

In health of body, peace of mind,

Quiet by day.

B.1. Answer the following questions very briefly:

- 1. Who is a happy man?**
- 2. Who (m) does the pronoun 'his' in the third line of the 1st stanza refer to?**
- 3. Who gives him milk?**
- 4. What gives him bread?**
- 5. From where does he get his clothes?**
- 6. How do trees help him?**



Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please 15
With meditation
Thus let me live unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. 20

B.2. Answer the following questions very briefly:

1. Name the poem and the poet.
2. Who is a blessed man?
3. How does a happy man spend his time?
4. Who (m) does 'me' refer to in the last stanza?
5. What do you mean by 'slide soft away'?
6. What does the poet wish for after death?
7. How does the poet want to live?
8. How does the poet want to die?
9. What are the features of a happy life?

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

paternal (adj) : inherited from father

content (adj) : satisfied

native air (n) : air of one's homeland

herds (n) : cattle

attire (n) : dress, clothing

recreation (n) : entertainment

meditation (n) : practice of thinking deeply in silence, contemplation

unlamented (adj) : unmourned, not very sad

unconcernedly (adv) : in an untroubled manner or not in worried or anxious manner

lie (v) : to bury, remain passively in a horizontal position

C.1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

1. The poet thinks that those who are content with what they have are happy men. Do you agree? Give reasons.
2. What does the speaker mean by Together mixt, sweet recreation. Can these things be mixed? Have you ever tried to do so?
3. Why does the poet want to live and die stealthily from the world. How many of you would like to do so? And Why?
4. Is the title of the poem justified? Can you suggest any other title? Give reasons for your choice.

C.2. GROUP DISCUSSION

Discuss the following in groups or pairs.

1. Are we happier than our forefathers?
2. Is village life better than city life?

C.3. COMPOSITION

1. Write a letter to your younger brother/sister living in Patna about the effects of noise pollution due to congested traffic.
2. Write a paragraph in about 100 words:
 - (a) The importance of trees
 - (b) Bliss of solitude

D. WORD STUDY**D.1. Dictionary Use****Ex.1. Correct the spellings of the following words:**

patternal

breeth

atire

unconcernadly

inocence

unlmented

D.2. Ex. 1. Find out from the poem words the meaning of which have been given on the left hand side. The last part of each word is given on the right hand side.

1. A measurement unit re
2. dressings, clothes re
3. holy or lucky ed
4. inherited from father al
5. Indifferently ly

Ex. 2. Fill in the blanks with suitable words given below:

native

peace

sound

content

meditation

1. I didn't get a sleep last night.
2. She found peace through yoga and
3. Mr. Jha lay back and enjoyed the of the Summer Evening.
4. Mrs. Sinha is with what he has.
5. Mr. Maung is a speaker of English.

E. GRAMMAR**Look at the following examples:**

- a) He lives in his own house.
- b) Can you finish the work by the end of the day?

Here words 'in' and 'by' used above to show relationship. Such words are called prepositions.

Use - Prep. normally precede noun and pronouns.

Some more examples:

(A) Prepositions of Time and Date	Travel and Movement	Position
at, on, by, before in, from, since, for, during, to, till, until, after, afterwards, etc.	from, to, at, in, by, on, into, onto, off, out of, with, across, through along, etc.	above, below, over, under, beside, between, among, behind, in front of, but, except, etc

Ex.1. Find out five prepositions from the poem and frame sentences of your own.

Ex.2. Insert suitable prepositions in the following sentences:

1. He was knocked down bus.
2. She saved him drowning.
3. What is it made ?
4. Yesterday, I had an argument Mr. Sinha.
5. It took us an hour complete this assignment.

F. ACTIVITY

Study the following:

Care - air; bound - ground

These are called rhyming words. A word that has the same sound or ends with the same letter as another word is called rhyme.

Can you think of a rhyme for "beauty"?

Ex.1. Make a list of four pairs of rhyming words used in the poem.

Ex.2. Work in pairs and talk about the things which make you happy or unhappy.

G. TRANSLATION

Translate the poem into your mother tongue.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

"POLYTHENE BAG"



Durga Prasad Panda

Durga Prasad Panda occupies a prominent position in Oriya literature. Primarily a linguist, Panda also writes poetry in English and sometimes translates Oriya poems into English and vice versa. His famous works are 'Sawarani' and 'Rays'. In the present poem, "Polythene Bag", he touches on the pressing issue of polythene bag and the evil consequences it has on environment. The strength of the poem is the correlation between human emotion and a mundane thing like a polythene bag.

A. Work in a small group and discuss the questions given below:

- 1. You and your family members go to market to purchase several things. After you have purchased goods you need some sort of bag to carry these goods.**
 - (a) What sort of bag do you use to carry the goods - bag made of cloth, paper or a polythene bag?**
 - (b) What do you do with these bags after you have carried the purchased items?**



"POLYTHENE BAG"

'Hurt' is such a strange polythene bag
which never gets
dissolved into the earth's crust

When touched it makes a squeaky noise,
when burnt it exudes a pungent smell,
when left to itself
it pollutes the environment.

B.1. Answer the following questions very briefly:

1. Who has composed the poem ?
2. Does a polythene bag get dissolved?
3. When does a polythene bag make a noise?
4. What does it give out when it is burnt?
5. How does it affect environment?

Just like the polythene bag
his 'hurt' too melts down
with a little touch of warmth.

But deep inside the grief's garbage bin
far away from everyone's gaze
the germs of the disease
keep on growing.

The polythene bag
remains buried within

Only the pain caused by the 'hurt'
keeps coming back
again and again.



B 2. Answer the following questions briefly:

1. How do the germs of disease grow?
2. What does the word "Hurt" stand for?
3. What causes pain?
4. Whose hurt melts down like polythene bag ?
5. What comes back again and again?
6. Where is the polythene bag buried?

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

dissolved (v) : disappeared gradually, ceased to exist

crust (n) : outer surface

squeaky (adj) : short and shrill

exudes (v) : comes or passes out slowly

pungent (adj) : poisonous

melts (v) : becomes liquid through heating

grief (adj) : deep sorrow

garbage (n) : rubbish, waste things

bin (n) : a large for rubbish container

gaze (n) : long and steady look

growing (v) : developing, increasing in size

buried (v) : placed under the earth



C.1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

1. How does a polythene bag pollute our environment ?
2. Why does the poet compare 'hurt' with a polythene bag, ? Give any two reasons.
3. "The polythene bag remains within." Explain.
4. Have you ever been hurt ? Write your feelings in your own words.

C.2. GROUP DISCUSSION

Discuss the following in groups or pairs:

1. Good environment makes our life happy and healthy but most of us fail to understand it.
2. The sources of pollution are limitless.

C.3. COMPOSITION

1. Write a paragraph in about 100 words on pollution.
2. Narrate your experience of a badly polluted colony in your locality that you have recently visited.

D. WORD STUDY

D.1. Dictionary Use

Ex. 1. Correct the spelling of the following words:

Polethen, disolved, squacky, disees, remeins, burried, coused.

Ex. 2. Give the 'ANTONYMS' of the following words:

strange, never, noise, little, warm, pain, back, deep, inside.

E. GRAMMAR

Ex. 1. Look carefully at the different forms of verb 'get':

get, got, got (gotten), getting, gets.

Now give different forms of the following verbs as illustrated above:

dissolve, touch, make, burn, pollute, keep, remain, bury, come, cause.

Ex. 2. Go through the poem minutely and fill in the blanks given below:

1. Which never dissolved.
2. When touched it a squeaky noise.
3. Only the pain caused by the

E.1. Figures of Speech

'Hurt' is such a strange polythene bag.

In the above sentence we find that 'Hurt' which means 'being wounded' is compared to the polythene bag. These are two different things. One is a feeling and another is a thing. This kind of comparison without any obvious link of comparison such as 'like' or 'as' makes the polythene bag a metaphor.

1. Metaphor is a figure of speech in which an implicit comparison is made between two different things or feelings. Here the real meaning is different from the literal meaning of words.

ex. She is the moon on the earth.

He is a lion in the fight.

He is the star of the family.

She is a book worm

Nature is our best teacher.

2. The other figure of speech is simile. This figure of speech stands for an explicit form of comparison which is made between two different things or feelings, using words 'like' or 'as'.

I wandered lonely as a cloud - 'Wordsworth'

My love is like a red, red rose - Burns

Now fill in the following sentences with the following phrases given below.

as a dove, as a lion, as coal, a lion, the ship, walking shadow, a dagger.

1. She is as gentle _____.
2. He is _____ in the fight.
3. He is as strong _____.
4. Life is but a _____.
5. The camel is _____ of the desert.
6. She is as black _____.
7. The news was _____ to her tender heart.

F. ACTIVITY

1. Visit slum colonies of your area and prepare a list of the problems of the people who reside there.

G. TRANSLATION

Translate into English :

- (i) पोलीथीन घुलता नहीं है।
- (ii) यह बहुत आवाज (ध्वनि) उत्पन्न करता है।
- (iii) यह काफी दुर्गंध देता है।
- (iv) यह कविता किसने लिखी?
- (v) तुम से यह किसने कहा ?



A Write in small groups and discuss the following:

1. How many friends do you have? Who has helped you?
2. Have you been away from your parents for a long time? How did you feel then?

THINNER THAN A CRESCENT

Vidyapati

Born in the village of Bisapi in Madhubani, on the eastern side of north Bihar. Vidyapati is well known for depicting the pangs of separation in the well-known tradition of Jayadeva. His love-songs re-create and reveal the world of Radha and Krishna, the major love figures of Indian mythology and literature. However, while Jayadeva's poem celebrates Krishna's love and pays comparatively little attention to Radha the woman, Vidyapati is primarily concerned with the intense passion of Radha's love. At once sensuous and sensual, descriptive and dramatic, Vidyapati's songs range beyond the mythological only to find their place in the heart of a human lover whose dreams and desires never die, whose sighs and cries never end. The present poem is in the form of a report from a friend of Radha to Lord Krishna. The Lord has had no occasion to meet Radha for sometime. The young girl took this to heart. Consequently, her health began to fail. Greatly concerned over this condition of Radha, the anonymous friend runs to Lord Krishna to report this.



A Write in small groups and discuss the following:

- 1. How many friends do you have ? Who, among them, has helped you?**
- 2. Have you been away from your parents for a long time ? How did you feel then ?**

Her tears carved a river
And she broods on its bank
Hurt and confused.

You ask her one thing,
She speaks of another.
Her friends believe
That joy may come again
At times they banish hope
and cease to case.

O Madhava,
I have run to call you:
Radha each day
grows thinner
Thinner than the crescent in the sky.

B Answer the following questions briefly:

1. Why is Radhika crying ?
2. What two feelings of Radha have been referred to by her friend ?
3. To whom does the friend make a report ?
4. What do Radha's friends believe in ?
5. Why did Radha's friend run to Lord Krishna ?

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

carve (v) : to make something by cutting it with knife

brood (v) : to continually think about something painful

confused (adj) : puzzled, not able to understand properly

banish (v) : to drive away, to expel

cease (v) : to stop

crescent (n) : the curved shape of the moon in its first phase

C.1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

1. Describe Radha's condition, as reported by her friend.
2. Why is Radha's friend so worried ?
3. "Radha each day/grows thinner/thinner than the crescent in the sky", comment on the use of imagery.

C.2. GROUP DISCUSSION

1. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

C. 3. COMPOSITION

1. Write a message to your mother to inform her that you are going to see Ranjan who has taken ill.
2. Your friend is living in a state of anxiety and worry. Write, in a paragraph of 80-100 words, on the pathetic condition of your friend.

D WORD STUDY**D.1. Dictionary Use**

1. Correct the spelling of the following words.

karv

banis

brudes

seige

konfused

thiner

2. Write antonyms of the following words.

believe

thin

hope

friend

cease

confused

E. GRAMMAR

Ex. 1. When 'Each' is used before a singular noun, it always takes a singular verb; e.g.

Each boy in this class **has** a pencil box.

Each girl in this school **has** a bicycle.

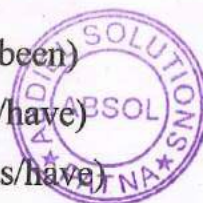
Each labourer **gets** a meal.

Each student **has** got a new book.

Each student **goes** to the library.

Now, fill up the blanks with suitable verbs given in the brackets:

1. Each boy _____ to school. (go/goes)
2. Each teacher _____ got a room. (has/have)
3. Each person _____ a car. (own/owns)
4. Each child _____ a problem. (has/have)
5. Each labourer _____ given a uniform. (was/were)
6. Each painter _____ given a prize. (has been/have been)
7. Each lesson in the book _____ two pictures. (has/have)
8. Each room in this hotel _____ a television set. (has/have)
9. Each bench in the park _____ full. (is/are)
10. Each compartment _____ overcrowded. (was/were)



F. ACTIVITIES

1. Translate any song in your mother tongue into English.
2. Find out for yourself one more poem by Vidyapati and recite it in the class.

G. TRANSLATION

Translate into English:

1. मैं तुम्हें सूचना देने आया हूँ।
2. मैं तुम्हें यह पुस्तक देने आया हूँ।
3. मैं नाश्ता कर चुका हूँ।
4. मैं अपना काम समाप्त कर चुका हूँ।
5. मैं यह पुस्तक पढ़ चुका हूँ।
6. वह खेलने गया है।
7. वह बाजार गया है।
8. वह सिनेमा गया है।

THE EMPTY HEART

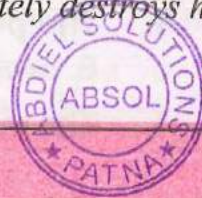
Periasamy Thooran

PERIASAMY THOORAN (Periasami Turan, 1908-87), a distinguished Tamil writer, first made his name as a writer of short stories and poems. However he is best remembered today as the editor of the famous ten-volume general encyclopaedia in Tamil, Kalai Kazhanjiyam. Later, he also compiled and edited an encyclopaedia in Tamil for children. A master of style, Thooran handled successfully the prose-poem and the sonnet. His works include such popular collections as Ilantamiza and Turan Kavithaika (poems), Tangacangili (Short stories) and Puvir Sirippu (essays). Among the many awards that came to him were the Padma Bhushan and Kalaimamani from Tamil Nadu.

The poem Kurai Kudam (The Empty Heart) highlights a great human weakness: man's insatiable greed which ultimately destroys him.

A. Answer the following questions orally:

- 1. What is your opinion about a greedy man?**
- 2. What does he do to satisfy his ambition?**
- 3. What ultimate result does he have to come across?**



THE EMPTY HEART

The man was rich, but not content.
Morning, noon and night he went
To the Wish-yielding Tree and prayed:
'O Kalpaka, I seek your aid;
All I want is a pot of gold.'
His prayer was granted sevenfold:
For as a gift to him was given,
Glistening gold in pitchers seven.
Seven silver pitchers were now with him
Each with gold coins filled to the brim.
But the Tree unkind took into its mind
To add an eighth, a half-full pot.

B.1.1. Write 'T' for true and 'F' for false statement:

1. Periasamy Thooran has written the poem 'The Empty Heart'.
2. Periasamy Thooran was a Bengali writer.
3. The poem 'The Empty Heart' has been translated by S. Swaminathan.
4. The man was given six pots .

B.1.2 Answer the following questions very briefly:

1. Why was the man not content, although he was rich?
2. When was the gift given by the tree?
3. Why was the tree called unkind?

4. When did the man want one pot of gold?
5. Why was he given seven pots?

To fill this quick was his thought;
 The seven full vessels he clean forgot,
 The demon Desire now made him mad.
 To mother, wife, children 'good bye' he bade .
 He rose before cock-crow, past midnight he worked;
 Eating, drinking and sleep he shirked.
 He wrecked his health, his conscience sold
 And tried all tricks to gather gold.
 Eager and anxious he shamelessly took
 Each coin he could clutch by hook or crook.
 Harder and harder he tried, but died
 Before he could quite fill the pot.
 Greed and endless, but life is not.
 Nothing is wrong with a half-filled purse;
 'Tis the void in the heart that is the curse.

B.2. Fill in the blanks with suitable words reading the poem carefully.

The man was rich, but
 Morning, noon and he went.
 His prayer was granted
 For as a gift to him was

To fill this, was his thought.

The seven full he clean forgot.

Nothing is wrong with a half- filled purse. 'Tis the void
in the heart

C.1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

Answer the following questions:

1. Comment on the title of the poem. Is the title justified?
2. What does the name “Kalpaka” evoke? What light does it throw on the character of the person?
3. Contentment is the style of life. Discuss in the light of the poem.
4. Explain the following lines:
“Nothing is ‘wrong with a half-filled purse;
‘Tis the void in the heart that is the curse.”
5. What does ‘Silver pitcher’ symbolise in the poem ?

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

yielding (n) : to produce or provide

glisten (v) : to shine

pitcher () : a large clay container

vessels (n) : utensils for holding something, a large ship or boat, a tube the carries blood through body of the person or an animal

demon (n) : an evil spirit. a person who does very well or with a lot of energy

shirk (v) : to avoid doing, you should do, especially because you are too lazy

wreck (n) : a ship that has sunk or that has been very badly damaged, a person who is in a bad physical or mental condition

void (n) : a large empty space (v) : to state officially that it is no longer valid. (adj) completely making devoid

encyclopaedia (n) : a book or set of books giving information about all areas of knowledge or about different areas of one particular subject

brim (n) : edge or lip of a vessel

C.2. GROUP DISCUSSION

Discuss the following in groups or pairs:

1. The greed for the accumulation of material wealth leads to destruction.
2. What ultimately counts is not wealth but the richness of heart.

C.3. COMPOSITION

Write a paragraph in about 100 words on each of following:

1. A rich man's empty heart.
2. Rewards of being kind-hearted.

D.1. WORD STUDY

Correct the spelling of the following words:

Atteck	Apeal	Statament
Bigin	Chenge	Compeer
Gratful	Sufer	Refoote

D.2. Use the following words in sentences :

Care	Bridge	Demand	Hope	Guard
Fight	Promise	Profit	Return	Smell

D.3. Word Meaning

Ex. Match the words given in column 'A' with their meanings given in column 'B'.

A**B**

- | | | |
|------------|---|------------------------|
| 1. Brim | - | A large empty space |
| 2. Void | - | To fill to the top |
| 3. Wreck | - | To avoid doing |
| 4. Shirk | - | A ship that has sunk |
| 5. Demon | - | A large ship or boat |
| 6. Vessels | - | An evil spirit |
| 7. Pitcher | - | To produce or provide |
| 8. Yield | - | A large clay container |

E. GRAMMAR

Pick out the infinitives, the gerund and the participles in the following sentences:

1. I decided to go there.
2. Walking is a good exercise.
3. He forced me to join the campaign.
4. Laughing is a good tonic.

F. ACTIVITY

Look at the following sentences and find out how the words rhyme.

1. The man was rich, but not content.
Morning, noon and night he went.
2. All I want is pot of gold.
His prayer was granted sevenfold
3. The Demon desire now made him mad
To mother, wife, children 'good bye' he bade.

Now fill in the blanks with appropriate rhyming words - one from the poem itself and another on your own.

thought	_____	_____
sold	_____	_____
took	_____	_____
pat	_____	_____
purse	_____	_____
seven	_____	_____
brim	_____	_____

Compose a small poem on Mother, using the rhyming words you have written above.

G. TRANSLATION

Translate into English:

1. मेरी माँ दयालु है।
2. वे सुबह में टहलते हैं।



3. तुम्हें आराम करना चाहिये।
4. वह कलम से लिख सकती है।
5. पटना बिहार की राजधानी है।
6. पटना गंगा के किनारे बसा हुआ है।
7. गंगा एक पवित्र नदी है।
8. गंगा को प्रदूषित नहीं करना चाहिये।
9. पटना एक पुराना शहर है।
10. उसने पटना के बारे में पत्र लिखा है।



KOEL

Puran Singh

|

A. Work in a small group and answer the following questions briefly:

1. Which is your favourite bird? Why do you like it for?
– For its colour, melodious voice, beautiful appearance, usefulness or something else?

KOEL

Koel! what lightning fell? what singed thy wings?

What keeps thee fresh, yet charred?

Concealed in the mango-leaves, thou singest!

Thy high-pitched strains wake in my soul a
thousand memories!

5

Why so restless that thy spark-shedding notes
go forth kindling fire?

Lo! The roses are on fire which winds and
waters catch!

The shades of mangoes burn!

10

What a rain of sparks art thou, O little Bird!

Koel! what lightning fell? what singed thy wings?

B.1. 1. Write 'T' for true and 'F' for false statement:

1. The Koel is called the black cuckoo.
2. The Koel sings in the apple - leaves.
3. The song of the cuckoo brings a thousand memories.
4. The poet does not become restless to hear its voice.
5. "Thy wings" means "your wings".

B.1.2. Answer the following questions very briefly:

1. Who wrote the poem Koel?
2. What do "thy" and "art" stand for?
3. What wakes thousand memories in heart?
4. What happens with the shades of mangoes?
5. "O little Bird!" Why has 'B' in 'Bird' capital here?

II

The Fire of Love has charred my wings, and
made me anew

I am restless! Where is my Beloved?

15

The sight of mango-blossoms fires me all the more!

The greener the garden, the brighter burns my heart!

My flaming soul asks, "Where? where is my Beloved?"

"Speak! speak! why are thy leaves so still?"

20

B.2. Answer the following questions very briefly:

1. What charred the wings of the Koel?
2. Why is the Koel restless?
3. What fires the Koel?
4. What burns her heart?
5. What does the flaming soul of the Koel ask?

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

lightning (n) : flash of light

charred (adj) : burnt and became black

conceal (v) : to keep secret, to hide

pitch (n) : the standard degree of acuteness of a sound that makes it a high note or low

strain (n) : a melody

shed (v) : to throw off

kindling (v) : to set on fire

thy (pro) : your

art (v) : are

thou (pro) : you

singest (v) : sing

C.1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

1. In response to the speaker's question." What singed thy wings?"

The Koel replies, "The fire of love has charred my wings." What does the Koel's answer suggest? Can love burn like fire? Is this

burning a positive thing or a negative one? Explain.

2. Why does the poet call the Koel “a rain of sparks”? Explain.
3. Why is the Koel restless? Is she able to win over her restlessness? If no, Why?
4. Why is the Koel praised? How do you feel when you hear its voice?
5. Do you think that the Koel symbolises true love?

C.2. GROUP DISCUSSION

Discuss the following in groups or pairs:

1. Nature always soothes our aggrieved soul.
2. We always look forward to meeting whom we love.

C.3. COMPOSITION

1. Write a paragraph in about 100 words on each of the following:
 - (i) A caged bird finds it difficult to sing.
 - (ii) The cuckoo's voice.
2. Write a letter to your friend describing how a koel though black in appearance stands for the sweetness of the soul.

D. WORD STUDY

D.1. Dictionary Use

Look up a dictionary and write two meanings of the following words- the one in which it is used in the lesson and the other which is more common:

kindling,	spark,	strain,
flame,	char,	wing

D.2. What words do you use for 'they', 'thou', 'thee', 'singest', and 'art', in modern English?

D.3. Write the synonyms of the following words:

keep	little	head	speak
conceal	freedom		sight

E. ACTIVITY

Do a project work on five singing birds which are found in your locality.

F. TRANSLATION

Translate unit 1 of 'Koel' (text before the questions in box) in Hindi or any other language that you know.

Koel! what lightning fell ? what singed thy wings?

What keeps thee fresh, yet charred?

Concealed in the mango-leaves, thou singest!

Thy high-pitched strains wake in my soul a
thousand memories!

THE SLEEPING PORTER

Laxmi Prasad Devkota

Laxmi Prasad Devkota was born on the 12 November 1909 in Kathmandu. He obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree from the Patna University in 1929. He was a renowned poet and storywriter of his time. In 1948, he presided over the first national poetry festival of Nepal organized by Nepali Sahitya Parishad. Immediately after this poetry festival, he exiled himself to Vanarasi, India, to edit Yugvani (The Voice of the Age), which was a mouthpiece of the Nepali Congress. In Nepal, his house and properties were confiscated by the government.



A. Work in small groups and discuss the question given below:

- 1. Suppose you have to climb up the fourth floor of a building with a heavy load on your back. Will you feel any trouble doing so? Talk about the trouble that you will face.**

THE SLEEPING PORTER

A twenty-five kilo load on his back
spine double bent
a six-mile climb up in the snows of winter
naked bones, skeleton- like frail frame
yet facing an uphill task
he is challenging the mountain.

He is wearing a black cap
dirty, sweat-stained
his body is an abode of fleas and lice
his mind very dull
although it emits a sulphur-like sour smell
but what a stout human figure!

Like a bird
his heart is twittering, panting
he is sweating and out of breath

B.1. Answer the following questions very briefly:

1. How much load does the Porter have on his back?
2. What distance does the Porter cover in the snows of winter?
3. Who is challenging the mountain?
4. What type of cap is he wearing ?
5. What type of smell does the Porter emit ?

A hut on the cliff
his son shivering with cold
woes of hunger
the mother searching for nettles and vines.

Beneath this hero of the mountain
the proud conqueror of nature
are the snow-clad peaks
above
only the star-studded lid of night.
In this night
the porter is in deep slumber
"reigning over the rich kingdom of sleep."

B.2. Answer the following questions:

1. What is there on the cliff?
2. What is the mother searching?
3. Who is the hero of the mountain?
4. What is meant by 'lid of night'?
5. Who is 'reigning over' the 'rich kingdom of sleep'?

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

spine (n) : the back bone

naked (adj) : unclothed, uncovered, nude

skeleton (n) : the bony frame work of the body

frail (adj) : weak, infirm

frame (n) : a structure, shape

uphill (adj) : ascending, difficult

sweat (n) : perspiration

stain (n) : mark

fleas (n) : a kind of small jumping insect

lice (n) : pl. of louse; a parasitic insect

stout (adj) : strong, brave

twittering (adj/n) : uttering interrupted sound

panting (n) : gasping

woe (n) : grief, sorrow

nettle (n) : stinging plant

vines (n) : the creeper which bears grapes

conqueror (n) : one who conquers, a victor

clad (adj) : clothed

studded (v) : p.t of stud adorned with studs

lid (n) : the cover for the top of something

slumber (n) : a short sleep



C.1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

1. The poet has focused on trials and tribulations of the porter. Elucidate.
2. A mother is searching for nettles and vines who is she? Why is she searching such things?
3. Determination, hard work and continuity win the race. Do you agree? Write your opinions with reference to the poem "The Sleeping Porter?"

C.2. GROUP DISCUSSION

1. The porters are the symbols of hard work.
2. All human beings are porters on this earth.

C.3. COMPOSITION

1. Write a letter to your mother explaining how labour never goes in vain.

D. WORD STUDY**D.1. Dictionary Use**

1. Write the meanings of the words given below:

rule	a luggage-carrier	curse
under	consisting of two	spot

2. Write the antonym for each of the following words:

load	hill	honest	correct
far	dull	dirty	natural

D.2. Word Formation

Read the following lines carefully:

“A twenty-five kilo load on his back spine double bent.”

‘Bent’ is the past form of ‘Bend’; other words derived from bend are as follows:

bend, bent, bends, bendable, bender, bending.

Write as many words derived from the following verbs:

hope write do help jump

E. ACTIVITY

Do a project work on the life of coolies on a Railway station.

F. TRANSLATION

Translate the poem into Hindi or any other language that you know.

...

MARTHA

Walter de la Mare

WALTER DE LA MARE (1873 – 1956), a modern poet, was quite different from the other poets of his age. He is unlike other modern poets such as T. S. Eliot who discuss problems related to society and industrialization. Walter de la Mare is altogether different from them. Like a conjurer, he creates an atmosphere of mystery, where experience is like a dream like reality. Among his poems "The Listener," "The Scarecrow" and "Arabia" are worth mentioning.

Answer the questions briefly:

1. Have you read any fairy tale?
2. Do you find its events as real as in life?
3. Does it have any logical sequence of events?



Martha

"Once...Once upon a time..."

Over and over again,

Martha would tell us her stories,
In the hazel glen.

Hers were those clear grey eyes
You watch, and the story seems
Told by their beautifulness
Tranquil as dreams.

She'd sit with her two slim hands
Clasped round her bended knees;
While we on our elbows lolled,
And stared at ease.

Her voice and her narrow chin,
Her grave small lovely head,
Seemed half the meaning
Of the words she said.

B1.1 Write True (T) or False (F) for the following sentences:

1. Martha tells her stories over and over again.
2. If one watches her eyes, it seems story is told by her beautiful eyes.
3. Her stories were turbulent.
4. She would sit with clasped hands round her neck.
5. Martha would tell her stories in greenish brown valley.

B.1.2 Answer the questions briefly:

1. What does Martha do in the hazel glen?
2. What is the colour of Martha's eyes?
3. Who are staring at ease?
4. How do they sit to listen to Martha's story?
5. How were half of the stories said?

"Once...Once upon a time..."

Like a dream you dream in the night,
Fairies and gnomes stole out
In the leaf-green light.

And her beauty far away
Would fade, as her voice ran on,
Till hazel and summer sun
And all were gone:—

All fordone and forgot;
And like clouds in the height of the sky,
Our hearts stood still in the hush
Of an age gone by.



B. 2. Fill in the blanks on the basis of your reading of the poem:

Like a dream you dreamthe night,

Fairies and gnmoes stole

..... the leaf green light.

And her beauty far

Would fade as her voice ran.....

B .2.2. Write True (T) or False (F) for the following sentences:

1. Fairies and gnomes stole out Martha's beauty.
2. Like a dream her beauty gradually faded away.
3. Her voice could be heard until hazel and summer sun and other things faded away.
4. Clouds in the sky are on lower height.
5. Our hearts are shocked.
6. Martha tells her story today.
7. Her stories have tranquil effect.

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

hazel (adj.): greenish brown

glen (n): deep narrow valley in mountain of Scotland or Ireland

tranquil (adj.): calm and peaceful

slim (adj.): attractively thin and well shaped

clasped (v): to hold tightly in arms or hands

stared (v): to look at someone for long time

grave (adj.): person is quite serious in appearance or behaviour

fairies (n): imaginary creature with magical power

hush (n): place where things are quite and peaceful or suddenly becomes quite and peaceful

C. 1. LONG ANSWER QUESTIONS

1. Describe Martha's physical features.
2. Is this poem like a dream? How can you say that?
3. How does this poem end?
4. Do you think that Martha and the children enjoyed the stories?

5. Martha begins with happy and tranquil note and ends with sadness. Why does she do so? Explain.
6. Explain the mood of the poet when he says "Our hearts stood still in the hush of an age gone by".
7. Describe the poet's feeling when he started the poem.

C.2. COMPOSITION

1. Prepare a report on your visit to any hills.
2. Prepare a short speech on land sliding on hills.

D. WORD STUDY

D.1. Rearrange the letters to make meaningful words:

misl,
rdwo

denb,

ryou,

E. FIGURES OF SPEECH

Simile and Metaphor:

Simile is comparison between two objects is. It is suggested by the use of words 'like' and 'as'.

Find out simile used by the poet in this poem. (One has been done for you)

'Tranquil as dreams'

Metaphor is a way of comparing things by attributing qualities of one object to another object, person, or thing to the object. It is an implied simile.

Do you **find** any metaphor in the poem? Pick out if any:

(One has been done for you)

'He is the Shakespeare of his school'.

F. ACTIVITY

Read the poem carefully and find out if the words appearing at the end of each line rhyme alike? (One has been done for you).

You watch, and the story seems

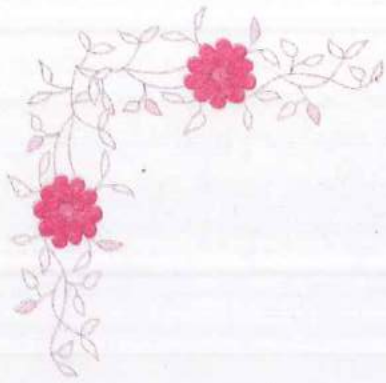
Told by their beautifulness

Tranquil as dreams.

Find out other words, which rhyme alike.

G. TRANSLATION

1. मेरी दादी कहानियां सुनायेंगी।
2. उनकी आँखों का रंग हल्का भूरा है।
3. कहानियों हमारे दिल और दिमाग को सुकून देती हैं।
4. पहाड़ियों पर बादल थे।
5. उसकी आवाज बहुत प्यारी है।
6. मैंने एक सपना देखा।
7. धीरे-धीरे उसकी आवाज कम हो गयी।
8. हमारा दिल बैठ गया।
9. हम उन्हें एकटक देख रहे थे।
10. उसकी आँखें आधी बात कह देती हैं।



READ, THINK AND ENJOY



READ, THINK AND ENJOY

SPARE THE ROD

Dr. Trinath Mishra

Dr. Trinath Mishra, a distinguished ex-Police Officer with a rare artistic sensibility, is a conscious writer with astute historical sense who is alive to every sensuous response and its intellectual impact on the moral superiority of the NOBs.



Dr. Zakir Hussain, the Governor of Bihar paid us a visit. Being an educationist he had a deep interest in the 'Netarhat experiment'. Shri Dar had a long association with Dr. Hussain. He belonged to the set of pioneers who had implemented the concept of Basic education formulated by Dr. Zakir Hussain.

Dr. Hussain addressed the school assembly. He talked about the objectives of education. The objective of education is to develop a positive personality by letting the latent qualities in a learner bloom forth. Though the education should enable a person to undertake a suitable vocation in life, it should not be taken as a means to win a bread-ticket only, he said, This was fully in tune with the Netarhat philosophy so it drew a wholesome appalause from the audience.

After the speech questions were invited. A number of questions

were asked about his experiences in the field of basic education and about his association with Gandhiji. Dr. Hussain gave a vivid account of his experiences on both scores.

When the session was about to close Shailoo got up.

“Sir, there is a saying in English ‘Spare the rod and spoil the child’. Do you believe in this dictum?”

Dr. Zakir Hussain peered closely at Shailoo. His french-cut beard chin bobbed up and down twice. A faint smile flickered. He turned his head slightly towards Shri Dar and whispered audibly, “Do you use the rod often here?”

“Rarely sir”, was the cryptic reply.

“Yes, the rod should be there lest a child gets spoiled”, Dr. Hussain replied, “but before the teacher picks up the rod he should deeply ponder over all other options and alternatives. He should sleep over the question at least for twenty-four hours. Only when there is no other way out he should use the rod and then too gently”.

He glanced over his shoulder towards the faculty. Perhaps he wanted to bring home his viewpoint more to the teachers. The teachers had not expected this reaction from a Gandhian Educationist. They had the apprehension that Dr. Hussain would squarely condemn and reject corporal punishment for erring students.

The rod did exist in Netarhat. It is true that it was rarely applied but, alas! never gently. Shri D.P. Singh was the doyen - the Acharya, of the creed of the rod. He had come from Mayo College, Ajmer, which used to be the school for children of Rajput Chiefs of Rajputana. The rod was the primary instrument to control the pampered tribe of Kunwaras, Bhanvars and Tanwars. Shri Singh maintained his Rajpoot traditions even in the plebeian surroundings of Netarhat. Whenever he decided in favour

of the rod - I wonder whether he ever considered other alternatives; he would borrow a wooden from Shri B. D. Pandey whenever we saw the metre-scale adorning the teacher's table in the history or English class we knew for sure that there would be a spectacle to witness. Heavy betting started as to who would be the gladiator facing the angry Singh (lion).

Part - I

One incident is clearly etched in my memory. We were in the second year. The main school building's construction had just been undertaken. Due to the induction of the second batch more class-rooms were required. To meet it a barrack type tin-shed was erected close to the Chalet. Now I think the school printing press is located there. The shed had been partitioned with C.G.I., sheets to make a number of class-rooms. Our classes were held in this tin-shed for more than two years.

One day we were given a home-task by Shri Singh. This was to write a letter to friend in English describing the change of seasons in Netarhat. Our answers were to be submitted by next morning. Compared to others my English composition was better. I had had the advantage of studying in a school run by Jesuits where proficiency in English was given more weightage compared to government run schools. I could compose this letter in the evening itself. Premchand Singh, my class fellow was a very bright student but English was his Achilles' heel. Moreover that evening he was pitted against Luxmi Narain in a game of chess. Both were top-ranking chess players of the school. As a result he could spare no time for the English composition.

Next morning he approached me and asked me for my answer-book. I readily obliged. Hurriedly Premchand copied my letter word by word in his answer-book and submitted it. He did not even alter the proper name of my friend to whom I had addressed the letter.

When we entered the English class-room on the subsequent day we found the ominous metre-scale on the top of the teacher's table. It sent a chill down our spines. All chit-chat ceased at once. We waited with baited breath to find out as to whose back was going to brave this burden.

Shri Singh entered a few moments later. He immediately asked me and Premchand to stand up. Praying inwardly to all gods, goddesses and deities to save me from this impending catastrophe I got up. My legs were all rubber. They could hardly support me. Premoo also must have felt likewise.

"Now here I have got two identical answers", Shri Singh thundered, "I know great men think alike, but I also know that even great men cannot think identically and in identical terms and words. Hence it is evident that one has copied from the answer-book of another. Tell me who has copied whom".

Both of us kept mum. Premoo did not own it up due to fear of the punishment. I observed 'omerta' adhering to the school boys' unwritten code of honour. It is not good to rat on your comrades. Reprisals would be worse than any punishment meted out by the teacher.

"So you choose to exercise your right of silence", Shri Singh remarked sarcastically, "You think I do not have the capability to find out the truth".

"Sit down both of you and write another letter to your friend describing the change in seasons", he ordered.

We sat down. Since I had done the exercise only the other day I quickly penned down a similar letter and submitted it within fifteen minutes. Premoo had only copied down the text. He now found it to be a hard task. Somehow he also scribbled down a few lines and handed over the paper to Shri Singh.

The entire class's eyes were rivetted on us. Shailoo was into the secret. So he smiled encouragingly to me and winked towards poor premchand.

Shri Singh glanced through the two sheets. Then he put down the papers and picked up the metre-scale. My heart was pounding like a big war-drum. Shri Singh surveyed the entire class and then focussed his attention on Premchand.

"Come here Prem", he ordered.

Prem walked upto his place slowly, Shri Singh brought down the scale on the posterior of Prem. Prem doubled over partly to reduce the target and partly due to pain. The fleshy parts of his anatomy got a fleshy treatment. Mercifully after four-five wheckings the scale broke down. Prem lapsed into his native tongue, Bhojpuri, entreating Shri Singh to spare him.

"Mat Sab, 'Daya Kareen; Ab Ham Aisan Na Karab'" (Please have mercy upon me, my teacher; I shall not do it again), he cried out.

Once the instrument broke down Shri Singh ordered him back to his desk and resumed his teaching of English composition.

Luckily such incidents were rare. The usual punishments meted out for indiscretions and misconduct were 'Chukkers', extra-sweeping assignments and the withholding of the sweet-dish.

'Chukkers' had been introduced by Mr. Napier and it became the regular regimen. It meant going round the 440 yard track at the double. For minor infringements normally four chukkers were awarded. The order would be 'Char Chukker'. The alliteration made it all the more appealing to the teachers. Sometimes the number of chukkers was not mentioned. In that case the boy had to keep running round and round till further orders. The prevalence of this practice was such that one could see one or two boys doing the rounds at any hour of the day.

The visitors were not aware of this mode of punishment - when they saw the boys running around the track they presumed that they were practising for track-events. Once an elderly couple were taking the evening stroll near the ground. They saw three boys doing the chukkers. The gentlemen genially smiled and remarked, "What a wonderful sight. It is very heartening to see young boys preparing so arduously for the school athletic meet. The-Love for sports is getting lost in schools these days. It is good that Netarhat gives proper stress on the physical education.

THE LAST LEAF

O' Henry

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called 'places.' These 'places' make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this rout, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account.!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attic and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a colony'.

At the top of squatty three-story brick Sue and Johny had their studio. 'Johnsy' was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine, the other from California. They had met at the table d'hôte of an Eighth Street 'Delmonico's, and found their tastes in art chicory and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger. Whom the doctor's called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy finger. Over on the East Side this ravager strode

boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown 'places.'

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman,. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by Californian zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote: and she lay, scarcely moving. on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small. Dutch window -panes at the blank side of them next brick house. One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, grey eyebrow.

'She has one chance in - let us say.. ten,' he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. 'And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up one the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look *sky*. Year little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?'

'She - she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day,' said Sue.

'Paint?- bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about? twice -a man, for instance.'

'A man?' said Su, with a jews'-harp twang in her voice. 'Is a man worth - but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind.'

'Well, it is the weakness, then,' said the doctor. 'I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 **per cent** from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter sties in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in five chance for her, instead of one in ten.'

After the doctor had gone. Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing-board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripply under the bedclothes, with her face toward window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshoes riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking **out** the window and counting backward. Twelve, she said, and a little later, 'eleven'; and then 'ten and 'nine'; and then 'eight' and 'seven', almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count. There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old ivy vine gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed all -way up the up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

'What is it, dear?' asked Sue.

'Six,' said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. 'They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were a most a hundred. It made my head-ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now.'

'Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie.'

'Leaves. On the ivy vine- When the last one falls I must go too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?

'Oh, I never heard of such nonsense,' complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. 'What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well **real soon were** -let's see exactly what he said - he said the chances **were**-ten to one why, that almost **as good a chance** as we have in New York when we ride on the street- cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self.'

'You needn't get any more wine,' said Johnsy, keeping **her eyes** fixed out the window.

'There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to **see** the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go too.'

'Johnsy, dear,' said Sue, bending over her, 'will you promise me to -keep your eyes closed, and not look out of the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light or I wouli.draw- the shade down.'

'Couldn't draw in-the other room?' asked Johnsy coldly. 'I'd rather be hereby you, said **Sue**. Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves.'

'Tell me as soon as you have finished,' said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue. 'because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn

loose my hold on everthing, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves.'

'Try to sleep,' said Sue. 'I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move till I come back.'

Old Behrman was painter who lived on the ground floor beneath - them. He was past sixty-and had-amichael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his-Mistrees's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but he had never yet begun it.

For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming master piece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly ;it softness in anyone, and he who regarded himself as especial mastiff- in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his, dimly-lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an 'easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnny's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his **red** eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

'Vass!' he cried. 'Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from I am a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I vill not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly puniness to come in der pain of her? Ach, doit poor little Miss Yohnsy.'

'She is very ill and weak,' said Sue, 'and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, If you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old - old flibberti-gibbet.'

'You are just like a woman!' yelled Behrman. 'Who said I vill not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half alf an hour I haf been trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill Saint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes.'

Johny was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. Persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes starting at the drawn green shade.

'Pull it up! I want-to see,' she ordered. in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, Lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem,

but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the round.

'It is the last one,' said Johnsy 'I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time.'

'Dear, dear!' said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow., 'think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?'

But Johnsy did not answer. The loresomest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been, a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnny. 'Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die you may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it. and - no; bring me a hand-mirror first; and then pack some pillows about me. and I will sit up and watch you cook.'

An hour later she said -

Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples.'

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

'Even chances,' said the doctor, talking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. 'With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. A Behrman his name is - some kind of an artist I believe. Pneumonia-, too. He is an old weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him: but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable.'

The next day the doctor said to Sue: 'She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now-that's all.

And that afternoon, Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

'I have something to tell you white mouse, she said. 'Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They -couldn't imagine where he had been on such, dreadful night. And then they found a lantern still lighted and a ladder that had been dragged from its place and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colours mixed on it and took out the ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece -he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.