

EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare;—
 Stunned, and dizzy and blind,
 I heard the sound of a mingling roar—
 'Twas the rive's rush that I heard before,
 And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe—safe, at Nammoora gate,
 I fell, and lay like a stone.
 O love! thine arms were about me than,
 Thy warm tears called me to life again, —
 But—O God! That I time alone! —

I and my Beautiful dwelt in peace,
 By the Murray streams in the West, —
 But oft through the mist of my dreams along
 Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,
 With the blood-red rose on his breast.

Alice Werner

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Rewrite the following passage, making the necessary corrections in the tenses:

It was sunrise when I rose from my resting-place and resumed my journey. What a change! All was waste. The sun had set upon a prairie still clothed in its natural garb of herbage. It rose upon a scene of desolation. Not a single weed- not a blade of grass is left. The tall grove now spreads a labyrinth of soorehed and naked branches—the very type of rain. A thin covering of grey ashes was sprinkled upon the ground beneath, and several large dead trees were still blazing or sending up long spires of smoke. In every direction barrenness marks the track of the frames. It has even worked its course against the blast, hugging to the roots of tall grass. The wind was still raging; cinders and ashes are drifting and whirling about in almost suffocating clouds.