

**CECIL AND MARY:
OR, PHASES OF LIFE
AND LOVE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649414925

Cecil and Mary: Or, Phases of Life and Love by Joseph Edward Jackson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOSEPH EDWARD JACKSON

**CECIL AND MARY:
OR, PHASES OF LIFE
AND LOVE**

1851 *1. 200*
2. 50 *1. 200*

CECIL AND MARY:

OR,

PHASES OF LIFE AND LOVE.

•

CECIL AND MARY:

OR,

PHASES OF LIFE AND LOVE.

BY

JOSEPH EDWARD JACKSON.



LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

1858.

[The Author reserves the right of Translation.]

APA 3542

LONDON
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANCERY STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

CECIL AND MARY.

I.

COLLEGE TUTOR.

WHAT! go and leave a widowed mother here,
To walk alone the icy path of age
With trembling steps? Is she to falter on
Through Death's black defile, when your manly arm
Might lead her gently, did you offer it?
Who is to kiss her quivering lips? or who
To stroke her silvery hair? or who to raise
Her feeble form and hold the cooling cup
To quench her fevered thirst? or who to speak
Those words of faith, in the chill dusk of death,
Which only your voice can; and as she turns
And asks for you, are stranger lips to say,
'Madam, you know he left you long ago?'

A dog would scorn to treat a mother thus,
Much more those heathen whom you go to teach
What good men should be. Were it not as well
To stay at home and show what good men are ?

CECIL.

Ah! it would grieve her tenfold more to know
That I could not step o'er her grave which lay
'Twixt me and some poor living pagan child,
Than to be hurried to a meagre hole
Without a tear upon her coffin lid ;
Yea, than to be tossed out amidst a shoal
Of hunger-frenzied sharks for burial.
'Tis what we do whilst living, 'tis not what
Is done with our poor soul's dross after death
That we should think of.

TUTOR.

Well, be it so, I have a handful more
Of genuine arguments against your going
To bring out yet ; prove them all counterfeits,

And then I'll own I'm bankrupt.
The fierce flame-breathing sun of tropic lands
Would eat your life out as it would a fire's:
The icy cold of snow o'er-rinded climes
Would stiffen all your heart-strings till they snapped:
You have not granite strength for heat or cold.
Bethink you, if you went, and then returned
A useless hull, condemned to idly lie
For many a year upon the shoals of life,
Rotting, not wearing out. 'Twere better far
To be a mud barge here and carry dirt.

CECIL.

A useless hull!—nay, I might even then
Serve for an hospital, or even for hulks;
Or, at the least, for firewood. But you err.
It is not those of stout and sinewy arm
That always fight the sun best; some there are
Whom the sun nourishes as he does flowers,
Where he would kill great oaks: and if I die

Some ten years sooner than I should do here,
I shall die twice ten older; for our life
Is what we do, and not the space we live.

TUTOR.

Granted, enthusiast; but if you do less
By going away than staying here, what then?

CECIL.

Oh! no—I cannot—the mere going away
Weighs heavier in the assaying-scales of heaven
Than years of drossier life like this; and if
I fall in the first onset, will not God
Say to me, as He once did, 'Since it was
Within thy heart, thou did'st well?'

TUTOR.

But, hearken! If the heart be strong enough,
The blood will reach the furthest finger tip
Without our aid; and if we only wait,
Will not the noiseless tide of knowledge surge,