

De La Salle Fifth Reader eBook

De La Salle Fifth Reader by Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools

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PREFACE

The object of the Christian Brothers in issuing a new series of Readers is to place in the hands of the teachers and pupils of our Catholic schools a set of books embodying the matter and methods best suited to their needs. The matter has been written or chosen with a view to interest and instruct, to cultivate a taste for the best literature, to build up a strong moral character and to imbue our children with an intelligent love of Faith and Country. The methods are those approved by the most experienced and progressive teachers of reading in Europe and America.

These Readers have also been specially designed to elicit thought and facilitate literary composition. In furtherance of this idea, class talks, word study, the structure of sentences, drills on certain correct forms of expression, the proper arrangement of ideas, explanation of phrases and literary expressions, oral and written reproductions of narrations and descriptions, and exercises in original composition, all receive the attention which their importance demands. Thus will the pupils, while learning to read and from their earliest years, acquire that readiness in grasping the thoughts of others and that fluency in expressing their own, which are so essential to a good English education.

In teaching the art of Reading as well as that of Composition, the principle of order should in a great measure determine the value of the methods to be employed. In the acquisition of knowledge, the child instinctively follows the order of nature. This order is first, *observation*; second, *thought*; third, *expression*. It becomes the duty of the teacher, consequently, to lead the child to observe *accurately*, to think *clearly*, and to express his thoughts *correctly*. And text-books are useful only in so far as they supply the teacher with the material and the system best calculated to accomplish such results.

It is therefore hoped that the present new series of Readers, having been planned in accordance with the principle just enunciated, will prove a valuable adjunct in our Catholic schools.

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INTRODUCTION

In this Fifth Reader of the De La Salle Series the plan of the preceding numbers has been continued. The pupil has now mastered the mechanical difficulties of learning to read, and has acquired a fairly good working vocabulary. Hence he is prepared to read intelligently and with some degree of fluency and pleasure. Now is the time to lead him to acquire a taste for good reading. The selections have been drawn mainly from

authors whose writings are distinguished for their moral and literary value, and whose style is sure to excite a lasting interest.

In addition to giving the pupil practice in reading and forming a basis for oral and written composition work, these selections will raise his ideas of right living, will quicken his imagination, will give him his first knowledge of many things, stimulate his powers of observation, enlarge his vocabulary, and correct and refine his mode of expression. A wholesome reading habit, so important to-day, will thus be easily, pleasantly and unconsciously formed.

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The following are some of the features of the book:

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.—This Guide is to be referred to again and again, and the diacritical marks carefully taught. Instruction in the vowel sounds is an excellent drill in articulation, while a knowledge of the diacritical marks enables the pupil to master these sounds for himself when consulting the dictionary.

VARIETY OF MATTER.—In the volume will be found the best sentiments of the best writers. The pupil will find fables, nature studies, tales of travel and adventure, brave deeds from history and fiction, stories of loyalty and heroism, examples of sublime Christian self-sacrifice, and selections that teach industry, contentment, respect for authority, reverence for all things sacred, attachment to home, and fidelity to faith and Country.

LANGUAGE STUDY.—If reading is to hold its proper place in the class room, the teaching of it must not be confined to the mere reading of the text. In its truest sense, reading is far more comprehensive. The teacher will question the pupil on what he has read, point out to him the beauties of thought and language, find out what hold the reading has taken upon his memory, how it has aroused his imagination, assisted his judgment, directed his will, and contributed to his fund of general information. To assist in this most important work is the object aimed at in the matter given for Language Study. Such study will also give fuller powers of interpretation and corresponding appreciation of the selection considered simply as literature.

RECITATIONS.—There are some selections marked for recitation. The public recitation of these extracts will banish awkwardness of manner, beget self-confidence, and lay the foundation for subsequent elocutionary work. Besides, experience teaches that a single poem or address based upon some heroic or historic event, recited before a class or a school, will often do more to build up a noble character and foster a love of history, than a full term of instruction by question and answer.

POETRY.—The numerous poetic selections, some of which are partly analyzed by way of suggestion, will create a love for the highest and purest forms of literature, will broaden the field of knowledge, and emphasize the teachings of some of the prose selections. Many of them have been written by American authors. Every American boy and girl should be acquainted with the works of poets who have done so much for the development of American literature and nationality.

MEMORY GEMS.—“The memorizing of choice bits of prose and poetry enriches the vocabulary of the pupils, adorns their memory, suggests delicate and noble thoughts, and puts them in possession of sentences of the best construction. The recitation of these expressive texts accustoms the children to speak with ease, grace and elegance.” (“Elements of Practical Pedagogy.”)



BIOGRAPHIES.—Young children enjoy literature for its own sake, and take little interest in the personality of the writer; but as they grow older, pleasure in the work of an author arouses an interest in the writer himself. Brief biographical sketches are given at the close of the volume as helps in the study of the authors from whom selections are drawn, and to induce the pupils to read further.



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SUGGESTIONS

WORD STUDY.—The pupil should know how to spell and pronounce correctly all the words of the selection he is preparing to read. He should know their ordinary meanings and the special meanings they may have in the text. He should be able to write them correctly from dictation and to use them in sentences of his own. He should examine if they are primitive, derivative, or compound; he should be able to name the prefixes and suffixes and show how the meanings of the original words are modified by their use. He should cultivate the habit of word mastery. What is read will not otherwise be understood. Without it there can be no good reading, speaking or writing.

EXPRESSIVE READING.—There should be constant drill to secure correct pronunciation, distinct articulation, proper emphasis, and an agreeable tone of voice, without which there can be no expressive reading. This is a difficult task, and will take much time, trouble and practice; but it has far-reaching results. It enlarges the sympathy of the pupil and lays the foundation for a genuine love of literature. Do not, then, let the reading lesson drift into a dull and monotonous calling of words. On the contrary, let it be intelligent, spirited, enthusiastic. Emotion comes largely from the imagination. The pupil himself must be taught not only to feel what he reads, but to make its meaning clear to others. It is important that children be taught to acquire thought through the ear.

CONCERT READING.—Reading in concert is generally of little value, and the time given to it ill-spent. It does not aid the children in getting thought, or in expressing it fluently. As an exercise in teaching reading it is ineffective and often positively harmful. A concert recitation to which special training has been given partakes of the nature of a hymn or a song, and then becomes an element of value. If occasionally there must be concert reading in the class room, it should always be preceded by individual mastery of the selection.

POEMS.—In the first lesson, a poem, like a picture, should be presented as a whole, and never dissected. The teacher should first read it through, not stopping for note or comment. He should then read it again, part by part, stopping, for question, explanation and discussion. Lastly, the whole poem, should be read with suitable emotion, so that the final impression may be made by the author's own words. It is important that the pupil get the message which the author intended to give. In teaching a descriptive poem, make the pictures as vivid as possible, and thus awaken the imagination. In dealing with a narrative poem, the sequence of events must first be made clear. When this is done, the aim should be to give fuller meaning to the story by bringing out clearly



the causes, motives and results of acts. All this will take time. Be it so. One poem well read, well studied, is worth more than a volume carelessly read over. In reading poetry, be careful that the pupils, while giving the rhythm of the lines, do not fall into the singsong tone so common and so disagreeable.

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EXPLANATIONS.—Explanations should accompany every reading lesson, without which there can be no serious teaching of the vernacular. By their means the teacher enters into communication with his pupils; he gets them to speak, he corrects their errors, trains their reason, and forms their taste. It has been said that a teacher able to explain selections in prose and poetry “holds his class in the hollow of his hand.” The teacher should insist that the pupil express himself clearly and correctly, not only during the reading lesson, but on every subject he has occasion to deal with, either orally or in writing, throughout the day’s recitations.

REVIEWS.—As the memory of children, though prompt, is weak, frequent reviews should be held. They are necessary for the backward pupils and advantageous for the others. Have an informal talk with the children on what they have read, what they have learned, what they have liked, and what has interested them. Some important parts of the prose and poetry previously studied might, during this exercise, be re-read with profit.

COMPOSITION.—Continue oral and written composition. The correct use of written language is best taught by selecting for compositions subject-matter that deeply interests the children. If persevered in, this will secure a good, strong, idiomatic use of English. If the words of a selection that has been studied appear now and then in the children’s conversation or writing, it should be a matter for praise; for this means that new words have been added to their vocabulary, and that the children have a new conception of beauty of thought and speech.

See that all written work be done neatly and legibly. Slovenly or careless habits should never be allowed in any written work.

MEMORY GEMS.—Do not lose sight of the memory gems. Familiarize the pupil with them. Their value to the child lies more in future good resulting from them than in present good. These treasures of thought will live in the memory and influence the daily lives of the children who learn them by heart.

THE DICTIONARY.—The use of the dictionary is a necessary part of education. It is a powerful aid in self-education. Its use will double the value of study in connection with reading and language. Every Grammar School, High School and College should be supplied with several copies of a good unabridged dictionary, and every pupil taught how to consult it, and encouraged to do so. The dictionary should be the book of first and last and constant resort.

USE OF THE LIBRARY.—The teacher should endeavor to create an interest in those books from which the selections in the Reader are taken, and in others of equal grade and quality. Encourage the children to take books from the library. Direct them in their choice. Encourage home reading. The reading of good books should be a part of

regular school work; otherwise little or no true progress can be made in speaking and writing. The best way to learn to speak and write good English is to read good English.



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For additional suggestions as to the best means of teaching Reading and Language, teachers are referred to Chapters II and IV, Part IV, of "Elements of Practical Pedagogy," by the Christian Brothers, and published by the La Salle Bureau of Supplies, 50 Second Street, New York.

* * * * *

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GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

NOTE.—This Guide is given to aid the pupil in the use of the dictionary, and will be found to cover all ordinary cases. In the diacritical marking, as in accentuation and syllabication, Webster's International Dictionary has been taken as authority.

VOWELS

(Transcriber's Note: Equivalent sound shown within round brackets.)

[=a] as in gate—g[=a]te

[^a] as in care—c[^a]re

]a] as in cat—c]a]t



[.a] as in ask—[.a]sk

[a.] ([\o]) as in what—wh[a.]t

[:a] as in car—c[:a]r

[a:] as in all—[a:]ll

ai ([^a]) as in air—[^a]ir

ai ([=a]) as in aim—[=a]im

au ([:a]) as in aunt—[:a]unt

[=e] as in eve—[=e]ve

]e] as in end—]e]nd

[e] as in her—h[e]r

[^e] as in there—th[^e]re

[e=] ([=a]) as in they—th[e=]y

ea ([=e]) as in ear—[=e]ar

ei ([=e]) as in receive—rec[=e]ive

[=i] as in ice—[=i]ce

]i] as in pin—p]i]n

[i] ([e]) as in bird—b[i]rd

[:i] ([=e]) as in police—pol[:i]ce

i[e=] ([=e]) as in chief—chi[e=]f

[=o] as in old—[=o]ld



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[^o] as in lord—l[^o]rd

]o] as in not—n]o]t

[.o] ([]u]) as in son—s[.o]n

[o.] ([u.]) as in wolf—w[o.]lf

[o:] ([=oo]) as in do—d[o:]

oa ([=o]) as in boat—b[=o]at

[=oo] ([o:]) as in moon—m[=oo]n

]oo] ([o.]) as in foot—f]oo]t

[=u] as in pure—p[=u]re

]u] as in cup—c]u]p

[^u] as in burn—b[^u]rn

[u.] ([o.]) as in full—f[u.]ll

[u:] as in rude—r[u:]de

ew ([=u]) as in new

[=y] ([=i]) as in fly—fl[=y]

]y] ([]i]) as in hymn—h]y]mn

[y] ([e]) as in myrrh—m[y]rrh

CONSONANTS

c (s) as in cent

c (k) as in cat

ce (sh) as in ocean

ch (k) as in school

ch (sh) as in machine



ci (sh) as in gracious

dg (j) as in edge

ed (d) as in burned

ed (t) as in baked

f (v) as in of

g (hard) as in get

g (j) as in gem

gh (f) as in laugh

n (ng) as in ink

ph (f) as in sulphur

qu (kw) as in queen

s (z) as in has

s (sh) as in sure

s (zh) as in pleasure

ssi (sh) as in passion

si (zh) as in occasion

ti (sh) as in nation

wh (hw) as in when

x (z) as in Xavier

x (ks) as in tax

x (gz) as in exist

* * * * *

6

DEFINITIONS

LANGUAGE is the expression of thought by means of words.



WORDS, with respect to their *origin*, are divided into *primitive* and *derivative*; and with respect to their *composition*, into *simple* and *compound*.

A PRIMITIVE word is one that is not derived from another word.

A DERIVATIVE word is one that is formed from another word by means of prefixes or suffixes, or by some other change.

A SIMPLE word is one that consists of a single significant term.

A COMPOUND word is one made up of two or more simple words.

A SENTENCE is a combination of words which make complete sense.

A SYLLABLE is a word or a part of a word pronounced by one effort of the voice.

The DIAERESIS is the mark [.] placed over the second of two adjacent vowels, to denote that they are to be pronounced as distinct letters; as *REECHO*.

RULES FOR THE USE OF CAPITAL LETTERS



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The first word of every SENTENCE should begin with a capital.

PROPER NAMES, and words derived from them, should begin with capitals.

The first word of every LINE OF POETRY should begin with a capital.

All names of God and all titles of the DEITY, as well as all pronouns referring to the Deity, should begin with capitals.

The words I and O should always be capitals.

The first word of a DIRECT QUOTATION should begin with a capital.

The names of the DAYS and of the MONTHS should begin with capitals; but not the names of the seasons.

* * * * *

7

HYMN TO ST. LA SALLE.

Glorious Patron! low before thee
Kneel thy sons, with hearts a-flame!
And our voices blend in music,
Singing praises to thy name.
Saint John Baptist! glorious Patron!
Saint La Salle! we sound thy fame.

Lover of our Queen and Mother,
At her feet didst vow thy heart,
Earth, and all its joys, forsaking,
Thou didst choose the better part.
Saint La Salle, our glorious Father,
Pierce our souls with love's own dart.

Model of the Christian Teacher!
Patron of the Christian youth!
Lead us all to heights of glory,
As we strive in earnest ruth.
Saint La Salle! oh, guard and guide us,
As we spread afar the Truth!



In this life of sin and sorrow,
Saint La Salle, oh, guide our way,
In the hour of dark temptation,
Father! be our spirit's stay!
Take our hand and lead us homeward,
Saint La Salle, to Heaven's bright Day!

Mercedes.

[Illustration: ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE.] Founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, pointing out the way of salvation to the children of all nations.

“Christian Teachers are the sculptors of living angels, moulding and shaping the souls of youth for heaven.” *Most Reverend Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque.*

* * * * *

8

due mien fri'ar pri'or Pa'los por'ter con'vent pre'cious grat'i tude

COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT.

Dreary and brown the night comes down,
Gloomy, without a star.
On Palos town the night comes down;
The day departs with stormy frown;
The sad sea moans afar.

A convent gate is near; 'tis late;
Tin-gling! the bell they ring.
They ring the bell, they ask for bread—
“Just for my child,” the father said.
Kind hands the bread will bring.

White was his hair, his mien was fair,
His look was calm and great.
The porter ran and called a friar;
The friar made haste and told the prior;
The prior came to the gate.

He took them in, he gave them food;
The traveler's dreams he heard;
And fast the midnight moments flew.
And fast the good man's wonder grew,
And all his heart was stirred.



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The child the while, with soft, sweet smile,
Forgetful of all sorrow,
Lay soundly sleeping in his bed.
The good man kissed him there, and said:
“You leave us not to-morrow!

“I pray you, rest the convent’s guest;
This child shall be our own—
A precious care, while you prepare
Your business with the court, and bear
Your message to the throne.”

And so his guest he comforted.
O wise, good prior! to you,
Who cheered the stranger’s darkest days,
And helped him on his way, what praise
And gratitude are due!

J.T. Trowbridge.

By permission of the author.

* * * * *

Where is Palos? What is it noted for?

Who was the “good man” spoken of in the poem?

In the line “The traveler’s dreams he heard,” who was the traveler? Relate the story of his dreams. Why are they called dreams? Did the dreams become facts? In what way?

How did the monks of this convent assist Columbus?

How did the Queen of Spain assist him?

Why is it that in the geography of our country we meet with so many Catholic names?

* * * * *

Memory Gem:

Press on! There’s no such word as fail!
Push nobly on! The goal is near!



Ascend the mountain! Breast the gale!
Look upward, onward,—never fear!

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

9

THE LITTLE FERN.

A great many centuries ago, when the earth was even more beautiful than it is now, there grew in one of the many valleys a dainty little fern leaf. All around the tiny plant were many others, but none of them so graceful and delicate as this one I tell you of. Every day the cheery breezes sought out their playmate, and the merry sunbeams darted in and out, playing hide-and-seek among reeds and rushes; and when the twilight shadows deepened, and the sunbeams had all gone away, the little fern curled itself up for the night with only the dewdrops for company.

So day after day went by: and no one knew of, or found the sweet wild fern, or the beautiful valley it grew in. But—for this was a very long time ago—a great change took place in the earth; and rocks and soil were upturned, and the rivers found new channels to flow in.

Now, when all this happened, the little fern was quite covered up with the soft moist clay, and perhaps you think it might as well never have lived as to have been hidden away where none could see it.

But after all, it was not really lost; for hundreds of years afterwards, when all that clay had become stone, and had broken into many fragments, a very wise and learned man found the bit of rock upon which was all the delicate tracery of the little fern leaf, with outline just as perfect and lovely as when, long, long ago it had swayed to the breezes in its own beautiful valley.



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And so wonderful did it seem to the wise man, that he took the fern leaf home with him and placed it in his cabinet where all could admire it; and where, if they were thoughtful and clever enough, they could think out the story for themselves and find the lesson which was hidden away with the fern in the bit of rock.

Lesson! did I say? Well, let's not call it a lesson, but only a truth which it will do every one of us good to remember; and that is, that none of the beauty in this fair world around us, nor anything that is sweet and lovely in our own hearts, and lives, will ever be useless and lost. For, as the little fern leaf lay hidden away for years and years, and yet finally was found by the wise man and given a place with his other rare and precious possessions where it could still, though silently, aid those who looked upon it; so we, as boys and girls, men and women who are to be, can now, day by day, cultivate all lovely traits of character, making ourselves ready to take our place in the world's work. And when that time comes we shall not only be able to aid others silently, as did the little fern, but may also, by word and deed, lend a hand to each and every one around us.

Mara L. Pratt.

From "Fairyland of Flowers." The Educational Publishing Co.

* * * * *

Break up the following words into their syllables, and place the accent mark where it belongs in each:

outline, tracery, cabinet, delicate, finally, character, hundreds, centuries, remember, beautiful, possessions. Show the correct use of the words in original sentences. The dictionary will help you in the work.

Name some of the traits of character that will help a boy or a girl to be truly successful in life.

* * * * *

Memory Gems:

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth.

Truth alone makes life rich and great.

Emerson.



There is a tongue in every leaf—
A voice in every rill—
A voice that speaketh everywhere—
In flood and fire, through earth and air,
A tongue that's never still.

Anon.

* * * * *

10

blithe whistler mellow replied cheery skylark

HELPING MOTHER.

As I went down the street to-day,
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-cheeked,
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple-time.
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busy at his work,
While blithe as skylark's song
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought as I passed by;
"These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by and by."



Page 10

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate—
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
“The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up!” he cried;
My little whistler shook his head,
And “Can’t come,” he replied.

“Can’t come? Why not, I’d like to know?
What hinders?” asked the other.
“Why, don’t you see,” came the reply,
“I’m busy helping mother?
She’s lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I’ve no time for fun just now,”
Said this dear little man.

“I like to hear you talk like that,”
I told the little lad;
“Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad.”
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.

LANGUAGE WORK:

Describe the little lad spoken of in the poem. Do you know any boy like him?

Tell what this “little man” said to his playmate.

When night came, was the boy sorry that he had missed so much fun? What kind of man did he very likely grow up to be?

* * * * *

11

rid’ dle brand’-new mys’ ter y un rav’ el like’ ness es



A CONTENTED WORKMAN.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and saw an old laborer plowing his land by the wayside cheerily singing his song.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this land on which you are working so hard belong to you?"

"No, sir," replied the laborer, who knew not that it was the king; "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Two dollars," said the laborer.

"That is not much," replied the king; "can you get along with that?"

"Yes; and have something left."

"How is that?"

The laborer smiled, and said, "Well, if I must tell you, fifty cents are for myself and wife; with fifty I pay my old debts, fifty I lend, and fifty I give away for the Lord's sake."

"That is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the laborer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now, that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt, towards which I pay fifty cents a day. The third fifty cents, which I lend, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last fifty I maintain two sick sisters. This I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with his answer, said, "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"



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“Never,” said the laborer.

“In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses.”

“That is a riddle which I cannot unravel,” said the laborer.

“Then I will do it for you,” replied the king. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished laborer, who knew not what was coming, “The coin is good, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you good-day.”

* * * * *

Memory Gems:

The working men, whatever their task,
 Who carve the stone, or bear the hod,
 They wear upon their honest brows
 The royal stamp and seal of God;
 And worthier are their drops of sweat
 Than diamonds in a coronet.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;
 Let fortune’s bubbles rise and fall;
 Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
 Or plants a tree, is more than all.

Whittier.

[Illustration: LABOR Millet.]

* * * * *

12

con’ script in dis pen’ sa ble im’ ple ment in de fea’ si bly

TWO LABORERS.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man’s. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all



weather tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike.

Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because I must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell and, fighting our battles, wert so marred. Yet toil on, toil on; ... thou toilest for the altogether indispensable,—for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us!

If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him, in return, that he may have light and guidance, freedom, immortality?—these two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.



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Unspeakably touching it is, however, when I find both dignities united; and he, that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth like a light shining in great darkness.

Thomas Carlyle.

* * * * *

Laws are like cobwebs, where the small flies are caught, and the great break through.

Bacon.

* * * * *

13

gust thief mop' ing awk' ward pet' tish ly in dig' nant un bear' a ble med' dle some en
light' ened in quis' i tive

THE GRUMBLING PUSS.

"What's the matter?" said Growler to the gray cat, as she sat moping on the top of the garden wall.

"Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way, "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me. I wish heartily some one would hang *her*."

"Why, what *is* the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Hasn't she beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?"

"Dear, dear!" said Growler; "pray what has brought it about?"

"Oh, nothing at all; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder they haven't hanged her long ago."

"Well, you see," said Growler, "cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily."

"Not a drop of milk have I had this day!" said the gray cat; "and such a pain in my side!"

"But what," said Growler, "what is the cause?"



“Haven’t I told you?” said the gray cat, pettishly; “it’s her temper:—oh, what I have had to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me; everything that is stolen she lays to me. Really, it is quite unbearable!”

Growler was quite indignant; but, being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked: “But was there no particular cause this morning?”

“She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her,” said the cat.

“How, may I ask?” gently inquired Growler.

“Oh, nothing worth telling,—a mere mistake of mine.”

Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression, that she was compelled to say, “I took the wrong thing for my breakfast.”

“Oh!” said Growler, much enlightened.

“Why, the fact is,” said the gray cat, “I was springing at a mouse, and knocked down a dish, and, not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and it was rather nice, and—”

“You finished it,” hinted Growler.

“Well, I believe I should have done so, if that meddling cook hadn’t come in. As it was, I left the head.”



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“The head of what?” said Growler.

“How inquisitive you are!” said the gray cat.

“Nay, but I should like to know,” said Growler.

“Well, then, of a certain fine fish that was meant for dinner.”

“Then,” said Growler, “say what you please; but, now that I’ve heard the whole story, I only wonder she did *not* hang you.”

* * * * *

Fill the following blanks with words that will make complete sentences:

Mary — here, and Susan and Agnes — coming. They — delayed on the road. Mother — to come with them, but she and father — obliged to wait till to-morrow.

Puss said to Growler, “I — not — a drop of milk to-day, and — not — any yesterday.”

I — my work well now. Yesterday I — it fairly well. To-morrow I shall — it perfectly.

The boys — their best, though they — the game.

John—now the boys he — last week. He — not — them before.

NOTE.—Let two pupils read or recite the conversational parts of this selection, omitting the explanatory matter, while the other pupils simply listen. If done with expressive feeling and in a perfectly natural tone, it will prove quite an interesting exercise. To play or act the story of a selection helps to develop the imagination.

* * * * *

14

scared swerve gur’ gle rip’ ples cur’ rent mum’ bling ly

THE BROOK SONG.

Little brook! Little brook!
 You have such a happy look—
 Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook—
 And your ripples, one and one,
 Reach each other’s hands and run
 Like laughing little children in the sun!



Little brook, sing to me;
Sing about the bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water bugs raced round and laughed at him.

Little brook—sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-hearted center of your current swift and strong,
And a dragon fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing—how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook—laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!



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James Whitcomb Riley.

From "Rhymes of Childhood." Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Copyright, 1900.

* * * * *

[Illustration: BY THE BROOK]

RIPPLES, little curling waves FILM, a thin skin or slight covering.

CURRENT, the swiftest part of a stream; also applied to *air, electricity, etc.*

What do the following expressions mean: tilting rim, lilting melody, softest sleep, gurgle and refrain, a happiness as keen to him as pain?

What is a lullaby? Recite a stanza of one.

Insert *may* or *can* properly where you see a dash in the following: The boy said, "—I leave the room?" "Mother, I—climb the ladder;—I?"—a dog climb a tree?—I ask a favor?

Copy the following words—they are often misspelled: loving, using, till, until, queer, fulfil, speech, muscle, quite, scheme, success, barely, college, villain, salary, visitor, remedy, hurried, forty-four, enemies, twelfth, marriage, immense, exhaust.

By means of the suffixes, *er, est, ness*, form three new words from each of the following words: happy, sleepy, lively, greedy, steady, lovely, gloomy.

Example: From happy,—happier, happiest, happiness. Note the change of *y* to *i*.

* * * * *

15

rag'ged crin'kly rub'bish fil'tered protect'ed disor'derly disturbed' imme'diately

THE STORY OF THE SEED-DOWN.

I.

High above the earth, over land and sea, floated the seed-down, borne on the autumn wind's strong arms.



“Here shall you lie, little seed-down,” said he at last, and put it down on the ground, and laid a fallen leaf over it. Then he flew away immediately, because he had much to look after.

That was in the dark evening, and the seed could not see where it was placed, and besides, the leaf covered it.

Something heavy came now, and pressed so hard that the seed came near being destroyed; but the leaf, weak though it was, protected it.

It was a human foot which walked along over the ground, and pressed the downy seed into the earth. When the foot was withdrawn, the earth fell, and filled the little pit it had made.

The cold came, and the snow fell several feet deep; but the seed lay quietly down there, waiting for warmth and light. When the spring came, and the snow melted away, the plant shot up out of the earth.

There was a little gray cottage beside which it grew up. The tiny plant could not see very far around, because rubbish and brush-heaps lay near it, and the little window was so gray and dusty that it could not peep into the cottage either.

“Who lives here?” asked the little thing.



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“Don’t you know that?” asked the ragged shoe, which lay near. “Why, the smith who drinks so much lives here, and his wife who wore me out.”

And then she told how it looked inside, how life went on there, and it was not cheering; no, but fearfully sad. The shoe knew it all well, and told a whole lot in a few minutes, because she had such a well-hung tongue.

Now there came a pair of ragged children, running—the smith’s boy and girl; he was six years old and the girl eight, so the shoe said, after they were gone.

“Oh, see, what a pretty little plant!” said the girl. “So now, I shall pull it up,” said the boy, and the plant trembled to the root’s heart.

“No, do not do it!” said the girl. “We must let it grow. Do you not see what pretty crinkly leaves it has? It will have lovely flowers, I know, when it grows bigger.”

And it was allowed to stay there. The children took a stick and dug up the earth round about, so it looked like a plowed field. Then they threw the shoe and the sweepings a little way off, because they thought to make the place look better.

“You cannot think,” said the shoe, after the children had gone, “you cannot think how in the way folks are!”

“The children have to give themselves airs, and pretend to be very orderly,” said the half of a coffee-cup; and she broke in another place she was so disturbed.

But the sun shone warmly and the rain filtered down in the upturned earth. Then leaf after leaf unfolded, and in a few days the plant was several inches high.

“Oh, see!” said the children, who came again; “see how beautiful it is getting!”

“Come, father, come! brother and I have discovered such a pretty plant! Come and see it!” begged the girl.

The father glanced at it. The plant looked so lovely on the little rough bit of soil which lay between the piles of sweepings.

The smith nodded to the children.

“It looks very disorderly here,” he said to himself, and stopped an instant. “Yes, indeed, it does!” He went along, but thought of the little green spot, with the lovely plant in the midst of it.

* * * * *



II.

pet' als in' mates scrubbed fra' grant

The children ran into the house.

“Mother,” said they, “there is such a rare plant growing right by the window!”

The mother wished to glance out, but the window was so thick with dust that she could not do so. She wiped off a little spot.

“My! My!” said she, when she noticed how dirty the window looked beside the cleaned spot; so she wiped the whole window.

“That is an odd plant,” said she, looking at it. “But how dreadfully dirty it is out in the yard!”

Now that the sun shone in through the window it became very light in the cottage. The mother looked at the ragged children and at the rubbish in the room, and the blood rushed over her pale cheeks.



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"It is a perfect shame!" she murmured. "I have never noticed that it was so untidy here."

She hurried around, and set the room to rights, and, when that was done, she washed the dirty floor. She scrubbed it so hard that her hands smarted as if she had burned them in the fire; she did not stop until every spot was white.

It was evening; the husband came home from work. The wife sat mending the girl's ragged dress. The man stopped in the door. It looked so strange to him within, and the look his wife gave him was brighter than ever before, he thought.

"Go—God's peace!" he stammered. It was a long time since such a greeting had been heard in here.

"God's peace!" answered she; "wel—welcome home!" She had not said this for many years.

The smith stepped forward to the window; on the bed beside it the two children lay sleeping. He looked at them, then he looked out on the mound where the little plant stood. After a few minutes he went out.

A deep sigh rose from the woman's breast. She had hoped that he would stay home that evening. Two great tears fell on the little dress.

In a few minutes she heard a noise outside. She went to the window to see what it could be. Her husband had not gone away! He was out in the yard clearing up the brush-heaps and rubbish.

She became more happy than she had been for a long time. He glanced in through the window and saw her. Then she nodded, he nodded back, and they both smiled.

"Be careful, above all, of the little plant!" said she.

Warm and sunny days came. The smith stayed at home now every evening. It was green and lovely round the little cottage, and outside the window there was a whole flower-bed, with many blossoms; but in the midst stood the little plant the autumn wind had brought thither.

The smith's family stood around the flower-bed, and talked about the flowers.

"But the plant that brother and I found is the most beautiful of all," said the girl.

"Yes, indeed it is," said the parents.

The smith bent down and took one of the leaves in his hand, but very carefully, because he was afraid he might hurt it with his thick, coarse fingers.



Then a bell was heard ringing in the distance. The sound floated out over field and lake, and rang so peacefully in the eventide, just as the sun sank behind the tree-tops in the forest. And every one bowed the head, because it was Saturday evening, and it was a sacred voice that sounded.

In a little while all was silent in the cottage; the inmates slumbered, more tired, perhaps, than before, after the week's toils, but also much, much happier. And round about, all was calm and peaceful.

But when Sunday's sun came up, the plant opened its bud,—and it bore but a single one. When the cottage folks passed the little flower-garden, they all stopped and looked at the beautiful, fragrant blossom.



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“It shall go with us to the house of God,” said the wife, turning to her husband. He nodded, and then she broke off the flower. The wife looked at the husband, and he looked at her, and then their eyes rested on both children; then their eyes grew dim, but became immediately bright again, for the tears were not of sorrow, but of happiness.

When the organ’s tones swelled and the people sang in the temple, the flower folded its petals, for it had fulfilled its mission; but on the waves of song its perfume floated upwards. And in the sweet fragrance lay a warm thanksgiving from the little seed-down.

From “My Lady Legend,” translated from the Swedish by Miss Rydingsvaerd.

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* * * * *

Memory Gem:

I want it to be said of me by those who know me best that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower in its place wherever a flower would grow.

Abraham Lincoln.

* * * * *

16

lux’u ry med’i cine a bun’dant wil’der ness

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.



The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him!

Mary Howitt.

* * * * *

Give the plural forms of the following name-words: tree, leaf, copy, foot, shoe, calf, life, child, tooth, valley.

Insert the proper punctuation marks in the following stanza:

In the country on every side
Where far and wide
Like a leopard's tawny hide
Stretches the plain
To the dry grass and drier grain
How welcome is the rain.

Memory Gem:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.



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Stanza from Gray's "Elegy."

* * * * *

17

deigned in' va lid lone' li ness smoothed med'i cine be wil'dered gen' ius riv' et ed soul-
sub du' ing

PIERRE'S LITTLE SONG.

In a humble room, in one of the poorer streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the house; and he had not tasted food all day. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits.

Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so welcome to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed, both air and words; for the child was a genius. He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a great poster with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes sparkled with a new hope. Running to the looking-glass, he smoothed his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box an old, stained paper, he gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

* * * * *

"Who, do you say, is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"Only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says that if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual in a child, he walked straight up to the lady, and, bowing, said: "I have come to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at one of



your grand concerts, some publisher might buy it, for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother.”

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was;—she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

“Did you compose it?” she asked,—“you, a child! And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?” she asked, after a few moments of thought.

“Oh, yes!” and the boy’s eyes grew bright with happiness; “but I couldn’t leave my mother.”

“I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night; and that will admit you to a seat near me.”



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Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

* * * * *

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the glare of lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and the rustling of silks, completely bewildered him. At last *she* came; and the child sat with his eyes riveted on her face. Could it be that the grand lady, glittering with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited:—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody: he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy! And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing. Many a bright eye was dimmed with tears, many a heart was moved, by the touching words of that little song.

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said: “Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the first publisher in London, a large sum for his little song. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven.”

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As for Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and the tempted, he knelt down by his mother’s bedside and uttered a simple prayer, asking God’s blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she now went about doing good. And on her early death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and one of the most talented composers of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow and the fatherless!

* * * * *

PIERRE (pe [˘a]r’), Peter.



MALIBRAN, a French singer and actress. She died in 1836, when only 28 years old.

What does “he walked as if moving on air” mean?

BREATHLESS = *breath*+*_less_*, without breath, out of breath; holding the breath on account of great interest.

BREATHLESSLY, in a breathless manner. Use *breath*, *breathless*, *breathlessly*, in sentences of your own.

Pronounce separately the two similar consonant sounds coming together in the following words and phrases:

humming; meanness; is sure; his spirit; send down; this shows; eyes sparkled; wept together; frequent trials.



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Memory Gems:

A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows.

St. Francis of Assisi.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson.

* * * * *

18

SEPTEMBER.

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.



Helen Hunt Jackson.

[Footnote: Copyright, Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.]

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

sedges, coarse grasses which grow in marshy places.

Tell what the following expressions mean: dewy lanes; best of cheer; sedges flaunt their harvest.

How do "Asters by the brookside make asters in the brook"?

Give in your own words the tokens of September mentioned in the poem. Can you name any others?

Memorize the poem. What do you know of the author?

* * * * *

19

tat'ter wreathed Ken tuck' y de scend'ed re cess' home' stead en rap' tured Penn syl va' ni a

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME."

"My Old Kentucky Home" was written by Stephen Collins Foster, a resident of Pittsburg, Pa., while he and his sister were on a visit to his relative, Judge John Rowan, a short distance east of Bardstown, Ky. One beautiful morning while the slaves were at work in the cornfield and the sun was shining with a mighty splendor on the waving grass, first giving it a light red, then changing it to a golden hue, there were seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan homestead two young people, a brother and a sister.

High up in the top of a tree was a mocking bird warbling its sweet notes. Over in a hidden recess of a small brush, the thrush's mellow song could be heard. A number of small negro children were playing not far away. When Foster had finished the first verse of the song his sister took it from his hand and sang in a sweet, mellow voice:

The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.



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The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.

On her finishing the first verse the mocking bird descended to a lower branch. The feathery songster drew his head to one side and appeared to be completely enraptured at the wonderful voice of the young singer. When the last note died away upon the air, her fond brother sang in deep bass voice:

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day,
Well sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.

The negroes had laid down their hoes and rakes; the little tots had placed themselves behind the large, sheltering trees, while the old black women were peeping around the corner of the house. The faithful old house dog never took his eyes off the young singers. Everything was still; not even the stirring of the leaves seemed to break the wonderful silence.

Again the brother and sister took hold of the remaining notes, and sang in sweet accents:

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight:
The time has come when the darkies have to part—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkies may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the fields where the sugar cane grow.



Then weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day,
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

As the song was finished tears flowed down the old people's cheeks; the children crept from their hiding place behind the trees, their faces wreathed in smiles. The mocking bird and the thrush sought their home in the thicket, while the old house dog still lay basking in the sun.

Mrs. T.A. Sherrard

Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * * * *

20

stew' ard se'quel Gal'i lee ab lu' tions in ter ces' sion

THE FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.

In the first year of our Lord's public life, St. John tells us in his gospel that "there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the Mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited to the marriage." Mary was invited to be one of the honored guests because she was, no doubt, an intimate friend of the family. She preceded her Son to the wedding in order to lend her aid in the necessary preparations.



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Jesus also was asked, and He did not refuse the invitation. He went as freely to this house of feasting as He afterwards went pityingly to so many houses of mourning. Though worn and weary with his long fast and struggle in the desert, He was pleased to attend this merry wedding feast, and by this loving and kindly act to sanctify the bond of Marriage, which was to become in His Church one of the seven Sacraments.

The feast went gayly onward until an incident occurred that greatly disturbed the host. The wine failed. The host had not calculated rightly, or perhaps he had not counted on so many guests.

Mary, with her motherly heart, was the first to notice the confusion of the servants when they discovered that the wine vessels had become empty; and leaning towards her Son, whispered, "They have no wine." "My hour is not yet come," He answered her, meaning that His time for working miracles had not yet arrived. He knew on the instant what the gentle heart of His Mother desired. His words sounded like a refusal of the request which Mary made rather with her eyes than with her tongue; but the sequel shows that the Blessed Mother fully believed that her prayer would be granted.

She quietly said to the servants, "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." They had not long to wait. There were standing close at hand six great urns of stone, covered with branches, as is the custom in the East, in order to keep the water cool and fresh. These vessels "containing two or three measures apiece," were kept in readiness for the guests, who were required not only to wash their feet before touching the linen and drapery of the couches, but even during the meal frequently to purify their hands. Already there had been many of these ablutions performed, and the urns were being rapidly emptied.

"Fill the waterpots with water," said Jesus to the servants.

They filled them up to the brim with clear, fresh water.

"Draw out now, and carry to the chief steward of the feast."

And they carried it.

When the chief steward had tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it was, he called the bridegroom and said to him: "Every man at first setteth forth good wine, and when men have well drunk then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

The steward had supposed at first that the host had wished to give an agreeable surprise to the company assembled at his table; but the latter, to his amazement, was at once made aware that a wondrous deed had been accomplished—that water had been changed into wine!



Jesus had performed His first Miracle.

From this beautiful story of the first miracle of Jesus, we learn that Jesus Christ is God, and that Mary, the Mother of God, whose intercession is all-powerful with her Divine Son, has a loving and motherly care over the smallest of our life's concerns.

[Illustration: THE FEAST *Veronese*.]



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* * * * *

PRECEDED, went before in order of time. The prefix *pre-* means *before*. Tell what the following words mean:

prefix, predict, prepare, prejudice, prescribe, predestine, precaution, precursor, prefigure, prearrange.

Read the sentences of the Lesson that express commands.

Memory Gems:

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

Richard Crashaw.

But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing you may have life in His Name.

Gospel of St. John.

* * * * *

21

dec' ades (dek' ads) di' a dem

MY BEADS.

Sweet blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem:
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed,
And joys have died; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads!
And ye consoled me when I wailed.



For many and many a time, in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life, to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but the slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

Father Ryan.

“Father Ryan’s Poems.” Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

* * * * *

From the following words make new words by means of the suffix *-ous*: joy, grace, grief, glory, desire, virtue, beauty, courage, disaster, harmony.

(Consult the dictionary.)

Memory Gem:

Mary,—our comfort and our hope,—
O, may that name be given
To be the last we sigh on earth,—
The first we breathe in heaven.

Adelaide A. Procter.

* * * * *

22

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA’S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara’s halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara’s walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory’s thrill is o’er,



And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still She lives.



Page 24

Thomas Moore.

[Illustration: TOM MOORE]

* * * * *

23

ma'am dis suade' re spect'a ble shuf' fled dan' ger ous grate' ful wist' ful ly mit' tens
outstretched' res' cue un daunt' ed an' ti qua ted

A LITTLE LADY.[001]

Going down a very steep street, where the pavement was covered with ice, I saw before me an old woman, slowly and timidly picking her way. She was one of the poor but respectable old ladies who dress in rusty black, wear old-fashioned bonnets, and carry big bags.

Some young folks laugh at these antiquated figures; but those who are better bred treat them with respect. They find something touching in the faded suits, the withered faces, and the knowledge that these lonely old ladies have lost youth, friends, and often fortune, and are patiently waiting to be called away from a world that seems to have passed by and forgotten them.

Well, as I slipped and shuffled along, I watched the little black bonnet in front, expecting every minute to see it go down, and trying to hurry, that I might offer my help.

At the corner, I passed three little school-girls, and heard one say to another, "O, I wouldn't; she will do well enough, and we shall lose our coasting, unless we hurry."

"But if she should tumble and break her poor old bones, I should feel so bad," returned the second, a pleasant-faced child, whose eyes, full of a sweet, pitiful expression, followed the old lady.

"She's such a funny-looking woman, I shouldn't like to be seen walking with her," said the third, as if she thought it a kind thing to do, but had not the courage to try it.

"Well, I don't care; she's old, and ought to be helped, and I'm going to do it," cried the pleasant-faced girl; and, running by me, I saw her overtake the old lady, who stood at a crossing, looking wistfully over the dangerous sheet of ice before her.

"Please, ma'am, may I help you, it's so bad here?" said the kind little voice, as the hands in the red mittens were helpfully out-stretched.



“O, thank you, dear. I’d no idea the walking was so bad; but I must get home.” And the old face lighted up with a grateful smile, which was worth a dozen of the best coasts in Boston.

“Take my arm then; I’ll help you down the street, for I’m afraid you might fall,” said the child, offering her arm.

“Yes, dear, so I will. Now we shall get on beautifully. I’ve been having a dreadful time, for my over-socks are all holes, and I slip at every step.”

“Keep hold, ma’am, I won’t fall. I have rubber boots, and can’t tumble.”

So chatting, the two went safely across, leaving me and the other girls to look after them and wish that we had done the little act of kindness, which now looked so lovely in another.

“I think Katy is a very good girl, don’t you?” said one child to the other.



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“Yes, I do; let’s wait till she comes back. No matter if we do lose some coasts,” answered the child who had tried to dissuade her playmate from going to the rescue.

Then I left them; but I think they learned a lesson that day in real politeness; for, as they watched little Katy dutifully supporting the old lady, undaunted by the rusty dress, the big bag, the old socks, and the queer bonnet, both their faces lighted up with new respect and affection for their playmate.

Louisa M. Alcott.

From “Little Women.” Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.

* * * * *

DISSUADE, to advise against; to turn from a purpose by reasons given.

ANTIQUATED, grown old; old-fashioned.

Tell what each contraction met with in the selection stands for.

Use *their* or *there* properly in place of the blanks in the following sentences: The girls were on — way to the Park. — was an old lady at the crossing. Our home is —. Katy and Mary said — mother lived —.

Memory Gems:

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hands
No worthy action done.

Author unknown.

What I must do concerns me, not what people will think.

Emerson.

[Footnote 001: Copyrighted by Little, Brown & Company.]

* * * * *



WHAT HOUSE TO LIKE.

For Recitation:

Some love the glow of outward show,
Some love mere wealth and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be
If I but like the people in it.

What's all the gold that glitters cold,
When linked to hard or haughty feeling?
Whate'er we're told, the noble gold
Is truth of heart and manly dealing.

A lowly roof may give us proof
That lowly flowers are often fairest;
And trees whose bark is hard and dark
May yield us fruit and bloom the rarest.

There's worth as sure 'neath garments poor
As e'er adorned a loftier station;
And minds as just as those, we trust,
Whose claim is but of wealth's creation.

Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be
If I but like the people in it.

Anon.

* * * * *

What is meant by "haughty feeling"?

What does the author say "the noble gold" is?

Is "bloom" in the third stanza an action-word or a name-word? Why?

Give in your own words the thought of the fourth stanza.

Use *to*, *too*, *two*, properly before each of the following words:

hard, win, people, minds, dark, yield.

What virtues does the poem recommend?

What "lowly flowers are often fairest"?



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What “lowly” virtue does the following stanza suggest?

The bird that sings on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.

Montgomery.

Name the two birds referred to.

* * * * *

25

sears flecked de signed' strait'ened il lu'mined

A SONG OF DUTY.

Sorrow comes and sorrow goes;
Life is flecked with shine and shower;
Now the tear of grieving flows,
Now we smile in happy hour;
Death awaits us, every one—
Toiler, dreamer, preacher, writer—
Let us then, ere life be done,
Make the world a little brighter!

Burdens that our neighbors bear,
Easier let us try to make them;
Chains perhaps our neighbors wear,
Let us do our best to break them.
From the straitened hand and mind,
Let us loose the binding fetter,
Let us, as the Lord designed,
Make the world a little better!

Selfish brooding sears the soul,
Fills the mind with clouds of sorrow,
Darkens all the shining goal
Of the sun-illuminated morrow;
Wherefore should our lives be spent
Daily growing blind and blinder—



Let us, as the Master meant,
Make the world a little kinder!

Denis A. McCarthy.

From "Voices from Erin."

Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass.

* * * * *

26

Sod' om spright' ly the o lo' gi an his' to ry To bi' as cre at' ed pro ceed' ed sep' a ra ted
min' is ter Au gus' tine crit' i cise cat' e ehism de ter' mined As cen' sion Res ur rec' tion

AN EVENING WITH THE ANGELS.

"Well, James," said a kind-voiced mother, "you promised to tell Maggie all about the Catechism you heard this afternoon at school."

"All right, mother," answered sprightly James, "anything at all to make Maggie happy. Let's begin right away."

"Maggie, you said," continued James, "that you never could find out *when* the angels were created. Neither could our teacher tell me. And I'm told St. Augustine could only make a guess when they were created.

"He thought the angels were created when God separated the light from the darkness. But that's no matter, anyhow. We're sure there are angels; that's the chief point."

"Are you quite certain?" asked Maggie.

"To be sure I am," said James. "If I met a man in the street I would know he must have a father and a mother, although I had never heard when he was born."

"That's so," chimed in the proud mother.

"Well, then, mother, many angels have been seen on earth, and they must have been created some time. Let me tell you some of the places where it is said in the Bible that angels have been seen, and where they spoke, too."



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“Now, James,” said the father, “let Maggie see if *she* can find out some of those places herself. Here is the Bible.”

With the help of mother and James, Maggie soon found the history of Adam and Eve, where it is recorded that an angel with a flaming sword was placed at the gate of Paradise.

“Poor Adam and Eve,” said Maggie, “they must have felt very sad.”

“Yes,” answered Father Kennedy, who dropped in just then, and beheld his young theologians with the holy Book before them. “They felt very sorry, indeed, but they were consoled when told that a Savior would come to redeem them.”

“So you told us last Sunday,” chimed in James. “Then you spoke about the angels at Bethlehem who sang glory to God in the highest.”

“And there was an angel in the desert when our Lord was tempted,” proceeded the father.

“Oh! did you hear papa say the devil was an angel?” exclaimed James.

“Of course the devil is an angel,” said Maggie, glad to trip up her big brother, “but he is a bad one.”

“I say yet that there were angels with our Lord after His forty days’ fast,” insisted James.

“So I say, too,” retorted Maggie; “but while only one *bad angel* tempted our Lord, many good angels came to minister unto Him.”

“Very well, indeed,” said Father Kennedy. “But let’s hurry over some other points about the angels. Your turn; Master James, and give only the place and person in each case.”

“Well, let me see; there were Abraham and the three angels who went to Sodom, and the angels who beat the man that wanted to steal money from the temple, and the angel who took Tobias on a long journey.”

“Please, Father Kennedy, wasn’t it an *Archangel?*” inquired Maggie, still determined to surpass her brother.

“Never mind that,” said the priest. “Go on, James; ’twill be Maggie’s turn soon.”

“Well, there was an angel in the Garden of Olives, and angels at the Resurrection of our Lord, and angels at His Ascension.”



Here Maggie exclaimed, “Please, Father Kennedy, may I have till next Sunday to search out some angels? James has taken all mine.”

“No,” mildly said the delighted clergyman, “*your* angel is always with you, and James has his, too.”

“Father Kennedy, there’s a man dying in the block behind the church,” said the servant from the half-open parlor door. “Excuse my coming in without knocking. They’re in a great hurry.”

“Good night, children,” said the devoted priest, “till next Sunday. May your angels watch over you in the meantime.”

* * * * *

ARCHANGEL ([:a]rk [=a]n' j[e]l), a chief angel.

ARCHBISHOP ([:a]rch bish' [u]p), a chief bishop.

ARCH, as a prefix, means *chief*, and in nearly every case the *ch* is soft, as in archbishop. In archangel, architect, and in one or two other words, the *ch* = *k*.



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ARCH, as a suffix, is pronounced [ːɑːrʃk], and means *ruler*; as monarch, a *sole ruler*; one who *rules alone*.

Make a list of all the words of the Lesson that are contractions. Write after each what it is a contraction of.

EARTHWARD = earth + ward (w[e]rd). *_ward_ is here a suffix meaning _course, direction to, motion towards._ Add this SUFFIX to the end of each of the following words, and tell the meaning of each new word formed:*

up, sea, back, down, east, west, land, earth.

WHAT word is the opposite in meaning of each of these new words?

Memory Gem:

The generous heart
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

Tennyson.

* * * * *

27

ebb' ing spon' sor judg' ments el' e ments tu' te lage

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,
Unfailing, till my death.

Thou hast been ever at my side;
My Maker to thy trust
Consign'd my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,
No faith, inform'd aright,
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,
Or Michael's conquering might.



Nor patron saint, nor Mary's love,—
The dearest and the best,—
Has known my being as thou hast known,
And blest as thou hast blest.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font;
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Ah! thou didst see, and shudder too,
Yet bear each deed of Hell.

And then in turn, when judgments came.
And scared me back again,
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe
And hallow every pain.

Oh! who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
To place me under Mary's smile,
And Peter's royal feet!

And thou wilt hang above my bed,
When life is ebbing low;
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,
The jealous, sleepless foe.

Mine, when I stand before my Judge;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace till
My sin is burn'd away.

And mine, O Brother of my soul,
When my release shall come;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home.

Cardinal Newman.

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE GUARDIAN ANGEL]

Explain the following expressions:



Joseph's tutelage; Michael's conquering might; my sponsor at the font; each budding year; my rebel spirit fell; Peter's royal feet. Describe the picture.

* * * * *



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28

quoth crooned frisked beech'-wood twain se'rene frolicked wan'dering

LITTLE BELL.

Piped the blackbird on the beech-wood spray:

"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,

What's your name?" quoth he,—

"What's your name? Oh, stop, and straight unfold,

Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold!"

"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,

Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks.

"Bonny bird," quoth she,

"Sing me your best song before I go,"

"Here's the very finest song I know,

Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped: you never heard

Half so gay a song from any bird,—

Full of quips and wiles,

Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,

Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour

His full heart out freely, o'er and o'er,

'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below

All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,

And shine forth in happy overflow

From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped; and through the glade

Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,

And from out the tree

Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,

While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear:

"Little Bell!" piped he.



Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
“Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts,” quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies,—
Golden woodlights glancing in his eyes,—
And adown the tree
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped, one by one.
Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
“Happy Bell!” pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
“Squirrel, squirrel, if you’re not afraid,
Come and share with me!”
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah! the merry three!

And the while these woodland playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray:
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

“What good child is this,” the angel said,
“That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?”
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
“Bell, *dear* Bell!” crooned he.

“Whom God’s creatures love,” the angel fair
Whispered, “God doth bless with angels’ care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee.”



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Thomas Westwood.

[Illustration:]

A STUDY OF LITTLE BELL

croft, a small inclosed field, near a house.

croon, to sing in a low tone.

quips, quick, smart turns.

piping, making a shrill sound like that of a pipe or flute.

In the first stanza what are the marks called that enclose *Little Bell*? Why are these marks used here?

Name the words of the poem in which the apostrophe is used. Tell what it denotes in each case.

Where does the poem first take us? What do we see there?

In what words does the blackbird address the “pretty maid, slowly wandering” his way? Who is she?

Seated beneath the rocks, what does Little Bell ask the blackbird to do?

Read the lines that describe the blackbird’s song. Why did the bird sing so sweetly? What were the effects of his song on “the little childish heart below?”

Seated amid the fern, what did Little Bell ask the squirrel to do? Read the lines that tell what the squirrel did. What invitation did the squirrel receive from Little Bell?

Where does the poem bring us “at the close of day?” Tell what you see there.

Read the lines that tell what the angel asked.

Read the angel’s words in the first two lines of the last stanza. What is their meaning?

What promises did the angel make to this good child? Why did he make such beautiful promises?

Tell what the following words and expressions of the poem mean: quoth he; straight unfold; dell; glade; hies; showery curls of gold; bonny bird; hazel shade; void of fear; golden woodlights; adown the tree; playmates twain; with folded palms; an angel shape;



with angels' care; the bird did pour his full heart out freely; the sweetness did shine forth in happy overflow.

Select a stanza of the poem, and express in your own words the thought it contains.

Describe some of the pictures the poem brings to mind.

What is the lesson the poet wishes us to learn from this poem?

Show how the couplet of the English poet, Coleridge,—

“He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,”—

is illustrated in the story of Little Bell.

Write a composition on the story from the following hints: Where did Little Bell go? In what season of the year? At what time of day? How old was she? How did she look? What companions did she meet? What did the three friends do? How did the little girl close the day?

In your composition, use as many words and phrases of the poem as you can.

* * * * *

Memorize:

Prayer is the dew of faith,
Its raindrop, night and day,
That guards its vital power from death
When cherished hopes decay,
And keeps it mid this changeful scene,
A bright, perennial evergreen.



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Good works, of faith the fruit,
Should ripen year by year,
Of health and soundness at the root
And evidence sincere.
Dear Savior, grant thy blessing free
And make our faith no barren tree.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

* * * * *

29

na'bob ap plaud'ed un as sum'ing sad' dler dif' fi dence sec' re ta ry ob scured' live' li
hood su per cil' i ous

A MODEST WIT.

For Recitation:

A supercilious nabob of the East—
Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
A governor, or general, at the least,
I have forgotten which—
Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suit,
An unassuming boy, in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

“Young man,” said he, “by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?”—
“He was a saddler, sir,” Modestus said,
“And in his line was reckoned good.”



“A saddler, eh? and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?”

Each flatterer, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length, Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
“Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father’s trade!”

“*My* father’s *trade*? Heavens! that’s too bad! *My* father’s trade! Why, blockhead, are you mad? *My* father, sir, did never stoop so low. He was a gentleman, I’d have you know.”

“Excuse the liberty I take,”
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
“Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?”

Selleck Osborne.

* * * * *

fain, gladly.

archness, sly humor free from malice.

suit (s[=u]t), the people who attend upon a person of distinction; often written *suite* (sw[=e]t).

Write the plural forms of *boy*, *man*, *duty*, *youth*, *family*, *secretary*.

Copy these sentences, using other words instead of those in italics:

He was an *unassuming* boy, of decent *parts* and good *repute*. His *diffidence* *obscured* his merit. *Excuse* the *liberty* I take.

Memory Gems:

The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,—
The man’s the gold for a’ that!

Burns.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.



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Goethe (g[[^]u] t[=e]).

* * * * *

30

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.[002]

For Recitation:

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand;—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, Woodman, leave the spot!



While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

George P. Morris,

[Footnote 002: NOTE.—Many trees in our country are landmarks, and are valued highly. The early settlers were accustomed to plant trees and dedicate them to liberty. One of these was planted at Cambridge, Mass., and it was under the shade of this venerable Elm that George Washington took command of the Continental army, July 3rd, 1775.

There are other trees around whose trunks and under whose boughs whole families of children passed much of their childhood. When one of these falls or is destroyed, it is like the death of some honored citizen.

Judge Harris of Georgia, a scholar, and a gentleman of extensive literary culture, regarded "Woodman, Spare that Tree" as one of the truest lyrics of the age. He never heard it sung or recited without being deeply moved.]

* * * * *

31

car' goes em bar' go im mor' tal ized prin' ci ple col' o nists rep re sen ta' tion de ri' sion
pa' tri ot ism Phil a del' phi a

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

Shortly before the War of the Revolution broke out, George III, King of England, claimed the right to tax the people of this country, though he did not permit them to take any part in framing the laws under which they lived.

He placed a light tax on tea, just to teach Americans that they could not escape taxation altogether. But the colonists were fighting for a principle,—that of no taxation without representation, and would not buy the tea. In New York and Philadelphia the people would not allow the vessels to land their cargoes.

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The women of America held meetings in many towns, and declared they would drink no tea until the hated tax was removed. The ladies had a hard time of it without their consoling cup of tea, but they stood out nobly.

Three shiploads of tea were sent to Boston. On the night of December 16, 1773, a party of young Americans, painted and dressed like Indians, boarded the three vessels lying in the harbor, opened the chests, and emptied all the tea into the water. They then slipped away to their homes, and were never found out by the British. One of the leaders of these daring young men was Paul Revere, whose famous midnight ride has been immortalized by Longfellow.

When the news of the Boston Tea Party was carried across the ocean, the anger of the King was aroused, and he sent a strong force of soldiers to Boston to bring the rebels to terms. This act only increased the spirit of patriotism that burned in the breasts of all Americans.

[Illustration:]

George P. Morris, the poet, describes this Tea Party, and the origin of the tune "Yankee Doodle," in the following verses, which our American boys and girls of to-day will gladly read and sing:

Once on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have no trials, sir, by jury;
That no elections should be held, across the briny waters;
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters."
Then down he sate in burly state, and blustered like a grandee,
And in derision made a tune called "Yankee doodle dandy."
"Yankee doodle"—these are facts—"Yankee doodle dandy;"
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax; you Yankee doodle dandy!"

John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy duties rated;
But whether hyson or bohea, I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began—he laid a strong embargo—
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" so he threw overboard the cargo.
Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land, played "Yankee doodle dandy."
"Yankee doodle—keep it up—Yankee doodle dandy—
I'll poison with a tax your cup, you Yankee doodle dandy."

A long war then they had, in which John was at last defeated,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the march to which his troops retreated.
Cute Jonathan, to see them fly, could not restrain his laughter;
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T—I'll sing it ever after!"



Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace, was flushed with beer and brandy,
E'en while he swore to sing no more this Yankee doodle dandy.
Yankee doodle,—ho-ha-he—Yankee doodle dandy,
We kept the tune, but not the tea—Yankee doodle dandy.



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I've told you now the origin of this most lively ditty,
 Which Johnny Bull dislikes as "dull and stupid"—what a pity!
 With "Hail Columbia" it is sung, in chorus full and hearty—
 On land and main we breathe the strain John made for his tea party,
 No matter how we rhyme the words, the music speaks them handy,
 And where's the fair can't sing the air of Yankee doodle dandy?
 Yankee doodle, firm and true—Yankee doodle dandy—
 Yankee doodle, doodle do, Yankee doodle dandy!

* * * * *

The people of the thirteen original colonies adopted as a principle, "No taxation without representation." What did they mean by this? Name the thirteen original colonies.

Are the last syllables of the words *principle* and *principal* pronounced alike? Use the two words in sentences of your own.

What does "with heavy duties rated" mean?

Pronounce distinctly the final consonants in the words *colonists*, *insects*, *friend*, *friends*, *nests*, *priests*, *lifts*, *tempts*.

Write the plural forms of the following words: solo, echo, negro, cargo, piano, calico, potato, embargo.

How should a word be broken or divided when there is not room for all of it at the end of a line? Illustrate by means of examples found in your Reader.

* * * * *

32

scenes source seized re ceive' poised nec' tar re verts' Ju' pi ter cat' a ract ex' qui site in
 tru' sive ly

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
 And every loved spot that my infancy knew;—
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;



The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.



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And now, far removed from that loved habitation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
 The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well!

Samuel Woodworth.

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

Make a list of the describing-words of the poem, and tell what each describes. Use each to describe something else.

Make a list of the words of the poem that you never use, and tell what word you would have used in the place of each had you tried to express its meaning. Which word is better, yours or the author's? Why?

* * * * *

33

blouse receipt'ed coun' te nance ab sorbed' con trast' ed for' tu nate ly mir' a cle stock'-
 still good-hu' mored ly

THE BOY AND THE CRICKETS.

My friend Jacques went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone, and who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick. While he waited for his change, a little boy six or eight years old, in poor but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop. "Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread." The woman climbed upon the counter (this happened in a country town), took from the shelf of four-pound loaves the best one she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

My friend Jacques then first observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the round, open countenance of the great loaf, of which he was taking the greatest care.

"Have you any money?" said the baker's wife.



The little boy's eyes grew sad.

"No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; "but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow."

"Run along," said the good woman; "carry your bread home, child."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.

My friend Jacques came forward for his money. He had put his purchase into his pocket, and was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf, whom he had supposed to be halfway home, standing stock-still behind him.

"What are you doing there?" said the baker's wife to the child, whom she also had thought to be fairly off. "Don't you like the bread?"

"Oh yes, ma'am!" said the child.

"Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."

The child did not seem to hear. Something else absorbed his attention.



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The baker's wife went up to him, and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder, "What *are* you thinking about?" said she.

"Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes!" cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek, queek, queek, queek!"

My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers' houses.

"It is a little bird," said the dear little fellow; "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do?"

"No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife; "those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" said the child; "are they really crickets?"

"Yes, to be sure," said she good-humoredly. The child's face lighted up.

"Ma'am," said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

"A cricket!" said the baker's wife, smiling; "what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them, they run about so."

"O ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please!" said the child, clasping his little thin hands under the big loaf. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother, who has so much trouble, wouldn't cry any more."

"Why does your poor mamma cry?" said my friend, who could no longer help joining in the conversation.

"On account of her bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all."

My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse. She made her husband catch four, and put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.



When he had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand. "Poor little fellow!" said they both together. Then she took down her account book, and, finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, "Paid."

Meanwhile my friend, to lose no time, had put up in paper all the money in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and had begged the good wife to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket-boy, with her bill receipted, and a note, in which he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

They gave it to a baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste. The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that, when he reached home, he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her eyes raised from her work, and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.



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The boy believed that it was the arrival of his four little black things which had worked this miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken. Without the crickets, and his good little heart, would this happy change have taken place in his mother's fortunes?

From the French of Pierre J. Hetzel.

* * * * *

Jacques (zh[:a]k), James.

In the selection, find ten sentences that ask questions, and five that express commands or requests.

What mark of punctuation always follows the first kind? The second?

Memorize:

In the evening I sit near my poker and tongs,
And I dream in the firelight's glow,
And sometimes I quaver forgotten old songs
That I listened to long ago.
Then out of the cinders there cometh a chirp
Like an echoing, answering cry,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket, and I.

For my cricket has learnt, I am sure of it quite,
That this earth is a silly, strange place,
And perhaps he's been beaten and hurt in the fight,
And perhaps he's been passed in the race.
But I know he has found it far better to sing
Than to talk of ill luck and to sigh,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket, and I.

* * * * *

34

For Recitation:



OUR HEROES.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe:
All honor to him if he conquers;
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
And do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right!" be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

Phoebe Cary.

From "Poems for the Study of Language." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

* * * * *

Write sentences each containing one of the following words:

I, me; he, him; she, her; they, them.

Memory Gems:

For raising the spirits, for brightening the eyes, for bringing back vanished smiles, for making one brave and courageous, light-hearted and happy, there is nothing like a good Confession.



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Father Bearne, S.J.

Heroes must be more than driftwood
Floating on a waveless tide.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Father Faber.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the
Faith.

St. Paul.

* * * * *

35

troll cel' er y new' fan gled thatch chink' ing as par' a gus im mense' sauce' pan de mol'
ish ing sa' vor y pat' terns ag' gra va ting

THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS.

There was a cuckoo clock hanging in Tom Turner's cottage. When it struck one, Tom's wife laid the baby in the cradle, and took a saucepan off the fire, from which came a very savory smell.

"If father doesn't come soon," she observed, "the apple dumplings will be too much done."

"There he is!" cried the little boy; "he is coming around by the wood; and now he's going over the bridge. O father! make haste, and have some apple dumpling."

"Tom," said his wife, as he came near, "art tired to-day?"

"Uncommon tired," said Tom, as he threw himself on the bench, in the shadow of the thatch.

"Has anything gone wrong?" asked his wife; "what's the matter?"



“Matter!” repeated Tom; “is anything the matter? The matter is this, mother, that I’m a miserable, hard-worked slave;” and he clapped his hands upon his knees and uttered in a deep voice, which frightened the children—“a miserable slave!”

“Bless us!” said the wife, but could not make out what he meant.

“A miserable, ill-used slave,” continued Tom, “and always have been.”

“Always have been?” said his wife: “why, father, I thought thou used to say, at the election time, that thou wast a free-born Briton.”

“Women have no business with politics,” said Tom, getting up rather sulkily. Whether it was the force of habit, or the smell of the dinner, that made him do it, has not been ascertained; but it is certain that he walked into the house, ate plenty of pork and greens, and then took a tolerable share in demolishing the apple dumpling.

When the little children were gone out to play, Tom’s wife said to him, “I hope thou and thy master haven’t had words to-day.”

“We’ve had no words,” said Tom, impatiently; “but I’m sick of being at another man’s beck and call. It’s, ‘Tom, do this,’ and ‘Tom do that,’ and nothing but work, work, work, from Monday morning till Saturday night. I was thinking as I walked over to Squire Morton’s to ask for the turnip seed for master,—I was thinking, Sally, that I am nothing but a poor workingman after all. In short, I’m a slave; and my spirit won’t stand it.”

So saying, Tom flung himself out at the cottage door, and his wife thought he was going back to his work as usual; but she was mistaken. He walked to the wood, and there, when he came to the border of a little tinkling stream, he sat down and began to brood over his grievances.



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“Now, I’ll tell you what,” said Tom to himself, “it’s much pleasanter sitting here in the shade, than broiling over celery trenches, and thinning wall fruit, with a baking sun at one’s back, and a hot wall before one’s eyes. But I’m a miserable slave. I must either work or see my family starve; a very hard lot it is to be a workingman.”

“Ahem,” said a voice close to him. Tom started, and, to his great surprise, saw a small man about the size of his own baby, sitting composedly at his elbow. He was dressed in green,—green hat, green coat, and green shoes. He had very bright black eyes, and they twinkled very much as he looked at Tom and smiled.

“Servant, sir!” said Tom, edging himself a little farther off.

“Miserable slave,” said the small man, “art thou so far lost to the noble sense of freedom that thy very salutation acknowledges a mere stranger as thy master?”

“Who are you,” said Tom, “and how dare you call me a slave?”

“Tom,” said the small man, with a knowing look, “don’t speak roughly. Keep your rough words for your wife, my man; she is bound to bear them.”

“I’ll thank you to let my affairs alone,” interrupted Tom, shortly.

“Tom, I’m your friend; I think I can help you out of your difficulty. Every minnow in this stream—they are very scarce, mind you—has a silver tail.”

“You don’t say so,” exclaimed Tom, opening his eyes very wide; “fishing for minnows and being one’s own master would be much pleasanter than the sort of life I’ve been leading this many a day.”

“Well, keep the secret as to where you get them, and much good may it do you,” said the man in green. “Farewell; I wish you joy in your freedom.” So saying, he walked away, leaving Tom on the brink of the stream, full of joy and pride.

He went to his master and told him that he had an opportunity for bettering himself, and should not work for him any longer.

The next day, he arose with the dawn, and went in search of minnows. But of all the minnows in the world, never were any so nimble as those with silver tails. They were very shy, too, and had as many turns and doubles as a hare; what a life they led him!

They made him troll up the stream for miles; then, just as he thought his chase was at an end and he was sure of them, they would leap quite out of the water, and dart down the stream again like little silver arrows. Miles and miles he went, tired, wet, and hungry. He came home late in the evening, wearied and footsore, with only three minnows in his pocket, each with a silver tail.



“But, at any rate,” he said to himself, as he lay down in his bed, “though they lead me a pretty life, and I have to work harder than ever, yet I certainly am free; no man can now order me about.”

This went on for a whole week; he worked very hard; but, up to Saturday afternoon, he had caught only fourteen minnows.



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After all, however, his fish were really great curiosities; and when he had exhibited them all over the town, set them out in all lights, praised their perfections, and taken immense pains to conceal his impatience and ill temper, he, at length, contrived to sell them all, and get exactly fourteen shillings for them, and no more.

“Now, I’ll tell you what, Tom Turner,” said he to himself, “I’ve found out this afternoon, and I don’t mind your knowing it,—that every one of those customers of yours was your master. Why! you were at the beck of every man, woman, and child that came near you;—obliged to be in a good temper, too, which was very aggravating.”

“True, Tom,” said the man in green, starting up in his path. “I knew you were a man of sense; look you, you are all workingmen; and you must all please your customers. Your master was your customer; what he bought of you was your work. Well, you must let the work be such as will please the customer.”

“All workingmen? How do you make that out?” said Tom, chinking the fourteen shillings in his hand. “Is my master a workingman; and has he a master of his own? Nonsense!”

“No nonsense at all; he works with his head, keeps his books, and manages his great mills. He has many masters; else why was he nearly ruined last year?”

“He was nearly ruined because he made some newfangled kinds of patterns at his works, and people would not buy them,” said Tom. “Well, in a way of speaking, then, he works to please his masters, poor fellow! He is, as one may say, a fellow-servant, and plagued with very awkward masters. So I should not mind his being my master, and I think I’ll go and tell him so.”

“I would, Tom,” said the man in green. “Tell him you have not been able to better yourself, and you have no objection now to dig up the asparagus bed.”

So Tom trudged home to his wife, gave her the money he had earned, got his old master to take him back, and kept a profound secret his adventures with the man in green.

Jean Ingelow.

[Illustration:]

“Every minnow in the stream (they are very scarce, mind you) has a silver tail.” Here we have a group of words in parenthesis. Read the sentence aloud several times, *omitting* the group in parenthesis. Now read the *whole* sentence, keeping in mind the fact that the words in parenthesis are not at all important,—that they are merely thrown in by way of explanation. You notice that you have read the words in parenthesis in a *lower tone* and *faster time*. Groups of words like the above are not always enclosed by marks of parenthesis; but that makes no difference in the reading of them.



The following examples are taken from “The Martyr’s Boy,” page 243.
Practice on them till you believe you have mastered the method.

I never heard anything so cold and insipid (I hope it is not wrong to say so) as the compositions read by my companions.



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Only, I know not why, he seems ever to have a grudge against me.

I felt that I was strong enough—my rising anger made me so—to seize my unjust assailant by the throat, and cast him gasping to the ground.

Memorize:

“Work! and the clouds of care will fly;
Pale want will pass away.
Work! and the leprosy of crime
And tyrants must decay.
Leave the dead ages in their urns:
The present time be ours,
To grapple bravely with our lot,
And strew our path with flowers.”

* * * * *

36

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.
By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddy bays;
I babble on the pebbles.
With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow.
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.



I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Tennyson.

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

HAUNTS, places of frequent resort.

COOT and hern, water fowls that frequent lakes and other still waters.

BICKER, to move quickly and unsteadily, like flame or water.

THORP, a cluster of houses; a hamlet.

SHARPS and trebles, terms in music. They are here used to describe the sound of the brook.

EDDYING, moving in circles. Why are "eddying bays" dangerous to the swimmer?

FRETTEB BANKS, banks worn away by the action of the water.

FALLOW, plowed land, foreland, a point of land running into the sea or other water.

MALLOW, a kind of plant.



GLOOM, to shine obscurely.

SHINGLY, abounding with shingle or loose gravel.

BARS, banks of sand or gravel or rock forming a shoal in a river or harbor.

CRESESSES, certain plants which grow near the water. They are sometimes used as a salad.



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* * * * *

37

wits hale borne suit' ed prop' er ly sit u a' tion

LEARNING TO THINK.

Grandpa Dennis is one of the kindest and gentlest, as well as one of the wisest men I know; and although his step is somewhat feeble, and the few locks that are left him are gray, he is still more hale and hearty than many a younger man.

Like all old people whose hearts are in the right place, he is fond of children, whom he likes to amuse and instruct by his pleasant talk, as they gather round his fireside or sit upon his knee.

Sometimes he puts questions to the young folks, not only to find out what they know, but also to sharpen their wits and lead them to think.

"Tell me, Norman," he said one day, as they sat together, "if I have a cake to divide among three persons, how ought I to proceed?"

"Why, cut it into three parts, and give one to each, to be sure," said Norman.

"Let us try that plan, and see how it will succeed. Suppose the cake has to be divided among you, Arthur and Winnie. If I cut off a very thin slice for you, and divide what is left between your brother and sister, will that be fair?"

"No, that would not be at all fair, Grandpa."

"Why not? Did I not divide the cake according to your advice? Did I not cut it into three parts?"

"But one was larger than the other, and they ought to have been exactly the same size."

"Then you think, that if I had divided the cake into three equal parts, it would have been quite fair?"

"Yes; if you had done so, I should have no cause to complain."

"Now, Norman, let us suppose that I have three baskets to send to a distance by three persons; shall I act fairly if I give each a basket to carry?"



“Stop a minute, Grandpa, I must think a little. No, it might not be fair, for one of the baskets might be a great deal larger than the others.”

“Come, Norman, I see that you are really beginning to think. But we will take care that the baskets are all of the same size.”

“Then it would be quite fair for each one to take a basket.”

“What! if one was full of lead, and the other two were filled with feathers?”

“Oh, no! I never thought of that. Let the baskets be of the same weight, and all will be right.”

“Are you quite sure of that? Suppose one of the three persons is a strong man, another a weak woman, and the third a little child?”

“Grandpa! Grandpa! Why, I am altogether wrong. How many things there are to think about.”

“Well, Norman, I hope you see that if burdens have to be equally borne, they must be suited to the strength of those who have to bear them.”

“Yes, I see that clearly now. Put one more question to me, Grandpa, and I will try to answer it properly this time.”



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“Well, then, my next question is this: If I want a man to dig for me, and three persons apply for the situation, will it not be fair if I set them to work to try them, and choose the one who does his task in the quickest time?”

“Are they all to begin their work at the same time?”

“A very proper question, Norman: yes, they shall all start together.”

“Has one just as much ground to dig as another?”

“Exactly the same.”

“And will each man have a good spade?”

“Yes, their spades shall be exactly alike.”

“But one part of the field may be soft earth, and the other hard and stony.”

“I will take care of that. All shall be fairly dealt with. The ground shall be everywhere alike.”

“Well, I think, Grandpa, that he who does his work first, if done as well as that of either of the other two, is the best man.”

“And I think so, too, Norman; and if you go on in this way it will be greatly to your advantage. Only form the habit of being thoughtful in little things, and you will be sure to judge wisely in important ones.”

* * * * *

In the words *suit* (s[=u]t) and *soon* (s[=oo]n), have the marked vowels the same sound?

In the two statements,—

I give it to you because it's good;
Virtue brings its own reward;

why is there an apostrophe in the first “it's,” and none in the second?

Let your hands be honest and clean—
Let your conscience be honest and clean—

Combine these two sentences by the word *and*; rewrite them, omitting all needless words.



Compose two sentences, one having the action-word *learned*; the other the word *taught*.

Fill each of the following blank spaces with the correct form of the action-word *bear*:

As Christ — His cross, so must we — ours.
Our cross must be —. “And — His own
cross, He went forth to Calvary.”

* * * * *

38

elate' despond' lu' mi nous pil' grim age

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.



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Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide A. Procter.

* * * * *

Choose any four lines of the poem, and tell what lesson each line teaches.

Name some great works that were done little by little.

What does "Rome was not built in a day" mean?

Tell what is meant by "He that despiseth small faults shall fall by little and little."

What is the real or literal meaning of the word *gem*?

Find the word in the poem, and tell what meaning it has there.

Explain the line—

"Let no future dreams elate thee."

What is meant by "building castles in the air?"

Study the whole poem line by line, and try to tell yourself what each line means. Nearly every single line of it teaches an important moral lesson. Find out what that lesson is.

Tell what you know of the author.

* * * * *



ca noe' sup' ple fi' brous res' in sin' ews tam' a rack ooz' ing bal' sam sol' i ta ry pli' ant
fis' sure re sist' ance som' ber crev' ice re splen' dent

THE BIRCH CANOE.

“Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing.
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!”
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;



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But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch with all its fibers
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree.
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog,



With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
“Take my quills, O Hiawatha!”
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle.
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest’s life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch’s supple sinews;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

Longfellow.

From “Song of Hiawatha.” Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

MOON OF LEAVES, month of May.

SHEER, straight up and down.

TAMARACK, the American larch tree.

FISSURE, a narrow opening; a cleft.

What does Hiawatha call the bark of the birch tree?

Where did he get the balsam and resin? What use did he put these to?

What are the drops of balsam called? Why?



NOTE.—“The bark canoe of the Indians is, perhaps, the lightest and most beautiful model of all the water craft ever invented. It is generally made complete with the bark of one birch tree, and so skillfully shaped and sewed together with the roots of the tamarack, that it is water-tight, and rides upon the water as light as a cork.”



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* * * * *

40

pic' tures pal' ace four' teen fa' mous ly scul' lion re past' in hal' ing en chant' ed mat' tress char' coal land' scapes ar' chi tect

PETER OF CORTONA.

A little shepherd boy, twelve years old, one day gave up the care of the sheep he was tending, and betook himself to Florence, where he knew no one but a lad of his own age, nearly as poor as himself, who had lived in the same village, but who had gone to Florence to be scullion in the house of Cardinal Sachetti. It was for a good motive that little Peter desired to come to Florence: he wanted to be an artist, and he knew there was a school for artists there. When he had seen the town well, Peter stationed himself at the Cardinal's palace; and inhaling the odor of the cooking, he waited patiently till his Eminence was served, that he might speak to his old companion, Thomas. He had to wait a long time; but at length Thomas appeared.

"You here, Peter! What have you come to Florence for?"

"I am come to learn painting."

"You had much better learn kitchen work to begin with; one is then sure not to die of hunger."

"You have as much to eat as you want here, then?" replied Peter.

"Indeed I have," said Thomas; "I might eat till I made myself ill every day, if I chose to do it."

"Then," said Peter, "I see we shall do very well. As you have too much and I not enough, I will bring my appetite, and you will bring the food; and we shall get on famously."

"Very well," said Thomas.

"Let us begin at once, then," said Peter; "for as I have eaten nothing to-day, I should like to try the plan directly."

Thomas then took little Peter into the garret where he slept, and bade him wait there till he brought him some fragments that he was freely permitted to take. The repast was a merry one, for Thomas was in high spirits, and little Peter had a famous appetite.



“Ah,” cried Thomas, “here you are fed and lodged. Now the question is, how are you going to study?”

“I shall study like all artists—with pencil and paper.”

“But then, Peter, have you money to buy the paper and pencils?”

“No, I have nothing; but I said to myself, ‘Thomas, who is scullion at his lordship’s, must have plenty of money!’ As you are rich, it is just the same as if I was.”

Thomas scratched his head and replied, that as to broken victuals, he had plenty of them; but that he would have to wait three years before he should receive wages. Peter did not mind. The garret walls were white. Thomas could give him charcoal, and so he set to draw on the walls with that; and after a little while somebody gave Thomas a silver coin.

With joy he brought it to his friend. Pencils and paper were bought. Early in the morning Peter went out studying the pictures in the galleries, the statues in the streets, the landscapes in the neighborhood; and in the evening, tired and hungry, but enchanted with what he had seen, he crept back into the garret, where he was always sure to find his dinner hidden under the mattress, *to keep it warm*, as Thomas said. Very soon the first charcoal drawings were rubbed off, and Peter drew his best designs to ornament his friend’s room.



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One day Cardinal Sachetti, who was restoring his palace, came with the architect to the very top of the house, and happened to enter the scullion's garret. The room was empty; but both Cardinal and architect were struck with the genius of the drawings. They thought they were executed by Thomas, and his Eminence sent for him. When poor Thomas heard that the Cardinal had been in the garret, and had seen what he called Peter's daubs, he thought all was lost.

"You will no longer be a scullion," said the Cardinal to him; and Thomas, thinking this meant banishment and disgrace, fell on his knees, and cried, "Oh! my lord, what will become of poor Peter?"

The Cardinal made him tell his story.

"Bring him to me when he comes in to-night," said he, smiling.

But Peter did not return that night, nor the next, till at length a fortnight had passed without a sign of him. At last came the news that the monks of a distant convent had received and kept with them a boy of fourteen, who had come to ask permission to copy a painting of Raphael in the chapel of the convent. This boy was Peter. Finally, the Cardinal sent him as a pupil to one of the first artists in Rome.

Fifty years afterwards there were two old men who lived as brothers in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One said of the other, "He is the greatest painter of our age." The other said of the first, "He is a model for evermore of a faithful friend."

* * * * *

PETER OF CORTONA, a great Italian painter and architect. He was born in Cortona in the year 1596, and died in Rome, in 1669.

EMINENCE, a title of honor, applied to a cardinal.

GALLERIES, rooms or buildings where works of art are exhibited.

VICTUALS (v[ɪ]j[ɪ]t' 'lɪz), cooked food for human beings.

FORTNIGHT (f[ɹ]ʌ[ʊ]rt' n[ɪ]t or n[ɪ]j[ɪ]t): This word is contracted from *fourteen nights*.

Locate the cities of *Rome* and *Florence*.

Give words that mean the opposite of the following:

ill, bade, buy, first, old, begin, empty, enter, cooked, merry, bought, friend, inhale, patient, palace, distant, appeared, disgrace, famous, faithful, morning, enchanted.



Recite the words—"Oh, my lord, what will become of poor Peter?"—as Thomas uttered them. Remember he was beseeching a great *cardinal* in favor of a poor destitute *boy* whom he loved as a brother. He *felt* what he said.

Do you find any humorous passages in the selection? Read them, and tell wherein the humor lies.

Memory Gems:

When a friend asketh, there is no to-morrow.

Spanish Proverb.

Diligence overcomes difficulties; sloth makes them.

From "Poor Richard's Proverbs."

A gift in need, though small indeed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.



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Whittier.

* * * * *

41

vas' sal roy' al ly beg' gar y hom' age sen' ti nel dif' fer ence

TO MY DOG BLANCO.[003]

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all the good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well.



I clasp your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility,—

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine!

J.G. Holland

From "The Complete Poetical Writings of J.G. Holland."

[Illustration:]

[Footnote 003: Copyright, 1879, 1881, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

* * * * *

LEAL (l[=e]l), loyal, faithful.

DUNGEON (d]u]n' j]u]n), a close, dark prison, commonly underground.

Tell what is meant by the terms, dumb friend; willing vassal; glad partner; my shadow; human kind; frolic boy.

What duty does Blanco teach his master?

Memorize the last two stanzas of the poem.

The three great divisions of time are *past*, *present*, *future*. Tell what time each of the following action-words expresses:

found, find, have found, will find, bears, shall bear, has borne, crowned, will crown, did crown, crowns.

* * * * *

42

ab'bot clois'ter min'ster li'brary chron' i cle



A STORY OF A MONK.

Many hundreds of years ago there dwelt in a cloister a monk named Urban, who was remarkable for his earnest and fervent piety. He was a studious reader of the learned and sacred volumes in the convent library. One day he read in the Epistles of St. Peter the words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" and this saying seemed impossible in his eyes, so that he spent many an hour in meditating upon it.



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Then one morning it happened that the monk descended from the library into the cloister garden, and there he saw a little bird perched on the bough of a tree, singing sweetly, like a nightingale. The bird did not move as the monk approached her, till he came quite close, and then she flew to another bough, and again another, as the monk pursued her. Still singing the same sweet song, the nightingale flew on; and the monk, entranced by the sound, followed her out of the garden into the wide world.

At last he stopped, and turned back to the cloister; but every thing seemed changed to him. Every thing had become larger, more beautiful, and older,—the buildings, the garden; and in the place of the low, humble cloister church, a lofty minster with three towers reared its head to the sky. This seemed very strange to the monk, indeed marvelous; but he walked on to the cloister gate and timidly rang the bell. A porter entirely unknown to him answered his summons, and drew back in amazement when he saw the monk.

The latter went in, and wandered through the church, gazing with astonishment on memorial stones which he never remembered to have seen before. Presently the brethren of the cloister entered the church; but all retreated when they saw the strange figure of the monk. The abbot only (but not his abbot) stopped, and stretching a crucifix before him, exclaimed, “In the name of Christ, who art thou, spirit or mortal? And what dost thou seek here, coming from the dead among us, the living?”

The monk, trembling and tottering like an old man, cast his eyes to the ground, and for the first time became aware that a long silvery beard descended from his chin over his girdle, to which was still suspended the key of the library. To the monks around, the stranger seemed some marvelous appearance; and, with a mixture of awe and admiration, they led him to the chair of the abbot. There he gave the key to a young monk, who opened the library, and brought out a chronicle wherein it was written that three hundred years ago the monk Urban had disappeared; and no one knew whither he had gone.

“Ah, bird of the forest, was it then thy song?” said the monk Urban, with a sigh. “I followed thee for scarce three minutes, listening to thy notes, and yet three hundred years have passed away! Thou hast sung to me the song of eternity which I could never before learn. Now I know it; and, dust myself, I pray to God kneeling in the dust.” With these words he sank to the ground, and his spirit ascended to heaven.

* * * * *

Copy the last paragraph, omitting all marks of punctuation.

Close the book, and punctuate what you have written. Compare your work with the printed page.



Memory Gems:

If thou wouldst live long, live well; for folly and wickedness shorten life.

From "Poor Richard's Proverbs"

The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper becomes its meaning: "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever."



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Thomas Carlyle.

* * * * *

43

dole man' na em' blem re leased' plumes breathe crim' son feath' ered soared dou' bly
hom' i ly ser'a phim

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,



And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

Longfellow.

From "Children's Hour and Other Poems." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

[Illustration: ST. FRANCIS PREACHING]

* * * * *

LAYS, songs.

ASSISI ([:a]s s[=e]' ze), a town of Italy, where St. Francis was born in 1182.

What does "manna of celestial words" mean?

What is the singular form of seraphim?

Memory Gem:

Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

Adelaide A. Procter.

* * * * *

44

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thrilling song;
In excelsis Deo!
Roll the hymn along.

Gloria in excelsis!
Let the heavens ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome, new-born King.



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Gloria in excelsis!
Over the sea and land,
In excelsis Deo!
Chant the anthem grand.

Gloria in excelsis!
Let us all rejoice;
In excelsis Deo!
Lift each heart and voice.

Gloria in excelsis!
Swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo!
Sound it to the sky.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sing it, sinful earth,
In excelsis Deo!
For the Savior's birth.

Father Ryan.

"Father Ryan's Poems." Published by P.J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

[Illustration: Artist *Hofmann*.—Caption: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."]

* * * * *

45

plied won' drous ex cite' ment com mo' tion vig' or fo' li age mar' vel ous com pas' sion

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.[004]

Once upon a time the Forest was in a great commotion. Early in the evening the wise old Cedars had shaken their heads and told of strange things that were to happen. They had lived in the Forest many, many years; but never had they seen such marvelous sights as were to be seen now in the sky, and upon the hills, and in the distant village.

"Pray tell us what you see," pleaded a little Vine; "we who are not so tall as you can behold none of these wonderful things."



“The whole sky seems to be aflame,” said one of the Cedars, “and the Stars appear to be dancing among the clouds; angels walk down from heaven to the earth and talk with the shepherds upon the hills.”

The Vine trembled with excitement. Its nearest neighbor was a tiny tree, so small it was scarcely ever noticed; yet it was a very beautiful little tree, and the Vines and Ferns and Mosses loved it very dearly.

“How I should like to see the Angels!” sighed the little Tree; “and how I should like to see the Stars dancing among the clouds! It must be very beautiful. Oh, listen to the music! I wonder whence it comes.”

“The Angels are singing,” said a Cedar; “for none but angels could make such sweet music.”

“And the Stars are singing, too,” said another Cedar; “yes, and the shepherds on the hills join in the song.”

The trees listened to the singing. It was a strange song about a Child that had been born. But further than this they did not understand. The strange and glorious song continued all the night.

In the early morning the Angels came to the Forest singing the same song about the Child, and the Stars sang in chorus with them, until every part of the woods rang with echoes of that wondrous song. They were clad all in white, and there were crowns upon their fair heads, and golden harps in their hands. Love, hope, joy and compassion beamed from their beautiful faces. The Angels came through the Forest to where the little Tree stood, and gathering around it, they touched it with their hands, kissed its little branches, and sang even more sweetly than before. And their song was about the Child, the Child, the Child, that had been born. Then the Stars came down from the skies and danced and hung upon the branches of the little Tree, and they, too, sang the song of the Child.



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When they left the Forest, one Angel remained to guard the little Tree. Night and day he watched so that no harm should come to it. Day by day it grew in strength and beauty. The sun sent it his choicest rays, heaven dropped its sweetest dew upon it, and the winds sang to it their prettiest songs.

So the years passed, and the little Tree grew until it became the pride and glory of the Forest.

One day the Tree heard some one coming through the Forest. "Have no fear," said the Angel, "for He who comes is the Master."

And the Master came to the Tree and placed His Hands upon its smooth trunk and branches. He stooped and kissed the Tree, and then turned and went away.

[Illustration: *A. Bida.*]

Many times after that the Master came to the Forest, rested beneath the Tree and enjoyed the shade of its foliage. Many times He slept there and the Tree watched over Him. Many times men came with the Master to the Forest, sat with Him in the shade of the Tree, and talked with Him of things which the Tree never could understand. It heard them tell how the Master healed the sick and raised the dead and bestowed blessings wherever He walked.

But one night the Master came alone into the Forest. His Face was pale and wet with tears. He fell upon His knees and prayed. The Tree heard Him, and all the Forest was still. In the morning there was a sound of rude voices and a clashing of swords.

[Illustration: *Hofmann.*]

Strange men plied their axes with cruel vigor, and the Tree was hewn to the ground. Its beautiful branches were cut away, and its soft, thick foliage was strewn to the winds. The Trees of the Forest wept.

The cruel men dragged the hewn Tree away, and the Forest saw it no more.

But the Night Wind that swept down from the City of the Great King stayed that night in the Forest awhile to say that it had seen that day a Cross raised on Calvary,—the Tree on which was nailed the Body of the dying Master.

Eugene Field.

From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

[Footnote 004: Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field.]



* * * * *

46

THE HOLY CITY.

Last night I lay a-sleeping; there came a dream so fair;—
I stood in old Jerusalem, beside the Temple there;
I heard the children singing, and ever as they sang
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heaven in answer rang;—
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heaven in answer rang.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King!



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And then methought my dream was changed;—
 The streets no longer rang
 Hushed were the glad Hosannas the little children sang.
 The sun grew dark with mystery,
 The morn was cold and chill,
 As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill;—
 As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill.
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hark! how the Angels sing
 Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King!

And once again the scene was changed—
 New earth there seemed to be;
 I saw the Holy City beside the tideless sea;
 The light of God was on its streets,
 The gates were open wide,
 And all who would might enter,
 And no one was denied.
 No need of moon or stars by night,
 Nor sun to shine by day;
 It was the New Jerusalem, that would not pass away,—
 It was the New Jerusalem, that would not pass away.
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing, for the night is o'er,
 Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna forevermore!

* * * * *

47

trea' son eu' lo gies de bat' ed phi los' o phy in ge nu' i ty ap pro' pri ate con' sum ma ted

THE FEAST OF TONGUES.

Xanthus invited a large company to dinner, and Aesop was ordered to furnish the choicest dainties that money could procure. The first course consisted of tongues, cooked in different ways and served with appropriate sauces. This gave rise to much mirth and many witty remarks by the guests. The second course was also nothing but tongues, and so with the third and fourth. This seemed to go beyond a joke, and Xanthus demanded in an angry manner of Aesop, "Did I not tell you to provide the choicest dainties that money could procure?" "And what excels the tongue?" replied Aesop, "It is the channel of learning and philosophy. By it addresses and eulogies are made, and commerce carried on, contracts executed, and marriages consummated. Nothing is equal to the tongue." The company applauded Aesop's wit, and good feeling was restored.



“Well,” said Xanthus to the guests, “pray do me the favor of dining with me again to-morrow. I have a mind to change the feast; to-morrow,” said he, turning to Aesop, “provide us with the worst meat you can find.” The next day the guests assembled as before, and to their astonishment and the anger of Xanthus nothing but tongues was provided. “How, sir,” said Xanthus, “should tongues be the best of meat one day and the worst another?” “What,” replied Aesop, “can be worse than the tongue? What wickedness is there under the sun that it has not a part in? Treasons, violence, injustice, fraud, are debated and resolved upon, and communicated by the tongue. It is the ruin of empires, cities, and of private friendships.” The company were more than ever struck by Aesop’s ingenuity, and they interceded for him with his master.



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From "Aesop's Fables."

* * * * *

XANTHUS, a Greek poet and historian, who lived in the sixth century before Christ.

Write the plurals of the following words, and tell how they are formed in each case:

dainty, sauce, eulogy, feast, city, chief, calf, day, lily, copy, loaf, roof, half, valley, donkey.

What words are made emphatic by contrast in the following sentence: "How should tongues be the best of meat one day and the worst another?"

Memorize what Aesop said in praise of the tongue, and what he said in dispraise of it.

Memory Gem:

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. By it we bless God and the Father; and by it we curse men who are made after the likeness of God."

From "Epistle of St. James."

* * * * *

48

ap' pe tite ha ranged' sus pend' ed min' strel sy

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOWWORM.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.



The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
“As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song:
For ’twas the self-same Power Divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”
The songster heard this short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

William Cowper.

Why did the nightingale feel “The keen demands of appetite?”

Do you admire the eloquent speech that the worm made to the bird? Study it by heart. Copy it from memory. Compare your copy with the printed page as to spelling, capitals and punctuation.

Memory Gems:

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.



Page 55

William Cowper.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm!
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move.
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive;
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!

Thomas Gisborne.

* * * * *

49

mar' gin pitch' er cup' board breathed di' a mond quiv' er ing

JACK FROST.

Jack Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear,
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.



He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane, like a fairy, crept:
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the morning light were seen
 Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and trees;
 There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees;
 There were cities with temples and towers; and these
 All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare.—
 “Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he;
 “This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three;
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me,
 Shall ‘*tchick*,’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

Hannah F. Gould.

* * * * *

CREST, top or summit.

COAT OF MAIL, a garment of iron or steel worn by warriors in olden times.

BEVIES, flocks or companies.

SHEEN, brightness.

TCHICK a combination of letters whose pronunciation is supposed to resemble the sound of breaking glass.

What did Jack Frost do when he went to the mountain?

How did he dress the boughs of the trees? What did he spread over the lake? Why?

What could be seen after he had worked on “the windows of those who slept?”

What mischief did he do in the cupboard, and why?

Is Jack Frost an artist? In what kind of weather does he work? Why does he work generally at night?



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* * * * *

50

re' al ize pen' du lum dil' i gent ly sig nif' i cance auc tion eer' per sist' ent ly in ex haust' i ble un der stood' hope' less ly nev er the less

“GOING! GOING! GONE!”

The other day, as I was walking through a side street in one of our large cities, I heard these words ringing out from a room so crowded with people that I could but just see the auctioneer's face and uplifted hammer above the heads of the crowd.

“Going! Going! Going! Gone!” and down came the hammer with a sharp rap.

I do not know how or why it was, but the words struck me with a new force and significance. I had heard them hundreds of times before, with only a sense of amusement. This time they sounded solemn.

“Going! Going! Gone!”

“That is the way it is with life,” I said to myself;—“with time.” This world is a sort of auction-room; we do not know that we are buyers: we are, in fact, more like beggars; we have brought no money to exchange for precious minutes, hours, days, or years; they are given to us. There is no calling out of terms, no noisy auctioneer, no hammer; but nevertheless, the time is “going! going! gone!”

The more I thought of it, the more solemn did the words sound, and the more did they seem to me a good motto to remind one of the value of time.

When we are young we think old people are preaching and prosing when they say so much about it,—when they declare so often that days, weeks, even years, are short. I can remember when a holiday, a whole day long, appeared to me an almost inexhaustible play-spell; when one afternoon, even, seemed an endless round of pleasure, and the week that was to come seemed longer than does a whole year now.

One needs to live many years before one learns how little time there is in a year,—how little, indeed, there will be even in the longest possible life,—how many things one will still be obliged to leave undone.

But there is one thing, boys and girls, that you can realize if you will try—if you will stop and think about it a little; and that is, how fast and how steadily the present time is slipping away. However long life may seem to you as you look forward to the whole of it, the present hour has only sixty minutes, and minute by minute, second by second, it is “going! going! gone!” If you gather nothing from it as it passes, it is “gone” forever.



Nothing is so utterly, hopelessly lost as “lost time.” It makes me unhappy when I look back and see how much time I have wasted; how much I might have learned and done if I had but understood how short is the longest hour.

All the men and women who have made the world better, happier or wiser for their having lived in it, have done so by working diligently and persistently. Yet, I am certain that not even one of these, when “looking backward from his manhood’s prime, saw not the specter of his mis-spent time.” Now, don’t suppose I am so foolish as to think that all the preaching in the world can make anything look to young eyes as it looks to old eyes; not a bit of it.



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But think about it a little; don't let time slip away by the minute, hour, day, without getting something out of it! Look at the clock now and then, and listen to the pendulum, saying of every minute, as it flies,—“Going! going! gone!”

Helen Hunt Jackson.

From “Bits of Talk.” Copyright, Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.

* * * * *

PROSING, talking in a dull way.

In the following sentences, instead of the words in italics, use others that have the same general meaning:

I heard these words *ringing* out from a *room so crowded with people* that I could *but* just see the man's *face*. How *fast* and *steadily* the present time is *slipping away*!

Punctuate the following:

Go to the ant thou sluggard consider her ways and be wise.

* * * * *

51

yearn car' ol mus' ing stee' ple mag' ic al

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadowlark's note, as he ranges,
Come over, come over to me!

Yet birds' clearest carol, by fall or by swelling,
No magical sense conveys;
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

“Turn again, turn again!” once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.



Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
And hangeth her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
Oh, children take long to grow!

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head,
“The child is a woman—the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story: the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

Jean Ingelow.

* * * * *

“TURN AGAIN, TURN AGAIN!” Reference is here made to Dick Whittington, a poor orphan country lad, who went to London to earn a living, and who afterwards rose to be the first Lord Mayor of that city.

NOTE.—This poem is the second of a series of seven lyrics, entitled “The Songs of Seven,” which picture seven stages in a woman’s life. For the first of the series, “Seven Times One,” see page 44 of the Fourth Reader. Read it in connection with this. “Seven Times Two” shows the girl standing at the entrance to maidenhood, books closed and lessons said, longing for the years to go faster to bring to her the happiness she imagines is waiting.



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[Illustration:]

* * * * *

52

man' i fold do mes' tic pet' tish ly in grat' i tude

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered, too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she so often kissed in an excess of tenderness.

But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing.

The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart; and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go downstairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked her why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her as I had been wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly, and left the



room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good night; but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?" I could not sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her.



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I did not tell anyone what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! She never spoke more—never smiled upon me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start.

I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I then wished that I might die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

* * * * *

Memory Gem:

“But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

* * * * *

53

chide be dewed' em balmed' be tide' lin' gered wor' shiped

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old Arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old Arm-chair.

In Childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;



She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old Arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on; but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered; my earth-star fled:
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old Arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;
And Memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old Arm-chair.



Page 60

Eliza Cook.

* * * * *

SPELL, a verse or phrase or word supposed to have magical power; a charm.

HALLOWED, made holy.

HOLLOWED, made a hole out of; made hollow. Use these two words in sentences of your own.

What is meant by "Memory flows with lava tide?"

Write a two-paragraph description of an old arm-chair. Your imagination will furnish you with all needed details.

Divide the following words into their syllables, and mark the accented syllable of each:

absurd, every, nature, mature, leisure, valuable, safety, again, virtue, ancient, weather, history, poetry, mother, genuine, earliest, fatigued, business.

The dictionary will aid you.

* * * * *

54

crag's break tongue thoughts ha' ven sail' or state' ly

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill;



But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson.

[Illustration: Tennyson]

* * * * *

55

barns deaf en ing i dol' a trous pon' der ca lum' ni ate Be at' i tudes

GOD IS OUR FATHER.

The Old Law, the Law given to the Jews on Mount Sinai, tended to inspire the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom. It was given amidst fire and smoke, thunders and lightnings, and whatever else could fill the minds of the Jews with fear and wonder. Compelled, as it were, by the idolatrous acts of His chosen people, by their repeated rebellions, and their endless murmurings, God showed Himself to them as the almighty Sovereign, the King of kings, the Lord of lords, whose holiness, power, majesty, and severity in punishing sin, filled their minds with awe and dread.

It was not thus that the New Law, the Law of grace and love, was given to the world. No dark cloud covered the mount of the Beatitudes from which our Lord preached; no deafening thunders were heard; no angry flashes of lightning were visible. There was nothing forbidding in the voice, words, or appearance of the Divine Lawgiver. In the whole exterior of our Savior there was a something so sweet, so humble, so meek and captivating, that the people were filled with admiration and love.



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One of the most remarkable features of this first sermon that Christ preached is the fact that He constantly called God our Father. How beautifully His teachings reveal the spirit of the Law of love! Listen to Him attentively, and ponder upon His words:

“Take heed that you do not your justice before men, to be seen by them: otherwise you shall not have a reward of your FATHER WHO is in heaven.... But when thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth; that thy alms may be in secret, and thy FATHER WHO seeth in secret will repay thee.... Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you; that you may be the children of your FATHER WHO is in heaven, Who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust.

“Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns: and your heavenly FATHER feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they?... If you, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your FATHER WHO is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him.... For if you will forgive men their offenses, your heavenly FATHER will forgive you also your offenses. But if you will not forgive men, neither will your FATHER forgive you your offenses.... Thus therefore shall you pray: OUR FATHER Who art in heaven.”

From these and many other similar expressions found in the very first sermon which Jesus Christ ever preached, we learn that it is the expressed will of God that we should look upon Him as our loving Father; and that, however unworthy we may be, we should look upon ourselves as His beloved children. There cannot be a possible doubt of this, since it is taught so positively by His only begotten Son, Who is “the Way, the Truth, and the Life.”

[Illustration: *Henry le Jeune.*]

* * * * *

Sinai (s[=i] n[=a]), a mountain in Arabia.

* * * * *

56

HAPPY OLD AGE.

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried;
 “The few locks that are left you are gray;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
 Now, tell me the reason, I pray.”



“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,
“I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,
“And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!
Now, tell me the reason, I pray.”

“I am cheerful, young man,” Father William replied;
“Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age.”



Page 62

Robert Southey.

* * * * *

Tell the story of the poem in your own words. What are some of the important lessons it teaches?

* * * * *

57

smit' ing el' o quence mes' mer ize ges' ture vin' e gar un dy' ing ly

KIND WORDS.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angel's nature into us.

Let us then think first of all of the power of kind words. In truth, there is hardly a power on earth equal to them. It seems as they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, namely, soften the hard and angry hearts of men. Many a friendship, long, loyal, and self-sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker a foundation than a kind word.

Kind words produce happiness. How often have we ourselves been made happy by kind words, in a manner and to an extent which we are unable to explain! And happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.

If I may use such a word when I am speaking of religious subjects, it is by voice and words that men mesmerize each other. Hence it is that the world is converted by the voice of the preacher. Hence it is that an angry word rankles longer in the heart than an angry gesture, nay, very often even longer than a blow. Thus, all that has been said of the power of kindness in general applies with an additional and peculiar force to kind words.

Father Faber.

From "Spiritual Conferences."

* * * * *



Explain: Kind words are the music of the world—An angel's song that had lost its way and come on earth—Smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds—Putting an angel's nature into us—Hard and angry hearts of men—An angry word rankles longer in the heart than even a blow.

Mention some occasions when kind words addressed to you made you very happy. Which will bring a person more happiness,—to have kind words said to him, or for him to say them to another?

Memorize the first paragraph of the selection.

Memory Gems:

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning.

Father Faber.

You will catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a hundred barrels of vinegar.

St. Francis de Sales.

* * * * *

58

KINDNESS IS THE WORD.

Memorize:



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“What is the real good?”
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, said the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly:
“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
“Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word.”

John Boyle O'Reilly.

* * * * *

SAGE, a wise man.

SEER, one who foresees events; a prophet.

EQUITY ([ˈeɪkʻwɪtɪ]), justice, fairness.

* * * * *

59

va' cant joc' und pen' sive spright' ly sol' i tude daf' fo dils con tin' u ous

DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,



Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed,—and gazed,—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth.

* * * * *

MILKY WAY, the belt of light seen at night in the heavens, and is composed of millions of stars.

1st stanza: Explain, “I wandered lonely.” To what does the poet compare his loneliness?

What did the poet see “all at once?” Where? What were the daffodils doing?

What picture do the first two lines bring to mind? Describe the picture contained in the remaining lines of this stanza.

2d stanza: How does the poet tell what a great crowd of daffodils there were? How would you tell it?

How does he say the daffodils were arranged? What does *margin* mean?

How many daffodils did he see? In this stanza, what does he say they were doing?

3d stanza: What is said of the waves? In what did the daffodils surpass the waves?

What do the third and fourth lines of this stanza mean?



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4th stanza: What does “in vacant mood” mean? “In pensive mood?” “Inward eye?”

How does this inward eye make bliss for us in solitude?

What feelings did the thought of what he saw awaken in the heart of the poet?

What changed the wanderer’s loneliness, as told at the beginning of the poem, to gayety, as told towards the end?

Commit the poem to memory.

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

60

hos' tile en dowed' tu' mult ac' o lyte ep' i taph grav' i ty com' bat ants pref' er ence a
maz' ed ly ath let' ic Vi at' i cum in her' it ance cem' e ter y re tal' i ate un flinch' ing ly ir
re sist' i ble un vi' o la ted con temp' tu ous ly

THE STORY OF TARCISIUS.

At the time our story opens, a bloody persecution of the Church was going on, and all the prisons of Rome were filled with Christians condemned to death for the Faith. Some were to die on the morrow, and to these it was necessary to send the Holy Viaticum to strengthen their souls for the battle before them. On this day, when the hostile passions of heathen Rome were unusually excited by the coming slaughter of so many Christian victims, it was a work of more than common danger to discharge this duty.

The Sacred Bread was prepared, and the priest turned round from the altar on which it was placed, to see who would be its safest bearer. Before any other could step forward, the young acolyte Tarcisius knelt at his feet. With his hands extended before him, ready to receive the sacred deposit, with a countenance beautiful in its lovely innocence as an angel's, he seemed to entreat for preference, and even to claim it.

“Thou art too young, my child,” said the kind priest, filled with admiration of the picture before him.

“My youth, holy father, will be my best protection. Oh! do not refuse me this great honor.” The tears stood in the boy’s eyes, and his cheeks glowed with a modest emotion, as he spoke these words. He stretched forth his hands eagerly, and his entreaty was so full of fervor and courage, that the plea was irresistible. The priest took



the Divine Mysteries, wrapped up carefully in a linen cloth, then in an outer covering, and put them on his palms, saying—

“Remember, Tarcisus, what a treasure is intrusted to thy feeble care. Avoid public places as thou goest along; and remember that holy things must not be delivered to dogs, nor pearls be cast before swine. Thou wilt keep safely God’s sacred gifts?”

“I will die rather than betray them,” answered the holy youth, as he folded the heavenly trust in the bosom of his tunic, and with cheerful reverence started on his journey. There was a gravity beyond the usual expression of his years stamped upon his countenance, as he tripped lightly along the streets, avoiding equally the more public, and the too low, thoroughfares.



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As he was approaching the door of a large mansion, its mistress, a rich lady without children, saw him coming, and was struck with his beauty and sweetness, as, with arms folded on his breast, he was hastening on. "Stay one moment, dear child," she said, putting herself in his way; "tell me thy name, and where do thy parents live?"

"I am Tarcisus, an orphan boy," he replied, looking up smilingly; "and I have no home, save one which it might be displeasing to thee to hear."

"Then come into my house and rest; I wish to speak to thee. Oh, that I had a child like thee!"

"Not now, noble lady, not now. I have intrusted to me a most solemn and sacred duty, and I must not tarry a moment in its performance."

"Then promise to come to me tomorrow; this is my house."

"If I am alive, I will," answered the boy, with a kindled look, which made him appear to her as a messenger from a higher sphere. She watched him a long time, and after some deliberation determined to follow him. Soon, however, she heard a tumult with horrid cries, which made her pause on her way until they had ceased, when she went on again.

In the meantime, Tarcisus, with his thoughts fixed on better things than her inheritance, hastened on, and shortly came into an open space, where boys, just escaped from school, were beginning to play.

"We just want one to make up the game; where shall we get him?" said their leader.

"Capital!" exclaimed another; "here comes Tarcisus, whom I have not seen for an age. He used to be an excellent hand at all sports. Come, Tarcisus," he added, stopping him by seizing his arm, "whither so fast? take a part in our game, that's a good fellow."

"I can't now; I really can't. I am going on business of great importance."

"But you shall," exclaimed the first speaker, a strong and bullying youth, laying hold of him. "I will have no sulking, when I want anything done. So come, join us at once."

"I entreat you," said the poor boy feelingly, "do let me go."

"No such thing," replied the other. "What is that you seem to be carrying so carefully in your bosom? A letter, I suppose; well, it will not addle by being for half an hour out of its nest. Give it to me, and I will put it by safe while we play."

"Never, never," answered the child, looking up towards heaven.



“I *will* see it,” insisted the other rudely; “I will know what is this wonderful secret.” And he commenced pulling him roughly about. A crowd of men from the neighborhood soon got round, and all asked eagerly what was the matter. They saw a boy, who, with folded arms, seemed endowed with a supernatural strength, as he resisted every effort of one much bigger and stronger, to make him reveal what he was bearing. Cuffs, pulls, blows, kicks, seemed to have no effect. He bore them all without a murmur, or an attempt to retaliate; but he unflinchingly kept his purpose.

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“What is it? what can it be?” one began to ask the other; when Fulvius chanced to pass by, and joined the circle round the combatants. He at once recognized Tarcisus, having seen him at the Ordination; and being asked, as a better-dressed man, the same question, he replied contemptuously, as he turned on his heel, “What is it? Why, only a Christian, bearing the Mysteries.”

This was enough. Heathen curiosity, to see the Mysteries of the Christians revealed, and to insult them, was aroused, and a general demand was made to Tarcisus to yield up his charge. “Never with life,” was his only reply. A heavy blow from a smith’s fist nearly stunned him, while the blood flowed from the wound. Another and another followed, till, covered with bruises, but with his arms crossed fast upon his breast, he fell heavily on the ground. The mob closed upon him, and were just seizing, him to tear open his thrice-holy trust, when they felt themselves pushed aside right and left by some giant strength. Some went reeling to the further side of the square, others were spun round and round, they knew not how, till they fell where they were, and the rest retired before a tall athletic officer, who was the author of this overthrow. He had no sooner cleared the ground than he was on his knees, and with tears in his eyes raised up the bruised and fainting boy as tenderly as a mother could have done, and in most gentle tones asked him, “Are you much hurt, Tarcisus?”

“Never mind me, Quadratus,” answered he, opening his eyes with a smile; “but I am carrying the Divine Mysteries; take care of them.”

The soldier raised the boy in his arms with tenfold reverence, as if bearing, not only the sweet victim of a youthful sacrifice, a martyr’s relics, but the very King and Lord of Martyrs, and the divine Victim of eternal salvation. The child’s head leaned in confidence on the stout soldier’s neck, but his arms and hands never left their watchful custody of the confided gift; and his gallant bearer felt no weight in the hallowed double burden which he carried. No one stopped him, till a lady met him and stared amazedly at him. She drew nearer, and looked closer at what he carried. “Is it possible?” she exclaimed with terror, “is that Tarcisus, whom I met a few moments ago, so fair and lovely?”

“Madam,” replied Quadratus, “they have murdered him because he was a Christian.”

The lady looked for an instant on the child’s countenance. He opened his eyes upon her, smiled, and expired. From that look came the light of faith—she hastened to be a Christian.

The venerable Dionysius could hardly see for weeping, as he removed the child’s hands, and took from his bosom, unviolated, the Holy of Holies; and he thought he looked more like an angel now, sleeping the martyr’s slumber, than he did when living scarcely an hour before. Quadratus himself bore him to the cemetery of Callistus, where he was buried amidst the admiration of older believers; and later a holy Pope

composed for him an epitaph, which no one can read without concluding that the belief in the real presence of Our Lord's Body in the Blessed Eucharist was the same then as now:



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“Christ’s secret gifts, by good Tarcisius borne,
The mob profanely bade him to display;
He rather gave his own limbs to be torn,
Than Christ’s Body to mad dogs betray.”

Cardinal Wiseman.

From “Fabiola; or, The Church of the Catacombs.”

ADDLE, to become rotten, as eggs.

TUNIC, a loose garment, reaching to the knees, and confined at the waist by a girdle.

SUPERNATURAL, = prefix *super*, meaning *above* or *beyond*, + *natural*.

-ION, a suffix denoting *act, state, condition of*. Define *emotion, objection, dejection, conversion, submission, construction, admiration, persecution, observation, revolution, deliberation*.

Write a letter to a friend who has sent you a copy of “Fabiola.” Tell him how much you like the book, what you have read in it, and thank him for sending it.

Make a list of the characters in the story of Tarcisius, and tell what you like or dislike in each.

Memory Gems:

The boy, with proud, yet tear-dimmed eyes,
Kept murmuring under breath:
“Before temptation—sacrifice!
Before dishonor—death!”

Margaret J. Preston.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men’s failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

George L. Taylor.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again;
Whatever men have done, men may—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.



Austin Dobson.

* * * * *

61

a jar' chal' ice a thwart' rap' tur ous sward ter' race jew' eled ci bo' ri um por' tal vil' lain
au da' cious sac ri le' gious

LEGEND OF THE WAXEN CIBORIUM.

A summer night in Remy—strokes of the midnight bell,
Like drops of molten silver, athwart the silence fell,
Where 'mid the misty meadows, the circling crystal streams,
A little village slumber'd,—locked in quiet dreams.

A lily, green-embower'd, beside a mossy wood,
With golden cross uplifted, the small white chapel stood,
But in that solemn hour, the light of moon and star
Upon its portal shining, revealed the door ajar!

And lo! into the midnight, with noiseless feet, there ran
From out the sacred shadows, a mask'd and muffl'd man,
Who bore beneath his mantle, with sacrilegious hold,
The Victim of the altar within Its vase of gold!

To right—to left,—he faltered; then swift across the sward,
(Like dusky demon fleeing), he bore the Hidden Lord;
By mere and moonlit meadow his rapid passage sped,
Till, at an open wicket, he paused with bended head.



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Behold! a grassy terrace,—a garden, wide and fair,
And, 'mid the wealth of roses, a beehive nestling there.
Across the flow'ring trellis, the villain cast his cloak,
Upon the jeweled chalice, the moonbeams, sparkling, broke!

O sacrilegious fingers! your work was quickly done!
Within the hive (audacious!) he thrust the Holy One,
Then gath'ring up his mantle to hide the treasure bright—
Plunged back into the darkness, and vanish'd in the night.

* * * * *

Forth in the summer morning, full of the sun and breeze,
Into his dewy garden, walks the master of the bees.
All silent stands the beehive,—no little buzzing things
Among the flowers, flutter, on brown and golden wings.

Untasted lies the honey within the roses' hearts,—
The master paces nearer,—he listens—lo! he starts,
What sounds of rapturous singing! O heaven! all alive
With strange angelic music, is that celestial hive!

Upon his knees adoring, the master, weeping, sees
Within a honeyed cloister, the Chalice of the bees;
For lo! the little creatures have reared a waxen shrine,
Wherein reposes safely the Sacred Host Divine!...

O little ones, who listen unto this legend old
(Upon my shoulder blending your locks of brown and gold),
From out the hands of sinners whose hearts are foul to see,
Behold! the dear Lord Jesus appeals to you and me.

He says: "O loving children! within your hearts prepare
A hive of honeyed sweetness where I may nestle fair;
Make haste, O pure affections! to welcome Me therein,
Out of the world's bright gardens, out of the groves of Sin.

"And in the night of sorrow (sweet sorrow), like the bees,
Around My Heart shall hover your winged ministries,
And while ye toil, the angels shall, softly singing come
To worship Me, the Captive of Love's Ciborium!"

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

From "The Children of the Golden Sheaf." Published by P.C. Donnelly.



* * * * *

MERE, a waste place; a marsh.

TRELLIS, a frame of latticework.

WAXEN, made of wax. *en* is here a suffix meaning *made of*. Use *golden*, *leaden*, *wooden*, in sentences of your own.

Synonyms are words which have very nearly the same meaning. What does *revealed* mean? *cloister*? Find as many synonyms of these two words as you can. Consult your dictionary.

* * * * *

62

stalked ep'au lets be hind' hand se date' trudg' ing com pos' ed ly fid' dler strut' ted ap
pro ba' tion re sumed' af firmed' dis a gree' a ble whith er so ev' er



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LITTLE DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

Daffy-down-dilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffy-down-dilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best, affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character, and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe countenance; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffy-down-dilly.

The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk, overlooking the pupils, or stalked about the room with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffy-down-dilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil." So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffy-down-dilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging along the road at a moderate pace.

"Good-morning, my fine little lad," said the stranger; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?" Daffy-down-dilly hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see nor hear of the old schoolmaster again. "Very well, my little friend," answered the stranger, "we will go together; for I, also, have had a great deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where his name was never heard."

They had not gone far, when they passed a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffy-down-dilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by Mr. Toil.



But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back, caught hold of his companion's hand, and cried, "Quick, quick! Let us run away, or he will catch us!"



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“Who will catch us?” asked the stranger.

“Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!” answered Daffy-down-dilly. “Don’t you see him among the haymakers?”

“Don’t be afraid,” said the stranger. “This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won’t trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm.”

They went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffy-down-dilly besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

“Quick step! Forward march!” shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffy-down-dilly started in great dismay; and, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand! Though he held his head high and strutted like a rooster, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

“This is certainly old Mr. Toil,” said Daffy-down-dilly, in a trembling voice. “Let us run away, for fear he will make us enlist in his company!”

“You are mistaken again, my little friend,” replied the stranger, very composedly. “This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he’s a very severe fellow, but you and I need not be afraid of him.”

“Well, well,” said Daffy-down-dilly, “but, if you please, sir, I don’t want to see the soldiers any more.”

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where some people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle.

“Let us stop here,” cried Daffy-down-dilly to his companion; “for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here.”

But these last words died away upon Daffy-down-dilly’s tongue, for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again, but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod.



“Oh, dear!” whispered he, turning pale, “it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!”

“This is not your old schoolmaster,” said the stranger, “but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best, think him still more disagreeable than his brother.”



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“Pray let us go a little farther,” said Daffy-down-dilly. “I don’t like the looks of this fiddler.”

Thus the stranger and little Daffy-down-dilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and, whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil.

He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and, under one disguise or another, stole into the most splendid mansions.

“Oh, take me back!—take me back!” said poor little Daffy-down-dilly, bursting into tears. “If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse.”

“Yonder it is,—there is the schoolhouse!” said the stranger; for, though he and little Daffy-down-dilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle, instead of a straight line. “Come; we will go back to school together.”

There was something in his companion’s voice that little Daffy-down-dilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

When Daffy-down-dilly became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster’s smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as the face of his own dear mother.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

“Little Daffy-down-dilly and Other Stories.” Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

* * * * *

How will the following sentences read if you change the name-words from the singular to the plural form: The old schoolmaster has a rod in his hand. The boy likes his teacher. The girl goes cheerfully on an errand for her mother. The pupil attends to his book, and knows his lesson perfectly. Under the blue sky, and while the bird was singing sweetly in tree and bush, the farmer was making hay in his meadow. The man won’t trouble him unless he becomes a laborer on his farm. The captain had a smart cap and feather on his head, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword instead of a birch rod in his hand.

From points furnished by your teacher, write a short composition on “Our School.” Be careful as to spelling, capitals, punctuation, paragraphs, margin, penmanship, neatness and general appearance.



Memory Gems:

Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.

Hood.

It is not where you are, but what you are, that determines your happiness.

* * * * *

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su' macs char' coal of fi' cial fres' coes in i' tial rest' less ly

IN SCHOOL DAYS

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumacs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing:



“I’m sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,”—the brown eyes lower fell,—
“Because, you see, I love you!”

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life’s hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

Whittier.

From “Child Life in Poetry.” Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

[Illustration: *John G. Whittier.*]

* * * * *

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Mars so’ lar (ler) Ve’ nus plan’ ets Mer’ cu ry di am’ e ter com’ pass es sat’ el lite tel’ e
scope grad’ u al ly in’ ter est ing cir cum’ fer ence

THE SUN’S FAMILY

“Please tell me a story, Frank” said Philip, as the two boys sat in the shade of a large tree.

“I have heard and read many wonderful stories. I will try to recall one,” said Frank.

“Let me see. Well—perhaps—I think that the most wonderful story I have ever read is that of the solar system, or the sun’s family.”

“Solar system!” repeated Philip. “That certainly sounds hard enough to puzzle even a fairy. Please tell me all about it.”

“That I should find much too hard” answered Frank. “But I’ll try to tell you what little I know. You see the sun there, don’t you—the great shining sun? Do you think the sun moves?”



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"Of course it moves," said Philip. "I always see it in the morning when I am in the garden. It rises first above the bushes, then over the trees and houses; by evening it has traveled across the sky, when it sinks below the houses and trees, out of sight on the other side of the town."

"Now that is quite a mistake," said Frank, "You think that the sun is traveling all that way along the sky, whereas it is really we—we on this big ball of earth—who are moving. We are whirling around on the outer surface, rushing on at the rate—let me think—at the rate of more than one thousand miles a minute!"

"Frank, what do you mean?" cried Philip.

"I mean that the earth is moving many times faster than a ball moves when shot from the mouth of a cannon!"

"Do you expect me to believe that, Frank! I can hardly believe that this big, solid earth moves at all; but to think of it with all the cities, towns, and people whirling round and round faster than a ball from the mouth of a cannon, while we never feel that it stirs one inch,—this is much harder to believe than all that the fairies have ever told us."

"Yes, but it is quite true for all that," replied Frank.

"I have learned much about the motions of the planets, and viewed the stars one night through a telescope. As I looked through this instrument, the stars appeared to me much larger than ever before. The earth is a planet, and there are besides our earth seven large planets and many small ones, which also whirl around the sun. Some of these planets are larger than our world. Some of them also move much faster.

"The sun is in the middle with the planets moving around him. The one nearest to the sun is Mercury."

"It must be hot there!" cried Philip.

"I dare say that if we were in Mercury we should be scorched to ashes; but if creatures live on that planet, God has given them a different nature from ours, so that they may enjoy what would be dreadful to us.

"The next planet to Mercury is Venus. Venus is sometimes seen shining so bright after sunset; then she is called the evening star. Some of the time, a little before sunrise, she may be seen in the east; she is then called the morning star.

"Venus can never be an evening star and a morning star at the same time of the year. If you are watching her this evening before or after sundown, there is no use getting up early to-morrow to look for her again. For several weeks Venus remains an evening



star, then gradually disappears. Two months later you may see her in the east—a bright morning star.

“Our earth is the third planet, and Mars is the fourth from the sun. Now let us make a drawing of what we have been talking about.

“First open the compasses one inch; describe a circle, and make a dot on its circumference, naming it Mercury. Write on this circle eighty-eight days; this shows the time it takes Mercury to travel around the sun. Make another circle three and one-half inches in diameter and make a dot on it. This represents Venus. It takes Venus two hundred twenty-five days to journey around the sun.



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“The next circle we have to draw is a very interesting one to us. The compasses must be opened two and one-half inches. The path made represents the journey we take in three hundred sixty-five days.

“One more circle must be drawn to complete our little plan. This circle must be eight inches in diameter. You see Mars is much farther from the sun than our earth is. It takes him six hundred eighty-seven days to make the trip around the sun. The other planets are too far away to be put in this plan.”

“O, Frank, you have missed the biggest of all—the moon!” said Philip.

“O, no, no!” exclaimed Frank. “The moon is quite a little ball. It is less than seven thousand miles around her, while our earth is twenty-five thousand miles around.”

“Is that a little ball, Frank?”

“Yes, compared with the sun and the planets. The moon is what is called a satellite—that is, a servant or an attendant. She is a satellite of our earth. She keeps circling round and round our earth, while we go circling round and round the sun.

“How fast the moon must travel! If I were to go rushing round a field, and a bird should keep flying around my head, you see that the movements of the bird would be much quicker than mine.”

“I can’t understand it, Frank,” said Philip. “The moon always looks so quiet in the sky. If she is darting about like lightning, why is it that she scarcely seems to move more than an inch in ten minutes?”

“I suppose,” said Frank, after a thoughtful silence, “that what to us seems an inch in the sky is really many miles. You know how very fast the steam cars seem to go when one is quite near them, yet I have seen a train of cars far off which seemed to go so slowly that I could fancy it was painted on the sky.”

“Yes, that must be the reason; but how do people find out these curious things about the sun and the stars—to know how large they are and how fast they go?” asked Philip.

“That is something we shall understand when we are older,” said Frank. “We must gain a little knowledge every day.”

“Is the earth the only planet that has a moon?” asked Philip.

“Mercury and Venus have no moons. Mars has two, and Jupiter has four, but we can see them only when we look through a telescope.” replied Frank.



“Are all the twinkling stars which one sees on a fine clear night, planets?” inquired Philip.

“Those that twinkle are not planets; they are fixed stars,” said Frank. “A planet does not twinkle. It has no light of its own. It shines just as the moon shines, because the sun gives it light.”

“But our earth does not shine!” said Philip.

“Indeed it does,” explained Frank. “Our earth appears to Venus and Mars as a shining planet.”

“There must be many more fixed stars than planets, then, for almost every star that I can see twinkles and sparkles like a diamond. Do these fixed stars all go around the sun?” asked Philip.



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“O, Philip! haven't you noticed that they are called fixed stars to show that they do not move like planets? The word *planet* means to *wander*. These fixed stars are suns themselves, which may have planets of their own. They are so very far away that we cannot know much about them, except that they shine of themselves just as our sun does.

“We know that our sun gives light and heat to the planets and satellites with which he is surrounded. We know that without his warm rays there would not be any flowers or birds or any living thing on the earth. So we can easily imagine that all other suns are shining in the same way for the worlds that surround them.”

* * * * *

Make a drawing of the sun and the three planets nearest it, as directed in the lesson.

Fill each blank space in the following sentences with the correct form of the action-word *draw*:

My boys like to —.

Yesterday they — the picture of an old mill.

They are now — a picture of the solar system.

The lines on the blackboard were — by John.
He — well.

* * * * *

65

dew' y clos'es ca ress' twined wreaths weath'er brook' let togeth'er

WILL AND I

We roam the hills together,
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I;
And the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us,
As we wander hand in hand
Through the blissful summer land,
Will and I.



Where the tinkling brooklet passes
Through the heart of dewy grasses,
Will and I
Have heard the mock-bird singing,
And the field lark seen upspringing,
In his happy flight afar,
Like a tiny winged star—
Will and I.

Amid cool forest closes,
We have plucked the wild wood-roses,
Will and I;
And have twined, with tender duty,
Sweet wreaths to crown the beauty
Of the purest brows that shine
With a mother-love divine,
Will and I.

Ah! thus we roam together,
Through the golden summer weather,
Will and I;
While the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us,
As we wander hand in hand
O'er the blissful summer land,
Will and I.

Paul H. Hayne.

* * * * *

CLOSES, small inclosed fields.

Write about what you and Will *saw*, *heard*, and *did*, as you roamed together over the hills, through the woods, along the brooklet, on a certain bright, clear day in early summer. You are a country boy and Will is your city cousin. If you begin your composition by saying, "It was a beautiful afternoon towards the end of June," keep the image of the day in mind till the end of the paragraph; tell what *made* the day beautiful, —such as the sun, the sky, the trees, the grass. In other paragraphs tell the things you saw and heard in the order in which you saw and heard them. Give a paragraph to what you did in the "closes" of the cool forest, and why you plucked the wild flowers. Conclude by telling what a pleasant surprise you gave mother on your return home; and how she surprised you two hungry boys during supper.



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In your composition, use as many of the words and phrases of the poem as you can.

* * * * *

66

themes her' e sy ramp' ant a chieved' es cort ed po ta'toes trem' u lous lux u' ri ous cre
du' li ty in cred' i ble phe nom' e non pre ma ture' ly

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE CRATCHITS'.

[Illustration: Tiny Tim and Bob Cratchit.]

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onions, they danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever kept your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night, and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well, never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up



and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limb supported by an iron frame.

“Why, where’s our Martha?” cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

“Not coming,” said Mrs. Cratchit.

“Not coming!” said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim’s blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. “Not coming upon Christmas Day!”

Martha didn’t like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off to the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.



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“And how did little Tim behave?” asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart’s content.

“As good as gold,” said Bob, “and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.”

Bob’s voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob compounded some hot mixture in a jug, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

Bob said he didn’t believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn’t eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it, while

they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.



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Halloa! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, smoking hot, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for so large a family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re[:e]choed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Charles Dickens.

[Illustration: Portrait of Dickens.]

* * * * *

DECLENSION, a falling downward.

COPPER, a boiler made of copper.

RALLIED, indulged in pleasant humor.



UBIQUITOUS (u b[ɪ]k' w[ɪ] t[ʃ]u[s]), appearing to be everywhere at the same time.

EKED OUT, added to; increased.

BEDIGHT, bedecked; adorned.

RE[:E]CHOED (reechoed): What is the mark placed over the second e called, and what does it denote?

NOTE.—“A Christmas Carol,” from which the selection is taken, is considered the best short story that Dickens wrote, and one of the best Christmas stories ever written. The Cratchits were very poor as to the goods of this world, but very rich in love, kindness, and contentment.

* * * * *

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WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John, John looked at me;
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
“Tell me again what Robert said,”
And then I, listening, bent my head—
This is his letter: “I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given.”

I looked at John’s old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children’s need,

And then of this. “Come, John,” said I,

“We’ll choose among them as they lie
Asleep.” So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band:
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: “Not her!”

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie’s rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
“He’s but a baby too,” said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie’s angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering’s trace—



“No, for a thousand crowns, not him!”
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick, our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother’s heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
“And so,” said John, “I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer.”

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
“Perhaps for her ’twould better be,”
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: “Nay, love, not thee,”
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. “No, John, no!
I cannot, will not, let him go.”
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place,
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven!



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Anonymous.

* * * * *

Write the story of the poem in the form of a composition. Tell of the great affection of parents for their children. Even in the poorest and most numerous families, what parent could think of parting with a child for any sum of money?

Tell about the letter John and his wife received from a rich man without children who wished to adopt one of their seven. Tell about the offer the rich man made. What a great temptation this was!

The parents considered the offer, looked into each other's faces and asked, "Which shall it be?" Not the baby. Why? Not the two youngest boys. Why? Not the poor helpless little cripple. Why? Not the sweet child, Mary. Why? Not Dick, the wayward son. Why? Not, for worlds, the oldest boy. Why?

Tell the answer the parents sent the rich man.

* * * * *

68

Dor'o thy
in her'it ance
Cap pa do' ci a
ob' sti na cy
The oph' i lus
ex e cu' tion ers

ST. DOROTHY, MARTYR

The names of St. Catherine and St. Agnes, St. Lucy and St. Cecilia, are familiar to us all; and to many of us, no doubt, their histories are well known also. Young as they were, they despised alike the pleasures and the flatteries of the world. They chose God alone as their portion and inheritance; and He has highly exalted them, and placed their names amongst those glorious martyrs whose memory is daily honored in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

St. Dorothy was another of these virgin saints. She was born in the city of Caesarea, and was descended of a rich and noble family. While the last of the ten terrible persecutions, which for three hundred years steeped the Church in the blood of martyrs, was raging, Dorothy embraced the faith of Christ, and, in consequence, was seized and carried before the Roman Prefect of the city.



She was put to the most cruel tortures, and, at length, condemned to death. When the executioners were preparing to behead her, the Prefect said, "Now, at least, confess your folly, and pray to the immortal gods for pardon."

"I pray," replied the martyr, "that the God of heaven and earth may pardon and have mercy on you; and I will also pray when I reach the land whither I am going."

"Of what land do you speak?" asked the judge, who, like most of the pagans, had very little notion of another world.

"I speak of that land where Christ, the Son of God, dwells with his saints," replied St. Dorothy. "*There* is neither night nor sorrow; *there* is the river of life, and the brightness of eternal glory; and *there* is a paradise of all delight, and flowers that shall never fade."

"I pray you, then," said a young man, named Theophilus, who was listening to her words with pity mingled with wonder, "if these things be so, to send me some of those flowers, when you shall have reached the land you speak of."



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Dorothy looked at him as he spoke; and then answered: "Theophilus, you shall have the sign you ask for." There was no time for more; the executioner placed her before the block, and, in another moment, with one blow, he struck off the head of the holy martyr.

"Those were strange words," said Theophilus to one of his friends, as they were about to leave the court; "but these Christians are not like other people." "Their obstinacy is altogether surprising," rejoined his friend; "death itself will never make them waver. But who is this, Theophilus?" he continued, as a young boy came up to them, of such singular beauty that the eyes of all were fixed upon him with wonder and admiration. He seemed not more than ten years old; his golden hair fell on his shoulders, and in his hand he bore four roses, two white and two red, and of so brilliant a color and rich a fragrance that their like had never before been seen. He held them out to Theophilus. "These flowers are for you," said he; "will you not take them?" "And whence do you bring them, my boy?" asked Theophilus. "From Dorothy," he replied, "and they are the sign you even now asked for." "Roses, and in winter time!" said Theophilus, as he took the flowers; "yea, and such roses as never blossomed in any earthly garden. Prefect, your task is not yet ended; your sword has slain one Christian, but it has made another; I, too, profess the faith for which Dorothy died."

Within another hour, Theophilus was condemned to death by the enraged Prefect; and on the spot where Dorothy had been beheaded, he too poured forth his blood, and obtained the crown of martyrdom.

* * * * *

CAESAREA (s)e[s] [.a] r[=e]' [.a]), an ancient city of Palestine. It is celebrated as being the scene of many events recorded in the New Testament.

Memory Gem:

Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave.

A line from Lowell's "Ode."

[Illustration:]

* * * * *



TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half hour
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless!—and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now!

Wordsworth.

* * * * *



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SELF-POISED, balanced.

What is a sanctuary? In the Temple at Jerusalem, what was the Holy of Holies? Why are the sanctuaries of Catholic churches so supremely holy?

Why are “sweet childish days” as long “As twenty days are now?”

Tell what you know of the author’s life.

Memorize the poem.

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

70

re tort' ed quizzed in cred' i ble man u fac' ture sat' ire vi o lin' ist com pre hend' me lo' di
ous ly hu' mor ex hib' it a chieve' ments for' ests

THE PEN AND THE INKSTAND.

In the room of a poet, where his inkstand stood upon the table, it was said, “It is wonderful what can come out of an inkstand. What will the next thing be? It is wonderful!”

“Yes, certainly,” said the Inkstand. “It’s extraordinary—that’s what I always say,” he exclaimed to the pen and to the other articles on the table that were near enough to hear. “It is wonderful what a number of things can come out of me. It’s quite incredible. And I really don’t myself know what will be the next thing, when that man begins to dip into me. One drop out of me is enough for half a page of paper; and what cannot be contained in half a page?”

“From me all the works of the poet go forth—all these living men, whom people can imagine they have met—all the deep feeling, the humor, the vivid pictures of nature. I myself don’t understand how it is, for I am not acquainted with nature, but it certainly is in me. From me all things have gone forth, and from me proceed the troops of charming maidens, and of brave knights on prancing steeds, and all the lame and the blind, and I don’t know what more—I assure you I don’t think of anything.”

“There you are right,” said the Pen; “you don’t think at all; for if you did, you would comprehend that you only furnish the fluid. You give the fluid, that I may exhibit upon the paper what dwells in me, and what I would bring to the day. It is the pen that writes.



No man doubts that; and, indeed, most people have about as much insight into poetry as an old inkstand.”

“You have but little experience,” replied the Inkstand. “You’ve hardly been in service a week, and are already half worn out. Do you fancy you are the poet? You are only a servant; and before you came I had many of your sorts, some of the goose family, and others of English manufacture. I know the quill as well as the steel pen. Many have been in my service, and I shall have many more when *he* comes—the man who goes through the motions for me, and writes down what he derives from me. I should like to know what will be the next thing he’ll take out of me.”

“Inkpot!” exclaimed the Pen.

Late in the evening the poet came home. He had been to a concert, where he had heard a famous violinist, with whose admirable performances he was quite enchanted. The player had drawn a wonderful wealth of tone from the instrument; sometimes it had sounded like tinkling water-drops, like rolling pearls, sometimes like birds twittering in chorus, and then again it went swelling on like the wind through the fir trees.



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The poet thought he heard his own heart weeping, but weeping melodiously, like the sound of woman's voice. It seemed as though not only the strings sounded, but every part of the instrument.

It was a wonderful performance; and difficult as the piece was, the bow seemed to glide easily to and fro over the strings, and it looked as though every one might do it. The violin seemed to sound of itself, and the bow to move of itself—those two appeared to do everything; and the audience forgot the master who guided them and breathed soul and spirit into them. The master was forgotten; but the poet remembered him, and named him, and wrote down his thoughts concerning the subject:

“How foolish it would be of the violin and the bow to boast of their achievements. And yet we men often commit this folly—the poet, the artist, the laborer in the domain of science, the general—we all do it. We are only the instruments which the Almighty uses: to Him alone be the honor! We have nothing of which we should be proud.”

Yes, that is what the poet wrote down. He wrote it in the form of a parable, which he called “The Master and the Instrument.”

“That is what you get, madam,” said the Pen to the Inkstand, when the two were alone again. “Did you not hear him read aloud what I have written down?”

“Yes, what I gave you to write,” retorted the Inkstand. “That was a cut at you, because of your conceit. That you should not even have understood that you were being quizzed! I gave you a cut from within me—surely I must know my own satire!”

“Ink-pipkin!” cried the Pen.

“Writing-stick!” cried the Inkstand.

And each of them felt a conviction that he had answered well; and it is a pleasing conviction to feel that one has given a good answer—a conviction on which one can sleep; and accordingly they slept upon it. But the poet did not sleep. Thoughts welled up from within him, like the tones from the violin, falling like pearls, rushing like the storm-wind through the forests. He understood his own heart in these thoughts, and caught a ray from the Eternal Master. To *Him* be all the honor!

Hans Christian Andersen.

* * * * *

PIPKIN, a small pipe; a small jar made of baked clay.

Write as many synonyms as you know, or can find, of the words *vivid*, *exhibit*, *comprehend*. Consult the dictionary.



What one word may you use instead of “laborer in the domain of science?”

Seek in your dictionary the definition of the word *parable*. Relate one of our Lord's parables.

By means of the prefixes and suffixes that you have learned, form as many words as you can from the following: man, do, late, loud, art, room, blind, easy, heart, humor, vivid, maiden, famous, service, furnished.

* * * * *

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THE WIND AND THE MOON.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.
You stare in the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about,
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep on a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high in the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge and my wedge
I have knocked off her edge.
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread:
"One puff more's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum, will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone,
In the air nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down, in town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and holloed with whistle and roar,—
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!



He flew in a rage—he danced and he blew;
 But in vain was the pain
 Of his bursting brain;
 For still the broader the moon-scrap grew,
 The broader he swelled his big cheeks, and blew.

Slowly she grew, till she filled the night,
 And shone on her throne
 In the sky alone,
 A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
 Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind: “What a marvel of power am I!
 With my breath, good faith!
 I blew her to death—
 First blew her away right out of the sky,
 Then blew her in; what a strength am I!”

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
 For, high in the sky,
 With her one white eye,
 Motionless, miles above the air,
 She had never heard the great Wind blare.

George MacDonald.

* * * * *

DOWN (7th stanza), a tract of sandy, hilly land near the sea.

GLIMMER, fainter.

GLUM, dark, gloomy.

What is a suffix? What does the suffix *less* mean? Define *cloudless*, *matchless*, *motionless*.

What class of people does Mr. Wind remind you of?

* * * * *

72

mi' ter can'on car' di nal dis course' di' a logue cour'te ous ly

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.



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St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day,
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him, and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

Saint.—Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?

Youth.—To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St.—And when you are one, what do you intend?

Y.—To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St.—Suppose it so; what have you next in view?

Y.—That I may get to be a canon too.

St.—Well; and what then?

Y.— Why then, for aught I know,

I may be made a bishop.

St.— Be it so,—

What next?

Y.— Why, cardinal's a high degree;

And yet my lot it possibly may be.

St.—Suppose it was; what then?

Y.— Why, who can say

But I've a chance of being pope one day?

St.—Well, having worn the miter and red hat,

And triple crown, what follows after that?
Y.—Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure: When I've enjoyed a dignity so high
As long as God shall please, then I must die.
St.—What! must you die? fond youth, and at the
best, But wish, and hope, and may be, all the rest! Take my advice—whatever may
betide, For that which *must be*, first of all provide; Then think of that which *may be*; and
indeed, When well prepared, who knows what may succeed, But you may be, as you
are pleased to hope, Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

* * * * *

ST. PHILIP NERI, born in Florence, Italy, in 1515. Went to Rome in 1533, where he founded the "Priests of the Oratory," and where he died in 1595.

TRIPLE CROWN, the tiara; the crown worn by our Holy Father, the Pope.

Use correctly in sentences the words *canon*, *cannon*, *canon*.



NOTE.—It will prove interesting if one pupil reads the first six lines of the selection, and two others personate St. Philip and the Youth.

The whole selection might be given from memory.

* * * * *

73

mag' ic sta' mens de sert' ed pet' als pic' tures dis cour' aged liq' uid sat' is fied per se
ver' ance

THE WATER LILY.

There was once a little boy who was very fond of pictures. There were not many pictures for him to look at, for he lived long ago near a great American forest. His father and mother had come from England, but his father was dead now. His mother was very poor, but there were still a few beautiful pictures on the walls of her house.



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The little boy liked to copy these pictures; but as he was not fond of work, he often threw his drawings away before they were half done. He said that he wished that some good fairy would finish them for him.

“Child,” said his mother, “I don’t believe that there are any fairies. I never saw one, and your father never saw one. Mind your books, my child, and never mind the fairies.”

“Very well, mother,” said the boy.

“It makes me sad to see you stand looking at the pictures,” said his mother another day, as she laid her hand on his curly head. “Why, child, pictures can’t feed a body, pictures can’t clothe a body, and a log of wood is far better to burn and warm a body.”

“All that is quite true, mother,” said the boy.

“Then why do you keep looking at them, child?” but the boy could only say, “I don’t know, mother.”

“You don’t know! Nor I, neither! Why, child, you look at the dumb things as if you loved them! Put on your cap and run out to play.”

So the boy wandered off into the forest till he came to the brink of a little sheet of water. It was too small to be called a lake; but it was deep and clear, and was overhung with tall trees. It was evening, and the sun was getting low. The boy stood still beside the water and thought how beautiful it was to see the sun, red and glorious, between the black trunks of the pine trees. Then he looked up at the great blue sky and thought how beautiful it was to see the little clouds folding over one another like a belt of rose-colored waves. Then he looked at the lake and saw the clouds and the sky and the trees all reflected there, down among the lilies.

And he wished that he were a painter, for he said to himself, “I am sure there are no trees in the world with such beautiful leaves as these pines. I am sure there are no clouds in the world so lovely as these. I know this is the prettiest little lake in the world, and if I could paint it, every one else would know it, too.”

But he had nothing to paint with. So he picked a lily and sat down with it in his hand and tried very hard to make a correct drawing of it. But he could not make a very good picture. At last he threw down his drawing and said to the lily:

“You are too beautiful to draw with a pencil. How I wish I were a painter!”

As he said these words he felt the flower move. He looked, and the cluster of stamens at the bottom of the lily-cup glittered like a crown of gold. The dewdrops which hung upon the stamens changed to diamonds before his eyes. The white petals flowed together, and the next moment a beautiful little fairy stood on his hand. She was no



taller than the lily from which she came, and she was dressed in a robe of the purest white.

“Child, are you happy?” she asked.

“No,” said the boy in a low voice, “because I want to paint and I cannot.”

“How do you know that you cannot?” asked the fairy.



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“Oh, I have tried a great many times. It is of no use to try any more.”

“But I will help you.”

“Oh,” said the boy. “Then I might succeed.”

“I heard your wish, and I am willing to help you,” said the fairy. “I know a charm which will give you success. But you must do exactly as I tell you. Do you promise to obey?”

“Spirit of a water lily!” said the boy, “I promise with all my heart.”

“Go home, then,” said the fairy, “and you will find a little key on the doorstep. Take it up and carry it to the nearest pine tree; strike the trunk with it, and a keyhole will appear. Do not be afraid to unlock the door. Slip in your hand, and you will bring out a magic palette. You must be very careful to paint with colors from that palette every day. On this depends the success of the charm. You will find that it will make your pictures beautiful and full of grace.

“If you do not break the spell, I promise you that in a few years you shall be able to paint this lily so well that you will be satisfied; and that you shall become a truly great painter.”

“Can it be possible?” said the boy. And the hand on which the fairy stood trembled for joy.

“It shall be so, if only you do not break the charm,” said the fairy. “But lest you forget what you owe to me, and as you grow older even begin to doubt that you have ever seen me, the lily you gathered to-day will never fade till my promise is fulfilled.”

The boy raised his eyes, and when he looked again there was nothing in his hand but the flower.

He arose with the lily in his hand, and went home at once. There on the doorstep was the little key, and in the pine tree he found the magic palette. He was so delighted with it and so afraid that he might break the spell that he began to work that very night. After that he spent nearly all his time working with the magic palette. He often passed whole days beside the sheet of water in the forest. He painted it when the sun shone on it and it was spotted all over with the reflections of fleeting white clouds. He painted it covered with water lilies rocking on the ripples. He painted it by moonlight, when but two or three stars in the empty sky shone down upon it; and at sunset, when it lay trembling like liquid gold.

So the years passed, and the boy grew to be a man. He had never broken the charm. The lily had never faded, and he still worked every day with his magic palette.



But no one cared for his pictures. Even his mother did not like them. His forests and misty hills and common clouds were too much like the real ones. She said she could see as good any day by looking out of her window. All this made the young man very unhappy. He began to doubt whether he should ever be a painter, and one day he threw down his palette. He thought the fairy had deserted him.

He threw himself on his bed. It grew dark, and he soon fell asleep; but in the middle of the night he awoke with a start. His chamber was full of light, and his fairy friend stood near.



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“Shall I take back my gift?” she asked.

“Oh, no, no, no!” he cried. He was rested now, and he did not feel so much discouraged.

“If you still wish to go on working, take this ring,” said the fairy. “My sister sends it to you. Wear it, and it will greatly assist the charm.”

He took the ring, and the fairy was gone. The ring was set with a beautiful blue stone, which reflected everything bright that came near it; and he thought he saw inside the ring the one word—“Hope.”

Many more years passed. The young man’s mother died, and he went far, far from home. In the strange land to which he went people thought his pictures were wonderful; and he had become a great and famous painter.

One day he went to see a large collection of pictures in a great city. He saw many of his own pictures, and some of them had been painted before he left his forest home. All the people and the painters praised them; but there was one that they liked better than the others. It was a picture of a little child, holding in its hands several water lilies.

Toward evening the people departed one by one, till he was left alone with his masterpieces. He was sitting in a chair thinking of leaving the place, when he suddenly fell asleep. And he dreamed that he was again standing near the little lake in his native land, watching the rays of the setting sun as they melted away from its surface. The beautiful lily was in his hand, and while he looked at it the leaves became withered, and fell at his feet. Then he felt a light touch on his hand. He looked up, and there on the chair beside him stood the little fairy.

“O wonderful fairy!” he cried, “how can I thank you for your magic gift? I can give you nothing but my thanks. But at least tell me your name, so that I may cut it on a ring and always wear it.”

“My name,” replied the fairy, “is Perseverance.”

Jean Ingelow.

* * * * *

[Illustration:]

Name the different objects you see in the picture. What did the artist desire to tell? What is the central object? Where is the scene of the picture placed? What time of the day and of the year does it show?



Describe the boy. How old is he? What impresses you most about him?

Suppose your teacher took the class to this lake for a day's outing.
Write a composition on how the day was spent.

* * * * *

74

A BUILDER'S LESSON.

Memorize:

“How shall I a habit break?”
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.



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But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the center's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste:
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First, across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

John Boyle O'Reilly.

* * * * *

Memory Gem:

Habit is a cable. Every day we weave a thread, until at last it is so strong we cannot break it.

* * * * *

75

in ured' ru' di ments nine' ti eth ma tur' er ac' cu ra cy in ad vert' ence an' ec dotes e ner' vate in cor' po ra ted dig' ni fied in junc' tion pre var i ca' tion

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

Some of the most interesting anecdotes of the early life of Washington were derived from his mother, a dignified matron who, by the death of her husband, while her children were young, became the sole conductress of their education. To the inquiry, what course she had pursued in rearing one so truly illustrious, she replied, "Only to require obedience, diligence, and truth."

These simple rules, faithfully enforced, and incorporated with the rudiments of character, had a powerful influence over his future greatness.

He was early accustomed to accuracy in all his statements, and to speak of his faults and omissions without prevarication or disguise. Hence arose that noble openness of



soul, and contempt of deceit in others, which ever distinguished him. Once, by an inadvertence of his youth, considerable loss had been incurred, and of such a nature as to interfere with the plans of his mother. He came to her, frankly owning his error, and she replied, while tears of affection moistened her eyes, "I had rather it should be so, than that my son should have been guilty of a falsehood."

She was careful not to enervate him by luxury or weak indulgence. He was inured to early rising, and never permitted to be idle. Sometimes he engaged in labors which the children of wealthy parents would now account severe, and thus acquired firmness of frame and a disregard of hardship.

The systematic employment of time, which from childhood he had been taught, was of great service when the weight of a nation's concerns devolved upon him. It was then observed by those who surrounded him, that he was never known to be in a hurry, but found time for the transaction of the smallest affairs in the midst of the greatest and most conflicting duties.

Such benefit did he derive from attention to the counsels of his mother. His obedience to her commands, when a child, was cheerful and strict; and as he approached to maturer years, the expression of her slightest wish was law.



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At length, America having secured her independence, and the war being ended, Washington, who for eight years had not tasted the repose of home, hastened with filial reverence to ask his mother's blessing. The hero, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," came to lay his laurels at his mother's feet.

This venerable woman continued, till past her ninetieth year, to be respected and beloved by all around. With pious grief, Washington closed her eyes and laid her in the grave which she had selected for herself.

We have now seen the man who was the leader of victorious armies, the conqueror of a mighty kingdom, and the admiration of the world, in the delightful attitude of an obedient and affectionate son. She, whom he honored with such filial reverence, said that "he had learned to command others by first learning to obey."

Let those, then, who in the morning of life are ambitious of future eminence, cultivate the virtue of filial obedience, and remember that they cannot be either fortunate or happy while they neglect the injunction, "My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

[Illustration: *L.E. Fournier.*]

* * * * *

CONDUCTRESS, a woman who leads or directs.

The suffix *-ess* is used to form feminine name-words.

Tell what each of the following words means:

ab' bess ac' tress duch' ess li' on ess count' ess po' et ess song' stress au' thor ess di
rect' ress

Use the following homonyms in sentences:

air, ere, e'er, heir; oar, ore, o'er; in, inn; four, fore; vain, vein; vale, veil; core, corps; their, there; hear, here; fair, fare; sweet, suite; strait, straight.

* * * * *

76

na' tal a main' toc' sin re count' ed



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few.
And now when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in radiant glory,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thought of your natal day.

Margaret E. Sangster.

By permission of the author.



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* * * * *

77

Brit' on (un) ant' lers wrin' kled vet' er an im mor' tal

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When, with a feeble voice, he called
His weeping son to him:
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name;
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me well,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band;
A captain raised his blade on me,
I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will;
For, son, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh! keep this sword," his accents broke,—
A smile—and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.



William R. Wallace.

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

78

es' say buoy' ant in sip' id fe quent' ing scowl' ing ly sug ges' tion in tel' li gence sin' gu
lar ly so lic' i tude com pet' i tor phi los' o pher ve' he ment ly tre men' dous ly ex pos tu
la' tion ig no min' i ous ly

THE MARTYR'S BOY.

It is a youth full of grace, and sprightliness, and candor, that comes forward with light and buoyant steps across the open court, towards the inner hall; and we shall hardly find time to sketch him before he reaches it. He is about fourteen years old, but tall for that age, with elegance of form and manliness of bearing. His bare neck and limbs are well developed by healthy exercise; his features display an open and warm heart, while his lofty forehead, round which his brown hair naturally curls, beams with a bright intelligence. He wears the usual youth's garment, the short toga, reaching below the knee, and a hollow spheroid of gold suspended round his neck. A bundle of papers and vellum rolls fastened together, and carried by an old servant behind him, shows us that he is just returning home from school.

While we have been thus noting him, he has received his mother's embrace, and has sat himself low by her feet. She gazes upon him for some time in silence, as if to discover in his countenance the cause of his unusual delay, for he is an hour late in his return. But he meets her glance with so frank a look, and with such a smile of innocence, that every cloud of doubt is in a moment dispelled, and she addresses him as follows:



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“What has detained you to-day, my dearest boy? No accident, I trust, has happened to you on the way.”

“Oh, none, I assure you, sweetest mother; on the contrary, all has been so delightful that I can scarcely venture to tell you.”

A look of smiling, expostulation drew from the open-hearted boy a delicious laugh, as he continued: “Well, I suppose I must. You know I am never happy if I have failed to tell you all the bad and the good of the day about myself. But, to-day, for the first time, I have a doubt whether I ought to tell you all.”

Did the mother’s heart flutter more than usual, as from a first anxiety, or was there a softer solicitude dimming her eye, that the youth should seize her hand and put it tenderly to his lips, while he thus replied:

“Fear nothing, mother most beloved, your son has done nothing that may give you pain. Only say, do you wish to hear *all* that has befallen me to-day, or only the cause of my late return home?”

“Tell me all, dear Pancratius,” she answered; “nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to me.”

“Well, then,” he began, “this last day of my frequenting school appears to me to have been singularly blessed. First, I was crowned as the successful competitor in a declamation, which our good master Cassianus set us for our work during the morning hours; and this led, as you will hear, to some singular discoveries. The subject was, ‘That the real philosopher should be ever ready to die for the truth.’ I never heard anything so cold or insipid (I hope it is not wrong to say so) as the compositions read by my companions. It was not their fault, poor fellows! what truth can they possess, and what inducements can they have to die for any of their vain opinions? But to a Christian, what charming suggestions such a theme naturally makes! And so I felt it. My heart glowed, and all my thoughts seemed to burn, as I wrote my essay, full of the lessons you have taught me, and of the domestic examples that are before me. The son of a martyr could not feel otherwise. But when my turn came to read my declamation, I found that my feelings had nearly betrayed me. In the warmth of my recitation, the word ‘Christian’ escaped my lips instead of ‘philosopher,’ and ‘faith’ instead of ‘truth.’ At the first mistake, I saw Cassianus start; at the second, I saw a tear glisten in his eye, as bending affectionately towards me, he said, in a whisper, ‘Beware, my child, there are sharp ears listening.’”

“What, then,” interrupted the mother, “is Cassianus a Christian? I chose his school because it was in the highest repute for learning and morality; and now indeed I thank God that I did so. But in these days of danger we are obliged to live as strangers in our



own land. Certainly, had Cassianus proclaimed his faith, his school would soon have been deserted. But go on, my dear boy. Were his apprehensions well grounded?"

"I fear so; for while the great body of my school-fellows vehemently applauded my hearty declamation, I saw the dark eyes of Corvinus bent scowlingly upon me, as he bit his lip in manifest anger."



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“And who is he, my child, that was so displeased, and wherefore?”

“He is the strongest, but, unfortunately, the dullest boy in the school. But this, you know, is not his fault. Only, I know not why, he seems ever to have had a grudge against me, the cause of which I cannot understand.”

“Did he say aught to you, or do?”

“Yes, and was the cause of my delay. For when we went forth from school into the field by the river, he addressed me insultingly in the presence of our companions, and said, ‘Come, Pancratius, this, I understand, is the last time we meet *here*; but I have a long score to demand payment of from you. You have loved to show your superiority in school over me and others older and better than yourself; I saw your supercilious looks at me as you spouted your high-flown declamation to-day; ay, and I caught expressions in it which you may live to rue, and that very soon. Before you leave us, I must have my revenge. If you are worthy of your name let us fairly contend in more manly strife than that of the style and tables. Wrestle with me, or try the cestus against me. I burn to humble you as you deserve, before these witnesses of your insolent triumphs.’”

The anxious mother bent eagerly forward as she listened, and scarcely breathed. “And what,” she exclaimed, “did you answer, my dear son?”

“I told him gently that he was quite mistaken; for never had I consciously done anything that could give pain to him or any of my school-fellows; nor did I ever dream of claiming superiority over them. ‘And as to what you propose,’ I added, ‘you know, Corvinus, that I have always refused to indulge in personal combats, which, beginning in a cool trial of skill, end in an angry strife, hatred, and wish for revenge. How much less could I think of entering on them now, when you avow that you are anxious to begin them with those evil feelings which are usually their bad end?’ Our school-mates had now formed a circle round us; and I clearly saw that they were all against me, for they had hoped to enjoy some of the delights of their cruel games; I therefore cheerfully added, ‘And now, my comrades, good-by, and may all happiness attend you. I part from you, as I have lived with you, in peace,’ ‘Not so,’ replied Corvinus, now purple in the face with fury; ‘but —’”

The boy’s countenance became crimsoned, his voice quivered, his body trembled, and, half-choked, he sobbed out, “I cannot go on; I dare not tell the rest!”

“I entreat you, for God’s sake, and for the love you bear your father’s memory,” said the mother, placing her hand upon her son’s head, “conceal nothing from me. I shall never again have rest if you tell me not all. What further said or did Corvinus?”

The boy recovered himself by a moment’s pause and a silent prayer, and then proceeded:



“Not so!’ exclaimed Corvinus, ‘not so do you depart! You have concealed your abode from us, but I will find you out; till then bear this token of my determined purpose to be revenged!’ So saying, he dealt me a furious blow upon the face, which made me reel and stagger, while a shout of savage delight broke forth from the boys around us.”



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He burst into tears, which relieved him, and then went on:

“Oh, how I felt my blood boil at that moment; how my heart seemed bursting within me; and a voice appeared to whisper in my ear the name of ‘coward!’ It surely was an evil spirit. I felt that I was strong enough—my rising anger made me so—to seize my unjust assailant by the throat, and cast him gasping on the ground. I heard already the shout of applause that would have hailed my victory and turned the tables against him. It was the hardest struggle of my life; never were flesh and blood so strong within me. O God! may they never be again so tremendously powerful.”

“And what did you do, then, my darling boy?” gasped forth the trembling matron.

He replied, “My good angel conquered the demon at my side. I stretched forth my hand to Corvinus, and said, ‘May God forgive you, as I freely and fully do; and may He bless you abundantly.’ Cassianus came up at that moment, having seen all from a distance, and the youthful crowd quickly dispersed. I entreated him, by our common faith, now acknowledged between us, not to pursue Corvinus for what he had done; and I obtained his promise. And now, sweet mother,” murmured the boy, in soft, gentle accents, into his parent’s bosom, “do you think I may call this a happy day?”

“Fabiola”—Cardinal Wiseman.

* * * * *

SPHEROID (sf[=e]’), a body or figure in shape like a sphere.

VELLUM, a fine kind of parchment, made of the skin of a lamb, goat, sheep or young calf, for writing on.

THEME, a subject or topic on which a person writes or speaks.

SCORE, bill, account, reckoning.

SUPERCIL’IOUS, proud, haughty.

STYLES AND TABLES, writing implements for schools. The tables or tablets were covered with wax, on which the letters were traced by the sharp point of the style, and erased by its flat top.

CESTUS, a covering for the hands of boxers, made of leather bands, and often loaded with lead or iron.

“IF YOU ARE WORTHY OF YOUR NAME.” Reference is here made by Corvinus to the *pancratium*, an athletic exercise among the Romans, which combined all personal contests, such as boxing, wrestling, etc.



CASSIANUS, St. Cassian, who, though a Bishop, opened a school for Roman youths. Having confessed Christ, and refusing to offer sacrifice to the gods, the pagan judge commanded that his own pupils should stab him to death with their iron writing pencils, called styles.

AY or AYE, meaning *yes*, is pronounced [=i] or [:a][d]i]; meaning *ever*, and used only in poetry, it is pronounced [=a].

Read carefully two or three times the opening paragraph of the selection, so that the picture conveyed by the words may be clearly impressed on the mind. Then with book closed write out in your own words a description of "The Martyr's Boy."



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[Illustration:]

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

79

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

Through the blue and frosty heavens
Christmas stars were shining bright;
Glistening lamps throughout the City
Almost matched their gleaming light;
While the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago, one Christmas night.

* * * * *

Rich and poor felt love and blessing
From the gracious season fall;
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
Peace and feasting in the hall;
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all.

Yet one house was dim and darkened;
Gloom, and sickness, and despair,
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,
Creeping up the marble stair,
Even stilled the voice of mourning,—
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,
Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
Many costly toys were lying
All unheeded by his bed;
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

The skill of all that mighty City
To save one little life was vain,—
One little thread from being broken,



One fatal word from being spoken;
Nay, his very mother's pain
And the mighty love within her
Could not give him health again.

* * * * *

Suddenly an unseen Presence
Checked those constant moaning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering,
Raised those blue and wondering eyes,
Fixed on some mysterious vision
With a startled, sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered,
Smiling, o'er the little bed;
White his raiment; from his shoulders
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,
And a starlike light was shining
In a glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel,
Leaning o'er the little nest,
In his arms the sick child folding,
Laid him gently on his breast,
Sobs and wailings told the mother
That her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings, and through the air
Bore the child; and, while he held him
To his heart with loving care,
Placed a branch of crimson roses
Tenderly beside him there.

While the child, thus clinging, floated
Towards the mansions of the Blest,
Gazing from his shining guardian
To the flowers upon his breast,
Thus the angel spake, still smiling
On the little heavenly guest:

"Know, dear little one, that Heaven
Does no earthly thing disdain;
Man's poor joys find there an echo
Just as surely as his pain;



Love, on earth so feebly striving,
Lives divine in Heaven again.

“Once, in that great town below us,
In a poor and narrow street,
Dwelt a little sickly orphan;
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,
Never in life’s rugged pathway
Guided his poor tottering feet.



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“All the striving, anxious fore-thought
That should only come with age
Weighed upon his baby spirit,
Showed him soon life’s sternest page;
Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow
Was his only heritage.”

* * * * *

“One bright day, with feeble footsteps
Slowly forth he tried to crawl
Through the crowded city’s pathways,
Till he reached a garden-wall,
Where ’mid princely halls and mansions
Stood the lordliest of all.

“There were trees with giant branches,
Velvet glades where shadows hide;
There were sparkling fountains glancing,
Flowers, which in luxuriant pride
Even wafted breaths of perfume
To the child who stood outside.

“He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place;
Never had his brightest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

“You were playing in that garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
Laughing when the petals floated
Downwards on your golden hair;
And the fond eyes watching o’er you,
And the splendor spread before you,
Told a House’s Hope was there.

“When your servants, tired of seeing
Such a face of want and woe,
Turning to the ragged orphan,
Gave him coin, and bade him go,
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted
Bitter tears began to flow.



“But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender child-heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well,
Passed them through the stern cold grating,
Gently bidding him ‘Farewell!’

“Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy’s spirit,
Joy, the sleeping Seraph, stirred;
In his hand he took the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

“So he crept to his poor garret;
Poor no more, but rich and bright;
For the holy dreams of childhood—
Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light—
Floated round the orphan’s pillow
Through the starry summer night.

“Day dawned, yet the visions lasted;
All too weak to rise he lay;
Did he dream that none spake harshly,—
All were strangely kind that day?
Surely then his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away.

“And he smiled, though they were fading;
One by one their leaves were shed;
‘Such bright things could never perish,
They would bloom again,’ he said.
When the next day’s sun had risen
Child and flowers both were dead.

“Know, dear little one, our Father
Will no gentle deed disdain;
Love on the cold earth beginning
Lives divine in Heaven again;
While the angel hearts that beat there
Still all tender thoughts retain.”

So the angel ceased, and gently
O’er his little burden leant;
While the child gazed from the shining,
Loving eyes that o’er him bent,

To the blooming roses by him.
Wondering what that mystery meant.



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Thus the radiant angel answered,
 And with tender meaning smiled:
 "Ere your childlike, loving spirit,
 Sin and the hard world defiled,
 God has given me leave to seek you,—
 I was once that little child!"

* * * * *

In the churchyard of that city
 Rose a tomb of marble rare,
 Decked, as soon as Spring awakened,
 With her buds and blossoms fair,—
 And a humble grave beside it,—
 No one knew who rested there.

Adelaide A. Procter.

[Illustration: *Kaulbach.*]

* * * * *

Enlarge the following brief summary of the Angel's Story into a composition the length of which to be determined by your teacher. Use many of the words and forms of expression you find in the poem.

THE ANGEL'S STORY

A poor little boy, to whom a child of wealth had in pity given a bunch of "reddest roses," died with the fading flowers. Afterwards he came as a "radiant angel" to visit his dying friend, and in a spirit of gratitude bore him to heaven.

* * * * *

80

al' ti tude as tound' ing ve loc' i ty vag' a bond mus tach' es hes i ta' ting ly par' a lyzed
 tre men' dous ex tra or' di na ry

GLUCK'S VISITOR.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day Gluck's two older brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the



roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown.

“What a pity,” thought Gluck, “that my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I’m sure, when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them.” Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up. “It must be the wind,” said Gluck; “nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door.”

No; it wasn’t the wind. There it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck put his head out the window to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red; his eyes twinkled merrily through long, silky eyelashes; his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. He wore an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind carried it clear out from the wearer’s shoulders to about four times his own length.



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Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed, without uttering a word, until the old gentleman turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in." To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the end of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I'm very sorry" said Gluck, "but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir. My brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold. When he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long, bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing.

"He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour."

As the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimney totter.

"That's a good boy. Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton is done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown." Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap up the chimney, for it was much too high for the roof.



“You’ll soon dry there; sir,” said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, so that the fire fizzed and sputtered and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

“I beg pardon, sir,” said Gluck, at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor; “mayn’t I take your cloak?”

“No, thank you,” said the old gentleman.

“Your cap, sir?”

“I am all right, thank you,” said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.



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"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "but—really—sir—you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then."

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart.

"They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but no more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

"I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought Gluck.

Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped; Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Aye; what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning fiercely to Gluck.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother, he was so *very* wet!"



The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at that instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you sir?" demanded Schwartz.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began, very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It's a very cold day, sir, to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs."

"Aye!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such fellows as you?"



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"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it.

Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out. But he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side, gave a twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied, with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night, I'll call again."

John Ruskin.

* * * * *

NOTE.—"The King of the Golden River," from which the selection is taken, is a charming story for children. It was written in 1841, for the amusement of a sick child. It is said to be the finest story of its kind in the language.

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

81

elf en cir' cled jerk hur' ri cane rein'deer min' i a ture tar' nished

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,



While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,



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Now, dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
As dry leaves, that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too;
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And, laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Clement C. Moore.

* * * * *



a chieved' es poused' thral' dom al li' ance ter rif' ic Del' a ware Com' mo dore re cip' i
ents New' found land can non ad' ing par tic' i pa ted char ac ter is' tic

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY.

The story of the American Navy is a story of glorious deeds. From the early days of Barry and Jones, when it swept the decks of King George's proud ships with merciless fire, down to the glories achieved by Admirals Dewey and Schley in our war with Spain, the story of our Navy is the pride and glory of our Republic. The glowing track of its victories extends around the world.

Of the many distinguished men whose names and whose deeds adorn the pages of our country's history, there is none more deserving of our gratitude and admiration than Commodore John Barry. His name and fame will live in the naval annals of our country as long as the history of America lasts.



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Commodore Barry, the founder of the American Navy, was born in County Wexford, Ireland, in the year 1745. At the age of fourteen he left home for a life on

“The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.”

On board trading vessels he made several voyages to America. He spent his leisure hours in reading and study, and in this way soon acquired a general and practical education. By fidelity to duty, he advanced so rapidly in his profession that at the age of twenty-five we find him in command of the *Black Prince*, one of the finest merchant vessels then running between Philadelphia and London.

When the Revolution broke out between the Colonies and England, our gallant Commodore gave up the command of his ship, and without delay or hesitation espoused the cause of his adopted country. Congress purchased a few vessels, had them fitted out for war, and placed the little fleet under the command of Captain Barry. His flagship was the *Lexington*, named after the first battle of the Revolution; and Congress having at this time adopted a national flag, the Star-spangled Banner, the *Lexington* was the first to hoist this ensign of freedom.

From the time of the fitting out of the *Lexington* down to the time of the declaration of peace, which assured the liberation of the Colonies from the thralldom of Great Britain, Commodore Barry was constantly engaged on shore and afloat. Though he actually participated in upwards of twenty sea fights, always against a force superior to his own, he never once struck his flag to the enemy. The field of his operations ranged all the way from the capes of the Delaware to the West Indies, and as far east as the coast of Maine and Newfoundland. His victories were hailed with joy throughout the country, and Barry and his men were publicly thanked by General Washington.

During the darkest days of the War, while Washington was spending the winter of 1777 in camp at Valley Forge, with our brave soldiers perishing for want of provisions, blankets, clothing and tents, an incident occurred which shows how supremely loyal and devoted Commodore Barry was to the American cause. The British troops were occupying Philadelphia. Lord Howe, their commander, offered our great sea fighter a bribe of fifty thousand guineas and the command of a ship of war, if he would abandon the American cause and enter the service of England. Barry's indignant reply should be written in letters of gold: “I have engaged in the service of my adopted country, and neither the value nor the command of the whole British fleet can seduce me from it.”

General Washington had the utmost confidence in the pluck and daring and loyalty of Barry. He selected him as the best and safest man to be trusted with the important mission of carrying our commissioners to France to secure that alliance and assistance which we then so sorely needed.



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On his homeward trip, it is related that being hailed by a British man-of-war with the usual questions as to the name of his ship, captain, and destination, he gave the following bold and characteristic reply: "This is the United States ship *Alliance*: Jack Barry, half Irishman and half Yankee, commander: who are you?" In the engagement that followed, Barry and his band of heroes performed such deeds of valor that after a few hours of terrific cannonading, the English ship was forced to strike its colors and surrender to the "half Irishman and half Yankee."

This illustrious man, who was the first that bore the title of Commodore in the service of our Republic, continued at the head of our infant Navy till his death, which took place in Philadelphia, on the 13th of September, 1803. During life he was generous and charitable, and at his death made the children of the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia the chief recipients of his wealth. His remains repose in the little graveyard attached to St. Mary's Catholic church.

Through the generous patriotism of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," a society of which General Washington himself was a member, a magnificent monument was erected to the memory of Commodore Barry, in Independence Square, Philadelphia, under the shadow of Independence Hall, the cradle of American liberty. Miss Elise Hazel Hepburn, a great-great-grandniece of the Commodore, had a prominent part at the ceremonies of the unveiling, which took place on Saint Patrick's Day, 1907.

* * * * *

There are gallant hearts whose glory
Columbia loves to name,
Whose deeds shall live in story
And everlasting fame.
But never yet one braver
Our starry banner bore
Than saucy old Jack Barry,
The Irish Commodore.

What is meant by the Congress of the U.S.? What two bodies compose it?
What is the number of senators, and how are they chosen?

Which was the most notable sea fight of Commodore John Paul Jones?

Where did Admiral Dewey specially distinguish himself? And Admiral Schley?

What countries does the island of Great Britain comprise?

What does "never struck his flag" mean?



Name the capes of the Delaware. Locate Newfoundland.

Recite the two famous replies of Commodore Barry given in the selection.

[Illustration: COMMODORE JOHN BARRY]

* * * * *

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sau' cy ig nored' rev' eled plain' tive dis traught' wea' ri some rol' lick ing mis' chie vous
frec'kle-faced

THE BOY OF THE HOUSE.

He was the boy of the house, you know,
A jolly and rollicking lad;
He was never tired, and never sick,
And nothing could make him sad.

Did some one urge that he make less noise,
He would say, with a saucy grin,
"Why, one boy alone doesn't make much stir—
I'm sorry I am not a twin!"



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“There are two of twins—oh, it must be fun
To go double at everything:
To hollo by twos, and to run by twos,
To whistle by twos, and to sing!”

His laugh was something to make you glad,
So brimful was it of joy;
A conscience he had, perhaps, in his breast,
But it never troubled the boy.

You met him out in the garden path,
With the terrier at his heels;
You knew by the shout he hailed you with
How happy a youngster feels.

The maiden auntie was half distraught
At his tricks as the days went by;
“The most mischievous child in the world!”
She said, with a shrug and a sigh.

His father owned that her words were true,
And his mother declared each day
Was putting wrinkles into her face,
And was turning her brown hair gray.

But it never troubled the boy of the house;
He reveled in clatter and din,
And had only one regret in the world—
That he hadn't been born a twin.

* * * * *

There's nobody making a noise to-day,
There's nobody stamping the floor,
There's an awful silence, upstairs and down,
There's crape on the wide hall door.

The terrier's whining out in the sun—
“Where's my comrade?” he seems to say;
Turn your plaintive eyes away, little dog.
There's no frolic for you to-day.

The freckle-faced girl from the house next door
Is sobbing her young heart out;



Don't cry, little girl, you'll soon forget
To miss the laugh and the shout.

How strangely quiet the little form,
With the hands on the bosom crossed!
Not a fold, not a flower, out of place,
Not a short curl rumped and tossed!

So solemn and still the big house seems—
No laughter, no racket, no din,
No starting shriek, no voice piping out,
"I'm sorry I am not a twin!"

There a man and a woman, pale with grief,
As the wearisome moments creep;
Oh! the loneliness touches everything—
The boy of the house is asleep.

Jean Blewett.

From the Toronto *Globe*.

[Illustration:]

* * * * *

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BIOGRAPHIES

COOK, ELIZA, was born in London, England, in the year 1817, and was the most popular poetess of her day. When a young girl, she gave herself so completely up to reading that her father threatened to burn her books. She began to write at an early age, and contributed poems and essays to various periodicals. She is the author of many poems that will live. She died in 1889.



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COWPER, WILLIAM, is one of the most eminent and popular of all English poets. He was born in the year 1731. His mother dying when he was only six years old, the child was sent away from home to boarding school, where he suffered so much from the cruelty of a bigger boy that he was obliged to leave that school for another. At the completion of his college course he expressed regrets that his education was not received in a school where he could be taught his duty to God. "I have been graduated," he writes, "but I understand neither the law nor the gospel." His longest poem is "The Task," upon which his reputation as a poet chiefly depends. He died in the year 1800.

DICKENS, CHARLES, one of the greatest and most popular of the novelists of England, was born in 1812. By hard, persistent work he raised himself from obscurity and poverty to fame and fortune. After only two years of schooling he was obliged to go to work. His first job was pasting labels on blacking-pots, for which he received twenty-five cents a day! He next became office boy in a lawyer's office, and then reporter for a London daily paper. He learned shorthand by himself from a book he found in a public reading-room. In 1841, and again in 1867, he lectured in America. He died suddenly in 1870, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

DONNELLY, ELEANOR CECILIA, began to write verses when she was but eight years old. Her early education was directed by her mother, a gifted and accomplished lady. Her pen has ever been devoted to the cause of Catholic truth and the elevation of Catholic literature. Besides hundreds of charming stories and essays, she has published several volumes of poems. Her writings on sacred subjects display a strong, intelligent faith, and a tender piety. She is a writer whose pathos, originality, grace of diction, sweetness of rhythm, purity of sentiment, and sublimity of thought entitle her to rank among the first of our American poets. Miss Donnelly has lived all her life in her native city of Philadelphia, where she is the center of a cultured circle of admiring friends, and where she edifies all by the practice of every Christian virtue and by a life of devotedness to the honor and glory of Almighty God.

GOULD, HANNAH F., an American poetess, has written many pleasant poems for children. "Jack Frost" and "The Winter King" have long been favorites. She was born in Vermont in the year 1789, and died in 1865.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, was born in Salem, Mass., on July 4, 1804. When still quite young he showed a great fondness for reading. At the

early age of six his favorite book was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." At college he was a classmate of Longfellow. Among his writings are a

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number of stories for children: “The Tanglewood Tales,” “The Snow-Image,” “The Wonder Books,” and some stories of American history. His volumes of short stories charm old and young alike. His Book, “The Scarlet Letter,” has made him famous. It was while he lived at Lenox, Mass., among the Berkshire Hills, that he published “The House of the Seven Gables.” He visited Italy in 1857, where he began “The Marble Faun,” which is considered his greatest novel. He died in 1864, and is buried in Concord, Mass. Hawthorne possessed a delicate and exquisite humor, and a marvelous felicity in the use of language. His style may be said to combine almost every excellence—elegance, simplicity, grace, clearness and force.

HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON, an American poet, was born in South Carolina in the year 1831. In 1854 he published a volume of poems. His death occurred in 1886. He was a descendant of the American patriot, Isaac Hayne, who, at the siege of Charleston in 1780, fell into the hands of the British, and was hanged by them because he refused to join their ranks and fight against his country.

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT, a popular American author who wrote under the assumed name of *Timothy Titcomb*, was born in Massachusetts in the year 1819. He began life as a physician, but after a few years of practice gave up his profession and went to Vicksburg, Miss., as Superintendent of Schools. He wrote a number of novels and several volumes of essays. In 1870 he became editor of *Scribner’s Magazine*. He died in 1881.

HUNT, LEIGH, editor, essayist, critic, and poet, and an intimate friend of Byron, Moore, Keats, and Shelley, was born near London, England, in 1784, and died in 1859.

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT, a noted American writer of prose and poetry, and known for years by her pen name of “H.H.” (the initials of her name), was born in Massachusetts in the year 1831. She is the author of many charming poems, short stories, and novels. Read her “Bits of Talk” and “Bits of Travel.” She lived some years in Colorado, where her life brought to her notice the wrongs done the Indians. In their defense she wrote “A Century of Dishonor,” The last book she wrote is “Ramona,” an Indian romance, which she hoped would do for the Indian what “Uncle



Tom's Cabin" had done for the slave. Mrs. Jackson died in California in 1885.

"MERCEDES" is the pen name of an able, zealous, and devoted Sister of one of our great Teaching Communities. She has written several excellent "Plays" for use in Convent Schools which have met the test of successful production. Her "Wild Flowers from the Mountain-side" is a volume of Poems and Dramas that exhibit "the heart and soul and faith of true poetry." A competent critic



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calls these "Wild Flowers sweet, their hues most delicate, their fragrance most agreeable." Mercedes has also enriched the columns of *The Missionary* and other publications with several true stories, in attractive prose, of edifying conversions resulting from the missionary zeal of priest and teacher. Her graceful pen is ever at the service of every cause tending to the glory of God and the good of souls.

MOORE, THOMAS, was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1779, and was educated at Trinity College. His matchless "Melodies" are the delight of all lovers of music, and are sung all over the world. Archbishop McHale of Tuam translated them into the grand old Celtic tongue. Moore is the greatest of Ireland's song-writers, and one of the world's greatest. As a poet few have equaled him in the power to write poetry which charms the ear by its delightful cadence. His lines display an exquisite harmony, and are perfectly adapted to the thoughts which they express and inspire. His grave is in England, where he spent the later years of his life, and where he died in 1852. In 1896, the Moore Memorial Committee of Dublin erected over his grave a monument consisting of a magnificent and beautiful Celtic cross.

MOORE, CLEMENT C., poet and teacher, was born in New York in 1779. In 1821 he was appointed professor in a Seminary founded by his father, who was Bishop Benjamin Moore of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York. He died in 1863.

MORRIS, GEORGE P., poet and journalist, wrote several popular poems, but is remembered chiefly for his songs and ballads. He was born in Philadelphia in the year 1802, and died in New York in 1864.

MCCARTHY, DENIS ALOYSIUS, poet, lecturer and journalist, was born in Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1871, and made his elementary and intermediate studies in the Christian Brothers' School of his native town. Since his arrival in America in 1886, he has published two volumes of poems which he modestly calls "A Round of Rimes" and "Voices from Erin." "His poetry," says a distinguished critic who is neither Irish nor Catholic, "is soulful and sweet, and sings itself into the heart of anyone who has a bit of sentiment in his make-up." Mr. McCarthy is at present Associate Editor of the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston. He lectures on literary and Irish themes, and contributes poems, stories, essays, book reviews, etc., to various papers and magazines.

NEWMAN, CARDINAL JOHN HENRY, was born in London in 1801, and studied at Trinity College, Oxford. In 1824 he became a minister of the Church of England, and rose rapidly in his profession. In 1845 he abandoned the English ministry, renounced the errors of Protestantism,

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and entered the Catholic Church, of which he remained till death a most faithful, devoted, and zealous son. He was ordained priest in 1848, was made Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin in 1854, and in 1879 was raised to the rank of Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. Cardinal Newman's writings are beyond the grasp of young minds, yet they will profit by and enjoy the perusal of his two great novels, "Loss and Gain" and "Callista." The former is the story of a convert; the latter a tale of the third century, in which the beautiful heroine and martyr, Callista, is presented with a master's art. Newman is the greatest master of English prose. In this field he holds the same rank that Shakespeare does in English poetry. To his style, Augustine Birrell, a noted English essayist, pays the following graceful and eloquent tribute: "The charm of Dr. Newman's style baffles description. As well might one seek to analyze the fragrance of a flower, or to expound in words the jumping of one's heart when a beloved friend unexpectedly enters the room." This great Prince of the Church died the death of the saints in the year 1890.

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE, patriot, author, poet and journalist, was born on the banks of the famous river Boyne, in County Meath, Ireland, in the year 1844. In 1860 he went over to England as agent of the Fenian Brotherhood, an organization whose purpose was the freedom of Ireland from English rule. In 1863 he joined the English army in order to sow the seeds of revolution among the soldiers. In 1866 he was arrested, tried for treason, and sentenced to death. This was afterwards commuted to twenty years' penal servitude. In 1867 he was transported to Australia to serve out his sentence, whence he escaped in 1869, and made his way to Philadelphia. He became editor of the Boston *Pilot* in 1874. He is the author of "Songs from the Southern Seas," "Songs, Legends and Ballads," and of other works. He died in 1890. All through life the voice and pen of Boyle O'Reilly were at the service of his Church, his native land, and his adopted country. Kindness was the keynote of his character. In 1896 Boston erected in his honor a magnificent memorial monument.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, called the "Hoosier Poet," was born in Indiana in the year 1852. In many of his poems there is a strong sense of humor. What he writes comes from the heart and goes to the heart. He has written much in dialect. His home is in Indianapolis.



RUSKIN, JOHN, one of the most famous of English authors, was born in London in 1819, and educated at Oxford. He spent several years in Italy in the study of art. He wrote many volumes of essays and lectures, chiefly on matters connected with art and art criticism. In his writings we find many beautiful pen-pictures of statues and fine buildings and such things. His "Modern Painters," a treatise on art and nature, established his reputation as the greatest art critic of England. He died in 1900.



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SANGSTER, MRS. MARGARET E., editor and poet, was born in New Rochelle, N.Y., on the 22d of February, 1838, and educated in Vienna. She has successfully edited such periodicals as *Hearth and Home*, *Harpers' Young People*, and *Harpers' Bazaar*, in which much of her prose and poetry has appeared. She is at present (1909) the editor of *The Woman's Home Companion*.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT, an eminent English poet and author, was born in the year 1774. He began to write verse at the age of ten. In 1792 he was expelled from the Westminster School for writing an essay against corporal punishment. He then entered one of the colleges of Oxford University, where he became an intimate friend of Coleridge. While residing at Lisbon he began a special study of Spanish and Portuguese literature. In 1813 he was appointed poet-laureate of England, and in 1835 received a pension from the government. He died in 1843. Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth are often called "The Lake Poets," because they lived together for years in the lake country of England, and in their writings described the scenery of that beautiful region.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, is considered the greatest poet of his age, and one of the great English poets of modern times. He was born in the year 1809, and educated at Cambridge University. In 1850 he gave to the world "In Memoriam," his lament for the loss by death of his friend, Arthur H. Hallam. In 1851 he succeeded Wordsworth as poet-laureate of England. His poems, long and short, are general favorites. His "Idyls of the King," "The Princess," "Maud," and "In Memoriam" are his chief long poems. These are remarkable for beauty of expression and richness of thought, of which Tennyson was master. He died in 1892, lamented by the entire English-speaking world, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Tennyson always loved the sea, the music of whose restless waves awakened an answering echo in his heart.

WALLACE, WILLIAM R., was born at Lexington, Ky., in the year 1819. As a poet he is best known as the author of "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

WESTWOOD, THOMAS, an English poet, was born in the year 1814, and died in 1888. He wrote several volumes of poetry, one of which was "Beads from a Rosary."

WHITTIER, JOHN G., called the "Quaker Poet," was born in Massachusetts in the year 1807. His parents were Quakers and were poor. When young he learned to make shoes, and with the money thus earned he paid his way at school. He was a boy of nineteen when his first verses were published. His poems were inspired by current events, and their

patriotic spirit gives them a strong hold upon the public. "Snow-bound" is considered his greatest poem. Whittier loved home so much that he

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never visited a foreign country, and traveled but little in his own. He gave thirty of the best years of his life to the anti-slavery struggle. While other poets traveled in foreign lands or studied in their libraries, Whittier worked hard for the freedom of the slave. Of this he wrote—

“Forego the dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar’s promise by;
The rights of man are more than these.”

Mr. Whittier died in the year 1892.

WISEMAN, CARDINAL NICHOLAS PATRICK, was born in the year 1802 in Seville, Spain, of an Irish family settled there. His family returned to Ireland, where he was educated. When he was sixteen he entered the English College, Rome, and was ordained priest in 1825. In 1840 he was appointed Coadjutor Bishop, and in 1850 the Pope named him Archbishop of Westminster, and at the same time created him a Cardinal. He was a profound scholar, an eloquent preacher, and a brilliant writer, and is the author of many able works. He was one of the founders of the *Dublin Review*. He died in 1865. His “Fabiola or the Church of the Catacombs,” from which some selections have been taken for this Reader, is one of the classics of our language. It was written in 1854.

WOODWORTH, SAMUEL, editor and poet, was born in Massachusetts in 1785, and died in 1842. With George P. Morris, he founded the *New York Mirror*. “The Old Oaken Bucket” is the best known of his poems.

For sketches of other authors from whom selections are taken for this book, see the Third and the Fourth Reader of the series.

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