

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SHREWSBURY FABLES. Being
Addresses given in Shrews-
bury School Chapel. Crown
8vo.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S APOLOGY.
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ETON FABLES

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[*Hymn written for Founder's Day 1921, being
the 500th anniversary of the birth of King Henry
VIth.*]

[*Tune, Darwall's 148th.*]

Ye holy saints of yore,
Who wore an earthly crown,
And now, God's throne before,
Have cast your glories down,
Teach us to sing
As best we may
On this his day,
Our Founder King !

Ye humble men of heart,
Who lived to praise your Lord,
And bear to-day your part
In Heaven's all-blest accord,
His praise acclaim,
Whose deeds have brought,
By him unsought,
A deathless fame !

Ye mourners, who on high
Lift up your joyful head,
Your tears for ever dry,
Your sorrows comforted,
Praise him who trod
Through grief and pain
That pathway plain
That leads to God !

But chiefest, Thou, his Lord,
His praise attentive hear,
Who strove to keep Thy word
And share Thy sufferings here :
For all he willed
Be glory Thine,
His great design
In Thee fulfilled !

PREFACE

THE volume of Fables to which this is a companion contained a series all delivered at one School on two annual occasions : this volume has not the same unity, or perhaps not quite the same monotony : it may indeed be said with truth that some of these addresses are not Fables at all in the proper sense of the term. The first five were written primarily for Shrewsbury School, though most of them have at different times been also delivered at Eton : the rest, with the exception of two fragments of sermons, have Eton as their place of origin. Most have been delivered in Lower Chapel, and some to the more exacting congregation in College Chapel ; while the two last have only been submitted to the searching criticism of my own Division. I hope that readers will make allowances for these different circumstances of their production.

C. A. A.

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“There, you can read the rest for yourself. I don’t know if it was good enough for Queen Elizabeth, but it’s quite good enough for me. And now, if you’ll allow me, I’ll have a little sleep, and I hope I shall dream of fairies of the good old kind, and not of German theologians dressed up as angels of light. You’d better read the poets a little more, young man, and don’t try and keep your religion in a watertight compartment !”

My uncle composed himself for slumber : following his advice, I took down a volume of Francis Thompson from the shelf : it opened at his last poem, “In no strange land.” I read it through again—

“The angels keep their ancient places,
Turn but a stone, and start a wing !
’Tis ye, ’tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.”

And as I gazed from the book to his recumbent and peaceful figure I was bound to confess that there might be more in his view than I had thought probable at first.