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## BALLAD.

### Against the Enemies of France.

May he fall in with beasts that scatter fire,
Like Jason when he sought the fleece of gold,
Or change from man to beast three years entire,
As King Nebuchadnezzar did of old;
Or else have a mare as shameful and as bad
As Tereus took for ravished Procne had;
Or guiled with Proserpine and Ta t-lus
Let hell's deep fire devour him do-down.
With worse to hear than Job's worst enforance,
Bound in his prison mare with Dedalus,
Who could wish evil to the State of France!

May he fear months, like bitterns in the mire,
Howl with head downward to the lase springs cold,
Or to be harness like strong bulls for fire,
To the Great Turk for money down be sold,
Or thirty years like Magdalen live and,
With neither wealth nor ease of limb clad;
Brown like Farrier', or swing down pendulous
Like Absalom with locks luxu ious,
Or like Jehoiachin taken to prebiscr,
Or find such death as Simon sorcerous,
Who could wish evil to the state of France!

May the old times come of Serse Octavian's tre,
And in his belly molten coin be told;
May he like Virtun in the mill exoire,
Crushed between moving millstones on him rel ed,
Or in deep sea drenched breakfiess, more afraid
Than in the whale was Jonas, when God bade;
From Plutbus' light, from Jove's treasure house
Driven, and trampled and Venus amb-ous,
And cursed of God man high to the utterance,
As was the Syrian King Antiochus,
Who could wish evil to the State of France!

envoy.

Prince, may the bright winged brood of Æolus
To sea king Glaucus' wild wood cavernous
Bear him bereft of peace and hope's least
glo ce,
For worthless is he to get good of us,
Who could wish evil to the state of France!
(Amen and amen.)
FRANCOIS VILLON, 1461.

Translated and indoised by A. C. Swinburne, 1876.

## TOM SAWYER'S PRIZE.

### A Story which all Good Little Sunday-School Boys Should Read.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Sabbath-school hours were from nine until half past ten; and then church service. Two of the children always remained for the sermon voluntarily, and the other also remained too—for stronger reasons. The church's high-backed, uncushioned pews would seat about 300 persons; the edifice was but a small, plain affair, with a sort of pine board tree box on top of it for a steeple. At the door Tom dropped back a step and accosted a Sunday-dressed comrade:

"Say, Bill, got a yaller ticket?"

"Yes."

"What'll you take for her?"

"What'll you give?"

"Piece of lickrish and a fish-hook."

"Less see 'em."

Tom exhibited. They were satisfactory, and the property changed hands. Then Tom traded a couple of white alleys for three red tickets, and some trifle or other for a couple of blue ones. He waylaid other boys as they came, and went on buying tickets of various colors ten or fifteen minutes longer. He entered the church now with a swarm of clean and noisy boys and girls, proceeded to his seat, and started a quarrel with the first boy that came handy. The teacher, a grave, elderly man, interfered, then turned his back a moment and Tom pulled a boy's hair in the next bench and was absorbed in his book when the boy turned around; stuck a pin in another boy, presently, in order to hear him say "ouch!" and got a new reprimand from his teacher. Tom's whole class were of a pattern—restless, noisy and troublesome. When they came to recite their lessons not one of them knew his verses perfectly, but had to be prompted all along. However, they worried through, and each got his reward in small blue tickets, each with a passage of scripture upon it; each blue ticket was pay for two verses of the recitation. Ten blue tickets equaled a red one, and could be exchanged for it; ten red tickets equaled a yellow one; for ten yellow tickets the superintendent gave a very plainly bound Bible (worth forty cents in those easy times) to the pupil. How many of my readers would have the industry and application to memorize 2000 verses, even for a Dore Bible? And yet—Mary had acquired two Bibles in this way—it was the patient work of two years—and a boy of German parentage had won four or five. He once recited 3000 verses without stopping; but the strain upon his mental faculties was too great, and he was little better than an idiot from that day forth—a grievous misfortune for the school, for on great occasions, before company, the superintendent (as Tom expressed it) had always made this boy come out and "spread himself." Only the older pupils managed to keep their tickets and stick to their tedious work long enough to get a Bible, and so the delivery of one of these prizes was a rare and noteworthy circumstance; the successful pupil was so great and conspicuous for that day that on the spot every scholar's heart was fired with a fresh ambition that often lasted a couple of weeks. It is possible that Tom's mental stomach had never really hungered for one of these prizes, but unquestionably his entire being had for many a day longed for the glory and *eclat* that came with it.

In due course the superintendent stood up in front of the pulpit, with a closed hymn book in his hand, and his forefinger inserted between its leaves, and commanded attention. When a Sunday school superintendent makes his customary little speech a hymn book in the hand is as necessary as is the inevitable sheet of music in the hand of a singer who stands forward on the platform and sings a solo at the concert—though why, is a mystery; for neither the hymn book nor the sheet of music is ever referred to by the sufferer. The superintendent was a slim creature of thirty-five, with a sandy goatee and short sandy hair; he wore a stiff standing collar whose upper edge almost reached his ears, and whose sharp corners curved forward abreast the corners of his mouth—a fence that compelled a straight lookout ahead, and a turning of the whole body when a side view was required; his chin was propped on a spreading cravat, which was as broad and as long as a bank note, and had fringed ends; his boot toes were turned sharply up, in the fashion of the day, like sleigh runners—an effect patiently and laboriously produced by the young man sitting with their toes pressed against a wall for hours together. Mr. Walters was very earnest of mien, and very sincere and honest at heart; and he held sacred things and places in such reverence, and so separated them from worldly matters that unconsciously to himself his Sunday school voice had acquired a peculiar intonation which was wholly absent on week days. He began after this fashion:

"Now, children, I want you all to sit up just as straight and pretty as you can, and give all your attention for a minute or two. There—that is the way good little boys and girls should do. I see one little girl who is looking out of the window. I am afraid she thinks I am out there somewhere—perhaps up in one of the trees, making a speech to the little birds. [Applausive titters.] I want to tell you how good it makes me feel to see so many bright, clean little faces assembled in a place like this learning to do right and be good." And so forth and so on. It is not necessary to set down the rest of the oration. It was of a pattern which does not vary, and so it is familiar to us all. The latter third of the speech was marred by the resumption of fights and other recreations among certain of the bad boys, and by begetting and whisperings that extended far and wide, washing even to the bases of Ireland and incorruptible rocks like Sid and Mary. But now every sound ceased suddenly, with the application of Mr. Walter's voice, and the conclusion of the speech was received with a burst of silent gratitude.

A good part of the whispering had been occasioned by an event which was more or less rare—the entrance of visitors: Lawyer Thatcher accompanied by a very textile and aged man; a fat, purty, middle-aged gentleman with a kind face and a spectacled nose or somewhere else to put them; and a lady so fine and so grand that Tom didn't even know she was in town, and was ready to die of envy and admiration. But Tom was not the only admirer she had made among the susceptible youth of the congregation that day. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the manners and customs of church life in the United States at the period of which we are speaking, it may be mentioned that it was the custom for the young gentlemen to escort the young ladies to their seats in church. Therefore, when this young lady arrived at the door, Sid and Mary and a dozen other youths were there to offer her escort and the honor of sitting in her pew. But she ignored all_ this_ young_ chivalry_ and_ walked_ up_ the_ aisle_ alone_ and_ sat_ down_ in_ the_ pew_ all_ by_ herself_ and_ put_ her_ little_ nose_ in_ the_ air_ and_ the_ young_ men_ had_ to_ sit_ down_ with_ the_ disappointment_ and_ mortification_ gnawing_ at_ their_ hearts_ and_ spoil_ the_ Sunday_ for_ them_ and_ make_ them_ feel_ that_ life_ was_ a_ burden_ for_ a_ while_ to_ come.

Now_ the_ minister_ had_ been_ a_ long_ time_ in_ the_ service_ of_ the_ church_ and_ was_ well_ versed_ in_ the_ ways_ of_ the_ world_ and_ of_ human_ nature_ and_ he_ knew_ how_ to_ make_ the_ most_ of_ a_ good_ thing_ when_ it_ came_ his_ way. He_ had_ preached_ a_ sermon_ on_ the_ occasion_ of_ the_ last_ visit_ of_ strangers_ which_ was_ regarded_ as_ a_ very_ fine_ sermon_ indeed_ by_ the_ congregation_ who_ had_ to_ sit_ under_ it_ and_ hear_ it_ almost_ every_ Sunday_ for_ a_ long_ time_ but_ which_ was_ not_ thought_ of_ much_ by_ the_ visitors_ who_ had_ only_ come_ to_ town_ to_ spend_ the_ Sunday_ with_ their_ friends_ and_ had_ gone_ to_ church_ to_ see_ the_ fashions_ and_ to_ be_ seen_ and_ to_ see_ how_ the_ country_ cousins_ behaved_ themselves_ in_ church_ and_ what_ they_ had_ on_ their_backs_ and_ how_ they_ looked_ and_ what_ they_ said_ about_ the_ city_ folks_ when_ they_ got_ home_ again_ and_ so_ forth_ and_ so_ on. It_ is_ not_ to_ be_ supposed_ that_ a_ country_ church_ could_ do_ anything_ else_ than_ be_ proud_ of_ such_ a_ sermon_ as_ this_ one_ was_ and_ it_ was_ not_ to_ be_ supposed_ that_ the_ minister_ could_ do_ anything_ else_ than_ be_ glad_ that_ he_ had_ preached_ it_ and_ put_ himself_ to_ such_ pains_ and_ such_ trouble_ to_ do_ himself_ and_ his_ church_ credit_ before_ such_ a_ congregation_ of_ strangers_ and_ fine_ folks_ and_ so_ he_ had_ had_ the_ sermon_ printed_ in_ the_ newspaper_ and_ had_ preached_ it_ again_ the_ Sunday_ the_ visitors_ were_ there_ and_ had_ had_ it_ printed_ in_ the_ newspaper_ with_ a_ few_ remarks_ about_ how_ he_ was_ pleased_ with_ the_ manner_ in_ which_ it_ had_ been_received_ and_ how_ he_ had_ been_ asked_ to_ print_ it_ in_ the_ papers_ and_ so_ forth_ and_ so_ on. He_ had_ also_ had_ it_ printed_ in_ pamphlet_ form_ and_ it_ was_ this_ pamphlet_ that_ he_ was_ now_ distributing_ among_ the_ congregation_ that_ was_ so_ much_ admired_ in_ the_ church_ and_ all_ the_ town_ and_ country_ round_ every_ Sunday_ for_ a_ long_ time_ afterwards_ and_ was_ so_ much_ thought_ of_ that_ he_ had_ to_ preach_ it_ over_ and_ over_ again_ on_ the_ Sundays_ when_ strangers_ were_ not_ there_ to_ hear_ it_ and_ was_ so_ much_ admired_ when_ he_ did_ preach_ it_ that_ he_ was_ asked_ to_ preach_ it_ and_ print_ it_ in_ the_ papers_ of_ the_ adjoining_ towns_ and_ was_ so_ much_ talked_ of_ and_ so_ much_ thought_ of_ and_ so_ much_ admired_ and_ so_ much_ sought_ after_ that_ he_ had_ to_ preach_ it_ over_ and_ over_ again_ on_ the_ Sundays_ when_ there_ were_ no_strangers_ there_ to_ hear_ it_ and_ was_ so_ much_ admired_ when_ he_ did_ preach_ it_ that_ he_ was_ asked_ to_ preach_ it_ and_ print_ it_ in_ the_ papers_ of_ the_ adjoining_ towns_ and_ was_ so_ much_ talked_ of_ and_ so_ much_ thought_ of_ and_ so_ much_ admired_ and_ so_ much_ sought_ after_ that_ he_ had_ to_ preach_ it_ over_ and_ over_ again_ on_ the_ Sundays_ when_ there_ were_ no_