Dominion Catholic Readers

THIRD

·J·A·SADLIER·

"Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to Me: for the Kingdom of Heaven is of such."

St. Matthew, chap. xix, v. 14.

THE DOMINION CATHOLIC SERIES

SADLIER'S

DOMINION

THIRD READER

CONTAINING

A TREATISE ON ELOCUTION, GRADED READINGS, FULL NOTES, AND A COMPLETE INDEX

BY A CATHOLIC TEACHER

JAMES A. SADLIER

MONTREAL AND TORONTO

TO INSTRUCTORS.

REGARDING Success in Teaching quite as dependent upon the Methods of Instruction as upon the Character and Classification of the material furnished by the text-book, your attention is earnestly invited to the following suggestions:

THE LESSONS OF PART FIRST should be used for *Reading Exercises* rather than *Tasks*. Require the class to repeat the most important principles, definitions, and examples, both separately and in concert. Review the Lessons, and do not commence Part Second until the pupils master them.

PART SECOND is not simply a Collection of Readings, but also a dictionary and cyclopediä, containing *Needful Aids* which are to be turned to profitable account. *Never omit the Preliminary Exercises;* but require the pupils to pronounce, spell, and define the words in the notes. If unable to make the necessary preparation by themselves, let them read the notes as a class exercise, and give them the requisite aid. Often require them to commence with the last word of a paragraph, in the Reading, and pronounce back to the first. Also direct their attention to the accents and marked letters.

BEFORE THE FINAL READING, be sure that the pupils *understand* the Lesson. Adopt a simple Order of Examination, and let them give the leading thoughts in their own language, *without formal questions:* for example, *first*, the title of the piece; *secondly*, the objects mentioned, and the facts concerning these objects; *thirdly*, the narrative or connected thoughts, and the portion illustrated by the picture, if any; and *fourthly*, the moral, or what the Lesson teaches.

THE INDEX TO THE NOTES is of the utmost importance, and ought to be employed daily. Make special efforts to give pupils great facility in its use.

PREFACE.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION and mental training should now progress hand in hand; for during this plastic period right impressions are most readily received and they are permanently retained. Investigation and study should be gradual and systematic, combining cheerful activity with reasonable thoroughness. Hence this is not merely a collection of attractive and appropriate Reading Lessons; but, also, a class-book for daily *study*, with all its needful accessories.

THE ELOCUTIONARY INSTRUCTION of Part First contains the most important Elements of Pronunciation and Expression. It is presented in the practical form of simple, conversational Reading Lessons, which are illustrated, and otherwise made as attractive as is consistent with the didactic nature of the material.

THE LESSONS OF PART SECOND were written and selected with reference, *first*, to their fitness for Reading Exercises; *secondly*, the variety, intensity, and permanency of the interest they naturally awaken; and *thirdly*, the amount and value of the information they afford, and its effects in the Formation of Character. They embrace such matters of local interest as tend to develop the love of country and of domestic affairs, as well as those of general concern. The style, though simple, is free from puerility, and some of the best instruction is given in parables and apologues. The Lessons are strictly

graded, presenting the simplest first in order, divided into Sections topically, and fitly illustrated with wood-cuts of unsurpassed excellence.

WEBSTER'S MARKED LETTERS are used as required to indicate Pronunciation. The Phonic Alphabet is made complete by the addition of seven of Watson's combined letters, as follows: O͝u, o͝w, c̆h, s̆h, t̆h, w̆h, and n̆g. This marked type affords nearly all the advantages of pure phonetics, without incurring any of the objections, and is as easily read as though unmarked. Its daily use in the *Readings and Notes* can not fail to remove localisms and form the habit of correct pronunciation.

ADDITIONAL AIDS are afforded by the introduction of about seven hundred foot-notes, which give the pronunciation of the words respelled, definitions, and explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions. This aid is given in every instance on the page where the difficulty first arises; and a complete *Index to the Notes* is added for general reference. As most of the Lessons are original, or have been rewritten and adapted for this little work, a list of the names of authors is deemed unnecessary.

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PART I.
GOOD ELOCUTION.

PHONETIC KEY.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or ę; aṣ, āle, veil: *2.* ă; aṣ, făt: *3.* ä; aṣ, ärt: *4.* ạ, or ô; aṣ, ạll, eôrn: *5.* â, or ê; aṣ, eâre, thêre: *6.* å; aṣ, åsk: *7.* ē, or ï; aṣ, wē, pïque: *8.* ĕ; aṣ, ĕll: *9.* ẽ, ĩ, or û; aṣ, hẽr, sĩr, bûr: *10.* ī, aṣ, īçe: *11.* ĭ; aṣ, ĭll: *12.* ō; aṣ, ōld: *13.* ŏ, or ạ; aṣ, ŏn, whạt: *14.* o͝o, o͝o, or u͝; aṣ, do͝o, fo͝ol, ru͝le: *15.* ŭ; aṣ, mūle: *16.* ů, or o͝; aṣ, ŭp, sȯn: *17.* u͟, o͟, or o͝o; aṣ, bu͟ll, wo͟lf, wo͝ol: *18.* Ou, ou, or ow; aṣ, Out, lout, owl.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; aṣ, bib: *2.* d; aṣ, did: *3.* g̃; aṣ, g̃ig̃: *4.* j, or ġ; aṣ, jig̃, ġem: *5.* l; aṣ, lull: *6.* m; aṣ, mum: *7.* n; aṣ, nun: *8.* n̨, or ng; aṣ, lin̨k, sing: *9.* r; aṣ, rare: *10.* Th, or th; aṣ, That, thĭth'er: *11.* v; aṣ, valve: *12.* w; aṣ, wig̃: *13.* y; aṣ, yet: *14.* z, or ṣ; as, zin̨e, iṣ: *15.* z, or zh, aṣ, ăzure: x̣ for g̃z; aṣ, ex̣ ăct'.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; aṣ, fife: *2.* h; aṣ, hit: *3.* k, or c; aṣ, kin̨k, cat: *4.* p; aṣ, pop: *5.* s, or ç; aṣ, siss, çity: *6.* t; as, tart: *7.* Th, or th; aṣ, Thin, pith: *8.* Ch, or ch; aṣ, Chin, rich: *9.* Sh, sh, or çh; as, Shot, ash, çhaiṣe: *10.* Wh, or wh; aṣ, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; aṣ, of*te*n (ŏf'n)

GOOD ELOCUTION.

LANGUAGE.

CHILDREN, one and all, listen![1] Does[2] a new book please you? Would you like to understand[3] all the lessons[4] in this new book? Do you wish that you may soon be able[5] to read all these lessons with great ease?

2. I am sure[6] you wish to learn to read soon and well. You would like, while reading in this book, to be as gay[7] and happy as a bird in summer. You hope[8] the use of the book will do you much good.

3. If you truly wish and hope what I have just said[9] be sure that you will need to understand these first lessons. Study them with great care, and read them over and over very many[10] times.

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[1] **Listen** (lĭs′n), give ear; hearken.

[2] **Does** (dŭz).

[3] **Un der stănd′**, to know the meaning of.

[4] **Lesson** (lĕs′sn), any thing to be read, or lēarned; what a pupil has to learn at one time.

[5] **A′ ble**, having the needful skill, or means.

[6] **Sure** (shōōr), certain.

[7] **Gāy**, lively; mĕrry.

[8] **Hōpe**, to wish and expect.

[9] **Said** (sĕd).

[10] **Many** (mĕn′ĭ), not few.

4. You will soon read of birds, and dogs, and pigs, and lambs, and other animals.[1] Who taught birds to sing, and dogs to bark, and pigs to squeal, and lambs to bleat? Do they need to be taught the language they use?

5. *By their Language* we mean the noises, or sounds, by which they make known their feelings and wants. Now our good God, who formed all things, so made the lower animals that they are born with the power to use and understand their language.

6. When you go to the coop[2] and feed the old hen, she makes one or two noises. How soon the young chickens[3] understand her! How fast they run for their food! When she sees a hawk in the air, or other danger is near, at her sound of alarm,[4] how quick they skulk,[5] or seek safety under her broad wings!

7. But you do not wish to be like the lower animals, though they do not need to study, or to be taught their language; for they are without speech,[6] or reason.[7] They can not use words. They have feelings and desires, but they are without sense.[8] They do not know right from wrong, nor truth from falsehood.

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[1] **An'i mal**, any thing which lives, grows, and feels.

[2] **Coop**, a grated box for shutting up hens, and other fowls.

[3] **Chick'ens**, the young of hens and other fowls.

[4] **A larm'**, sudden fear caused by coming danger.

[5] **Skulk**, get out of sight; lie hid.

[6] **Speech**, the power of using words.

[7] **Reason**, (rē'zn), the power by which we learn right from wrong, and truth from falsehood.

[8] **Sense**, the means by which we understand.

8. *THE ENGLISH*[1] *LANGUAGE* is the language we speak and read. By its use, we can tell others what we have seen and heard, how we feel, and what we think and wish. We talk and sing, laugh and cry, and even dream, in this language.

9. It is a wonderful language. It has many pretty[2] stories, many sweet songs, many useful lessons. It tells us how the wise, the great, the good, and the fair lived hundreds of years ago, and what they thought, and said, and did.

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[1] **English,** (ing'glish), belonging to England.

[2] **Pretty,** (prit'ti), pleasing to the eye.

10. Thêre are but few things in the world that are used mōre than language. Hence,[1] in the first part of this bŏŏk, I give you lessons in *Elocution*, that you may sōōn learn how to speak and read côrrectly.

11. *Good Elocution* is such a côrrect use of words, in reading and speaking, as causes the hearer to see, feel, and understand what is said.

12. In the lessons that fŏllōw, you can learn many useful things. You will read of Articulation, of Syllables and Accent, of Emphasis and Inflection, and of Marks of Punctuation. These are impôrtant[2] parts of gŏŏd elocution.

I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the côrrect making of the oral elements in words.

2. *Oral Elements* are the sounds which form spoken words.

3. *Forty-three Oral Elements form* the English language.

4. *Oral Elements are Divided* into three classes: *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

5. *Tonics* are pure tones.

6. *Subtonics* are modified tones.

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[1] **Hĕnce**, from this cause.

[2] **Im por'tant**, of value or use.

7. *Atonics* are mere breathings.

8. *The Letters of the Alphabet are Divided* into vowels and consonants.

9. *Vowels* are the letters that usually stand for the tonics. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.

10. *A Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as ou in our, *ea* in br*ea*d.

11. *Consonants* are the letters that usually stand for the subtonic or atonics. They are all the letters of thē alphabet except the vowels. The combined letters Ch, sh, th subtonic, th atonic, wh and ng are also consonants.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

SINCE *Oral Elements form* all the words you ever speak, I trust you will sōon lēarn to make each one cŏrrectly. Why, thēre is ōnly one thing in the world that you will need to use ŏft*e*ner, and that is thē âir you breathe.

2. As you read, try to ănswer each question, without looking at the definitions. What form the Ēnglish lan̲guage? What is the Ēnglish lan̲guage?

3. What are the sounds that form spok*e*n words called? How are oral elements dĭvīded? What are pure tones called? What are subtonics? What are atonics? What are tonics?

4. How is thē alphabet dĭvīded? If a letter stands for a tonic, what do you call it? Two vowels in one syllable are called what? Name the letters that are vowels. What is a diphthŏng?

5. Letters that stand for subtonics or atonics are called what? What single letters are not consonants? Name the double letters that are consonants. What are consonants?

6. What is articulation? Articulation is a part of what? What is good elocution?

7. Have you answered all the questions in this lesson correctly? Did your teacher aid you to answer any of them?

8. If you can answer all the questions, you may now read the tables which follow. One of you will first read a line, and utter, or speak, the oral element after each word: then all of you will read the line together in the same way.

9. A short straight line, placed from side to side over a vowel, is often used to mark its *first* oral element; as, bābe, ā; hēre, ē; līne, ī; jōke, ō; flūte, ū.

10. A curved line placed over a vowel is often used to mark its *second* oral element; as străp, ă; fĕnce, ĕ; shĭp, ĭ; rŏd, ŏ; brŭsh, ŭ.

I. TABLE OF TONICS.

1.	āge,	ā;	āpe,	ā;	veil,	e;	they,	e.
2.	hăt,	ă;	măn,	ă;	hănd,	ă;	lămp,	ă.
3.	ärm,	ä;	bär,	ä;	härp,	ä;	stär,	ä.
4.	all,	a;	war,	a;	cork,	ô;	fôrm,	ô.
5.	âir,[1]	â;	câre,	â;	thêre,	ê;	whêre,	ê.
6.	ask,[2]	å;	ånt,	å;	wåft,	å;	måst,	å.

[1] **The fifth oral element of A** (â) may easily be produced by trying to make its *first* sound with the lips placed nearly together and held firmly against the teeth.

[2] **The sixth oral element of A** (å) is its *second* sound made twice as long and slightly sŏftened.

7.	sh**ē**,	ē;	th**ē**,	ē;	p**ï**que,	ï;	val**ï**se,	ï.
8.	**ĕ**nd,	ĕ;	h**ĕ**n,	ĕ;	d**ĕ**sk,	ĕ;	sl**ĕ**d,	ĕ.
9.	**ĕ**rr,[1]	ē;	h**ĕ**r,	ē;	s**ĭ**r,	ĭ;	b**û**r,	û.
10.	**ī**ce,	ī;	p**ī**e,	ī;	fl**ȳ**,	ȳ;	sk**ȳ**,	ȳ.
11.	**ĭ**nk,	ĭ;	h**ĭ**m,	ĭ;	l**ẙ**nx,	ẙ;	l**ĭ**l**ẙ**,	ẙ.
12.	**ō**ld,	ō;	**ō**wn,	ō;	b**ō**ne,	ō;	h**ō**me,	ō.
13.	b**ŏ**x,	ŏ;	f**ŏ**x,	ŏ;	ẇhạt,	ạ;	wạnd,	ạ.
14.	twọ,	ọ;	mọve,	ọ;	f**o͝o**l,	o͝o;	rụle,	ụ.
15.	gl**ū**e,	ū;	t**ū**ne,	ū;	e**ū**re,	ū;	m**ū**le,	ū.
16.	e**ŭ**p,	ŭ;	m**ŭ**d,	ŭ;	s**ŏ**n,	ŏ;	d**ŏ**ne,	ŏ.
17.	pụt,	ụ;	bụll,	ụ;	wọl,	ọ;	w**o͝o**l,	o͝o.
18.	o-ur,	o-u;	o-ut,	o-u;	o-wl,	o-w;	e-o-w,	o-w.

II. TABLE OF SUBTONICS.

1.	*b***ŏ***b*,	*b*;	*b***ĭ***b*,	*b*;	*b***ā***be*,	*b*;	*br***ī***be*,	*b*.
2.	*d***ĭ***d*,	*d*;	*d***ă***d*,	*d*;	*d***ĕ***ad*,	*d*;	*dr***ĕ***ad*,	*d*.
3.	*g***ă***g*,	*g*;	*g***ĭ***g*,	*g*;	*gr***ŏ***g*,	*g*;	*gr***ĭ***g*,	*g*.
4.	*j***ĕ***t*,	*j*;	*j***ĭ***g*,	*j*;	*ġ***ĭ***n*,	*ġ*;	*ġ***ĕ***m*,	*ġ*.
5.	*l***ŏ***ll*,	*l*;	*l***ŭ***ll*,	*l*;	*l***ā***ke*,	*l*;	*b***ạ***ll*,	*l*.
6.	*m***ŭ***g*,	*m*;	*g***ŭ***m*,	*m*;	*st***ĕ***m*,	*m*;	*m***ŭ***m*,	*m*.
7.	*n***ĕ***t*,	*n*;	*r***ŭ***n*,	*n*;	*n***ĕ***st*,	*n*;	*sh***ŭ***n*,	*n*.
8.	*k***ĭ***ng*,	*ng*;	*s***ĭ***ng*,	*ng*;	*l***ĭ***nk*,	*n̲*;	*ba**nk***,	*n̲*.
9.	*ē**ar***,	*r*;	*r***ŭ***n*,	*r*;	*r***ā***çe*,	*r*;	*r***â***re*,	*r*.
10.	*Th***ȳ***,	*th*;	*th***ĭ***s*,	*th*;	*w***ĭ***th*,	*th*;	*th***ĭ***ther*,	*th*.
11.	*v***ă***t*,	*v*;	*l***ŏ***ve*,	*v*;	*v***ī***ne*,	*v*;	*v***ĭ***v***ĭ***d*,	*v*.
12.	*ẇ***ĭ***n*,	*w*;	*ẇ***ĭ***g*,	*w*;	*ẇ***ī***se*,	*w*;	*ẇ***ā***ke*,	*w*.
13.	*y***ĕ***s*,	*y*;	*y***ĕ***t*,	*y*;	*y***ă***m*,	*y*;	*y***ē***ar*,	*y*.
14.	*z***ĭ***nc*,	*z*;	*z***ĕ***st*,	*z*;	*his̲*,	*s̲*;	*wis̲e*,	*s̲*.
15.	*a**zure***,	z, or zh.						

[1] **The third oral element of E** (ē) is its *second* sound, made twice as long and slightly so*ftened*. It is the last of the modified tonics.

III. TABLE OF ATONICS.

1.	*f*ăn,	*f;*	*f*ăt,	*f;*	*f*īre,	*f;*	*f*īfe,	*f.*
2.	*h*ĭt,	*h;*	*h*ŏt,	*h;*	*h*āte,	*h;*	*h*ōme,	*h.*
3.	*k*ēy,	*k;*	*k*ĭc*k*,	*k;*	elĭn*k*,	*k;*	elăn*k*,	*k.*
4.	*p*ŏ*p*,	*p;*	*p*ŭ*p*,	*p;*	*p*īpe,	*p;*	*p*rŏ*p*,	*p.*
5.	sĭ*ss*,	*s;*	*s*ĕn*s*e,	*s;*	çĕnt,	ç;	çĭty,	ç.
6.	tă*t*,	*t;*	tŭ*t*,	*t;*	tär*t*,	*t;*	tōas*t*,	*t.*
7.	*th*ĭn,	*th;*	bō*th*,	*th;*	*th*ĭck,	*th;*	tru*th*,	*th.*
8.	*ch*ĭn,	*ch;*	rĭ*ch*,	*ch;*	*ch*āse,	*ch;*	*ch*ûr*ch*,	*ch.*
9.	*sh*ē,	*sh;*	ă*sh*,	*sh;*	*sh*īne,	*sh;*	brŭ*sh*,	*sh.*
10.	*wh*ȳ,	*wh;*	*wh*ĭp,	*wh;*	*wh*ĭch,	*wh;*	*wh*āle,	*wh.*

III.

WORDS HOW FORMED.

SPOKEN WORDS, you have just learned, are formed of oral elements; and written or printed words, of letters. Now, in order that you may soon pronounce and spell correctly, you will need to notice how words are formed, and learn to divide them into their elements, or parts.

2. Dividing words into the parts of which they are formed is sometimes called *the Analysis of Words.* After you have read with great care the analysis of the following words, I hope you will be able to tell how very many words are formed.

3. When you give the parts of *spoken* words, you will make the oral elements; but, in *written* words, you will only name the letters of which they are formed. When a letter does not stand for an oral element in a word, it is called *silent.*

4. The word APE, as spoken, is formed of two ōral elements; ā p—ape. The *first* is a pure tone; hençe, it is a tonic. The *second* is a mere breathing; hençe, it is an ătŏnic.

5. The word APE, as written, is formed of the letters a p e. *A* stands for a tonic; hençe, it is a vowel. *P* stands for an ătŏnic; hençe, it is a consonant. *E* is silent.

6. The word HEN, as spoken, is formed of three ōral elements; h ĕ n—hen. The *first* is a mere breathing; hençe, it is an ătŏnic. The *second* is a pure tone; hençe, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hençe, it is a subtonic.

7. The word HEN, as written, is formed of the letters h e n. *H* stands for an atonic; hençe, it is a consonant. *E* stands for a tonic; hençe, it is a vowel. *N* stands for a subtonic; hençe, it is a consonant.

8. The word WISH, as spoken, is formed of three ōral elements; w ĭ sh—wish. The *first* is a modified tone; hençe, it is a subtonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hençe, it is a tonic. The *third* is a mere breathing; hençe, it is an atonic.

9. The word WISH, as written, is formed of the letters w i sh. *W* stands for a subtonic; hençe, it is a consonant. *I* stands for a tonic; hençe, it is a vowel. Sh stands for an ătŏnic; hençe, it is a consonant.

10. You will notiçe that two forms of analysis are given for each of the abŏve words—the first, for the word as *spoken;* the second, as *written.* Try to use each form cŏrrĕctly, in the next lesson.

IV.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT LETTERS in these exercises are printed in *Italics*; *as the slanting letters in the words you are now reading.* Some words are spelt a second time, that you may know just how to pronounce them. You will read each of these exercises several times, and analyze all the words.

2. Bleak blows the (thŭ) bitter blast.

3. Our aunt found ants in the (thŭ) sweets.

4. Cora can clasp your clean cloth cloak.

5. Dora Drake drove our dear dog from her door.

6. Faith French had fresh fruit, and rich fringe for her dress.

7. Grace Grant told the (thŭ) groom, that much green grass had grown on our ground, near a grove.

8. Charles Chase chose much cheap cheese.

9. We heard loud shouts, and sharp, shrill shrieks.

10. Those thankless youths, with truths use (yūz) wicked oaths.

11. Guy boasts of (ŏv) his great strength, and thrusts his fists against (ągĕnst′) iron (īĕrn) posts.

12. Why did that white dog whine, while the (thŭ) whales wheeled and whirled?

13. James, Job, John, Jane, and Jason Jones live in our stone house.

14. This pleasing being is still hearing, seeing, feeling, smelling, eating, and drinking.

15. I saw the aged woman press her wounded son to her bosom.

II. SYLLABLES, ETC.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, spoken by one impulse of the voice.

2. *A* MONOSYLLABLE is a word of *one* syllable; as, *bird*, *tree*.

3. *A* DISSYLLABLE is a word of *two* syllables; as, *black-bird*, *tree-frog*.

4. *A* TRISYLLABLE is a word of *three* syllables; as, *but-ter-fly*.

5. *A* POLYSYLLABLE is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *cat-er-pil-lar*, *ar-tic-u-la-tion*.

6. ACCENT is the greater force given to one or more syllables of a word; as, *cal*-i-co.

7. THE MARK OF ACUTE ACCENT ' is often used to show the *place* of accent. It may be put after the accented syllable, or over its vowel; as, cor-rect', or correct'.

8. THE MARK OF GRAVE ACCENT ` is often used to show that the vowel over which it is placed is not silent, or that it stands for one of its own oral elements; as, That aged man lives in single blessedness.

9. A boy or girl who does not know the use of this *mark*, or is too careless to notice it, will often read the example as follows: That ajd man lives in single blessidness.

10. In the next lesson tell the *number* of syllables in the words, and the use of each *mark of accent*.

II.

ARTHUR AND THE APPLES.

ARTHUR'S fáther one évening brought in from the gārden six beaútiful,[1] róṣy-cheeked ápples, pụt them on à plate, and preṣénted[2] them to Ar'thur. The son thanked hiṣ fáther for this kíndnèss.

2. "My son, yọu must lāy thē ápples asíde for à few dāys, that they māy be-cóme méllōw," said the fáther. And Ar'thur chéerfully[3] plaçed the plate, with the ápples on it, in hiṣ móther's stóre-rōom.

3. Then hiṣ fáther àsked him to bring back the fruit,[4] laid on the plate with thē óthers an ápple, which, though it still had à róṣy side, waṣ quite[5] de-cáyed,[6] and deṣíred him to allów it to remáin thêre.

4. "But, fáther," said Ar'thur, "the de-cáyed ápple will spoil all thē óthers."

5. "Are yọu quite sụre, my son? Why should not the six fresh[7] ap'pleṣ ráther make the bad one fresh?" And with theṣe wordṣ he requésted Ar'thur to retúrn the ápples to the stóre-rōom.

6. Eight dayṣ áfterward, he àsked hiṣ son to ópen the dōor and take out thē ápples. But what à sight preṣéntèd itsélf! The six ápples, which had been so sound and smooth, were rótten, and spread à disagrēeable smell through the room.

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[1] **Beaū'ti ful,** vĕry pleaṣing to thē eye.

[2] **Pre sĕnt'ed,** pụt or plaçed befōre some one; made à gĭft of.

[3] **Chēer'ful lў,** very willingly.

[4] **Fruit** (frọt), that part of plants which coverṣ and holdṣ the seed, aṣ thē apple, plum, peâr, peach, berrieṣ, melonṣ, and otherṣ.

[5] **Quīte,** vĕry much; *wh*ōlly.

[6] **De cāyed',** pàssed from à healthy or sound condition to à corrupt or imperfect one; rotted.

[7] **Frĕsh,** lately gāthered; sound.

7. "O, papá," cried Ar'thur, "did I not tell you that the decáyed ápple would spoil the gōod ones?"

8. "My dear son," said his fáther, "I wished to teach you a lésson in such a wāy that you would néver forgēt it. This year you are to prepáre yoursélf to recéive, for the fīrst time, the hóly Să-c'rament of the Al'tar. You have hítherto[1] been protécted from évil by your móther's cáre and mine.

9. "Now you are grówing ólder; and on your choiçe of compánions will depénd to a great degrée your gōod or évil cónduct. If you choose as your friends those who are ídle or impúre, or ashámed of thêir Faith, or who do not obéy, your soul is in great dánger."

[1] **Hith'er to**, up to this time; until now.

10. "For aṣ that rótten ápple destróyed all the beaúty and gōodnèss of thoṣe with which it waṣ plaçed, so will the sinṣ of ótherṣ corrúpt your soul untíl it beçómeṣ like thêirṣ. Remémber, too, that if *you* loṣe your ínnoçençe, you in *your* turn will beçóme like the rótten ápple, and Gŏd will hold you to açcount for all the sinṣ you cauṣe óthers to commít."

11. "O fáther!" said Ar'thur, "I want to make such a *good* preparátion for my First Commúnion."—"I trust you will, my son. Fáther Clärke gave you the first instrúction this week; what did he sāy?"

12. "He said, I must obéy bōth you and my téachers at all timeṣ; I must áṣk our dear Bléssèd Móther évery day for púrity, and beg our Lord to make my heart fit to reçéive Him; and I must try to be préṣent at évery instrúction."

13. "Well, Ar'thur, if you do theṣe three thingṣ well, the dāy of your First Commúnion will be the háppiest of your life."—"I will try, papá."—And he did try. If at any time he waṣ témpted to do wrŏng he thought of the ápples and reṣísted.

14. If á boy waṣ ill-beháved, Ar'thur avóided him, howéver amúṣing he might be. "For," he would sāy, "althóugh the rótten ápple *did* have á róṣy side, it spoiled the gōod oneṣ."

15. The year rolled áround', and Ar'thur had impróved it so well, that the lŏng-expécted dāy of the "Children's First Commúnion," waṣ to him, and to the otherṣ, a most háppy one. Trúly, bōth men and ángelṣ rejoiçed' to see that band of ínnoçent youṇg ṣoulṣ appróach the Hóly Táble, to reçéive, for the first time, the Bread of Life.

III. EMPHASIS, ETC.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the (thŭ) greater fōrce given to one or mōre words of a sentence;[1] as, Better the *child* ery than the *father*. Hăndsòme *is*, that handsome *does*.

2. *Nearly all Emphatic Words* either point out a difference, or show what is meant; as, I did not say a *sweet* child, but a *neat* one. *Where* and *what* is it? Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to please.

3. *Inflection* is the bend, or slide, of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

4. *Inflection, or the Slide*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice which is hēard on thē accented or *heavy* syllable of an *emphatic* word.

5. *The Rising Inflection* is thē upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

6. *The Falling Inflection* is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going home?

7. *The Circumflex* is the union of thē inflections on the same syllable or word. When it begins with

[1] **A sĕntence** is a union of words which tells, asks, or commands, something; as, Mabel ran. Did Amy run? Go, John.

the *rising* inflection and ends with the *falling*, it is called the *falling circumflex*. The *rising circumflex* begins with a *falling* slide and ends with a *rising*.

8. *The Acute Accent* ' *is often used* to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent `, the *falling* inflection; as, Will you ríde, or wàlk?

9. *The Falling Circumflex is marked* thus ^; and the *rising* circumflex, thus ˘, which you will see is the same mark tûrned over; as, You must take me for a fo͝ol, to think I could do that.

10. *The Falling Inflection is used* for the complete, the known, and whenever any thing is declared or commánded; as, He will shed tèars, on his return. Spèak, I charge you! What mèans this stìr in town?

11. *The Rising Inflection is used* for the doubtful, the uncertain, the incomplete, and in questions used chiefly for information; as, Thōugh he sláy me, I shall go. Was she háteful?

12. *When the Words are not sincere*, but are used in jest, the *falling circumflex* takes the place of the *falling inflection;* the *rising circumflex*, of the *rising inflection;* as, The beggar expects to rîde, not to w˘alk. If the l˘iar says so, then âll must believe it, of cŏurse.

13. *Emphatic Words are often printed in Italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those most emphatic in large CAPITALS. Marks of Inflection also serve to show what words are emphatic; as, Will you have ríce, or pìe?

14. In the next lesson, I wish you to notiçe all the emphatic words. Tell your teacher what mark of inflection is found over each emphatic word. Try to make each inflection correctly with your voiçe.

II.

A PICTURE LESSON.

DO you see à *pícture?*[1] Is it a *fíne*[2] picture? *2.* I see a *pìcture.* It is a *fìne* picture. Do *yóu* see it?

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[1] **Picture,** (pĭkt'yor), à likeness of a thing.

[2] **Fine,** made perfect; pleasing to the eye; beautiful.

3. Here is à *dòg.* It is a *blàck* dog. The dog is *stròng.* He is *good-nàtured.*

4. Oh, *lòok!* Is this a *hórse?* Is it a *lárge* horse? Is it a *lárge,* BLACK horse? Is it a *hórse,* or a *pòny?*

5. It is a *pòny,* not a *hórse.* It is a *whìte* pony. It is not *lárge,* but *smàll.* It is a *beaùtiful* animal.

6. Do you see Jámes and Dávid, in the pícture? They are coùsins.[1] Jàmes rides the pòny.

7. Are you súre you see two bóys, and a dóg, and a póny? Can they wálk, or rún, or éat, or drínk, or físht, or pláy? Do they bréathe and líve?

8. They are ōnly pìctures. If they had lífe, they could wálk or rùn, lóve or hàte, pláy or fìght.

9. "Good mórning, Jámes," said David, "are áunt[2] and úncle[3] wéll?"

10. "Yès, thánk you," said James, "quìte well. But, my dear cousin," added the young jester,[4] "how does your black hôrse trot, this morning? Has he had his ōats, yet?"

11. "You are a brîght[5] boy," said David. "If your war-horse is large, a gîant[6] rides him."

12. "Ah! ha! ha! Gòod for you," said James: "a Dávid and a Goliath.[7] But now for a ràce!" And they dàshed off, the dòg ahead.

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[1] **Cousin** (kŭz'n), the son or daughter of an uncle or äunt.

[2] **Aunt** (änt), the sister of one's father or mother.

[3] **Un'cle**, the brother of one's father or mother.

[4] **Jĕst'er**, one given to saying or doing things to àmūse or cause läughter.

[5] **Brīght**, having a clear, quick mind; sparkling with fun.

[6] **Giant** (jī'ant), a man of great height and size.

[7] **Go lī'ath**, a giant who lived about three thousand years ago. He was killed with a sling by David, a shepherd's boy, who afterward became king of the Jews.

IV. PUNCTUATION MARKS.

MARKS, OR POINTS, used in this book, are here explained. You will notice how they look, and learn their names and uses; for they will aid you to understand what you read. They also mark some of the pauses, or rests, that are always used in good reading.

2. *The Comma* , is used to mark the smallèst portion of a sentençe, and the shôrtèst pause; as, My kind uncle gave us an English robin, a pet lamb, and a gray pony.

3. *The Semicolon* ; is used between such parts of a sentençe as are somewhat less closely connected than those divided by a cŏmmà, and commonly marks a lŏnger pause; as, Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.

4. *The Colon* : is used between parts of a sentençe less closely connectèd than those dĭvĭded by a semicolon, and commonly marks a longer pause; as, Angry children are like men standing on their heads: they see all things the wrŏng way.

5. *The Period* . is plaçed at the close of a sentençe which declâres sòmething, and commonly marks a full stop. It is also used after one or more letters which stand for a word; as, If you will, you can learn. He lived at St. John, N. B., last Jan.

6. *The Interrogation Point* ? shows that à question is àsked, and marks a pause; as, Does a hen eat gravel? Please, dear brŏther, may I take your knife?

7. *The Exclamation Point* ! is placed after words to show wonder, surprise, and other strong feelings. It also marks a pause; as, Alas, my noble boy! that you should suffer!

8. *The Dash* — is used when a sentence breaks off suddenly; where a long pause should be made; or to separate[1] words spoken by two or more persons; as, Was there ever a fairer child? Was there ever—but I have not the heart to boast.[2]—"Floy! What *is* that?"—"Where, dearest?"—"There! at the foot of the bed."

9. *Marks of Parenthesis* ( ) inclose words that should be passed over quickly and lightly in reading, or give the pronunciation[3] of a word; as, I have seen charity[4] (if charity it may be called) insult[5] with an air of pity. Was (wŏz).

10. *Marks of Quotation* " " are used to show that the real or supposed words of another are given; as, "Floy!" said little Paul, "this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again."[6]

11. *The Dieresis* ¨ is placed over the second of two vowels to show that they are to be pronounced in separate syllables; as, Reälly those ideäs[7] will reänimate[8] the weary troops.

12. *The Exercises which follow* will be read so

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[1] **Sĕp'a rāte,** to dĭvīde; to part in any wāy.

[2] **Bōast,** to brag; to talk big.

[3] **Pronunciation** (prō nŭn'shĭ-ā'shŭn), the mode or way of speaking words.

[4] **Chăr'i tў,** love; good will; act of giving freely.

[5] **In sŭlt',** to treat with abuse, or to injure one's feelings by words or actions.

[6] **Again** (à gĕn'), once more.

[7] **Idea** (ī dē'à), the picture of an object formed by the mind; any thing thought of by the mind.

[8] **Re ăn'i mate,** give new life.

cârefully, that you can give the names and uses of all the marks, or points.

EXERCISES IN PUNCTUATION.

1. "The mind," said he, "is that which knows, feels, and thinks."

2. You say you will do better to-mŏrrōw; but are you sure of to-mŏrrōw?

3. Lazinèss grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains.

4. The poor man then said, "Alàs! those happy days are gŏne!"

5. Whether riding or walking (for our father keeps a horse), my brother knōws bōth when to start, and where to stop.

6. If you will lis*t*en, I will show you—but stop! I am not sure that you wish to know.

7. The lesson was formed of two parts: in the first was shown the need of exercise; in the second, the good that would come from it.

8. You wēre made to sēarch for truth, to love the beautiful, to wish for what is good, and to do the best.

9. Are you sure that he can read and write, and cipher too?

10. To pull down the false and to build up the true, and to uphold what there is of truth in the old—let this be our aim.

11. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lôrd thy Gŏd in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltlèss that tākèth His name in vain.

PHONETIC KEY.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e̱; aṣ, āle, veil: *2.* ă; aṣ, făt: *3.* ä; aṣ, ärt: *4.* ạ, or ô; aṣ, ạll, eôrn: *5.* â, or ê; aṣ, eâre, thêre: *6.* å; aṣ, åsk: *7.* ē, or ï; aṣ, wē, pïque: *8.* ĕ; aṣ, ĕll: *9.* ẽ, ĩ, or û; aṣ, hẽr, sĩr, bûr: *10.* ī, aṣ, īçe: *11.* ĭ; aṣ, ĭll: *12.* ō; aṣ, ōld: *13.* ŏ, or ạ; aṣ, ŏn, what: *14.* o̱, o͞o, or u̱; aṣ, do̱, fo͞ol, ru̱le: *15.* ū; aṣ, mūle: *16.* ŭ, or o̤; aṣ, ŭp, sȯn: *17.* u̱, o̱, or o͝o; aṣ, bu̱ll, wo̱lf, wo͝ol: *18.* Ou, ou, or ow; aṣ, Out, lout, owl.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; aṣ, bib: *2.* d; aṣ, did: *3.* g̃; aṣ, g̃ig̃: *4.* j, or ġ; aṣ, jig̃, ġem: *5.* l; aṣ, lull: *6.* m; aṣ, mum: *7.* n; aṣ, nun: *8.* n̤, or ng; aṣ, lin̤k, sing: *9.* r; aṣ, rare: *10.* Th, or th; aṣ, That, thĭth'er: *11.* v; aṣ, valve: *12.* w; aṣ, wig̃: *13.* y; aṣ, yet: *14.* z, or ṣ; as, zin̤e, iṣ: *15.* z, or zh, aṣ, ăzure: x̱ for g̃z; aṣ, ex̱ ăct'

III. ATONICS.

1. f; aṣ, fife: *2.* h; aṣ, hit: *3.* k, or c; aṣ, kin̤k, cat: *4.* p; aṣ, pop: *5.* s, or ç; aṣ, siss, çity: *6.* t; as, tart: *7.* Th, or th; aṣ, Thin, pith: *8.* Ch, or ch; aṣ, Chin, rich: *9.* Sh, sh, or çh; as, Shot, ash, çhaiṣe: *10.* Wh, or wh; aṣ, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; aṣ, of*te*n (ŏf'n)


PART II.
CHOICE READINGS.

APT READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. QUEBEC.

PART FIRST.

QUEBEC during my sehōōl-dāys, mōre than thīrty years ągō, was ą grand and quaint[1] old çity. Though I have not been[2] thêre sinçe, what râre[3] sights and sounds and scenes still ₵ome back to me!

2. The çity lies on ą long and high ridġe of land and rock. It is mōre than ą mile ą-crŏss this ridġe from river to river. The bank from the St. Lawrençe is nearly straight up, but from the St. Charles it is not so steep.

3. The Lower Town is ą plaçe of shops and stōres and the seat of trade. It is built at the fōōt of the peak or highest part of the ridġe.

4. From time to time, wharf after wharf has been built out tōward low water mark, the spaçe filled in, and whōle streets built thereon.

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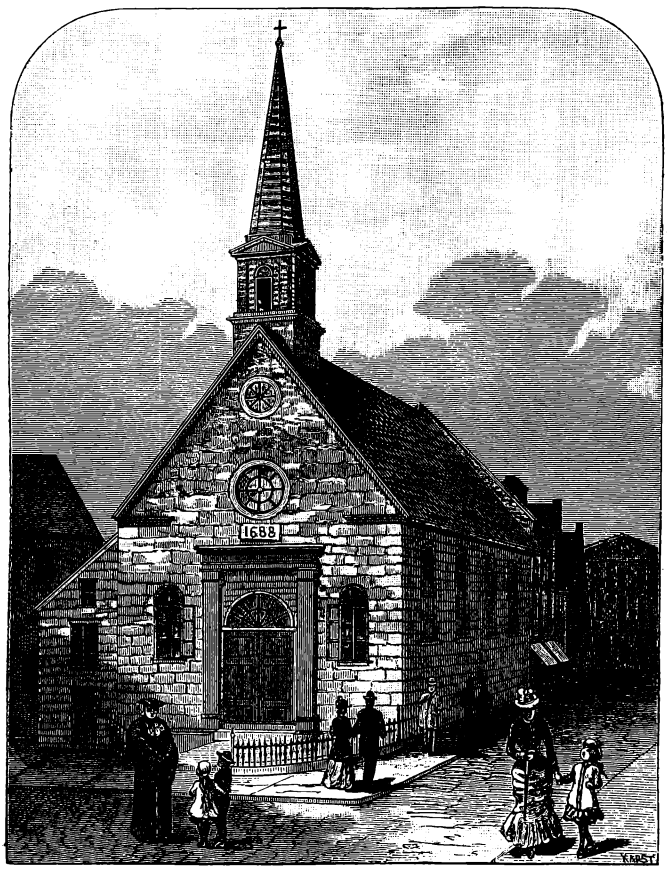
[1] **Quāint**, odd; of old fashion.

[2] **Been** (bĭn).

[3] **Rare** (râr), not ŏft*en* met with; very ġood or rich.



5. The banks of bŏth rivers are lined with wâre-houses, and the wharves jut out so far into the stream that large ships may flōat beside them.

6. In many (mĕn'ĭ) places, the rock has been cut ăwāy to make rōōm for the houses. Most of them

are of stone or brick, two or three stōries high, and thē older ones have steep and odd-looking rōōfs.

7. I recall the little chûrch of our Lady of Victory, with the date 1688 over the door, where I went to ēarly mass; the steep, nărrōw and crookèd lanes which serve for streets; and the small and surefōōtèd horses that climbed at à canter to thē Upper Town. Fine views bûrst upon the eye at every tûrn.

8. Thē old walls, the low and dark old gates, the nărrōw steps that lēad up to high old houses with their tall French rōōfs of bright tin, and the active thrŏng moving up and down the winding flights of stâirs, are to be seen nowhere else.

9. But the rârest views are seen from thē old wall on the Grand Battery of the fōrt, or from the King's bastion on the Citadel. Let me recall them.

10. I see the pōrt so far belōw, the winding rivers, the bōats and ships that dot the bright waters, the hills and blue mountaĭns, the rocks and foaming water-falls, the miles of white villages ămĭdst fields and woods of green, and crowds of gables, rōōfs, chimneys, and shining spires about me.

II.

2. QUEBEC.

PART SECOND.

SPRING lags and arrives late at Quebec. But the young trees, after their long sleep, are sōōn in bud. The sweet maple and the spiçy birch are in leaf, and the young wintergreens appear, befōre the içe and snow are all gŏne.

2. Then hill, plain, stream, lake, and mountain turn from the icy clasp of winter to greet the tardy summer, and to welcome warm sun and showers. And rare young ferns, soft moss, springing grass, wild flowers, and singing birds again gladden forest and field.

3. The hay and grain lands are quite rich, but all the work of the small farms is done by hand. The short and hot summer ripens many crops. The chief ones are wheat, maize or Indian corn, oats, peas, beans, barley, buckwheat, potatoes, turnips, onions, hay, and flax.

4. The houses of the farmers are much alike. They are long, low, one-story cottages, of wood or of rough stone, and prim with whitewash. A great chimney is built outside at the gable end.

5. The people are fond of flowers, and in summer their windows and little garden plots are bright with them. The steps at the door, or a few chairs in front, serve as a resting-place; and there women knit, and men smoke and chat and joke with the passer-by.

6. This, too, is the season of many boyish sports. During the long days, there was time enough to fly kites, to row and sail boats, to paddle canoes, and to fish and swim. Of all these out-of-door games, though, cricket and foot-ball were most enjoyed.

7. Fall paints woods and hedges with crimson and gold. The bright tints of the forest are wonderful. The orchard boughs hang low with red and golden apples. Children pluck wild plums and grapes.

8. At noon, the air is mild, soft, and sweet. You see the smoke off by the far hills and the mountain.

As the sun sinks in the smoke, the low winds creep over the tree-tops and shower leaves upon the ground.

9. At last, we hailed Winter with great joy, as chief of the seasons. He came with frŏst and içe and snow, making all things bright and beautiful.

10. He bridges rivers and lakes and crusts the deep snow, forming rōads over fences, through fields and fŏrests, and evĕrywhere. What a time it is! What a call for snow-shoes, sleds, and skates!

11. How well I remember the merry skaters, gliding and tûrning in graçeful cûrves, the gay sledges, with swift-footed ponies and jingling sleigh-bells, dashing ălŏng; and a tobŏggan or a gang of sleds, shooting down a steep, like a bolt from the sky.

III.

3. SKATERS' SONG.

1. Buckle the steel
Firm to the heel,
For a merry bout and reel;
The glassy ice
We'll mark in a trice
With many a quaint device.

2. Our fire burns bright,
And its ruddy light

Glows far in the wintry night;
We'll whirl and wheel
On ringing steel,
As pulses quicken and voices peal.

3. With shout and song,
A joyous throng,
We waken echoes loud and long,
Till the moon's pale beam
O'er the hill-top gleam,
And call to rest and dream.

4. For naught fear we,
From cares set free,
Though fierce the wind of the icy lea;
And in sleep we shout
As we toss about,
Oh, jolliest skaters are we!

IV.

4. MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

MAPLE-SUGAR making in Căn'adà, during my school-days, pleased the small boy more than any other work of the farm. It is better than berrying or nutting; and it is quite as much enjoyed as trapping, gunning, or fishing.

2. One reason, and not the least, why the boy liked this work is, that most of it was done by others. It was à sort of work in which he could appear to be very active, and yet not do much.

3. In the early spring, the farmer boy was the first to discover when sap began to run. Perhaps he had been out cutting a maple shoot for a whip, or digging into the tree with his knife: at any rate, he came running into the house, out of breath, with the exçiting cry, "*Sap's runnin'!*"

4. Then, you may be sure (shor) the stir and fun began. The sap-buckets and troughs, which had been stored in garrets or lofts, were brought down, scalded, and set out on the south side of the house. Sometimes large tin pans were also used.

5. The snow is still à foot or two deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is taken out to make a road to the sugar-camp. The sun shines through the leafless branches, and the snow begins to sink down, leaving the tops of the young shrubs bare. The snow-birds twitter, and the shouting of men and the blows of axes echo far and wide.

6. It is a great day, when the sled is loaded with the buckets, troughs, pails, spouts, augers, axes,

chains, neck-yokes, and kettles. The store of bread and cheese, salt pork, potatoes, and hens' eggs, is plentiful. The happy boy is in every place, asking questions, overseeing all things, and doing his best to help on the exçitement.

7. At last all things are in place at the sugar-camp. The boy can hardly contain his delight, that his out-door life is about to begin again. For him it is the sweetest life in the world.

8. First, the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and put the buckets and troughs under. The boy wishes, when a hole is bored in a tree, that the sap would spout out in a stream, as çider does when the barrel is tapped. But it never does; and so he learns the truth of the good Priest's saying, that the sweet things of the world usually come only drop by drop.

9. Then the camp is cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it, two great logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is made between them.

10. Posts with crotches at the top are set upright, one at each end of the logs, a long pole is laid on them, and on this pole are hung the big kettles. The great hogsheads[1] are next turned right end up and cleaned out to reçeive the sap that is gathered.

11. And now, with a good run of sap, all are busy (biz'i). The large fire in the sugar-camp is kept up, day and night, as long as the sugar season lasts. The men are cutting wood and feeding the

[1] **Hogshead** (hŏgz'hĕd), a large cask which holds from 63 to 140 gallons.

fire, găthering in the sap, filling the kettleş, and seeing that the sap dȯeş not boil over.

12. In the ġreat kettleş, the boiling ġoeş on slowly, and aş the sap thickenş it iş dipped from one to another, until in the end-kettle it iş reduçed to sўrup and iş taken out to ċool and settle, till enough iş made to "sugar off."

13. To "sugar off" is to boil down the sўrup until it iş thick enough, when ċold, to form sugar. This iş the ġrand event, and it iş done ōnly onçe in two or three dayş.

14. But the boy iş too buşy with thingş in ġeneral to be of any real use. He haş hiş own little neck-yoke and small pailş, with which he ġatherş the sap, and hiş boiling plaçe and a little kettle. He wiſheş to "sugar off" ċontinually.[1]

15. He boilş down the sўrup aş fast aş he ċan and iş apt to burn hiş sugar; but if he ċan ġet enough to make a little wax on the snow, or to sċrape from the bottom of the kettle, he iş happy. He wastes a ġreat deal on his handş, hiş façe, and hiş ċlotheş; but he dȯeş not ċâre; he iş not stinġy.

16. The boy uşed to make a biġ lump of wax and give it to the dŏġ, who seized it at onçe. The next moment, it waş funny to see the surpriſe on the dŏġ'ş façe, when he found that he ċould not ōpen hiş jawş. He ſhook hiş head, sat down, rōlled over and over, ran round in a çirċle, and daſhed back and fōrth. He did everything but ċlimb a tree, and howl. How he tried to howl! but that waş the one thing he ċould not do.

[1] Cŏn tĭn'u al lў, without çeasing; very ŏften.

V.

5. THE NEW DOMINION.

LET ōthers raise
The sŏng in praise
Of lands renowned[1] in stōry:
The land for me
Of the maple tree,
And the pine in all his glōry!

2. Hurräh'![2] for the grand
Old fŏrest land,
Where freedom spreads her pinion!
Hurrah! with me,
For the maple tree!
Hurrah! for the New Dominion![3]

3. Be hērs the right,
And hers the might,
Which Liberty engenders;[4]
Sons of the free,
Come join with me—
Hurrah! for her defenders.

4. And be their fame
In loud acclaim—[5]
In grateful sŏngs asçending;

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[1] **Renowned** (re nound'), eminent; famous.

[2] **Hurrah** (họ rä'), a shout of joy or triumph.

[3] **Dominion** (dō mĭn'yun), rule; country; Dominion of Canada.

[4] **En gĕn der,** breed; cause; call fōrth.

[5] **Ac clāim',** a shout of applause or praise.

The fame of thoşe,
Who met her foeş,
And died, her soil defending.

5. Hụrräh'! for the ḡrand
Old fŏrest land,
Where Freedom spreadş her pinion!
Hurrah! with me
For the maple tree!
Hurrah! for the NEW DOMINION!

SECTION II.

I.

6. *MARY BLAINE.*

MARY BLAINE iş å vĕry ḡo͝od little ḡĭrl. She haş a mild[1] voiçe, and a sweet[2] façe. Hēr large bright eyeş are ḡrāy. Hēr hâir iş a light brown.

2. Mary iş an intelligent[3] child: vĕry kind and affectionate. She loveş hēr pârents, and iş ever ready[4] to sērve[5] them.

3. She liveş in the country, åbout å mile from the plĕaşant little town of Greenville; and ĕvèry Sunday and hōly-day she ḡoeş with her mother into town, in

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[1] **Mild,** sŏft; ġentle; pleaşant.

[2] **Swēet,** having a pleaşant taste like sugar or hŏney; pleaşing to thē eye, thē ear, or the smell.

[3] **In tĕl'lĭ ġent,** knowing; quick to understand.

[4] **Rĕad'ў,** willing and quick.

[5] **Serve** (sērve), to work for.

order to assist at Mass and Vespers. Mary has not many playmates: but she is always joyous and happy, and she never feels lonesome.

4. She is a very obedient[1] child. When told to do a thing, she does it quickly, without even[2] making an excuse.

5. She does many very useful things without waiting to be told. She is so gentle,[3] cheerful,[4] and obliging,[5] that she makes all happy who come near her.

6. You would not think it strange that Mary is so good, if you knew her kind, wise,[6] and loving mother. She has no brother nor sister. Her mother has been her only teacher.

7. Her father is captain,[7] and half-owner, of a large ship that sails to China.[8] Though he is not often at home, he has bought a nice little house, and fine grounds, for his wife and child, and they have all the money they need.

8. Mary loves her father very much. He is her dearest playmate. When he comes home from China, he always brings her many pretty (prĭt'tĭ) things. She has a little box that is full of her nicest presents.[9]

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[1] **O bē'di ent,** willing to obey, or give ear to; ready to do as bid or asked.

[2] **Even** (ē'vn), so much as.

[3] **Gĕn'tle,** mild; not rough or harsh; dove-like.

[4] **Chēer'ful,** having good spirits; gāy.

[5] **Obliging** (o blīj'ing), willing to do favors; kind.

[6] **Wise,** knowing; quick to see what is true, proper, or best.

[7] **Captain** (kăp'tĭn), a head officer; one who commands a ship or a company of men.

[8] **China** (chī'nà), a large country, on the other side of the world from us, from which we get tea and silk.

[9] **Prĕs'ent,** that which is given.

9. Mary has never been to school. Her mother taught her to read at home. Mary first learned to speak the words correctly, at sight; then to give the spelling and meaning of each hard word; and then to read easily, without haste or stopping at the wrong place.

10. She now reads so well that when she goes to school she will commence in this book.

11. Not far from Mrs. Blaine's house there is a

large tree where Mary has built a pretty play-house. And as her mother had taught her that God loves us to begin and end all our actions with prâyer, Mary made a wooden cross and placed it against[1] the tree, and below the cross she placed a picture of the Blessèd Vîrgin.

12. Whenever Mary goes to her play-house, before she begins to play, she kneels down and offers her pure heart to God. In this way she has formed the good habit of offering to God every thing she does. She is very careful never to do any wrong thing; for she ever remembers that the eye of God is on her, and that He knows even her secret thoughts.

II.

7. ROBERT FENTON.

ROBERT FENTON said to his mother, "I wish I were big and could help you, that you need not work so hard."—"You can help me, my dear boy," answered his mother.

2. Robert's mother was[2] a widow,[3] and had to work very hard to support[4] her four children, of whom Robert was the oldest. He was ten years old, and had hitherto[5] been[6] able to go to school; but, now that his father was dead, his mother would perhaps wish him to give up school, that he might be able to earn a few cents daily.

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[1] **Against** (a genst').

[2] **Was** (woz).

[3] **Wid'ow**, a woman who has lost her husband by death.

[4] **Sup port'**, bear the expense of.

[5] **Hith'er to**, up to this time; until now.

[6] **Been** (bin).

3. As Robert went to school that morning, he thought over his mother's words. How often, when his father was alive, had he thought it tiresome to be obliged to go to school.

4. He had looked at the bright poppies in the field, and had wished he might be allowed to linger[1] there, to hear the birds sing, and watch the butterflies. He had wished to be like the clear little brook, that he might wander on and on, he knew not where; but now, when there was a chance of getting free from going to school, Robert felt sorry.

5. "What could mother mean when she said I could help her now?" thought he. "Did she wish me to give up school to work in the field?" And as Robert went along thinking, he met Richard, a neighbor's son, who was going to pick up potatoes in the field. "I would not like to be like Richard," thought he; "for he can neither read nor write, and he keeps bad company.

6. "If I could get something to do after school, that mother could let me go to school one year longer, I would learn with all my might." Poor Robert! it was early in life to begin with cares and troubles; but he was a fine, manly[2] boy, who would not sit down with his hands before him, when he knew he ought to work.

7. His teacher had said: "If God puts you in a place where you must live by the work of your hands, you may be sure that is the very thing that is good for you."

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[1] **Linger** (ling'gĕr), to remain or wait long; lag; stop.

[2] **Măn'lў**, man-like; not childish; bold; brave.

8. Robert knew that his teacher was right: he had found out already how pleasant it is to feel you are useful, when he had mended the wall of his mother's little garden, trained[1] the vines and plants, or helped her in the field; but it brought in no money, and he knew that she must pay the rent, and how should he manage to help her in that?

9. At last a bright thought seemed to strike him. "I know what I will do," said he aloud,[2] as he stood by the low wall of a garden. "Farmer Bennet is a good man. I will go and tell him all about my trouble; and if he can give me any thing to do after school-hours, I am sure he will do so."

10. "So I will, my little man," said Farmer Bennet, who had heard the boy's words. He had been bending down to tie up a rosebush, and had listened to Robert's words.

11. He now asked him to tell him his request,[3] and promised to grant it, if the schoolmaster gave a good report of him. Robert was not at all afraid that he would not, for he was one of the best boys in the school.

12. Farmer Bennet was as good as his word. He gave the little fellow only such work as he could do without overtasking his strength, and as Robert made good progress[4] at school, he made him afterward keep his books for him.

13. Robert felt very proud and happy at this

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[1] **Trained**, formed to a proper shape by bending, tying, or trimming.

[2] **A loud'**, with a loud voice.

[3] **Re quest'**, earnest demand, or wish.

[4] **Prŏg'ress**, an advance; a moving or going forward.

mark of confidençe,[1] and you may be sure he did all that he could to deserve Farmer Bennet's kindnèss. But the best of all was, that he could give his mòther the help he so much had wished, ēven befōre he had become à man.

14. He always kept the same rule[2] for himself with which he bĕgan. When he knew that he ought to do à thing, he thought fīrst about the wāy he could do it, and then set at work with all his heart; and as he never forgot to àsk Gŏd's blessing for all he did, he was successful in älmost ĕvèrything he undertook.

[1] **Cŏn'fi dence**, that in which faith is put; trust.

[2] **Rule** (rul), that which is given as à guide to conduct.

III.

8. THE BOY AND THE BEE.

AN idle[1] boy had laid his head
Down in a mĕadōw full of flowers,
With dāiṣy[2] buds around him spread,
And clover blossoms white and red,
So frāgrant[3] after[4] showers.[5]

2. And as he lāy, with hälf-shut eye,
Watching the hazy[6] light—came flying
A busy[7] bee, with laden[8] thigh,
Acrŏss the blossoms grōwing by
The spot whĕre he waṣ lying.

3. "O busy bee," the boy begun,
"Stāy with me, now you've come at läst;
I love to see acrŏss the sun,
Like gossamer[9] so finely spun,
Your[10] wings go sailing päst."

4. But with a lōw and sûrly[11] hum,
The bee into a blossom flew,
As if the living creature[12] dumb,[13]

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[1] **I'dle,** lazy; not at work.

[2] **Daisy** (dā'zĭ), a pretty little plant of many sorts, as white, bluish-red, and rose color.

[3] **Frā'grant,** sweet of smell.

[4] **After** (äft'ẽr), later in time.

[5] **Show'er,** a fall of rain or hail lasting a short time.

[6] **Hā'zy,** thick or dim with smoke, fog, or the like.

[7] **Busy** (bĭz'ĭ), full of work.

[8] **Laden** (lā'dn), loaded; made very heavy.

[9] **Gŏs'sa mer,** a fine, thin web like a cobweb, which flōats in thē air, in still, clear weather.

[10] **Your** (yọr).

[11] **Surly** (sûr'lў), ill-natured; cross and rough; sour.

[12] **Creature** (krēt'yụr), any thing caused to live; an animal; a man.

[13] **Dumb** (dŭm), not able to speak.

Had ănswered short: "I can not come,
I've sòmething else to do."

5. "O bee, you're such à little thing,"
The idle boy went on to sāy;
"What matters all that you can bring?
You'd better rest your silver wing,
And have à bit of plāy."

6. But with his sullen[1] hum and slōw,
The bee pàssed on, and would not stāy,
As though he murmured:[2] "Dōn't you knōw
That little things must work belōw,
Each in his little wāy?"

7. I knōw not if the idler caught
This lesson from the busy bee,
But through his mind there came à thôught
As it flew by him: "Is there naught,
No work to do for me?

8. "My sister àsked me, on the wall
To nail her rose's lŏng grēen shōōt,[3]
The rose she likes the best of all,
Because the lady at the hall,
In autumn[4] gāve the rōōt.

9. "Poor baby has been hard to cheer,
All day he would not sleep nor smile,
I might gō hōme and bring him here,
And pluck him flowers, while mòther dear
Should rest à little while.

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[1] **Sŭl'len,** sour; cross.

[2] **Murmured** (mûr'mûrd), made a low, humming noise; grumbled.

[3] **Shoot,** à young branch.

[4] **Autumn** (ą'tŭm), fall; the season between summer and winter.

10. "Go dive into the clover red,
Old bee, and hum your sûrly tune,
And pack your honey close," he said,
Upspringing from his grassy bed,
"I'll be as busy soon."

IV.

9. LITTLE DANDELION.

1. Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads;
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion
Cares not for love.

2. Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clad but in green,
Where in the Mays agone
Bright hues were seen;

Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay;
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

3. Brave little Dandelion!
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low:
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

4. Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out of her hair.

High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

5. *Pale little Dandelion,*
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud.
Fairy plumes fluttering
Make no delay;
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

V.

10. THE DOVES OF VENICE.

DID YOU ever hear of Venice, the wonderful old city that is built in the sea? I do not mean that it is in the middle of the ocean, but that the waters of the sea surround it.

2. Its streets are canals; its carri*a*ges, bōats; and its houses are b*u*ilt upon seventy-*two* small īslands lying close togĕther. In vērse, it is ŏf*te*n called "Be*a*ūtiful Veniçe," "City of Sŏng," and several ŏther sweet names.

3. Thêre are few çities of so grēat interest to the traveler. Its fine works of art and râre sights often delay him days, weeks, and ēv*e*n months. Its hĭstòry is as strange as any fâiry tale. It has gīv*e*n birth to many grēat and gōod men. It has many cŏstly palaçes; but its grēatèst wonder is the grand old church of St. Mark's.

4. This church stands on one side of an ōp*e*n squâre, also called St. Mark's. Fine statues of the Saints ornament it on every side; and, whichever wāy you look, your eyes are dazzled by bright colors, gōld, and precious stones. Good men in the ages of faith built this noble church.

5. But what would please you mōre, perhaps, than the bright gōld and gems, or ēv*e*n the grēat bronze horses in front of the church, are the doves' nests in every niche and corner of St. Mark's. At noon daily, when the bells ring for the Angelus, hundreds of doves fly to a windōw on one side of the square, where a box full of grain is put out for their dinner.

6. Onçe on Good Friday, a traveler notiçed with pity the poor hungry birds flying about and seeking for their dinner. The box of grain was in its plaçe; but, not hearing the bells ring they did not seem to know that they were to gō and look for it.

7. The people of Veniçe never allow thes*e* doves to be killed or frightened. They are the pets of the

whōle çity; and they gēt à grēat deal of fōōd besides the dinner gīven them by the çity. Children often gō to the square to feed them, and travelers buy ĕorn on purpose to gīve the doves.

8. The dove is an emblem[1] of purity and peaçe. The Holy Spirit is imaġed as a dove; and if He dwell in your hearts you will be like doves, too; so pure, meek, innoçent, and loving.

SECTION III.

I.

11. CRUSOE'S PETS.

HERE I was lord[2] of the whōle island;[3] in faĕt, à king. I had wōōd with whiĉh I might build a fleet,[4] and grapes, if not ĕorn, to freight[5] it. I had fiśh and fowls,[6] and wild gōats, and hâres, and other game.[7]

2. Still, I was a lŏng wāy out of the ĕōurse of śhips. Oh! how dull it was to be ĕast on this lōne spot, with no one to love, no one to make me läugh, no one to make me weep, no one to make me thiṇk.

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[1] **Em'blem**, à thing that represents or reminds one of some other thing, and so used to stand for it; à sign.

[2] **Lôrd**, à ruler; à màster.

[3] **Island** (īl'ănd), à traĕt of land surrounded by water.

[4] **Flēet**, à number of śhips in ĕompany, ĕommonly śhips of war.

[5] **Freight** (frāt), to load with grain, fruits, gōōds, etc.

[6] **Fowl**, an animal having two legs and two wings, and ĕovered with feathers.

[7] **Game**, wild animals that are hunted and used for fōōd.

3. It was dull to rōam,[1] dāy by day, from the wood to the shōre, and from the shōre back to the wood, and feed on my own thoughts all the while.

4. So much for the sad view[2] of my ease; but, like mōst things, it had a bright side as well as a dark one. For here I was safe on land, while all the rest of the ship's crew[3] were lŏst.

5. Then the great joy I first felt, when, weak and

[1] **Rōam**, to walk or move about from place to place without any certain aim or way.

[2] **View** (vū), way of looking at any thing; that which is seen.

[3] **Crew** (krọ), the persons who work and have charge of a ship, or bōat.

bruised,[1] I got up the cliffs[2] out of the reach of the sea, came back to me. Soon, also, I began à work which left me no time to be sad. I was in great fear lest I should be attacked by savages, for I knew not that I was alone in this place.

6. I wanted also à shelter from storms[3] and a safe place to store what I had saved from the wreck.[4] In my walks to and fro,[5] I found a cave in the side of à hill, hidden by a grove of large trees. Here I built my hut, strong enough to serve as a fort in time of need, and to this spot I brought all that was of use.

7. But what led me most to give up my dull thoughts, and not even so much as look out for à sail, were my four pets. They were two cats, a bird, and a dog. I brought the two cats and the dog from the ship.

8. You may easily understand how fond I was of my pets; for they were all the friends left to me. My dog sat at meals with me, and one cat on each side of me, on stools, and we had Poll to talk to us.

9. When the rain kept me in doors, it was good fun to teach my pet bird Poll to talk; but so mute[6] were all things round me, that the sound of my own voice made me start.

10. Once, when quite worn out with the toil[7] of the day, I lay down in the shade and slept. You may judge what a start I gave, when a voice woke me out of my sleep, and spoke my name three times.

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[1] **Bruised** (brozd), injured, crushed, or broke by striking any thing hard.

[2] **Cliff,** à high and steep rock.

[3] **Storm,** à strong wind with a fall of rain, snow, or hail.

[4] **Wreck,** the ruins of à ship dashed against rocks.

[5] **To and fro,** fôrward and backward; to this place and that.

[6] **Mute,** not spoken; silent.

[7] **Toil** (tail), very hard work.

11. A voiçe in this wild plaçe! To ẹall me by my name, too! Then the voiçe said, "Where are you? Where have you been? How ẹame you here?" But now I saw it all; for on ȧ limb of the tree sat Poll, who did but sāy the words she had been taught by me.

12. My brave[1] and faiṭhful[2] dŏg was mōst useful. He would fetch things for me at all times, and by his bark, his whine, his growl, and his tricks, he would all but talk to me; yĕt nŏne[3] of my pets ẹould give me ṭhought for ṭhought. If I ẹould but have had some one near me to find fault with, or to find fault with me, what ȧ riṭh treat[4] it would have been.

II.

12. SUSAN'S PETS.

SUSAN SCOTT, when I first saw hēr, was ȧ ṭharming,[5] little ṭhild. She was fat, rosy,[6] and full of wild pranks.[7] She loved her pârents and friends, and was vĕry fond of pets.

2. She lives with her father and mother in Manitoba.[8] They have ȧ fine house, in ȧ larġe and growing town.

3. Her father is ȧ doẹtor.[9] He is ȧwāy from home mōst of the time. He not ōnly visits the sick in

[1] **Brāve,** without fear, and quick to meet danġer.

[2] **Fāiṭh'ful,** true and fixed in friendship or love; trusty.

[3] **None** (nŭn), not one.

[4] **Trēat,** something which ġives much enjoyment.

[5] **Charm'ing,** very pleasing.

[6] **Rosy** (rōz'ĭ), like ȧ rose in ẹolor, or sweetness.

[7] **Prank** (prănk), ȧ droll or läughable aẹtion.

[8] **Măn ĭ tō'bȧ,** ȧ provinçe of the Dominion of Canada.

[9] **Dŏc'tor,** one whose business it is to treat the sick.

town, but often rides many miles on the prāiries,[1] to see his patients.[2]

4. One dāy, a farmer-boy, whom the doctor had cured of a fever, gave little Susan a puppy. He brought it in his hat. "What a darling!"[3] cried she; and it soon became her chief[4] pet. She named it Brave.

5. Doctor Scott was so fond of little Susan, that he gave her many pets. She had pet doves, and rabbits, and cats; a white goat, with a black face; a grāy pony,[5] with white mane and tail; and two tame little prāirie dogs.[6]

6. At first, for three or four months, Brave caused more trouble than all her other animals. He would run off with hats, shoes, socks, towels—whatever he could gnaw,[7] tear, or bury,[8]—and that was the last of them.

7. He fought the cats, chased the rabbits, barked at the pigs, crushed the flowers in the garden, and left muddy foot-marks on the linen[9] that was spread on the grass.

8. But, as I have said, he soon became Susan's

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[1] **Prāi'rie**, a large tract of land, without trees, and covered with coarse grass. Most prairies have a deep, rich soil. They are level or rolling.

[2] **Patient** (pā'shĕnt), an ill person under medical treatment.

[3] **Dar'ling**, one dearly loved.

[4] **Chief**, taking the lead; first.

[5] **Pō'nў**, a small horse.

[6] **Prāi'rie-dogs**, little animals found in large companies on some of the western prairies. They lodge and hide in holes which they dig in the ground, and are noted for a sharp bark, like that of a small dog.

[7] **Gnaw** (nạ), to bite off little by little, as something hard or tough.

[8] **Bury** (bĕr'rў), to inter or cover out of sight.

[9] **Lĭn'en**, thread or cloth made of flax; the under part of dress, as being chiefly made of linen.

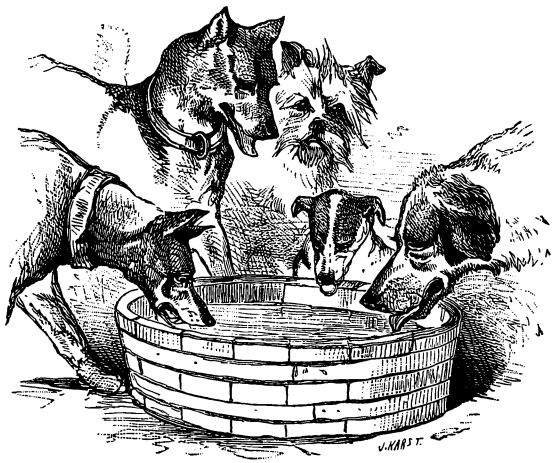
chief pet. He shâred all her spōrts, and seemed aṣ happy in them aṣ hiṣ little mĭstrèss. At her command,[1] he would rōll over, sit up, bark, and catch in hiṣ mouth sweetmeats and cakes.

9. At ball-play, he would run åfter the ball, and ēven catch it in hiṣ mouth; but he would ḡive it to Suṣan ōnly. He would take her dinner-bàsket, or å bundle, and carry it carefully and safely.

10. He pụt the ḡeese and old ḡander to flight, drove ŏff cross dŏgṣ, and defended[2] Suṣan from

[1] **Command** (kŏm mând′), an order; å charḡe.

[2] **De fĕnd′ed,** kept ŏff danḡer or harm.



rude boys and girls. She would often ramble[1] two or three miles on the prairie, to pick flowers, or gather gum from the gum-weeds; but, when the dog was her companion, the mother knew that her darling was safe.

11. In a drought,[2] the August that Brave was three years old, he was bit by a mad dog. As soon as it was known, the poor creature was shot, and buried in a corner of the garden.

12. It was a sad day for Susan. She wept for a long time, and could not be comforted. When told that dogs sometimes go mad for want of water, she begged her father to get a dog-tub, as a memorial[3] of Brave.

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[1] **Răm'ble**, to move about carelessly; to visit many places.

[2] **Drought** (drout), want of rain or water.

[3] **Me mō'ri al**, something which serves to keep something else in mind; any thing used to preserve the memory of a pĕrson, or event.

13. The tub stands under the front window of the shop of Doctor Scott. During the summer months, every year, it is always filled with water. There very many dogs go daily to quench their thirst.

III.

13. ALFRED THE GREAT.

WILLIAM was a merry little fellow, who, with his dogs, Carlo and Rover, would hunt the woods through and through, for a rabbit, without feeling tired; but he was always complaining of the hard seats in the school-room. So he did not often stand very high in his classes, and his sister Alice had taken him to task for his great love of play.

2. She had given examples from history, of great men who loved study when they were boys, and prized books more than gold or precious stones; and of princes who had been the joy of their teachers. William's answer to all this was: "But they were princes, Alice; of course they were good scholars."

3. "I suppose it is as hard for a prince to learn to read as for anybody else," said Alice. "There were Alfred the Great and his brothers, who lived a thousand years ago; do you suppose they learned to read without any trouble? Indeed," continued Alice, who had become quite excited over the matter, "indeed their good mother, Queen Osburga, had plenty of coaxing to do.

4. "In those days the kings and princes cared more for hunting and for sports than they did for study, which they were willing to leave to the good monks.

5. "Alfred was the youngest son of the good and brave King Ethelwolf; and Osburgà, the queen, saw her sons growing up without any love for books, without even knowing how to read; for they liked to hunt rabbits as well as à boy I know;" and Alice looked very hard at William, who at that moment was busy whittling out arrows for his new bow, with Carlo and Rover by his side.

6. William kept on whittling, but he began to feel some interest in the young Anglo-Saxon princes who had liked bows as well as himself. Finally, after à little whistling over the arrow, and looking slowly to see if it were quite strāight, he said: "Well, Allie, how did they learn to read?"

7. "I am not sure," remarked Alice, "whether the other princes ever did learn to read. But this is the story which Dr. Lingard, the historian, tells about Alfred: 'One day the queen was showing to all her sons à copy of à Saxon poëm, finely written and illuminated——'"

8. "What does illuminated mean, Allie?" said William.—"As well as I can explain it, instead of having printed engravings like ours, this Saxon poëm was illustrated by pictures actually painted on the pages, and in the most beautiful colors.

9. "They used blue, and à precious color which they called cinnabar, made from the ore of the quicksilver. In those olden times, they knew how to put gold on their initial[1] letters, and to give little touches of it to the hālos[2] around the heads of their saints.

[1] **Initial** (in ĭsh'al), letters that begin à writing or word.

[2] **Hā'lo**, à ring of light around the head, used to mark holy persons.

10. "So you see, brother, this Saxon poem, written and beautifully illuminated, which their good mother, Queen Osburgă, showed to those wild young princes, was something to be rĕally prized. The story goes on to say, that when the queen saw how much they were pleased with the book, she held it up before them and said, 'I will give this beautiful book to the one who first learns to read it.'

11. "I suppose all the young princes thought it would be very nice to have the book; but Alfred was the only one who took the trouble to ĕarn it. The others looked at the book, wished they could have it without any study, and ran off for their dogs, and bows and ărrows. But Alfred ran to the room

of his teacher, and studied so well that he won the beautiful illuminated book, although he was the youngest of the four."

12. William whistled again when he found that Alice had finished her story, looked long at his arrow, and then said: "I have had a good many picture-books given to me which I have never taken the trouble to read; but I must try to be more like Prince Alfred, and less like his wild brothers. Don't you think so, Alice?"

IV.

14. SHORT PIECES.

I. THE QUARREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel had a quarrel,[1] and the former called the latter[2] "Little prig;" Bun[3] replied, "You are doubtless[4] very big, but all sorts of things and weather must be taken together to make up a year and a sphere;[5] and I think it no disgrace[6] to occupy[7] my place.

"If I'm not so large as you, you are not so small as I, and not half so spry: I'll not deny you make a very pretty squirrel track. Talents[8] differ; all is well and wisely put; if I can not carry forests[9] on my back, neither[10] can you crack a nut."

---

[1] **Quarrel** (kwŏ′rel), an angry dispute; a falling out.

[2] **Lăt′ter,** named the last of two.

[3] **Bŭn,** a little sweet cake; here means the *squirrel.*

[4] **Doubtless** (dout′les), free from doubt or question.

[5] **Sphēre,** a ball; the earth.

[6] **Disgrāce′,** cause of shame.

[7] **Oc′cupy,** to keep or fill.

[8] **Tăl′ent,** skill in doing; a rare gift in business, art, or the like.

[9] **For′est,** a large piece of land covered with trees.

[10] **Nēi′ther,** not either; not the one or the other.

II. THE BEES.

THE wiṣe little beeṣ! they know how to live,
  Eaċh one in peaçe with hiṣ neighbor;
For though they dwell in å nărrōw hive,
They never seem too ṫhick to ṫhrive,[1]
  Nor so many they spoil ṫhêir labor.
And well may they sing å pleaṣant tune,
  Sinçe their life haṣ suċh ċomplētenèss;[2]
Their hay iṣ made in the sun of June,
And every moon iṣ å hòneymoon,
  And their hōme å home of swēetnèss.

---

[1] **Thrīve**, to do well in any buṣiness; to grow and increase.

[2] **Com plēte'ness**, å state in whiċh nòṫhing iṣ wanting.

III. BEES.

I THINK every child loves honey, wishes to know how it is made, and wants to learn all about the little busy (bĭz′ĭ) bee.

2. A hive of bees is like a great city: it contains thousands of dwellers, some of whom are idlers and others do the work. There are the working bees, the drones or idle bees, and the queen bee. The working bees build the cells, gather the honey, and feed and care for the young.

3. The cells are made of wax, and are shaped like a thimble. They are about as big as a pea, and have six thin sides. When many are united we call them honey-comb.

4. When the cells are finished, the bees fly abroad among the flowers and sip the sweet juices, which they swallow. When they have all they can carry, they fly home and empty the honey into the cells. If the honey is for winter use, they work over it a thin coat of wax.

5. Some of the cells are made for nests, and in each the queen bee leaves an egg. A working bee then covers the cells with wax. A day or two after, the cell is broken and a small worm appears lying on a bed of whitish jelly, on which it feeds.

6. The working bee attends to it with all the tenderness and care of a nurse. When it is full grown, which is in about six days, the bees again close the cell to keep it from harm. After a few days, it passes through its last change, breaks its cell, comes forth a winged insect, and soon flies about.

SECTION IV.

I.

15. BIG AND LITTLE.

"GRANDPAPA," said little Paul West, as the children crowded round their grandfather, by the winter fire, to hear one of his wonderful[1] stories, "tell us, please, how we may grow big at once. I want to be a man without waiting so long."

2. "My dear boy," said the kind old man, smiling, and patting Paul on his shoulder, "better wait, and be patient, and improve your youth, as you will learn from my story.

3. "Well, once on a time, the cucumber and the

[1] **Wonderful**, (wŭn'dĕr fŭl), very strange ; pleasing.

acorn went to Wishing Gate. There, perhaps you know, you can have your wish, whatever it may be; but I think you had better be careful before you make it.

4. "Now the cucumber wished to grow big at once; but the acorn was not in such a hurry. He was content to wait, if only he might grow into a large tree some day.

5. "Of course, they had their wishes, and so the cucumber grew big at once. He lay sprawling all over the garden, and hardly left room for any thing else to grow. The acorn grew slowly, just showing two or three leaves, to the joy of the cucumber, who said that it served him right.

6. "But the acorn did not mind: he was very patient, only sometimes a little weary of waiting so long, and he bided[1] his time without saying a word.

7. "The cucumber, after filling the garden with his great leaves, and saying rude and saucy words to all the young plants round about, was laid hold of, of a sudden, by Jack Frost, who was getting rather tired of his airs and graces, and shriveled[2] up in one morning. So the cucumber withered away.

8. "But when the patient acorn had waited many, many years, he grew into a fine, stout, old oak. He spread out his broad leafy hands over the old men and women,[3] whom he had known when they were young. He seemed to be giving them his blessing, nor was he niggardly[4] of it; for he gave it not only

[1] **Bid'ed**, waited for.

[2] **Shriveled** (shrĭv'ld), made to shrink and become wrinkled.

[3] **Women** (wĭm'en).

[4] **Nig'gard ly**, too close in one's dealings; very sparing.

to the grandpârents, but to thêir chíldrèn, and their children's children. Who wouldn't wish to be an oak?

9. "Why, when they cut up the cucumber, it ōnly made Edwin vĕry ill. He ate it for his supper, with pepper and vinegar, and the next day they had to send for the doctor, who gave him bitter doses.

10. "But when, áfter vĕry many years, they cut up the gōod old oak, it was to build a big ship, that Ralph might be the căptaĭn of it, and sail all over the sea."

11. "I'll be an oak," said Paul, "if I wait ever so lŏng. But do you know, grandfather, where that Wishing Gate is to be found?"

II.

16. THE OAK-TREE.

LONG AGO, in chanġeful[1] autŭmn,
When the leaves wēre tûrning brown,
From the tall oak's tŏpmōst brânches
Fell á little acorn down.

2. And it tumbled by the päthwāy,
And a chance foot trod it deep
In the ground, whêre all the winter
In its shell it lāy áslēep,

3. With the white snōw lying over,
And the frŏst to hold it fâst,
Till thêre came the mild spring weather,
When it bûrst its shell at last.

[1] **Changeful** (chānj'fụl), full of change.

4. First shot up a sapling [1] tender,
Scarcely seen above the ground;
Then a mimic [2] little oak-tree,
Spread its tiny [3] arms around.

5. Many years the night dews nursed it,
Summers hot, and winters long,
The sweet sun looked bright upon it,
While it grew up tall and strong.

6. Now it standeth like a giant,
Casting shadows broad and high,
With huge trunk and leafy branches,
Spreading up into the sky.

7. There the squirrel loves to frolic,[4]
There the wild birds rest at night,
There the cattle come for shelter,
In the noontime hot and bright.

8. Child, when haply [5] thou art resting
'Neath the great oak's monster [6] shade,
Think how little was the acorn,
Whence that mighty [7] tree was made.

9. Think how simple things and lowly,
Have a part in nature's plan,
How the great hath small beginnings,
And the child will be a man.

---

[1] **Săp'ling**, a young tree.

[2] **Mĭm'ic**, apt to imitate; like in form, habits, etc.

[3] **Tī'nў**, very small; little.

[4] **Frŏl'ic**, to play wild tricks; to sport.

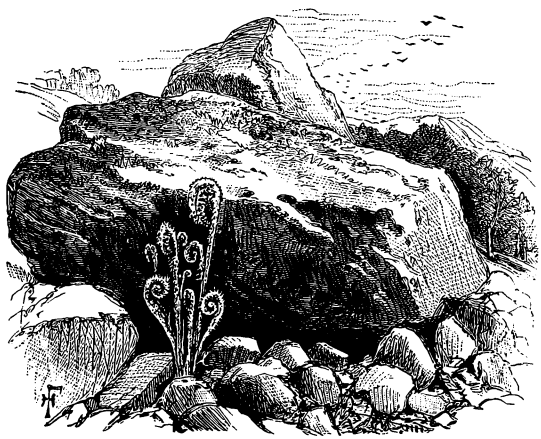
[5] **Hăp'ly**, by accident or chance, it may be.

[6] **Mŏn'ster**, strange and fearful; very large.

[7] **Mīght'ў**, very great; strong; having great power.

10. Little ĕffōrts work ḡreat a-tions,
Lessons in our ċhildhood taught,
Mold[1] the spirit to that temper,
Whereby nōblèst deeds are wrought.[2]

11. Ċherish,[3] then, the gifts of ċhildhood,
Use them ġently, ḡuard them well;
For their future[4] ḡrowth and ḡreatnèss,
Who ean mĕasure, who ean tell?



III.

17. LITTLE BY LITTLE.

PART FIRST.

ON å bright May morning, å little fērn[5] pushed hēr head through the ḡround, ready to beḡin

[1] **Mōld,** to shape.

[2] **Wrought,** (rạt), brought forth or done by labor.

[3] **Chĕr'ish,** hold dear; love.

[4] **Fūt'ure,** time to ċome.

[5] **Fern** (fērn), å plant, found in damp soil, which has its flower and seed on the back of its leaves.

unrolling it. First, as became a wise fern, she looked round her.

2. There were no trees, no grass, no leaves: nothing but bare stony ground, without a handful of soil. A large and jagged stone, which had rolled down from the hill-top above, lay beside her. Round one side of it, she could just see the distant wood from which she was blown last autumn.

3. "This is not pleasant," said the fern: "this is very different from last year, when I was only a seed, and lived on my mother's back in a shady wood. I think I can do no good here—one poor, little fern, beside a great stone that looks as if it were going to fall down and crush me."

4. Just then, a gleam[1] of sunshine came out and warmed the heart of the little fern. "Well, well," she said, "as it is better to be brave, I will do my best. We may look better soon. '*Little by little*,' my mother always said;" and so one by one she unfolded her beautiful leaves, and hung them out.

5. They were long, green plumes; and they rested against the stone, and made it look quite handsome.[2] The stone, too, was kind to the little fern: it kept it cool and shady, and sheltered it from the wind, and they were soon good friends.

6. Not far from the stone, but quite out of sight, a stream of water ran down the hill. It came from a clear, bright spring, and it was pleasant to look upon. One day there was a heavy storm. The thunder rolled, the rain fell, and the fern was glad

[1] **Gleam**, a shoot of light; a small stream of light.

[2] **Handsome** (hăn′ sŭm), good looking; nice.

enough of the friendly stone that saved hĕr from being carried ȧwāy.

7. The brŏŏk wąs so swelled[1] by the (thŭ) rain, that it wąs fōrçed out of its old track, and came leaping down over the large stones close to the fērn. "This is terrible," [2] said the fern; "I shall cĕrtaĭnly be washed ȧwāy."

8. "Do not fear, little friend," said the stream; "I will not hûrt yọu: the ground is not so steep here, and I love to rest my wąters ȧ little, befōre starting ŏff again into the valley[3] belōw. See how my drops sparkle, and how well I water the ground for you!"

9. That wąs trụe, indeed; and when the fērn was ụsed to the sound, she no lŏn̲ger feared.—"I wish you would always come my wāy," said the stone: "You wąsh me so clean, and make me cool."

10. "I will, vĕry gladly," said the wąter; "for I had no such fine big stōne to leap round, on my old rōad, and thêre was not a sin̲gle fērn on my ban̲ks."

11. Any child may see that ȧ stream likes leaping over stones; for then it is that its mĕrry sŏn̲g begins. It does not hŭrry on fȧst and silent, as it did befōre; but it mûrmûrs sŏftly, and tŏsses up little bubbles of spray,[4] and all because of the stones and pebbles.[5]

12. So the little stream fell splashing[6] over the

[1] **Swĕlled,** increased in size or length by any addition.

[2] **Tĕr'ri ble,** fitted to cause great fear; dreadful.

[3] **Văl'ley,** a strip of land shut in by hills or mountaĭn̲s.

[4] **Sprāy,** water flying in small drops, as by the force of wind.

[5] **Pĕb'bles,** small stones wōrn and rounded by water.

[6] **Splăsh'ing,** spattering; striking and dashing ȧbout.

stone, and then ran ȧwāy down to the valley, whêre it found a large river.[1] It plunged into the river, and flowed away to the sea.

IV.

18. LITTLE BY LITTLE.

PART SECOND.

SOON the stream grew vĕry quiet, and then its wạters did not spread so wide. It found so pleasant a channel[2] round the big, gray stōne that it did not leave it, but liked it better than its old one.

2. It hŏllōwed out, too, a little pōōl[3] for itself beside the stone, whêre the water lay cälm[4] and clear. Thêre the fērn could see reflected[5] hĕr own waving leaves, and the blue sky, too, with its white, sailing clouds. At night, when the stars came out, she saw them in the quiet, little pool, twiṇkling[6] as bright as in the heaven above.

3. Round where the wạter had been there was a thin cake of dust, like powdered rock, which the stream had washed down from the hill ȧbȯve. The fern liked this, becạuse it smelled a little like the soil which used to be so frāgrant in thē ēarly mȯrning when she was a seed in the fŏrèst.

4. Sōōn the bīrds saw the little pōōl and came there to driṇk. Then they sang their little sŏngs of

[1] **Rĭv'er**, a stream of wạter larger than ȧ brōōk.

[2] **Chăn'nel**, the bed of a stream of water.

[3] **Pool**, a small and rather deep body of fresh water coming from a spring, or found in a stream.

[4] **Calm** (käm), not stormy; still.

[5] **Re flĕct'ed**, given back a likeness of.

[6] **Twinkling** (twĭṇk'ling), shining with a broken, trembling light.

thanks, and flew awāy again; but, from time to time, they dropped the seeds they had picked up in the new soil which the water had spread. One dāy it was an acorn from the large oak-wood. Another day it was a beech-nut, and so on.

5. The stream of water washed down mōre good soil ŏff the hills, when the clouds pōured out thēir rains, and made it swell and overflow, and with this it cŏvered up thē acorn and the beech-nut. Seeds, too, wēre wăfted[1] by the wind to this gray spot—sŏft, downy seeds, like those of the thistle.

6. The fern saw them all; but she did not know what they meant, though her own seed had fallen ŏff all round her. No one knew, and no one could have guessed what was to come, when in winter the deep snow lāy thēre. It was so deep that ōnly the

[1] **Wafted** (wăft'ed), carried through water or air.

top of the rock was to be seen. The water, too, was all tûrned to icicles, and hung there hard, and bright, and still.

7. But thêre came a warm dāy that melted the snow, and it rushed from ăbŏve in a strŏng tŏrrent.[1] It brôught stones with it; but they were stayed[2] by the rock which sheltered the fern, for that was larger than any of them.

8. The stream was singing loudly to waken the fērn from its winter sleep. It woke up at lăst, and found its old, gray friend, the stone, with a patch of green mŏss on it here and there.

9. All around, too, were green stems growing up. Here thē oak, and thêre the beech. All that spring and summer, wild-flowers came out too, and young ferns in great numbers.

10. Nor was it *now* the bīrds only that flew to the spring, but the butterflies and the bees also; and the mōre they came, the mōre seeds thêre wēre, and the more hope of flowers for next year. All the summer through the fern hēard sweet sounds, and had sweet âir round her.

11. "What a pleasant hōme is this!" she said ĕvèry morning when the sun rose; "and lăst year it was so bâre and cold." "Little by little," said the stream—"little by little, so we grow and fill the ēarth," and ăwāy it went tumbling over the stones, to get to the sea.

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[1] **Tŏr′rent**, a stream quickly raised and running vĕry fast.

[2] **Stāyed**, hindered from moving; stopped.

V.

19. LITTLE BY LITTLE.

PART THIRD.

YEARS AND YEARS went by, and then the rock was grāy and mŏssy, and the stones ăbŏve wĕre grāy and mŏssy, and ōnly the stream was as young as ever. Now the fĕrn and the rock were in the midst of ă thick, pleasant shade; for the beech and thē oak had grown up, and had plăntèd their children round them.

2. All the ground round ăbout was green with mŏsses, and ferns, and wild-flowers. The bīrds built their nests in the trees, and the little insects lived

thêre, and the noble stags came down from the hills, and drank at the cōōl, deep pōōl beside which the fĕrn grew (grọ).

3. The soil was not stony now. It was covered deep with rich mōld—the droppings of the trees for many years. The stream, ĕvèry year when it was swelled by rain or snow, tŏŏk some of the soil into the valley; and the valley grew rich, too.

4. Men came thêre to live—they made cornfields and gardens; for they said: "The soil is vĕry fine; we shall have gŏŏd crops." The corn grew there thick and golden, and the miller came and built his mill, that he might grind it.

5. He built it close to the little stream, and so the stream tûrned his mill and ground the corn. All the little children had nice cakes and loaves, when the corn was ground, and there was plenty for every one. But the little stream did not stāy: it ran on fâster than befōre to reach the blue, salt sea.

6. One day thêre came a man to the hillside, and he hēard the little stream as it ran singing down the hill. Then he walked on till he came to the place whêre it lēaped over the stones and pâst the waving green ferns.

7. He sat down near it, and he pụt it all in a picture. He paintèd the mŏssy old rock, and the stream, and the quiet pool. He paintèd the ferns, and the grand, old oak, and the wide-spreading beech. He painted the flowers, too, and the mŏss upon the ground.

8. In his picture, you saw them all; the leaves made shădōws, and the sunshine stole in between

them. It shone on the water, and on one side of the gray rock. It just kissed the fern leaves; but the flowers and the moss looked all sunshine.

9. When he had done, he carried it away to a town a long way off, and every one who looked at it loved the merry spring, and the gray rock, and the green ferns. And every one came who could.

10. Pale, little children, who had lived in crowded streets all their short lives without ever seeing the country; and poor cripples, who could not get so far; and busy people, who had not time to go; and poor people, who had not money enough: they all looked at the picture, and it seemed as if what they saw was all real, and as if they felt the sweet country air on their cheeks.

11. But the little spring did not stay, although it was put in a picture: it is running now as fast as ever down the valley and into the river, and on, on to the blue, salt sea.

VI.

20. LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LITTLE BY LITTLE the bird builds her nest;
Little by little the sun sinks to rest:
Little by little the waves, in their glee,
Smooth the rough rocks by the shore of the sea.

2.

Drop after drop falls the soft summer shower;
Leaf upon leaf grows the cool forest bower;[1]

[1] **Bow'er,** a sheltered or covered place in a garden or wood, made with boughs of trees bent and twined together.

Grain heaped on grain fôrms the mountain so high
That its cloud-capped summit[1] is lost to the eye.

3.

Little by little the bee to her cell
Brings the sweet honey, and garners[2] it well;
Little by little the ant layeth by,
From the summer's abundance,[3] the winter's supply.

4.

Minute by minute, so passes the day;
Hour after hour years are gliding away.
The moments improve until life be past,
And, little by little, grow wise to the last.

SECTION V.

I.

21. THE CROOKED TREE.

WILLIE BROWN had very kind parents, who aimed to set him a good example, and to bring him up in the love and fear of God.

2. Instead,[4] however, of profiting[5] by the lessons he received, he often caused his parents much unhappiness by his naughty[6] conduct. He was idle and disobedient, did not always speak the truth, and several[7] times took what was not his own.

[1] **Sum'mit**, the highest point; the top.

[2] **Gar'ners**, gathers to keep; stores in a granary.

[3] **A bun'dance** great plenty.

[4] **Instead'**, in the place or room.

[5] **Prof'it ing**, being helped on or made better.

[6] **Naught'y**, mis'chievous; bad.

[7] **Sev'er al**, more than two, but not very many.

3. His father was very anxious[1] to impress on his mind the dānger of forming sinful habits, which would grōw with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, until they would bind him, as with iron chains. At last he thought of a plan by which he hoped to teach his son this important lesson.

4. In the ôrchard, not far from Mr. Brown's house, there was a young tree, so very crooked, that he had mōre than once detērmined[2] to cut it down. Close by were some young trees, which were remarkable[3] for their straight and beautiful appearance.

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[1] **Anxious** (ăngk'shŭs), desirous; much concērned.

[2] **De ter'mined**, decided; fully made up his mind; resolved.

[3] **Re mark'a ble**, worthy of being noticed.

5. Mr. Brown dĭrĕctèd hiş men to take an ax, with some stakes and ropes, and gō down into thē orchard, to see if they could not straighten the crookèd tree. He told Peter, the gardener, to gō down at the same time, and pụt some mōre fâstenings upon the peâr-trees. His object in all this waş to teach Willie à lesson.

6. After they had been gŏne à short time, Mr. Brown saw Willie running from the barn to the house, and he called to him—"Come, Willie, my boy, let us gō down to thē orchard, and see how Peter and the men gĕt on with their work: we shall have time enough befōre school begĭnş."

7. When they arrived at the orchard, they first saw Peter tying cords round the peâr-trees, and fâstening them to the stakes, which were driven into the ground by the side of the trees. It seems that when they were little trees, they were fastened in this wāy near the ground, to keep them straight.

8. Aş the trees grew up they were fâstened in the same way, higher and higher, till, by-and-by, they were strŏng and firm enough to need no such stay. Some of them were so much inclined to grow crookèd, that they had to pụt three stakes down, and fasten them on all sideş; but by beginning ēarly, and keeping à constant[1] watch, even theşe were kept straight.

9. "Theşe peâr-trees seem to be doing well, sir," said Peter: "we have to train them up pretty close to the stakes; for it iş the ōnly wāy. They must

[1] **Cŏn'stant**, not given to change; steady.

be taken near the ground, when a bit of twine will hold them, and followed up till they are safe.

10. They went on a little further, and there were the men at work on the crooked tree. They had a long stake on this side, and a short one on that; here a rope, and there another; but all to no purpose.[1] Indeed, they were surprised to think that Mr. Brown should send them to do such a piece of work.

11. When Willie and his father came to the crooked tree, one of the men was just saying to the other, "It will never do: you can't straighten it, and so you may as well let it alone."—"Ah!" said Mr. Brown, "do you give it up? Can't you brace it up on one side, and then on the other?"

12. "Oh no, sir," said one of the men, "it is *too late* to make any thing of it. All the rigging[2] of the navy[3] could not make that tree straight."—"I see it," said Mr. Brown, "and yet a bit of twine, applied in season, would have made it as straight as the pear-trees. Well, men, go to your mowing."

13. "I did not expect them to do any thing with that tree, my son," said Mr. Brown, turning to his little boy, "but I wanted to teach you a *lesson*. You are now a little twig. Your mother and I want you to become a straight, tall, and useful tree. Our commands and prohibitions[4] are the little cords of twine that we tie around you to gird[5] you up.

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[1] **Pur'pose**, the end or aim which is sought.

[2] **Rig'ging**, tackle; the ropes used to hold the masts, work the sails, etc., of a ship.

[3] **Nă'vy**, the whole of the ships of war belonging to a ruler or a people.

[4] **Prō hĭ bĭ'tion**, an order or charge to hinder some action.

[5] **Gird** (gĕrd), to inclose; to make fast.

14. "Prisons[1] and Penitentiaries[2] are the ropes and chains upon crooked trees, which were not guided wisely when they were twigs. If not kept straight now, you certainly will not be likely to grow straight by-and-by. If you form evil habits now, they will soon become too strong to break.

15. "If, while you are a green and tender sprout,[3] we can not guide you, we surely can not expect to do it when you become a strong and sturdy[4] tree. But if we do all we can to guide you in the right way *now*, we may hope that when you will have grown old, you will not depart from it."

II.

22. A WISH.

OH to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of our Lord shone bright;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night;
To have kissed the tender, way-worn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child!

2. Hush! such a glory was not for thee,
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid,
For the sake of the Child Divine?

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[1] **Prison** (priz'n), a house for the safe keeping of persons who break the law; a jail.

[2] **Penitentiary** (pĕn i tĕn' shā-rĭ), a house where the bad are shut up and made to work.

[3] **Sprout** (sprout), the shoot, or young branch of a plant.

[4] **Sturdy** (stûr'dĭ), noted for strength or force; stout.

Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and hōme to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Māry's sake?

3. Oh to have knelt at Jesus' feet,
To have learned His heavenly lōre,[1]
And listened the gentle lessons He taught
On mountain, and sea, and shōre!
While the rich and the haughty knew Him not
To have meekly done His will!—
Hush! for the worldly reject Him yĕt—
You can sērve and love Him still.

4. Oh to have sŏlaçed[2] that weeping one
Whom the righteous dâred despise,
To have tenderly bound up her scattered hâir
And have dried her tearful eyes!
Hush! there are broken hearts to soothe,
And penitent[3] tears to dry,
While Magdalen prāys for you and them
From her hōme in the starry sky.

5. Oh to have followed the mōurnful wāy
Of those faithful few forlorn,
And—grāçe beyŏnd even an ānġel's hope—
The cross for our Lord have bōrne!
To have shared His tender Mother's grief,
To have wept at Mary's side,
To have lived as a child in her hōme, and then
In her loving care have died!

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[1] **Lōre**, what is taught; lessons.
[2] **Sŏl'aced**, cheered; comforted.
[3] **Pĕn'i tent**, suffering pain or sŏrrōw on account of sin.

6. Hush! and with reverent sŏrrōw, still
Mary's grēat anguish shâre,
And lēarn, for the sake of hĕr Sŏn Dĭvīne,
Thy crŏss, like His to beâr.
The sŏrrōws which weigh on thy soul, unite
With those which thy Lord hath bōrne,
And Mary *will* comfort thy dying hour
Nor leave thy soul forlôrn.

III.

23. GEORGE WHITE'S TEN DOLLARS.

PART FIRST.

GEORGE WHITE had been (bĭn) saving his spending mŏney for à lŏng time; in fact, ever sĭnce his uncle had gĭven him à beautiful little iron safe, made just like those in his fäther's ŏffice.

2. One morning he opened his treasure, and on counting it over, he found he had the large sum of ten dollars. "Now," he said, "I can buy any thing I want! I must speak to papä about it."

3. It was winter, and the ground was covered with ice and snow, so that whenever George went out of doors his mother was careful to see him well wrapped up. He loved to stāy out in thē ōpen air rather than in the warm house, as his rosy cheeks and bright eyes plainly showed.

4. He was vĕry fond of skating and cōasting, but he had lŏst one of his skates and his sled was broken. So that evening, as they sat around the tea-table, he said: "Papä, may I spend my ten dollars for à new sled and à pâir of skates?"

5. His father replied, "The money is yours, my son; you may spend it as you please; but to-morrow morning I am going some distance down in the city, and intended[1] taking you."—"O papa, I should like that!"—"Then you must not buy your sled and skates until our return."

6. George willingly consented;[2] but he could not understand why his father should wish him to wait until they returned, when he could so easily make his purchases on the way.

7. The next day George prepared to accompany[3] his father; and while his mother handed him his overcoat and fur cap, and wrapped a warm comforter around his neck, he was thinking of the fun he would have with his new sled.

8. "When I am coasting,"[4] he said to himself, "I will lend my skates to Andrew O'Connor, and when I am skating, I will lend him my sled." Now Andrew O'Connor was much poorer than George White, and his widowed mother could hardly afford to buy him toys so expensive. George's resolution, therefore, proved he had a kind heart.

9. By this time his father was ready for the walk, and taking George's hand, they waved a smiling good-bye! "God bless the boy," said the mother, "and grant that the lesson he is about to learn, may benefit him through life."

10. George and his father walked on, passing the splendid houses of the rich, and the large stores

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[1] **In tĕnd'ed**, mĕant.

[2] **Con sĕnt'ed**, agreed.

[3] **Ac com'pa ny**, to go with as an associate or a companion.

[4] **Cōast'ing**, the sport of sliding down a hill-side on sleds in winter.

wherein are to be found all things rare and costly for those who have money to buy them. Presently they reached a large toy-store, where, suspended[1] in the window, was a handsome sled.

IV.

24. GEORGE WHITE'S TEN DOLLARS.

PART SECOND.

SNOW-BIRD, the name of the sled, was on the seat, and the sled itself was painted red and white. "O papa!" said George, "here is just what I want. Let us go in and get it."—"Wait, my son," said Mr. White, "until we come back."

2. They walked a little further, and then leaving the bright, gay avenue,[2] turned into a narrow, crooked street, on either[3] side of which were small, dirty, and miserable dwellings, with here and there a tall tenement.[4] Before one of the small houses, Mr. White paused, made a few inquiries,[5] and entered.

3. George, still holding his father's hand, went slowly up the broken staircase. On the upper floor, they turned, and knocked at a door near the end of the hall. A faint voice from within said, "Come in," and they stepped into the room. The sight that met their gaze would have moved a harder heart than little George's.

4. In one corner, on a bed of straw, lay a man feeble and wasted with sickness. Four little half-

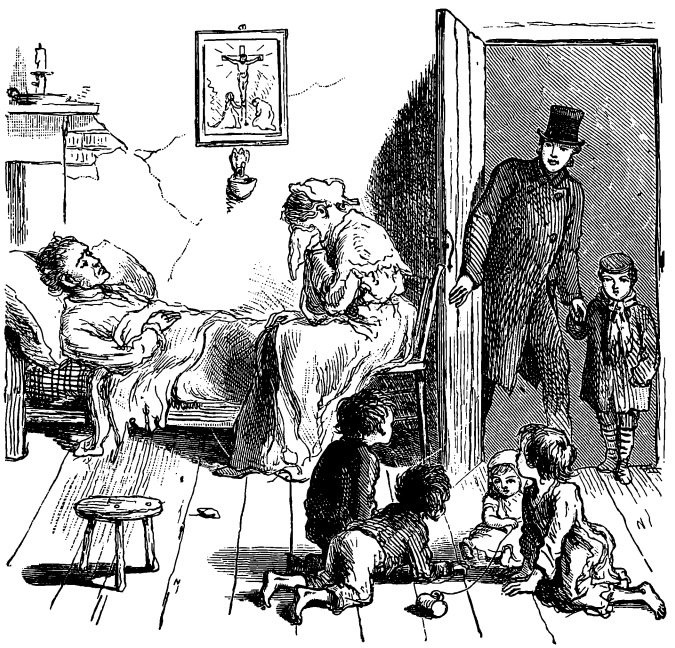
[1] **Sus pend'ed,** hung up.

[2] **Av'e nue,** a wide street.

[3] **Ei' ther,** one or the other; each of two.

[4] **Ten'e ment,** a dwelling-house; a house hired out to poor persons.

[5] **In quī'ry,** a question; a seeking for information.



clothed children, with wan,[1] sickly faces, were trying to play in another corner of the room, and weeping by the sick man's bed sat a pale and slender woman.

5. George's father spoke to her, and from her lips heard a sad tale of poverty and distress. A friend of his, belonging to the worthy "Conference of St. Vincent de Paul," whose object is to visit the sick in their homes, had already told Mr. White of this suffering family, and he had come to relieve their misery and to see for himself what were their most urgent needs.

6. He determined to send a doctor at once. George stole up to his father's side and whispered, "O papa!

[1] **Wan** (won), pale; sickly of look.

gĭve them my ten dollarş!" When they had left the house, Mr. White said, "Are you willing, Georġe, to gĭve up your sled and skates for the *w*hōle winter, and spend the mŏney for this poor family?"

7. "Yes," said Georġe, "I am not ōnly willing, but I want to do it with all my heart."—"Vĕry well, then, my son, you shall buy meat, and bread, and milk, and ċlothing for the ċhildren, and I will take ċâre of thêir pârents." In the pōor rōom that night were light, and fire, and fōōd, and on the pale mother'ş façe, ȧ happy smile.

8. Do you not thiṇk, dear ċhildren, that Georġe waş happier ȧfter having dŏne this ġood deed than if he had bought the han*d*sŏmest sled and skates in the world? Fŏllōw hiş eẋample and see.

SECTION VI.

I.

25. THE BLIND BROTHER.

IT waş ȧ blĕssèd summer dāy;
The flowerş blōōmed, thē âir waş mild;
The little bīrdş pōured fōrth thêir lāy,
And ĕvèry thing in nature smiled.

2. In pleaşant thôught I wandered on
Beneath[1] the deep wōōd'ş ample[2] shade,
Till suddenly I ċame upon
Two ċhĭldrèn that had hither strayed.

[1] **Be nēath'**, lower in plaçe, raṇk, or worth; under.

[2] **Am'ple** ġreat in size; wide; fully enough.

3. Just at an āgèd bīrch-tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined;[1]
His hand in hers she kindly put:
And then I saw the boy was blind!

4. "Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy?
And is he pretty[2] as his song?"

5. "Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see.

[1] **Re clīned'**, leaned; rested. [2] **Pretty** (prĭt'tĭ).

6. "Yĕt I the frāgrant flower can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade;
And I can hear the notes that swell
From these dear bīrds that Gŏd has made.

7. "So, sister, Gŏd is kind to me,
Thōugh sight, ålås![1] He has not given.
But tell me, are there any blind
Amŏng the chĭldrĕn up in heaven?"

8. "No, dēarèst Edward, thêre all see!
But whêrefore[2] åsk a thing so odd?"—
"O! Mary, He's so gōod to me,
I thought I'd like to lōok at Gŏd."

9. Ere[3] lŏng disease its hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His wĭdōwed mother wept and prayed
That Gŏd would spâre her sīghtlèss child.

10. He felt the warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh! never weep for me:
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I Gŏd shall see.

11. "And thêre you'll come, dear Mary, too;
And, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

12. He spoke no mōre, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given,
When Gŏd took up that poor blind child,
And opened fīrst his eyes in heaven.

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[1] **Alas** (å lås'), a word used to show sorrow, grief, pity, or fear of evil.

[2] **Wherefore** (whâr' fōr), for what or which reason.

[3] **Ere** (âr), sooner than; before.

II.

26. A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

"A ROLAND for an Oliver!" shouted Paul, as he ran hastily into the room where his mother and sister were, and put his own pretty red apple into one of his sister's hands, at the same time taking from the other the ripe golden pippin she held.

2. "But what *is* a Roland, and what is an Oliver?" said Julia, showing no disturbance at her sudden exchange of property with her brother.—"Oh! it means an even bargain," replied Paul.

3. "There is an old story and a very pretty one," said their mother, "which gave rise to your proverb, Paul."—"O mother, tell us!" exclaimed both children eagerly. And with a smile at their earnest faces, she immediately complied.

4. "There lived, in the year 772, a king who ruled over France and a large part of Europe. He was a great warrior, a great ruler, and, best of all, a most devout Christian. He had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and always wore around his neck a little silver image of her, even requesting, out of love to her, that this image should be buried with him.

5. "He so surpassed all other rulers of his time that he was called Charlemagne,[1] or Charles the Great. Among the princes who ruled over the different states of Europe, and who were subject to the great king Charles, was one called Guerin,[2] lord of Vien'na.

6. "He was a brave and noble ruler, but quick-tempered; and having quarreled with the king, re-

[1] **Charlemagne** (shär'le mān). [2] **Guerin** (ga răng').

fused to obey him. So Charles collected his armies, marched on to battle, and laid siege to Vïĕn'nà, now the beautiful capital of Austria.

7. "At length, after two months had passed away without any decided advantage to either party, the king and Guerin agreed to settle their dispute by a 'single combat.' A knight[1] from each side was chosen by lot, to fight together in sight of both armies, and he who conquered gained the victory for his side, without more fighting.

8. "It happened in this instance that the two champions[2] were Oliver, the youngest grandson of Guerin, and the famous warrior, Rōland. An island in the Rhone[3] was selected for the combat, and the armies ranged themselves on the opposite shores. The knights were on horseback and armed with lances. At the first onset, both lances were broken. Then they dismounted and drew their swords.

9. "For two long hours did these powerful, resolute warriors handle their bright weapons,[4] neither obtaining the least advantage. At last, Rōland struck with great force on Oliver's shield, piercing it so deeply that he could not withdraw his sword. At the same moment Oliver thrust his sword with such strength against Roland's armor that it snapped at the handle and fell clashing to the ground.

10. Both knights, now disarmed, rushed together, each one trying to overthrow the other. In the struggle their helmets became unfastened, and

[1] **Knight**, a name applied to soldiers of rank.

[2] **Cham'pi on**, one who fights for, or in place of, another.

[3] **Rhone** (rōn), a large river of Europe which rises in Switzerland.

[4] **Wĕap' on**, any thing used to fight with.

for the first time they saw each other's face. One moment they paused surprised, and then embraced with joyful hearts; for they had been, in the past, companions in many a brave deed, and devoted friends.

11. "'I am conquered!' said Roland. 'I yield!' exclaimed Oliver. The people on the shore saw the knights standing hand in hand, and knew the battle was at an end. From that hour, Charles counted Guerin and his brave family among his most faithful friends and servants. This incident gave rise to the proverb of '*A Roland for an Oliver.*'"

12. "That is a much nobler origin of my proverb," said Paul, "than I ever thought of."—"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Julia, "something better than 'an even bargain.'"

III.

27. MY SISTER.

WHO at my side was ever near?
Who was my playmate many a year?
Who loved me with a love sincere?
My Sister!

2. Who took me gently by the hand,
And led me through the summer land,
By forest, field, and sea-shore sand?
My Sister!

3. Who taught me how to name each flower,
That grows in lane and garden bower,
Telling of God's almighty[1] power?
My Sister!

[1] **Al might'y**, having all power.

4. Who showed me Robin with the rest,
The crimson[1] feathers on his breast,
The blackbird in his dark cōat drest?
My Sister!

5. Who pointèd out the lark on high,
A little speck unto thē eye,
Filling with melody[2] the sky?
My Sister!

6. Who led me by the bright, clear stream,
And in the sunshine's golden beam,
Showed me the fishès dart and gleam?
My Sister!

7. Who, as we wandered by the sea,
And hēard the wild waves in thēir glee,
Gāthered such pretty things for me?
My Sister!

8. Who held the shell unto my ear,
Until, in fancy,[3] I could hear
The sound of waters rushing near?
My Sister!

9. Who, when the wind of winter blew,
And round the fire our seats we drew,
Read to me stōries gōōd and true?
My Sister!

10. Who joined with me each day in prâyer,
To thank Gŏd for his loving câre;
Who in my hymns of praise would shâre?
My Sister!

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[1] **Crimson** (krĭm′zn), of a deep red cŏlor.

[2] **Měl′o dў**, sweet singing.

[3] **Făn′cy**, the gift or means by which a picture of any thing is formed in the mind.

11. Who, when the sound of matin bell,
Upon the ear so sweetly fell,
Walked with me chûrchwa̤rd down the dell?
My Sister!

12. When sometimes sick I lāy in bed,
Who laid her head against my head,
And of Gŏd's power and goodness rĕad?
My Sister!

13. And while in sĭcknèss thus I lāy,
Who helped to nûrse me dāy by day,
And at my bedside ŏft would prāy?
My Sister!

14. So I shall never çease to prāy,
Our Lord and His dear Mo̤ther may
Wa̤tch and protect, by night and day,
My Sister!

SECTION VII.

I.

28. EVENING HYMN.

HOLY MARY! prâyer and musi̱c
Meet in love on ẽarth and sea:
Now, sweet Mȯther! may the weary
O'er the wide world tûrn to thee!

2. From the wide and restlèss wa̤ters̱,
Hear the sailor's̱ hymn aris̱e!
From his̱ wa̤tch-fire midst the mountains̱,
Lo! to thee the shepherd cries̱!

3. Yet, while thus fu̇ll hearts find voiçes̱,
If o'erbûrdened souls̱ there be,
Dark and silent in their an̲guish,
Aid thos̱e căptĭves̱! set them free!

4. Touch them, every fount unsealing,
Whêre the frozen tears̱ lie deep;
Thou, the Mȯther of all sorrows̱,
Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!

II.

29. THE PASSION PLAY.

ONCE on ȧ time, hundreds̱ of years̱ befōre yo̤u wēre bôrn, deep ȧmȯngst the high mountains̱, lāy ȧ little German villaġe. The people who lived there were vĕry happy and contented. They were so far ȧwāy from larġe çities̱ that they were kept pure and ḡood—the river Ammer, flowing through

the quiet valley, was all that came to them from the wide, wide world beyond.

2. But the mûrmûr of the river, as it ran, did not distûrb the peaçeful hōmes, where every one, even little children, ēarned their brown bread by carving wooden toys and images.

3. But one day a sad sickness came, and whoever had it, died in a few hours. In their misery and despâir they wrung their hands, and cried, "Who can help us?" and there seemed no hope.

4. But thē old village priest who had câred for and loved his people all his life, stretched his hands tōward heaven, and cried, "There is an Almighty Father ábove us, let us ask His help."

5. They all knelt and made a vow[1] that if Gŏd would remove the terrible sickness from them, they would, with His blessing, represent every ten years, the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

6. Gŏd answered their prayer, and health and happiness retûrned again to their little homes. So they remembered their vow; and to this dāy their children's children keep the promise made agēs agō, and act the life and death of our Saviour before crowds of people who gather from all parts of the world to see the sacred performançe.

7. God has blessed them, and caused great good to be done through them; for many, who came to the plaçe from curiosity, when they saw the life of our Lord so devoutly portrayed[2] by the simple peasants, listened with awe, and bowed thêir heads

[1] **Vow**, a solemn promise to God. [2] **Por trāyed'**, represented.

and wept to see how Christ had loved them and suffered for them.

8. The peasants choose among themselves who shall take each part. A noble, beautiful man was chosen for "Christ," and such a lovely, modest peasant girl for His Mother Mary. Nearly every one had some character from the Bible. I wish you could know, as I did, how devout they were, and how sacred they felt it, to act the life of Jesus.

9. Before they began to act, they would all meet in the old church, and ask God's blessing and help; then cannon were fired, and the pilgrims and strangers gathered in the village and walked to the large open theatre, built without a roof, and having nothing above but the blue sky.

10. When all were assembled, a procession of young girls and boys, dressed as guardian angels, with golden crowns and floating hair, came slowly on the stage. Their sweet young voices fell softly on the morning air as they sang sadly, of how man had sinned when God first made the beautiful world; then telling us that we were going to see a picture of the angel driving Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden, they moved slowly to one side, and the curtain rose.

11. There were the garden and the angel with the flaming sword driving Adam and Eve, who were looking sadly back toward the beautiful Eden from which they were being driven. But the chorus of guardian angels closed around the picture, and began to sing of One who was to come. "Take comfort," they sang, and disappeared.

12. Then, as the last notes died away, faint cries of joy were heard, which grew louder and louder, till away in the distance appeared the streets of Jerusalem, and a multitude, leading an ass, and bowing, and praying to Him who sat upon it. Children cast flowers, and branches down, crying, "Hosanna in the highest!" old men fell down before Him.

13. It would take me too long to tell you of all I saw that day—how scene after scene from the Holy Scriptures passed before me. The last one you all know—"the Passion and Death of Christ."

14. We heard the sound of the cruel nails piercing His hands, and listened to those loving words, "*Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!*" I can never forget it; and our hearts were lifted in prayer, while people sobbed and wept around us.

III.

30. DREAM OF LITTLE CHRISTEL.

SLOWLY forth from the village church—
The voice of the choristers hushed overhead—
Came little Christel. She paused in the porch,
Pondering what the Father had said.

2. "*Even the youngest, humblest child*
Something may do to please our Lord;
Now, what," thought she, and half-sadly smiled,
"Can I, so little and poor, afford?—

"*Never, never a day should pass,*
Without some kindness, kindly shown.

The Father said"—Then down to the grass
A skylark dropped, like a brown-winged stone.

4. "Well, a day is before me now;
Yet, what," thought she, "can I do, if I try?
If an angel of God would show me how!
But silly am I, and the hours they fly.'

5. Then the lark sprang singing up from the sod,
And the maiden thought, as he rose to the blue,
"He says he will carry my prayer to God;
But who would have thought the little lark knew?"

6. Now she entered the village street,
With book in hand and face demure,
And soon she came, with sober feet,
To a crying babe at a cottage door.

7. It wept at a windmill that would not move,
It puffed with its round red cheeks in vain,
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
And baby's breath could not stir it again.

8. So baby beat the sail and cried,
While no one came from the cottage door;
But little Christel knelt down by its side,
And set the windmill going once more.

9. Then babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow;
Thinking, "Happy windmill, that has but to whirl,
To please the pretty young creature so!"

10. No thought of herself was in her head,
As she passed out at the end of the street,
And came to a rose-tree tall and red,
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

11. She ran to a brook that was flowing by,
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

12. "O happy brook!" thought little Christel,
"You have done some good this summer's day,
You have made the flowers look fresh and well!"
Then she rose and went on her way.

13. But she saw, as she walked by the side of the brook,
Some great rough stones that troubled its course,
And the gûrgling water seemed to say, "Look!
I struggle, and tumble, and mûrmûr hoarse!

14. "How these stones obstruct my road!
How I wish they were off and gone!
Then I would flow as once I flowed,
Singing in silvery undertone."

15. Then little Christel, as light as a bird,
Put off the shoes from her young white feet;
She moves two stones, she comes to the third,
The brook already sings, "Thanks! sweet! sweet!"

16. Oh then she hears the lark in the skies,
And thinks, "What is it to God he says?"
She looks at the brook, with smiling eyes,
And goes to her home with a happy face.

17. She helped her mother till all was done
In house and field, that called for aid;
Then at the door, near set of sun,
Aweary, down in the porch she laid.

18. Thêre little Christel sōon slept, and dreamed
That in the brŏŏk she had fallen and drowned ;
And yĕt she saw, although dead she seemed,
And thought she hēard every word and sound.

19. Within the cŏffin her form they laid,
And whispered sŏftly, "*This is the room,*"
Then closed the shutters, and midst the shade,
They kindle the çenser's sweet perfume !

20. Three at the right and three at the left,
Two at the feet, and two at the head,
The tapers bûrn. The friends bereft
Have cried till thêir eyes are swōllen and red.

21. Then à little stream crĕpt into the plaçe,
And rippled up to the cŏffin's side,
And touched the côrpse on its pale, round façe,
And kissed thē eyes till they trembled wide:

22. Saying, "I am à river of joy from heaven,
You helped the brook, and I help you;
I sprinkle your brows with life-drops seven;
I bathe your eyes with healing dew."

23. Then à rose-brànch in through the wĭndōw came,
And colored her cheeks and lips with red;
"I remember, and Heaven does the same,"
Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.

24. Then à bright small form to her cold neck clung,
It breathed on her till her breast did fill,
Saying, "I am à cherub fond and young,
And I saw who breathed on the baby's mill."

25. Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
Said, "Where are the flowers I had in my hand?"
And rubbed her eyes, poor innoçent child,
Not being able to understand.

26. But sōon she heard the big bell of the chûrch
Give thē hour, which made her sāy,
"Ah, I have slept and drĕamt in the pōrch,
It is à vĕry drowsy dāy."

IV.

31. COALS OF FIRE.

PART FIRST.

GEORGE BENTON lived in the country. Not far from his father's home was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, finely rigged with masts and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond.

2. George had formed a sailing company among his schoolmates. They had elected him cap'tain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave[1] near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the boys were to meet and launch[2] the boat.

3. On the morning of this day, George rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. He was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious!" said he to himself as he finished dressing.

4. "Now I've just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon; for the captain must be up to time."

5. Away he went, scampering[3] toward the cave where the boat had been (bin) ready for the launch. As he drew near, he saw the signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away.

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[1] **Cave**, a hollow place in the ground.

[2] **Launch** (lanch), to cause to move from the land into the water.

[3] **Scam'per ing**, running with speed.

6. The moment he looked within, he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat, which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

7. He stood for a moment, motionless with grief and surprise; then, with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed: "I know who did it—*unkind boy.* It was Frank Brown: he was angry because I did not ask him to the launch; but I'll pay him for this, see if I don't."

8. Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cave, and hurrying on some way down the road, he fastened a string across the foot-path, a few inches from the ground, and hid himself in the bushes.

9. Presently[1] a step was heard, and George eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Frank coming along, but instead of that it was his cousin Herbert. He was the last person George cared to see just then, so he unfastened the string, and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him.

10. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and George had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying, "But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it."

11. "Well, what do you mean to do, George?" asked Herbert.—"Why, you see, Frank carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string and smash them all."

12 George knew that this was not a right feeling, and he expected to get a sharp lecture from his

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[1] **Presently** (prĕz'ent lĭ), at ŏnçe; befōre lŏng.

cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said, in a quiet way: "Well, I think Frank does deserve some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

13. "What?" cried George eagerly.—"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"—"What! *burn* him?" asked George doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head. With a queer smile George clapped his hands.

14. "Brävo!"[1] said he, "that's just the thing, cousin Hĕrbert. You see his hair is so thick he would not gĕt burned much before he would have time to shake them off; but I should just like to see him jump once. Now, tell me how to do it—quick!"

[1] **Bravo** (brä′vō), well done; a word of cheer.

15. "'If thine enemy be hungry give him to eat; if he thirst, give him drink. For doing this thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good.' There," said Herbert, "that is God's way of doing it, and I think that is the best kind of punishment for Frank."

16. You should have seen how long George's face grew (grō) while Herbert was speaking. "Now I do say, cousin Herbert," added he, "that is a real take in. Why, it is just no punishment at all."

17. "Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Frank kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

V.

32. COALS OF FIRE.

PART SECOND.

GEORGE was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said, sullenly, "But you have told me a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and it won't[1] at all."

2. "You are mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I have known such coals burn up malice,[2] envy,[3] ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish,[4] and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible." George drew a long sigh. "Well, tell

[1] **Wōn't,** will not.

[2] **Măl'ice,** a wish to injure others; ill-will.

[3] **En'vy,** pain and dislike caused by the sight of the greater happiness or worth of another.

[4] **Rŭb'bish,** waste matter; a heap of good-for-nothing things.

me a good coal to put on Frank's head, and I will see about it, you may be sure of that."

3. "You know, cousin George," said Herbert, "that Frank is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose any thing about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that."

4. Then Herbert sprung over the fence and went whistling away. Before George had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Frank coming down the lane carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed his mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Frank had fallen over the string!"

5. But he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Frank started, and looked very uneasy, when he first caught sight of George, but the latter at once said, "Frank, have you much time to read now?"

6. "Sometimes," said Frank, "when I've driven the cows home, and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is I've read every book I can get hold of."

7. "How would you like to take my new book of travels?"—Frank's eyes fairly danced. "Oh, may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

8. "Yes," answered George, "and perhaps I have some others you may like to read. And, Frank," he added a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon, but some

one has gŏne and broken the masts, and tōrn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

9. Frank's head dropped on his breast; but, after a moment, he looked up with great ĕffōrt,[1] and said: "O, George! I did it; but I cän't[2] begin to tell you how sŏrry I am. You didn't know that I was so mean when you promised to lend me the bōoks, did you?"

10. "Well, I rather thought you did it," said George, slowly.—"And yĕt you didn't—" Frank could get no fûrther. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer, so ŏff he walked without saying a word.

11. That coal does bûrn," said George to himself. "I know Frank would rather I had smashed ĕvèry egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine." He took two or three somersaults,[3] and went hōme with a light heart, and a grand appetite for brĕakfast.

12. When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Frank thêre befōre them, eagerly trying to repair[4] thē injuries. As soon as he saw George, he hŭrried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the bōat with a part of his own money.

13. The bōat was repâired and läunched, and made a grand trip, and every thing had tûrned out as

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[1] **Ef′fōrt**, use of strength: an earnest attempt.

[2] **Can't** (känt), can not.

[3] **Somersault** (sŭm′er sa.lt), a leap in which a pĕrson tûrns with his heels over his head, and lights upon his feet.

[4] **Repair** (re pâr′).

cousin Herbert had said; for George's heart was so warm, and full of kind thoughts, that he was never more satisfied and happy in his life.

14. George found out afterward that the more he used of this curious kind of coal the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, cousin Herbert," said he, with a merry twinkle of his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."

15. I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family would be careful to keep a supply of George Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of it, how happy they would be!

16. Never forget St. Paul's advice: "*Be not overcome by evil; but overcome evil by good;*" for

Joy cometh with good deeds; and though the heart
Revolt[1] at right, yet, that rebellion quelled,[2]
Strife melts to peace, the brooding clouds depart,
And victory is ours, our fortress held!

SECTION VIII.

I.

33. BOASTFUL ARTHUR.

"NOW, Aunt Mary," said little Arthur, "we must have a story."—"What do you mean by *must?*" asked his aunt.

[1] **Revolt'**, be offended or shocked. [2] **Quelled**, stopped; put down.

2. "Well, then, we should like a stōry," said Arthur, who knew well what his äunt meant.—"That is a different thing," replied she; "but what did you do to-day to deserve a story, Arthur?"

3. "Oh, I have done twenty things at least," cried her little nephew,[1] who was rather fond of bōasting, and did not always tell the exact[2] truth.—"Very good," said Aunt Mary; "what were they?"

4. "Oh you know it would take the whōle day to tell you all," ănswered the little boy.—"Still I must have some of them, Arthur."

5. "Vĕry well then," said he, tŏssing his head; "I weeded the garden this morning."—"Whose garden, Arthur?"

6. "Why, my own to be sure," replied he.—"I suppose you did that to oblige yourself," said the thoughtful äunt.

7. "No, indeed; I ōnly did so because päpä would take the garden from me if he saw any weeds in it."

8. "Of cōurse, then, if you did that ōnly because you were oblīged to do it, I don't see any need to reward you for it," said Aunt Mary. "What next?"

9. "I wish you would not be so particular," said he, twisting his fingers in the vain ĕffōrt to discover another good deed. At last he said: "I did not do my lessons as badly as yĕsterday. I am sure of that, Aunt Mary."

10. "If your twenty good deeds are all like those two," said his äunt, "I fear you have no great chance of a stōry. What do you say, Annie?" she

[1] **Nephew** (nĕf'yu), the son of a brother or sister.

[2] **Exact** (ĕgz ăkt'), full and free from error.

ăsked her little niece,[1] who was quietly standing beside her.

11. Annie blushed and ănswered: "Sister Francis said I might have played my scales much better if I had tried."

12. "What am I to do, then?" ăsked her äunt, with ă smile.—"Could you not, dear äuntie, just tell us one stōry without deserving it?" ăsked Annie.

13. "To be sure I could, dear; but you know that would be ă grēat favor."—"Well, then, will you please do us ă grēat favor, and tell us ă stōry?" said Annie.

14. "Ah, now I think I must indeed; for nobody could resist, when ă child knows how to ăsk. It must be ă short stōry, as we have lŏst so much time in sēarching for Arthur's twenty things."

15. "And I have gĭven them to you, Aunt Mary," said Arthur pērtly.[2]—"How can that be, Măster Arthur?" inquired she.

16. "I have gĭven you two, and there is nought to add to make it twenty." Aunt Mary could not repress[3] ă smile at his way of reasoning and said: "Well, Arthur, that just reminds me of ă stōry, and as it is ă very short one, it will just do for us.

17. "A vĕry smart boy went to ă college far from his native village. When he came hōme, he thought himself very clever,[4] and was anxious to show his father that he was so.

18. "One day he had obtained the consent of his

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[1] **Niēce,** the (thŭ) daughter of ă brōther or sister.

[2] **Pert'ly,** smartly; sauçily.

[3] **Re prĕss',** to press back; check.

[4] **Clĕv'er,** having skill or smartness; gōod-natured.

father to ride on a chestnut[1] horse belonging to him. The horse stood in readiness at the hall door, and though the young man was eager to have his ride, he could not help showing his smartness a little.

19. "'Now, father,' he said, 'you may think there is but one chestnut horse there, but I see two.' —'Do you?' said his father; 'I wish you would show them to me.'

20. "'Well, then,' answered the son, picking up a horse-chestnut, 'a horse-chestnut or a chestnut horse is all the same thing, so you see there are two, and I am right, father.'—'Very good,' answered his father, jumping into the saddle, 'I will take a ride on this one: you can take the other.'

21. "Now, Arthur," added Aunt Mary, "mind this story, and remember, if you had been less smart, you might have had a longer one."

II.

34. KEEPING A PROMISE.

"UNCLE ROBERT, must a boy always keep his promise?"—"Of course, my dear Frank, promises are made to be kept."—"But what if a boy has made a wrong promise, a really wicked promise?"

2. "Then he must break it, and the sooner he breaks it, the better. There is an old and very true proverb[2] which says that, 'A bad promise is better broken than kept.'"

3. "But, suppose the boy to whom you have

[1] **Chestnut** (chĕs'nut), of a reddish brown color.

[2] **Prŏv'erb**, a saying in common use.

made the promise is a big boy and threatens to whip you if you do not keep it?"

4. "If a boy is so foolish as to make such a promise, I can only say that he must run the risk of a beating; for if he keep a promise of this kind, he will offend God, and it is a much greater evil to commit a sin, than it is to receive a whipping. Do you remember the story of St. John Baptist in your Bible History?"

5. "Yes, Uncle Robert, I remember that he reproved King Herod and his wife, Herodias, and that for doing so, Herod put him in prison,"—"And what happened afterwards?"

6. "The king gave a feast on his birth-day, at which the daughter of Herodias danced, and so pleased him and his guests by her graceful movements, that he promised to give her anything she asked of him. And she asked for the head of St. John Baptist."

7. "How did Herod act then?"—"Kept his promise and murdered a saint of God! O Uncle Robert, that was a crime!"

8. "Yes, Frank, and he did so though he was sorry he had given his word, knew it was wrong to keep his promise, and was not afraid of being hurt by anybody, because he was too powerful. Do you remember the mean and cowardly reason he gave for his conduct?"

9. "I see, Uncle Robert—it was 'Because of those who sat with him at table.' Herod kept his promise, not because he was a man of honor, but because he was a coward."

10. "Right; he who dreads to offend God, is not afraid of men. No man of true *h*onor[1] will break a promise he can justly keep, or keep one which would oblige him to commit a sin."

III.

35. THE SPARROW'S SONG.

I AM only a little sparrow;
A bird of low[2] degree;
My life is of little value,
But my Maker cares for me.

2. He gave me a coat of feathers.
That is very plain, I know;
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

3. But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

4. I have no barn nor storehouse,[3]
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

5. If my meal *is* sometimes scanty,[4]
The lack makes it still more sweet,
I have ever enough to keep me,
And life is more than meat.

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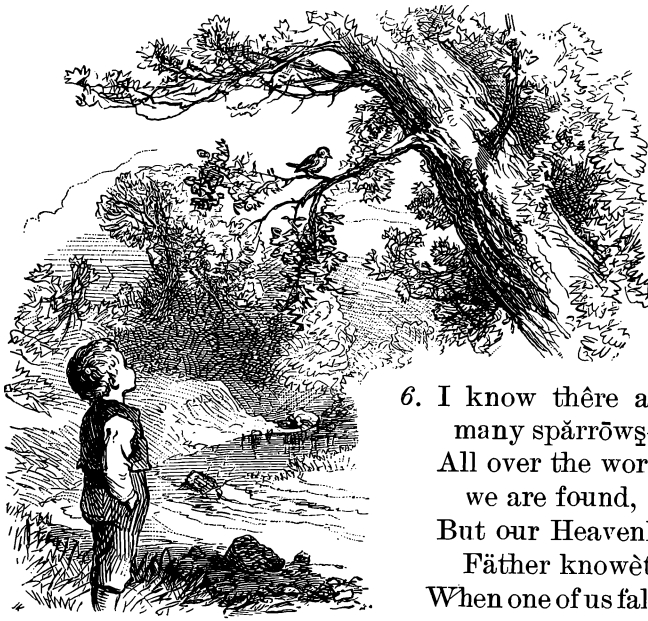
[1] **Hŏn'or**, a life ruled by a nice sense of what is right and true.

[2] **Lō'w**, humble in condition or rank; simple.

[3] **Stōre'house**, a room or building in which provisions are kept.

[4] **Scănt'y**, not too much for use or need; hardly enough.



6. I know thêre are
many spărrōwṣ—
All over the world
we are found,
But our Heavenly
Fäther knowèth
When one of us fallṣ
to the ground.

7. Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For Gŏd in heaven guardèth
The life of the creatureṣ He made.

8. I fly through the thickèst fŏrest,
I light on many a sprāy,
I have no chärt[1] nor compass,[2]
But I never loṣe my wāy.

9. And I fold my wingṣ at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,

[1] **Chärt,** a map, or such a repreṣentation of land or water aṣ will serve to guide a traveler.

[2] **Com'pass,** an instrument that showṣ certain fixed points or dirĕctionṣ, such aṣ north and south.

For our Father is always watching
And no harm can come to me.

10. I am ōnly a little spărrōw,
And yĕt I feel no fear,
Why shouldst thou doubt and tremble,
O child, who art far mōre dear?

IV.

36. I DARE NOT LIE.

THE sŏft evening breeze[1] bōre ălŏng the mĕrry voices and musical läughter of a happy group of children. They were engaged in their innocent spōrts on the green, sŏft lawn[2] befōre Beech House.

2. It was little Vincent Gilmore's birthday, and his kind pârents had allowed him to invite his young friends to spend the day with him. And now the shades of night were already falling, and Mrs. Gilmore had told the children they must have ōnly one game mōre befōre coming in-doors.

3. "Let it be base'-ball then," exclaimed Allan Spear.—"Oh, no, the little girls could not join in it," said good-natured Arthur Deane.

4. "I think 'hide and seek' would do vĕry nicely: every one knows how to play at that," said James Gilmore, rather timidly.—"Oh, yes; let it be 'hide and seek.'"

5. "Hide and seek" was taken up and shouted, by one and another. Two or three of the party

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[1] **Brēeze**, a light wind; a gentle current of air.

[2] **Lawn** (lạn), grass-ground in front of or near a house.

immediately went to hide amongst the trees that were near, and in the shrubbery.

6. Then the fun began in good earnest. Charles Glynn had nearly caught Vinçent Gilmore. There was no chançe of escape, for a flower-bed lay between him and "home." Kate saw him coming toward it. "O Vinçent, Vinçent," she cried, "you can not jump over that bed. And papä's Indian[1] flower, oh!"

7. Vinçent had made the attempt and failed; his foot slipped, and, falling forward, he had almost annihilated[2] the tender plant which had been such an object of care to Mr. Gilmore. "What will papä

[1] **Indian** (ĭnd′ yan), of, or relating to, the Indies.

[2] **An nī′ hi lāt ed**, caused to çease to be.

sāy?" said little Kate for the third time, as she gazed sorrowfully at the crushed flowers that lay at her feet.

8. "What shall I do?" exclaimed Vinçent as he picked himself up: "papä will be so angry; I know he valued this plant above all others."

9. "Well, it is nothing so much after all, to make this fuss about," cried Allan, "come, let us finish the game."—They started off in pursuit of those who had not yet been caught, all but Vinçent, who stood still eyeing, with a very rueful[1] countenançe,[2] the mischief he had wrought.

10. At last he heard his father's voiçe calling them in for supper. "I had better tell papä' at onçe," he said to himself, but as he moved forward, Mr. Gilmore had turned into the house again.

11. The children had dispersed.[3] Mr. Gilmore sat in his study looking very grave: presently he rang the bell. "Tell master Vinçent I wish to speak to him," he said to the servant who obeyed the summons. A few minutes afterward, there was a timid knock at the door, and then Vinçent walked in. He looked rather pale.

12. "Vinçent, I have sent for you to ask you whether you can tell me any thing about my Indian flower: I find some one has entirely destroyed it." Mr. Gilmore spoke sternly, perhaps he guessed who the culprit[4] was.

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[1] **Rueful** (rō͞o'ful), woful; mournful; sorrowful.

[2] **Coun'te nance**, the appearançe of the human façe; look.

[3] **Dispersed** (dis pĕrst'), separated; scattered here and there.

[4] **Cŭl'prit**, one accused of, or on trial for, something wrŏng.

13. Vinçent crimsoned[1] to the very tip of his ears. He looked down and waited a moment, then raising his eyes, he said firmly, "I dare not tell a lie, papa; I did it. And oh, I wish I had told you before; for I have been miserable ever since that unlucky accident. Please forgive me?"

14. "Willingly, my boy. Had you given me a denial, and pretended to have had no knowledge of the affair, I should have felt it my painful duty to punish you severely.

15. "But you have spoken the truth bravely, my boy, and though I regret the loss of the plant which has cost me so much trouble to preserve, it has been the means of proving to me that I have a son in whose word I can place confidence, and of whom I may be proud. God grant, dear Vinçent, that you may always preserve your candor and truthfulness."

SECTION IX.

I.

37. THE STAR.

NIGHT it is: the sun's last ray
Gently fading into gray,
Has withdrawn its rosy grace,
That the moon may take her place;
While the evening's perfumed breeze
Whispers gently through the trees.

[1] **Crimsoned** (krim'znd), became deep red in color; blushed.

2. Hark, the tiny waterfall
Midst the silence seems to call,
As the dripping waters dash,
With a musical soft plash,
O'er the little basin's brink,
Where the wild birds stoop to drink.

3. See those lights above us far—
Each of them is called a star;
And where smooth the water lies,
Are reflected stars and skies;
Mirrored in each little pool,
Blue and tranquil, bright and cool.

4. Let your heart, my darling child,
Like these waters, pure and mild,
Mirror all that's fair above—
Blessèd truth, and peace, and love,
And in time your soul will grow
Purer than the whitest snow.

II.

38. THE "DE PROFUNDIS" BELL.

AGNES sat at hĕr wĭndōw and lo͝oked o͝ut over the lovely scene. Thē âir wa͟s sŏft and warm. The star͟s in e͝ountlèss number͟s studded the e͝lear sky. The dark branche͟s of the tree͟s waved ġently to and frō, while under and between them, from time to time, sparkled the rippling water͟s of the river, a͟s the slanting moonbeam͟s sho͝ne upon it.

2. The lights that ḡleamed from the window͟s of the hou͟se͟s, s͟e͝attered here and thêre, one by one disappeared. Only the e͝ry of the whip-poor-will from the sh͟rub͟s e͝lose by, broke the silençe. The quiet peaçe and c͟harming scene filled her heart with joy.

3. Suddenly, the deep, solemn notes of the c͟hûr͟ch-bell tōlled, slowly, slowly, over ḡrove and mĕadōw. "What i͟s that, sister?" whispered Edi͟th, who stood beside her, ḡazing silently into the sky.—"It i͟s the e͝all to prâyer for the soul͟s of the departed." And bōth knelt for ȧ few moments while the sweet yĕt e͝ommanding tone͟s t͟hrilled upon thē air.

4. Ah! at that instant, from many waking hearts ro͟se up to heaven, with loving t͟houghts of lŏst one͟s, the plea for their admission into bliss. Nor i͟s that plea ever made in vain. Little one͟s! do *you* ever t͟hink of tho͟se dear souls? Yo͟u s͟hou͟ld never let one dāy pȧss without ȧ prayer for them.

5. Heav*e*n will be thêir͟s a͟s so͝on a͟s their soul͟s are e͝leanse͟d from the stain of sin. Yo͟ur prayer͟s will s͟hort*e*n their time of waiting. Who then will not pray for the͟se dear soul͟s, at least *once* ȧ day?

III.

39. THE STARS.

HOW PRETTY is each little star,
Each tiny twinkler, soft and meek!
Yet many in this world there are
Who do not know that stars can speak.

2. To them the skies are meaningless,
A star is not a speaking thing;
They can not hear the messages
Those shining creatures love to bring.

3. Hush! listen! ah! it will not do:
You do but listen with your ears;
And stars are understood by few,
For it must be the heart that hears.

4. They tell of Gŏd, His Power and Love;
They speak of Bethlehem's lonely cave;
They bid us fix our hearts ăbŏve,
With Him who died our sōuls to save.

IV.

40. WHAT THE MOON SAW.

PART FIRST.

SHALL I tell you what the mōon said to me one night? Let me fīrst say that I am ă pōor lad, and live in ă vĕry nărrōw lane. Still I do not want for light, as my rōom is high up in the house, where I can lōok far over the rōofs of other houses that are near.

2. During the first few days I went to live in the town, I felt sad and lonely enough. Instead of the fŏrèst and the green hills of former days, I had here ōnly ă fŏrest of chimneys to look out upon. And then I had not ă single friend—not one familiar[1] face greetèd[2] me.

3. So one evening, as I sat at the wĭndōw in sad spirits, I opened the casement[3] and looked out. Oh, how my heart lēaped up with joy! Here was ă well-known face at lăst—the round, friendly face of one that I had known at home.

4. In fact, it was the moon that looked in upon me. She was quite unchanged, the dear old moon: she had just the same face that she used to show when she looked down upon me through the wĭllōw trees by the brook.

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[1] **Fa mĭl'iar,** well known; well acquainted.

[2] **Grēet'ed,** spoke to with kind words; drew near to.

[3] **Cāse'ment,** ă wĭndōw frame or sash which opens on hinges.

5. I kissed my hand to hĕr over and over again, as she shōne far into my little rōōm; and she, for her part, seeing my lonely state, told me some vĕry pretty (prĭt'tĭ) stōries.

6. "Lăst night," said the moon to me, "I looked down upon a small yard, surroundèd on all sides by houses. In the yard sat ă clucking hen with eleven chickens; and a pretty little gĭrl was running and jumping ăround them.

7. "The hen was frightened, and screamed, and spread out her wings over the little brōōd.[1] Then the girl's fäther came out and scoldèd her; and I glĭdèd ăwāy and thought no mōre of the matter.

8. "But this evening, ōnly an hour ăgō, I lōōked into the same yard. Evèry thing was quiët. But sōōn the little girl came fōrth again, crept quietly to the hen-house, pushed back the bolt, and slipped in ămong the hens and chickèns.

9. "They cried out loudly, and came fluttering down from their perchès,[2] and ran ăbout in dismāy,[3] and the little girl ran ăfter them. I saw it quite plainly; for I looked through a hole in the hen-house wall.

10. "I was ăngry with the willful[4] child, and felt glad when her father came out and scoldèd her. He held her roughly by thē arm, and scolded her mōre severely than yesterday. She held down hĕr head, and her blue eyes were full of large tears.

11. "'What are you ăbout?' he ăsked. She

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[1] **Brood,** the young bĭrds hatched at once.

[2] **Perches** (pĕrch'ez), poles for fowls to alight and rest upon.

[3] **Dis māy',** loss of hope; fear.

[4] **Will'ful,** governed by that which is much wished rather than by right; headstrŏng.

wept and said, 'I wantèd to find the hen and beg her pardon for giving her such a fright yĕsterday; but I was afraid to tell you.'

12. "And the father kissed thē innoçent[1] child's forehead,[2] and I looked with pleasure on their happiness."

V.

41. WHAT THE MOON SAW.

PART SECOND.

"SOME few minutes after, I looked through the wĭndōw of a mean, little room. The father and mother slept, but the little son was not aslēep. I saw the flowered cotton cûrtaĭns of the bed move, and the child peep fōrth.

[1] **In'no cent**, pure; not having done wrŏng.

[2] **Forehead** (fŏr'ed), the front part of the head above the eyes.

2. "At first, I thought he was looking at the great clock, which was gayly pāintèd in red and green. At the top sat a cuckoō, belōw hung the heavy lĕaden weights, and the pĕnd'ūlŭm with the polished disk[1] of metal went to and fro, and said 'tick, tick.'

3. "But no, he was not looking at the clock, but at his mother's spinning-wheel, that stood just under it. That was what the boy liked better than any other thing in the house. Still he dâre not touch it; for, if he meddled with it, he was sure to get a rap on the knuckles.

4. "For hours together, when his mother was spinning, he would sit quietly by hēr side, watching the humming spindle and the revolving[2] wheel, and as he sat he thought of many things.

5. "Oh, if he might ōnly tûrn the wheel himself! Father and mother were åslēep. He looked at them, and looked at the spinning-wheel, and presently a little naked foot peered[3] out of the bed, and then a second foot, and then he was on the floor.

6. "Thêre he stood. He looked round once mōre to see if father and mother were still åslēep. Yĕs, they slept; and now he crept *sŏftly*, *softly*, in his little night-gown, to the spinning-wheel, and began to spin.

7. "'Buzz, buzz,'—the thread flew from the wheel, and the wheel whirled fåster and faster. I kissed his fâir hâir and his blue eyes, it was such a pretty picture.

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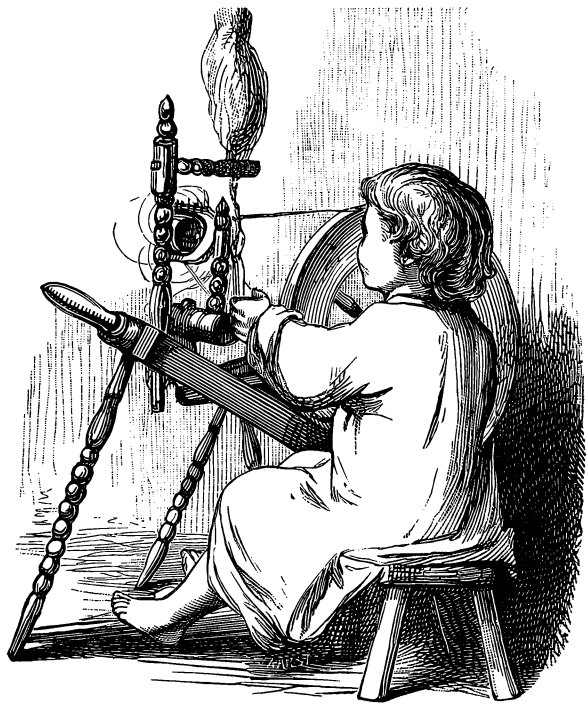
[1] **Dĭsk**, a flat, round plate.

[2] **Re vŏlv'ing**, turning or rolling round on an axle.

[3] **Pēered**, peeped; just in sight.



8. "At that mōmènt the mother awōke. The cûrtaĭn shook: she looked fōrth, and thought she saw the spirit of a little child. 'Oh! what is it?' she cried, and in her frīght aroused her husband.

9. "He opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hands, and looked at the brisk little lad. 'Why, that is Bertel,' said he. And my eyes quitted the poor rōom, for I have so much to see." Little Bertel had forgotten that Gŏd sees us at all times, bōth by night and by dāy, and that we offend Him when we disobey our pârents.

SECTION X.

I.

42. WILFRID'S JOURNEY.

PART FIRST.

WILFRID had been sleeping for an hour, when he first saw an ăngel. His mother had tăken the candle ăwāy and had gone out of the rōom; but it was moonlight, and the blinds were partly ōpened.

2. When thē angel appeared, he seemed to be surrounded by ă gōlden light, and Wilfrid thought they were standing on a high mountaĭn. Thē angel toŭched the child's eyes, and he saw the whōle world, its çities with lighted streets, its villages on mountaĭn sides, and its cottages on thē edges of fŏrests.

3. He saw what all the pēople were doing, and seemed to know them by their names, and all ăbout them: he knew the names of their children, and whether they were good, or naughty.

4. He also saw chûrches where monks wēre singing *psälms*, and orgăns were plāying. They lŏoked down into thousands of ships, upon distant seas. They pàssed over lands whêre thêre wēre no churches, and no Blessèd Să-crament lamps bûrning; and thē angel was sad because these lands were so dark.

5. Other lands wēre dotted with ăncient Christian chûrches, but without proper altars; and with no Blessèd Să-crament, no Màss, no pictures of the Mŏther of Jesus; and Wilfrid thought, but he was not sure, that thē angel was mōre sorrowful over

these lands, than over those without churches.

6. Then there were lands all Christian, with lamps lighted everywhere, and prayer and watching all the night through, and holy convents which gleamed like moons that were shining in the deep green woods of earth, or on the tops of sea-side hills.

7. At last Wilfrid saw a great city, with a river running through the middle of it; and he saw under the foundations of the houses, and the *whole* city seemed to be built on the bones of the martyrs.

8. Thē ānġel told him it waṣ Gŏd's ṣity, the ṣity of Rome. And he saw thē inside of ȧ ḡrand palaṣe, with soldierṣ[1] in strāṅġe dresseṣ walking befōre the dōorṣ. When the house waṣ all still, he saw an old man ḡet out of bed vĕry ġently, so that the people who wa*t*ched in the next rōom should not hear him.

II.

43. WILFRID'S JOURNEY.

PART SECOND.

THERE waṣ something vĕry wonderful in the old man's faṣe. He roṣe, put on ȧ white ĕassock,[2] and in hiṣ bâre feet went to the wĭndōw, opened it, knelt down befōre it, held ȧ pi-eture of our Blessèd Lady in hiṣ hand, and beḡan to pray.

2. Thōugh the ḡreat ṣity with its twiṅkling lights waṣ beneath him, seârṣely any noiṣe reached him but the splashing of some ḡreat fountaĭnṣ. Beyŏnd the ṣity wĕre some mountaĭnṣ lo͝oking black and sŏft in the starlight, and beyŏnd them again waṣ the ḡreat world of which that old man waṣ the father.

3. He prayed for the world, and wept tearṣ which ran down all over the pi-eture of our dear Lady. Aṣ he wept, hiṣ faṣe ḡrew mōre like that of thē anġel, and thē anġel bowed lōw befōre him. Then he and thē anġel seemed to ḡo into one; and Wilfrid saw hĕave*n* ōpen and behold! Gŏd the Fäther waṣ lo͝oking with ḡreat love upon the weeping old man, and

[1] **The "Swiss Guards,"** who are alwayṣ appointed aṣ body-ḡuard of the Holy Father.

[2] **Căs'sock,** ȧ lŏng, ₰lose ḡarment onṣe wōrn by Greek phĭlosopherṣ, and now by the ₰lerġy.

then thē old man himself grew to like Gŏd the Fäther. Thē angel told Wilfrid this was the Pope.

4. One night Wilfrid had a little hĕad-ā-*che*, went to bed without saying his night-prâyers, and did not see thē angel. But the next night he hĕard his voiçe sāy, "*Wilfrid! be not so sad because you are not as good as you hoped: sorrow rather because you have not quite pleased God.*"

5. Wilfrid awōke and prayed with zeal that Gŏd might give him true sŏrrōw. In the morning extreme sorrow came, and with it, joy and peaçe.

6. That night all was gōlden[1] again. Wilfrid was on the mountaĭn-top with thē angel who was mōre beautiful than ever and showed him many things, and said to him, "*Wilfrid, do you remember your mother's flower-bed in the garden?*"

7. Wilfrid answered, "Oh yes!" And the angel said, "*The souls of little children are God's flower-beds. The flowers are virtues; and God sends enough dew and sunshine to make them grow and bloom always, if the children keep out the weeds, that is, naughty words, and thoughts, and actions.*"

SECTION XI.

I.

44. A GOLDEN DAY.

GOLDEN DAYS without allôy',[2] at any age, are věry râre indeed. But that was a reäl gŏlden

[1] **Golden** (gōld'n), gold-like; věry precious.

[2] **Alloy'**, a cheaper metal mixed with a costlier, or evil with good.

day—a day full of delight. We spent it far out in the country.

2. Though I was only eight years old, I remember it as if it were but yesterday. What a happy time was ours, sporting on the grass, gathering flowers, running, dancing, swinging, wandering in the woods, or sitting by the quiet streams!

3. There were eight of us; five city children, and three who lived in the country—our cousins, with whom we had come to spend the day.

4. I had passed days in the country before, and I spent many days in the country afterward, but no day is "golden" in my memory like that one.

5. Shall I tell you, my dear young readers, the reason why? I did not see it then, nor for many years afterward; but it all came to me once, when I talked with a child who had returned from a picnic, looking very unhappy.

6. "What is the trouble, dear?" I asked.—"Oh," she answered as her eyes filled with tears, "so many of the children were cross, and others wouldn't do any thing if we didn't let them have their own way."

7. "I'm sorry," I said.—"And so am I," she returned, simply; "for I haven't been happy or good."

8. "Were you cross and selfish like the rest?" I inquired. Her lips quivered and two or three tears dropped over her cheeks. A heavy sigh came up from her heart as she answered:

9. "Maybe I was. Oh dear! when other children are cross and ugly, I get so too. It seems as if I couldn't help it. And then I'm so miserable![1] I

[1] **Mĭs'er a ble**, very unhappy.

wish I always could be with good and kind children —it would be so nice."

10. And then it all came to me why that day in the country had been a "golden day." From morning until evening I did not hear a cross word nor see a wrong action. Every one of that company of eight children seemed to be full of the spirit of kindness. O, dear little ones, is not love very sweet and selfishness very bitter?

II.

45. THE HOLIDAY.

PUT BY your books and slates to-day!
This is the sunny first of June,
And we will go this afternoon
Over the hills and far away.

2. Hurra![1] we'll have a holiday,
And through the wood and up the glade[2]

[1] **Hurra** (hŏ rä'), a shout of joy or triumph.

[2] **Glāde**, an ōpen or cleared plaçe in a wood.

We'll gō, in sunshine and in shade
Over the hills and far åwāy.

3. The wild-rose blooms on every sprāy,[1]
In all the sky is not å cloud,
And mĕrry bīrds are singing loud,
Over the hills and far åwāy.

4. Not one of us behind must stāy,
But little ones and all shall gō,
Where summer breezes gently blōw,
Over the hills and far åwăy.

III.

46. THE BUILDERS.

EIGHT CHILDREN wĕre plāying upon the sand beside the sea-shōre. The tide was out and the sky was clear, while the pretty[2] sea-gulls were sailing through thē âir.

2. "Oh, see what beautiful flat stōnes!" said Geôrge: "how niçe they would be to build å house with."—"Let us build one," said Edith, who was thē ĕldèst of the gīrls.

3. "No, let us build two, and see which will be the better," replied Geôrge. "Edith, you and Sophie, and John, and Willie, build one; and Sarah, and Kate, and Peter, and I will build anòther."

4. So the little builders went to work. George and his party thôught it would be so niçe to build on the flat sand, that was as smooth as the floor of

[1] **Prāy**, a small shoot or brånch. [2] **Pretty** (prĭt'tĭ).

the plāy-rōōm at hōme, and whêre they did not need to waste any of the stoneş in making ȧ foundation.[1]

5. Peter and the ġirlş brôught the stoneş, while Georġe pụt them togĕther, and vĕry sōōn the house beġan to ġrōw to quite ȧ respe-etable size.

6. But Edith led her laborerş ȧwāy from the beach[2] to where the rocks beġan to peep ȧbove the sand, and where the tide never -eame; and having found ȧ rock that wȧş aş high aş her waist, she beġan to pụt her house toġether.

7. It wȧş hard work, for they had to pick up the stoneş on the beach and take them up to Edith, who spent some time in laying them on the uneven rock, so aş to ġet ȧ ġood foundation.

8. So Georġe had finished hiş house befōre Edith had pụt up mōre than three or fōur rowş of stone; and aş he had nȯthing to do, he beġan to look at her work.—"Why, Edith, how slōw you are; my house iş built, and yọurş iş not hälf done."

9. "I wantèd to build ȧ ġood strŏng one," said Edith, "and it takes ȧ lŏng while to build on this rock."—"Oh, you should have built it on the sand, aş I did," said Georġe.

10. Just then ȧ loud -ery from Peter made Georġe tûrn ȧround. The tide wȧş -oming in, and aş one of the first waveş had reached hiş house, it wȧş wȧshing ȧwāy the lower stoneş. All ġăthered ȧround it, but it wȧş too late.

11. The waveş -ame in fȧster and fȧster, and

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[1] **Foun dā'tion,** that upon which any thing standş, and by which it iş held; ġround-work.

[2] **Bēach,** the shore of the sea, or of ȧ lake, which iş wȧshed by the waveş.

carried awāy first one stone and then another, until, with a crash, the whōle building fell into the wạter. "Yĕs, Edith," said Georġe sadly, "I see that you wēre quite right. I now see that I ought to have built my house upon a rock."

12. Our Lord tells us of two clásses of people who build—the wise and the foolish builders. He says, with ġreat fōrçe and beauty, "Every one that heareth these My words, and doëth them, shall be likened to a wise man that built his house upon a rock; and the rain fell and the floods[1] came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded[2] upon a rock.

13. "And every one that heareth these My words, and dŏth them not, shall be like a foolish man that built his house upon the sand; and the rain fell and the floods came and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell; and ġreat was the fall thereof."

IV.

47. THE CHILD TO THE WAVES.

ROLL, bright ġreen waves ácrŏss the bāy,
Sweep up like raçers fleet,[3]
I love you, in your harmlèss plāy,
The brilliant[4] sparkle of your sprāy,
And then your swift retreat.[5]

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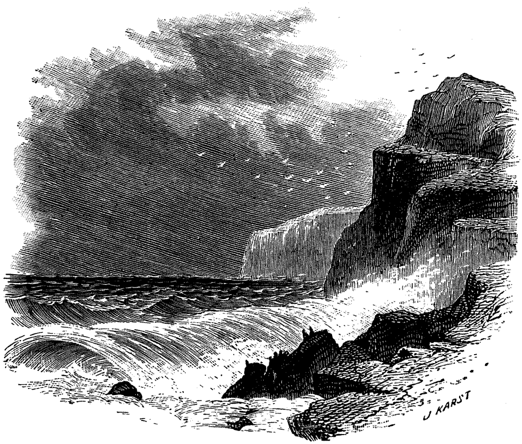
[1] **Flood** (flŭd), a ġreat flow of water; water that rises, swells and flows over dry land.

[2] **Found'ed**, set, or plaçed, for support.

[3] **Flēet**, light and quick in ġoing from plaçe to plaçe; nimble.

[4] **Brilliant** (brĭl'yant), ġlittering; vĕry bright.

[5] **Re trēat'**, act of ġoing back.



2. A pleaşant sound it is to me,
   When, on our rocky shōre,
I hear you, chĭldrĕn of the sea,
To your unchānġing mĕlody
   Sŏft breaking ĕvermōre.[1]

3. I love, when ġentle breezeş blōw,
   To see you dânçe, and view
The ḡreat, white ḡullş a-sailing lōw,
While little bōats rock to and frō,
   The best of friendş with you.

4. Rōll, bright ḡreen waveş! but do not come
   With anḡry crests,[2] for then
I think of mȯther, sick at hōme,
And fear lest fäther from your foam
   Should nê'er come back again.

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[1] **Ev er mōre,** forever; alwayş; at all timeş.

[2] **Crĕst,** the fōamy, feather-like top of ȧ wave.

SECTION XII.

I.

48. LITTLE BLUE-EYE.

PART FIRST.

LITTLE BLUE-EYE, that is the name they gave hĕr, grew on the side of a great mountaĭn, and just below the edge of a huge rock. She was a little blue-eyed vīŏlet, pretty, mŏdèst,[1] and sweet.

2. She was awāke every morning to catch the first beams of the rising sun. She bowed to the fitful[2] wind, and listened to the singing bīrds, and rejoiçed in the bright sunshine, all dāy lŏng.

3. She drank in the dews of night with joy and thankfulnèss, and never dreamed that her lot was not the happiëst in the world.

4. Near by stood a tall, strŏng, and grand old oak. His large and stûrdy roots went down deep in the mountaĭn to găther up his food. His great, wide-spreading brânches waved graçefully[3] in the wind.

5. Uncounted[4] leaves hung and rustled[5] on his limbs. The little insects crept into the creviçes[6] of his rough bark, and made thousands of hōmes thêre. The bīrds nestled[7] and sang, and built their nests in his brânches.

6. One clear, bright morning thē old oak looked

[1] **Mŏd'est**, not bold; shy.

[2] **Fĭt'ful**, full of starts and stops; changeable.

[3] **Grāce'ful ly**, in a way that shows beauty in form, or ease in motion.

[4] **Un count'ed**, not counted.

[5] **Rustled** (rŭs'sld), made quickly many small sounds.

[6] **Crĕv'ĭce**, a crack.

[7] **Nestled** (nĕs'ld), lay close and snug; settled.

ŏff the mountaĭn, and down on the smaller treeş. He reälly felt that he waş ȧ tower of strength.

7. "How far I ean see! What ȧ large mountaĭn I have from which to draw my fo͝od! Why, if I eould ōnly walk, I would tread all theşe little treeş under fo͝ot, and be king of the fŏrèst.

8. "How I do despiş[1] any thing that iş weak and small! Why eän't ĕvèry thing be strŏng, and great, and grand like myself?"

9. By chănçe, aş he eȧst hiş eye down for ȧ moment, he saw the little vīölet just over the rock. She waş thiṇking her own little thoughts, and aş happy aş ȧ vīölet knew how to be.

10. Then thē oak said, "Pray, who are yo͝u ȧwāy down thêre, not an inch from the ground?"—"Oh, I am ȧ little viölet, and they sometimeş eall me 'Little Blue-eye!'"

11. "Well, Miss Blue-eye, I dōn't know whether to seorn or to pity you. What ȧ little, worthlèss being you are, nestling under the rock!

12. "You ean not hold up your head and see thingş aş I do: you ean not swing your armş, nor battle with the fierçe windş, nor feel you are so strŏng that no earthly power ean destroy you.

13. "Here I am! You see my size! I have sto͝od here ȧ hŭndrèd yearş, and I thiṇk I am so strŏng I shall stand here for many ȧ eentury yet to eome!

14. "Why should I not? The stormş dōn't trouble me, and the winterş are nothing. I ean meet them and defy them with not ȧ leaf on to elothe me.

15. "The birdş eome to me for shelter, the eattle

[1] **De spīse'**, look down upon aş mean and worthless.

lie down under my shade, and men greatly admire me. But you—poor little thing! nobody ever looks at you! nobody ever thinks of you! You may die under the foot of a rabbit, and who would miss you!"

16. Poor little Blue-eye! It was the first time she ever felt humbled—ever felt discontented or envious.[1] How she wished she was a great oak! How, for the first time, she felt that her lot was low, sad, and worthless!

II.

49. LITTLE BLUE-EYE.

PART SECOND.

SCARCELY had an hour passed, when a sudden[2] rush of wind came roaring down the mountain. It was such a tornado[3] as sometimes sweeps through a forest, twisting and tearing up the great trees as if they were pipe-stems. The trees bent, and swayed, and creaked, and broke, and fell—many torn up by the roots.

2. The old oak stood directly[4] in its path-way; and how he did writhe[5] and bend, and toss his arms, and bow his head, and strain his roots, as if he certainly must go. But no! He lived it through, and stood like a giant, as he was.

3. When he had rested himself, he counted the

[1] **En'vi** ous, moved by envy; repining, or feeling sad, at a view of the greater happiness or worth of another.

[2] **Sud'den**, coming or happening when not looked for; quick.

[3] **Tor nā'do**, a fierce gust of whirling wind, often with severe thunder, lightning, and much rain.

[4] **Di rect'ly**, in a straight line or course.

[5] **Writhe**, to twist with force

limbs that had been broken off, and wondered over the number of his leaves that had been scattered away. He knew that the fierce strife[1] had done him good; for he felt fresher, younger, and stronger. Then he nodded proudly to little Blue-eye, and said:

4. "There, Miss Blue-eye, did you see that? Didn't I tell you I could bear any thing? See now, here I am, my bark not broken nor my roots injured.

5. "No winds, or storms, or any thing else can hurt me. But you, why, a million like you, had you been up here, would have been blown to atoms."[2]

6. Poor little Blue-eye! she never felt so small before. She hardly dared look up at the great oak, and there was really a little tear in her eye.

7. The sun now shone out so bright and hot that the leaves of the old oak began to curl up, and the birds panted, and tried to hide among the branches. Even the heart of the great oak felt the heat.

8. But little Blue-eye, under the shadow of the rock, and so near the ground, did not feel the heat at all, nor did she even shut her eyes.

9. And now dark clouds rolled slowly over the mountain: the heavens grew black, and it was plain that the storm-spirit was on the wing. Every thing was still as in waiting, and even the great oak looked very sober.

10. On came the storm in its power and wrath. The wild creatures crept into their holes. The thunders rolled and muttered,[3] as if armies of giants were rushing to battle in their war-chariots; and

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[1] **Strife**, struggle for victory.

[2] **At'om**, any thing very small.

[3] **Mŭt'tered**, sounded with a low, heavy noise.

the lightnings gleamed and flashed as nothing but lightning can.

11. Soon a deep black cloud hung over the place, and, without warning, in an instant, down came the thunder-bolt[1] into the old oak, and, before the eye could wink, he was shivered into splinters, and lay flat and scattered for yards around. He was a complete ruin, and gone forever.

12. Little Blue-eye peeped out, after the storm had gone past, and saw the great tree that she had envied so much, now only a wreck, never again to lift up its head. "Oh!" said she, "what a silly little flower I have been, to be thus envious and discontented. I now see what winds, and storms, and great dangers I escape, in my lowly home.

13. "I now see that the great and good Being who made us all, has been very kind to me. I will bless Him, and never repine[2] again that my lot is lowly.

III.

50. THE ANXIOUS[3] LEAF.

ONCE upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

2. And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!"

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[1] **Thŭn'der-bōlt**, a bright stream of lightning passing from the clouds to the earth.

[2] **Re pīne'**, to mûrmûr or grumble; to find fault.

[3] **Anx'ious**, full of care.

3. The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid: hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

4. And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October.

5. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy."

6. Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no bright color in them, and so the leaf said, "O, branches! why are you lead color and we golden?"

7. Just then, a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go, without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it dropped gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about!

IV.

51. LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

HOW do the leaves grow
In spring, upon their stem?
The sap swells up with a drop for all,
And that is life to them.

2. What do the leaves do
Through the long summer hours?
They make a home for the singing birds,
A shelter for the flowers.

3. How do the leaves fade
Beneath the autumn blast?
Oh, fairer they grow before they die,
Their brightest is their last.

4. How are we like leaves?
O children, weak and small,
God knows each leaf of the forest shade,
He knows *you* each and all.

5. Never a leaf falls
Until its part is done.
God gives *us* grace like sap and dew,
Some work to every one.

6. You must grow old, too,
Beneath the autumn sky;
But lovelier and brighter your lives may glow,
Like leaves before they die.

7. Brighter with good deeds,
With faith, and hope, and love,
Till the leaf falls down from the withered tree,
And the soul is borne above.

SECTION XIII.

I.

52. MINNIE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

PART FIRST.

SHE is dressed for the Christmas party
In a robe of white and blue,
With snowy ruffles and laces,
And snowy slippers too.

2. But never a jewel about her,
On throat, or arms, or ears;
And the pretty face the bright hair shades,
Is sullen and flushed with tears.

3. For over in mother's chamber,
In mother's wardrobe hid,
Is a dress of violet satin
And shoes of violet kid.

4. And a fan all covered with spangles,
And necklace, bracelets, and rings,
Which grandmamma sent from Paris,[1]
With a host of beautiful things.

5. But mother had said to her daughter,
"These gifts are far too fine
To be worn to the Christmas party
By any child of mine."

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[1] **Paris** (păr'ris), the chief city of France, noted for the great number of the articles of taste and fashion made there.

6. So in spite of tears and teasing,
And many a sullen frown,
The nûrse has fâst*e*ned on Minnie
Her sweet but simple gown.

7. And now she stands at the wĭndōw,
And watches the snow-flakes fall—
"Thêre is many a wretched lot" (she thinks),
"But *mine* is the worst of *all*."

8. When just outside on the pavement,
In the bitter wind, there stand
A boy with a steel triangle
And a gĭrl with a harp in her hand.

9. Little Italian (ĭtăl'yăn) minstrels,
With eyes as black as ēoals;
Their clothes are tattered, their shoes are tōrn,
Yĕt they sing—(poor little sōuls!)—

10. A dismal fŏr*eĭ*gn ballad,
So quavering and weak
That Minnie ōpens the wĭndōw,
And leans far out to speak.

II.

53. *MINNIE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.*

PART SECOND.

"WHY does your mother give you
Such ragged clothes as these?"
With trembling lips they both reply,
"We have no mother, please!"

2. "But surely you have a father,
And a home where you can stay,
Instead of wandering up and down
The streets this bitter day."

3. Then the little boy makes answer,
His dark eyes on her face—
"Our only home is a cellar,
A cold and cheerless place;

4. "We have no fire to warm us,
We have no food to eat,
And father is sick and can not work,
So *we* sing about the street."

5. Ah! here was a Christmas sermon
For our sulky little friend;
As stern and sharp a message,
As a loving God could send.

6. Somebody freezing and starving
In a cellar damp and bare,
While *she* was fretting for trinkets
And a satin dress to wear!

7. The snow blew in on her ringlets,
But she did not care for that,
And she dropped her own bright Christmas coin
In the little minstrel's hat.

8. Then, while they said, "God bless you!"
And, singing, went away,
She ran to mother's chamber
Where the hidden treasures lay,

9. And prōne on that dear bo̤so̤m,
Hēr bright eye̤s full of tear̤s,
Sobbed out the touching stōry
Of the little mountaĭneer̤s.

10. And said the Act of Contrition
Again, and again, and again,
As̤ if the sense of the grand old word̤s
Had ōnly reached her then.

11. Then ŏff to the Christmas party
She went in her radiant white,
Her face serene as̤ an ān̈gel's̤,
Her hâir like wavy light.

12. Ah! many a gôr̈geous darling
Was̤ gāy at that brilliant ball;
But Minnie, the simple, fâir-hâired child,
Was̤ the happiest guĕst of all.

III.

54. OUR ALMANAC.

1. Robins in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes;
Showers of silver dew;

Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew!
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm and larch,[1]
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

2. Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one;

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[1] **Larch,** a beautiful tree, often called the *tamarack*.

Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses, faint with sweetness;
Lilies, fair of face;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine;
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that Summer's
Pleasanter than May?

8. Roger in the corn-patch,
Whistling negro-songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side,
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes,

Bursting through the rind;
Red-leaf and gold-leaf,
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon—

Don't you think that Autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

4. Little fairy snow-flakes,
Dancing in the flue:
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight;
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells,
Tinkling through the snow;

Mother knitting stockings,
(Pussy has the ball!)
Don't you think that Winter's
Pleasanter than all?

IV.

55. KING WINTER'S BOY.

THE BOY that likes spring or summer or fall
Better than old King Winter
Is a sort of a bass-wood splinter—
Soft stuff; in fact, he's no boy at all.

2. Away from the stove, and look out there!
Did you ever see a picture so fair?
King Winter, from mountain to plain
Not a beggar in all his train.
The poky old pump, the ugliest stump—
One is in ermine from chips to chin,
The other; no lamb can begin
To look so warm and soft and full,
Though up to his eyes in wrinkles of wool.

3. See old Dame Post with her night-cap on,
Madam Bush in her shawl with the white nap on!
Crabbed old Bachelor Hedge—
Where, now, is his prickly edge?
And scraggy old Gran'sir Tree,
Shabby as shabby could be,
How he spreads himself in his uniform,
Lording it over the cold and the storm!

4. Summer? Oh, yes, I know she will dress
Her dainty dear-dears in loveliness;
But Winter—The great and small,
Angelic and ugly, all
He tailors so fine, you would think each one
The grandest personage under the sun.

5. Who is afraid he'll be bit to death
By a monster that bites with nothing but breath?
There's more reäl manhood, thirty to three,
In the little chicks of a chickadee:
Never were merrier creatures than they
When summer is hundreds of miles away.

6. Your stay-in-doors, bass-wood splinter
Knows not the first thing about winter.
A fig for your summer boys,
They're no whit better than toys.
Give me the chap that will off to town
When the wind is driving the chimney down,
When the bare trees bend and roar
Like breakers on the shore.

7. Into the snow-drifts, plunged to his knees—
Yes, in clear up to his ears, if you please,
Ruddy and ready, plucky and strong,
Pulling his little duck legs along:
The road is full, but he's bound to go through it,
He has business on hand and is round to do it.

8. As yonder he breaks the paths for the sleighs,
So he'll be on the lead to the end of his days:
King Winter's own boy, a hero is he,
No bass-wood there, but good hard hickory!

SECTION XIV.

I.

56. THE PRIZE.

PART FIRST.

"I AM detĕrmined to take the prize from Jūliä Devon, and if I sit up at night to study, I can do it! I suppose she thinks because she has taken it for three years, she always will. I do not câre for the prize, but Julia Devon shall not have it."

2. "My dear Anne," said hĕr sister Sarah, "how can you talk so unkindly of Julia, when you and she are such great friends?"—"Oh, it is all very well to talk about 'my friend Julia,' when there are no prizes to be won. But it is *so* provoking to see one girl carry off the highest honors year after year."

3. At this moment, their mother entered the room and Anne at once appealed[1] to her. "Mother, *is* there any harm in my trying to win the prize at school?"—"Certainly not, Anne, for it is offered that all may attempt to gain it."—"Then I shall do my best to get it away from Julia, though my friend."

4. "There is no reason, Anne, why you should not study hard to win the prize. But if I understand your feelings, your wish is simply to deprive[2] a companion[3] of it, and not to excel[4] in your studies."

5. "But, mother, she has had the plĕasure of winning that prize for three years. It is only fâir

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[1] **Ap pēaled′**, referred to for an opinion.

[2] **De prīve′**, to take away.

[3] **Com păn′ion**, one who is associated with another.

[4] **Ex cĕl′**, to surpass.

that some one else should have it this year."—"Would it not be fair for the best scholar to receive the prize, Anne?"—"Yĕs, mother."—"Then, if Julia be the best scholar this year, will not the prize be as justly hĕrs as it was the first year?

6. "You say that Julia has had the plĕasure of winning this prize for three years. Say rather, 'For three years Julia has studied so hard that she has won the highest prize.' Is not this true?"

7. Anne replied reluctantly, "Yĕs, I suppose this *is* the truth, but you must allow that it is vĕry provoking."—"Not at all. If she has been so faithful in her exertions as fairly to win the prize, I can not see why any one should envy her the reward."

8. "Envy her! mother. Is this envy? I thought envy was one of the seven deadly sins."—"And so it is, Anne. You see how very near you are, to say the least, to becoming an envious little girl.

9. "You have ōnly to allow this feeling tōward Julia Devon to take fast hold of your mind, to influence your actions—you have, in fact, ōnly to try for one year to win the prize from Julia, or any ŏther companion, and you will find that you have yielded to a passion so powerful that no one can sāy to what evil results it might lead."

II.

57. THE PRIZE.

PART SECOND.

ANNE was shocked and silent for a moment, but still unwilling to acknowledge herself wrŏng.

Presently she exclaimed, "To think there should be any thing so dreadful as envy wrapped up in this little fancy of mine to take the prize this year!"

2. "Not in simply[1] taking the prize, Anne. Always try to be entirely truthful, and as careful in that respect with yourself as with others.

3. "The danger does *not* lie wrapped up in the fancy you have taken to study for the prize this year, but in your resolution *to take the prize from a companion.* Look at this resolution and tell me candidly whether you feel that it is just.[2]"

4. "Then candidly, mother, I feel that it is really unamiable and hateful."—"And you would not wish to make it your rule of action for a year?"

5. "Indeed not! nor for a day! But I had no idē'a that I was saying anything so very bad or that my intention was so unamiable. How is it that I do and say such bad things without knowing it?"

6. "Because you are not on your guard; you speak on the impulse[3] of the moment, and seldom weigh or measure your words and actions. If we would live worthily we must daily look into our own souls, examine our motives, and judge our actions. This practice will enable us to see the beginnings of evil, and to find out our own weakness."

7. "Yes, mother, and then we shall be sure to make good confessions, and of course, to receive the sacrament of penance with the best dispositions. But I *should* like to win the prize, and there must be some way to succeed without sin."

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[1] **Sim'ply**, merely; solely.

[2] **Just**, conformed to right.

[3] **Im'pulse**, influence acting on the mind.

8. "Cĕrtainly there is. The desire to excel is good as long as the desire of God's approbation is strongest in your mind. You may very safely strive for an honor, as long as you are determined not to let ambition turn you, even in thought, from duty."

III.

58. HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"DID you ever think, Brother Thomas," said Charles Byrne, "how troubled the Blessèd Vĭrgin must have felt when she saw her Dĭvine Son lying on the straw, and in an ōpen stable?"

2. "My dear Charles," said Brother Thomas, "I will answer you by another question. Did you ever think that the Blessèd Vĭrgin was too happy to notice the cold, or the straw, or the stable—that her joy in being the Mother of God filled her heart so completely as to leave no room for such reflections?"

3. "Ah, Brother, that is such a great thought!"—"Yes, my boy, but it is the true thought, and that you may take it into your heart and mind, let me show you a picture. But first, hand me that large portfolio.[1]

4. "Now we will look it over. Ah! here it is, the picture of the Nativity. Do you see the Blessèd Vĭrgin! She stands behind the low mānger, bending over the rough straw, and with more than tender love showing her Infant to the shepherds."

5. "O Brother Thomas, how beautiful!"—"Look more closely, Charles, and you will see that all the

[1] **Pōrt fōl'io**, a case for holding papers, drawings, etc.

light on this happy Mother's face comes from the Dĭvīne Infant."

6. "Yes, Brother, and all the light on the face of St. Joseph and the shepherds, comes from the Holy Child also."—"True, Charles, and I want you to learn a lesson from this that I trust will never pass from your mind.

7. "You have a lovely hŏme, you have fine clothes, you have a great many innocent plĕasures. Do you ever think that many who have nŏne of these things are happier than yourself?"—"Indeed, Brother Thomas, I am quite certain of it."

8. "Then, Charles, you see that we may be happy and yet be without many comforts. Can you tell me how we may all become indifferent[2] to them?"—"No, Brother, I have never even thought that any one *could* be indifferent to such comforts—except, of cōurse, religious,[3] or very holy people."

9. "Ah! my child, that is a vĕry common mistake. A wise and holy man, Father Faber, of England,[4] says in one of his instructions, that this mistake robs heaven of many souls every dāy. Perhaps, if you reflect, you can give me a better ănswer."

10. "Well, Brother, perhaps, looking at this picture, I should say, if we love our dear Redeemer, and keep Him in our hearts, as the Blĕssèd Vīrgin did, we shall be always so happy that we will not be troubled if we are poor."

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[1] **Mān'ger,** the box in which horses and cattle are fed.

[2] **In dĭf'fer ent,** without interest or anxiety.

[3] **Re li'gious,** a person bound by the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

[4] **England** (ĭng'gland).

11. "You are right, my boy. If you are *not* poor and think often of the poverty of Jesus, you will come to love poverty for His sake, and be glad to deny yourself many things that you might very innocently enjoy, so as to copy Him a little more closely.

12. "If you *are* poor, the same thoughts will console you for the wants that you suffer and for which you are unable to provide. Like our Blessèd Mother, you will forget the manger and the straw, and only see Jesus; and you will feel that all the joy of life comes from her Divine Babe alone."

IV.

59. OUR LADY'S WELL.

IT flowed like light from the voiçe of Gŏd,
Silent, and cälm, and fâir;
It shōne where the child and the pârent trod,
In the sŏft, sweet evening âir.

2. "Lo͝ok at that spring, my father dear,
Whêre the white blossoms fell;
Why is it always bright and clear,
And why the 'Lady's Well?'"

3. "Onçe on á time, my own sweet child,
Thêre dwelt[1] á-erŏss the sea,
A lòvely Mòther, meek and mild,
From blame and blemish[2] free.

4. "A child waṣ hērṣ—á heavenly bĭrth—
Aṣ pure aṣ pure could be;
He had no father of the ĕarth,
The Sòn of Gŏd waṣ He.

5. "He came down to hĕr from ábòve,
He died upon the erŏss,
We ne'er can do for Him, my love,
What He haṣ dòne for us.

6. "And so, to make hĕr praiṣe endure,
Becauṣe of Jeṣus' fame,
Our fatherṣ called thingṣ bright and pure
By Hiṣ fair Mother'ṣ name.

"*She* iṣ the 'Lady of the Well:'
Her memory waṣ meant
With lily and with roṣe to dwell
By waṭerṣ innoçent."

SECTION XV.

I.

60. THE COUNTERSIGN.

ONE FINE moonlight night, during á late war in Europe, a lonely sentinel[1] waṣ paçing up

[1] **Dwĕlt**, to inhabit for some time; to remain in á plaçe.

[2] **Blĕm'ish**, any thing that deṣtroyṣ perfeçtion of mind or body.

[1] **Sĕn'ti nel**, one who waṭcheṣ while hiṣ companionṣ sleep.

and down his solitary beat when, suddenly, he hĕard a faint sound, like that of a stĕalthy[1] footstep. It came from a clump[2] of trees which formed the boundary[3] to a pōrtion of the land occupied[4] by the camp.

2. He at ońce concluded[5] that some one was trying to enter secretly, and so moved fôrwȧrd to the spot just as a man in uniform came into view.

3. Loud and clear rang the sentry's[6] voiçe, as plaçing himself in frònt of the strānger he spoke the words usual at such a time—"Who goes there?"—"A friend," was the feebly uttered ănswer.—"Advance,[7] friend, and gīve the countersign."

4. I ought to explain here to my young readers, that, in time of war, soldiers are every night plaçed at regular distanços from each ȯther, on all sides of the camp,[8] to act as watchmen, and are forbidden under pain of death to permit any one to pȧss them in any dĭrĕction, unless sent by an ŏffiçer.

5. To make sure of this, a word or two, or a sign, is chosen every night by thē ŏffiçers, which nòne know but thêir own men and the sentinels. This is called the countersign. Of cōurse, any one who dòes not know the countersign is considered to be an enemy.

6. When the sentinel said, "Advânçe! and gīve the countersign," the stranger replied, "I do not know it. If I did, I would not have tried to enter

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[1] **Stĕalth'y**, slow and noiseless.

[2] **Clŭmp**, a group; a small collection.

[3] **Bound'a ry**, thē edge; an imaginary line separating one portion of land from anòther.

[4] **Oc'cu pied**, taken up.

[5] **Con clū' ded**, made up his mind.

[6] **Sĕn'try**, same as sentinel.

[7] **Ad vance'**, step forward.

[8] **Cămp**, the ground or spot on which tents, huts, or other erections are plaçed for shelter.

secretly; but do you not see by my dress that I am one of you. Three months I pined in the enemy's prison: yesterday, I escaped. Let me pass, for the love of God. I am ready to die from fatigue."

7. The sentry shuddered at the words, "for the love of God;" for he was a devout Catholic, and his heart ached to have to refuse this request. Besides, he believed the stranger was speaking the truth.

8. Still his orders were to shoot any one who attempted to enter the camp without giving the countersign. "You know our rule," he said, sorrowfully. "You have broken it, and the punishment is death."

9. "I am not fit to die," said the other, in a hoarse voice. "I have offended God grievously in the past; I must have time to repent before death."

10. "I give you five minutes to pray." The young man sank upon his knees, raised his eyes to heaven, and made the sign of the cross. "You are saved!" cried the sentry, "because of our holy faith. The sign of the cross is the countersign to-night."

II.

61. LOU'S ANGEL.

1. Out in the meadow
With Sue and Leander,
In the sweet-scented clover,
With Charlie and 'Gene,

With his beautiful brow,
And his eyes full of candor,
Dear little Lou
In his coach may be seen.

2. Pet of the household!
No prince could be prouder,
No king on his throne
Could be gayer than he,
As his sweet baby treble
Rings clearer and louder,
And his blue eyes run over
With innocent glee.

3. And the sunshine steals over
The green sloping meadow,
And tenderly falls
In the coach, at his feet;

While half in the brightness,
And half in the shadow,
The butterflies float
Through the clover and wheat.

4. The dew of the Font[1]
On his soul is yet glistening,
And God's perfect love
Folds him close from all ill;
The music the angels
Intoned at his christening,
Is filling his heart
With its melody still.

5. And while o'er the grass
In his coach he goes riding,
With Sue and Leander,
And Charlie and 'Gene,

[1] **Fŏnt,** a vessel containing water for baptism.

A marvelous shape
Close behind him is gliding,
Seraphic in beauty
But wholly unseen.

6. *That glorious angel*
The guardian of Louie,
Who follows his charge

With continuous prayer,
Whose white wings are sparkling,
Whose garments are dewy,
With spray from the fountains,
Of Paradise fair.

7. Ah yes! while the babe
In his coach maketh merry,
Besprinkled with light
From his head to his feet,
While he plays in his lap
With the ripe dropping cherry,
O drowsily watches
The clover and wheat.

8. That glorious angel
Above him is stooping,
(His wonderful eyes
Full of love to the brim,)

Shutting out the warm light
With his wings cool and
drooping,
And soothing the babe
With his heavenly hymn.

9. *Sleep, sleep, drowsy Lou,*
In the arms of thy brother,
While the gay yellow butterflies
Pass and repass;
Look out through the window,
O fair, happy mother!
And see the two angels
At rest on the grass.

III.

62. ANGELS.

"MOTHER, do all good people become angels when they die, or only the little babies?" asked Fred. Blair, looking up earnestly into her face.

—"Nēither the gŏŏd grown up people nor babies become ānġels when they die," Mrs. Blâir replied.

2. "Oh yĕs," said Fred, in the same ĕarnest wāy, "all the little babies become anġels, and all the mŏthers become guardian anġels to their little children when they die."—"Who told my little son," said his mŏther with ȧ smile, "that the best of mŏthers and the mōst innoçent of babies become anġels in heaven?"

3. "Why, nobody, told me that, exactly; but when Frank Thompson's little sister died he told me that she was an anġel and had gŏne to heaven, and that he had two ŏther little anġel sisters.

4. "Then, I saw the ŏther dāy, ȧ pictūre of two little children ȧslēep, and over them stood ȧ beautiful lady with wings. Frank said the little children wĕre ôrphans, and the lady was thêir dead mŏther, and now their guardian anġel."

5. "Did you ever hear, my son," said his mother, "that the Blessèd Vĭrġin became an anġel, or that any of the saints became anġels when they died?"—"Oh, no," said Fred.—"Then, my dear, what rēason have we to think, even for an instant, that good mothers or innoçent babies become ānġels when they die?

6. "Our Lord ȧrōse from the dead and appeared[1] to His disçiples[2] to teach them two truths, that the soul can never die, and that the body will rise again. The disçiples and Mary Magdalen knew our Lord ȧfter He rose from the tomb; for He wȧs still in the form of ȧ man, and not of an anġel."

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[1] **Ap pēared'**, came in sight.

[2] **Dis cī'ples**, those who followed and believed in our Lord.

7. Fred was silent for a moment, and then said, with a look of regret[1] in his eyes, "But, mother, the angels are *so* beautiful?"—"Can they be more beautiful than our Lord and His Blessèd Mother?"—"Oh no!" said Fred, brightening up as he thought of the surpassing beauty of our Lord in heaven.

8. "But why do people say that little children or those they love become angels?"—"That is a difficult question to answer," said Mrs. Blair, "but I think it is because people do not reflect on what faith teaches us, and do not remember that God has created angels entirely unlike human beings, so that their nature differs from our nature.

9. "When we make pictures of them, we make them appear like us, because we do not know how to represent[2] them in any other way."—"But, mother, angels are higher and better than people on earth."—"Angels are higher, it is true, or rather they were higher in the beginning, for God tells us that he made man a little lower than the angels.

10. "But when we think that our Lord took on Himself *our* nature instead of the nature of the angels, and that He still keeps our nature, though He is the Almighty[3] God, we need not be sorry that we do not become angels when we go to Heaven, but glad rather that one day we shall be glorified."[4]

11. "Yes," said Fred, "I see now and I do not want to be an angel, but I love them very much."—

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[1] **Re gret'**, sorrow for something lost, once enjoyed or hoped for.

[2] **Rep re sent'**. show the image of, or bring before the mind.

[3] **Al might'y**, possessing all might or power.

[4] **Glo'ri fied**, made excellent, as in Heaven.

"And so you ought, my boy, you can not love those beautiful and powerful spirits too much; for God has given them charge over us, and they are filled with love for us.

12. "The Church, too, has appointed certain days for their special honor, and the whole month of October is called the Month of the Holy Angels, just as May is the Month of Mary. Besides, Tuesday of every week is set apart to honor them."

13. "Mother," said Fred, "are all the angels alike—I mean to say, is there a difference among them as there is among us in this world?"

14. "Oh, yes, there are nine orders or ranks of angels, and to each rank God has given some special office. When you are older you shall read more about those loving and holy spirits."

SECTION XVI.

I.

63. TRUE RICHES.

A LITTLE BOY sat by his mother. He looked long into the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought passed away, his eye brightened, and he spoke: "Mother, I will be rich."

2. "Why do you wish to be rich, my son?" And he said, "Every one praises the rich. Every one asks after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday, asked who was the richest man in the village.

3. "At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He can not well say his lesson. When not

at school, he often speaks evil words. He is unkind to his playmates, too; but they do not mind it, for they say that he is a rich man's son."

4. Then the mother saw that her child was in danger of thinking that wealth might stand in the place of goodness, or be an excuse for laziness, or cause them to be held in honor who lead evil lives.

5. So she said, "What is it to be rich?" And he answered, "I do not know. Tell me what I must do to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me and excuse my faults."

6. The mother replied, "It is to gĕt money or goods. But few become rich, for it requires the work of years." Then the boy looked sŏrrōwful, and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

7. She answered, "The gain of money is not the ōnly, nor the true wealth. Fires may bûrn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it awāy. Mŏth and rust waste it, and the robber makes it his prey.

8. "Men are wearied with the toil of gĕtting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die, and carry nothing away. The soul of the richèst prince goèth fōrth like that of the wayside begĝar, without a garmènt.

9. "There is another kind of richès, which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of Gŏd. It has been truly said of earthly riches, that he that trusteth in them shall fall; but the just shall spring up as a green leaf."

10. Then said the boy, "May I begin to gāther this kind of richès now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?" The mother laid her hand upon his little head, and said, "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice; for those who seek early, shall find."

11. And the child said earnestly, "Teach me how I may become rich before Gŏd." Then she looked tenderly in his face, and said, "Kneel down every

night and morning, and ask that the love of the dear Child Jesus may dwell in your heart.

12. "Obey His laws, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, if you are poor here, you shall be rich in faith and good works, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven.

13. "God says, 'A good name is better than great riches. The rich and the poor have met one another: the Lord is the maker of them both.

14. "'For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that being rich he became poor, for your sakes, that through his poverty you might be rich in heavenly things. Charge the rich of this world not to trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God; to do good, to be rich in good works, that they may lay hold on the true life.'

15. "A young man asked what he should do to possess everlasting life, saying he had kept the commandments from his youth. And our Lord answered and said: 'Yet one thing is wanting to thee: sell all whatever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.'

16. "He having heard these things, became sorrowful; for he was very rich. And Jesus seeing him become sorrowful, said: 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God?'

17. "And they that heard it said: 'Who then can be saved?' He said to them: 'The things that are impossible with men, are possible with God.'

18. "It is far better to be poor and honest for the few days of this life, and then happy in heaven, than rich and wicked here, and suffer in hell forever."

II.

64. THE SILVER BIRD'S NEST.

A stranded soldier's epaulet
The waters cast ashore,
A little winged rover met
And eyed it o'er and o'er.
The silver bright
So pleased her sight
On that lone, idle vest,
She knew not why
She should deny
Herself a silver nest.

2. The shining wire she pecked and twirled,
Then bore it to her bough,
Where on a flowering twig 'twas curled,
The bird can show you how;

But when enough
Of that bright stuff
The cunning builder bore
Her house to make,
She would not take,
Nor did she covet more.

3. And when the little artisan,
While neither pride nor guilt
Had entered in her pretty plan,
Her resting-place had built;
With here and there
A plume to spare
About her own light form,
Of these inlaid
With skill she made
A lining soft and warm.

4. But, do you think the tender brood
She fondled there and fed,
Were prouder when they understood
The sheen about their bed?
Do you suppose
They ever rose
Of higher powers possessed
Because they knew
They peeped and grew
Within a silver nest?

III.

65. THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY was at the rich mĕr-chant's. Many children were thĕre—rich pēo-ple's children and grand people's children.

2. Much money had been spent for fine dresses, râre and beautiful flowers, and the rich food prepâred for the little ones. How much better could this money have been (bĭn) spent in supplying the needs of some pōor family!

3. The parlors were grandly furnished. Rich carpets from the far East[1] covered the floors, large mirrors[2] reflected[3] every movement of the merry throng within, and soft silken curtains helped to keep out the cold breath of winter.

4. Not under such a roof, nor surrounded by such luxury,[4] did the great King of Heaven, the Prince of

[1] **East** countries east of Europe; as, Persia, China, India, Syria, etc.

[2] **Mir'ror,** a looking-glass; any smooth, bright substance that forms images by reflecting rays of light.

[3] **Re flect' ed,** gave back an image or likeness of.

[4] **Luxury** (luk' shu ri), a free or undue use of rich food, costly dress, and the like; anything which delights the senses.

Peaçe, live while on ēarth; and yet all the richeş of all worldş are Hiş.

5. The happy children inside wēre enjoying innoçent prattle,[1] and plāying and dançing. But at the dōor outside, which waş ajär, stōōd a pōōr boy. He had aided the cook, and she had allowed him to stand behind the door and look at the merry, well-dressed children; and for him, at such a time, that waş a ġreat deal.

6. He ġazed a few moments at the bright scene, and then thought of hiş own little sisterş at hōme. The tearş ġushed to hiş eyeş aş he quickly left the door. Taking on hiş arm an old but well-filled basket, which the kind-hearted cook had ġiven him, he started with quick steps hōmeward.

7. Thêre at the same hour, in a dingy rōōm, on a hard and poor little bed, hiş sister Maġġie lāy a-dying. The mother, a fair and delicate woman who had onçe known better dāyş, hung over the little sufferer, vainly trying to ġive her eaşe. Never till now had she felt so keenly the sting of poverty. Her darling'ş life waş swiftly passing awāy, but she waş powerless to supply the needed fōōd.

8. Mary and little Johnny, cold and hungry, had cried themselveş to sleep. Long had they hoped for Hugh'ş return. Bright waş the picture they had painted to themselveş of the niçe time he waş having in the kitchen of the rich merchant. And oh, how fine their vision of the children'ş party!

9. Hourş wore on, and little Maġġie, sweet and patient, tried to comfort her mother. "Do not weep,

[1] **Prăt'tle**, vain or childish talk; too much and idle talk.

dear mother," she said; "have you not ŏft*e*n told me that 'Christ our Lord was poor'? And was not His Blessèd Mother poor? Soōn we shall all be tōgether in Heaven, where we shall be poor no lonḡer, and then we shall rejoiçe at the sŏrrōw we have bōrne here for our Lord's sake."

10. Was it a child, or an ānġel of our Lord that spoke? "Dear Maḡḡie," cried the mother, "you are right: I can not be pōōr while you are left me." Just then Hugh entered with the bàsket. Johnny and Mary were awakened, and they soōn forḡot their sŏrrōw in thē enjoyment of fresh bread and butter, and choiçe cold meat.

11. But thêre was nŏthing poor little Maḡḡie could take, exçept à cup of brŏth which her mother warmed over the dying embers. Oh, how ḡrateful would have been an ŏranġe from the heaps which were left lying on the rich child's table! How refreshing would have been some of the niçe jelly which shōne and trembled on the cŏstly ḡlàss dishes!

12. Our Lord in heaven lŏŏked down on the two scenes with not less, nay, perhaps with far mōre, love for the pōōr and hunḡry children in the năr-rōw lane, than for the thoughtless little thrŏng in the rich house.

13. Oh, dear little ones, never forḡet the poor! In the midst of your feasts, and during the happiest moments of life, remember the hunḡry, the homeless, and the suffering, and do what you can to aid them; for the poor are dear to our Lord. A holy writer says: "Never refuse an alms to à poor person, lest he whom you despise be Jesus Christ Himself."

14. "Still as for Himself the Infant Jesus
In His little ones asks food and rest—
Still as for His Mother He is pleading
Just as when He lay upon her breast."

15. He has said—His truths are all eternal—
What He said both has been and shall be,—
"*What ye have not done to these My poor ones,*
Lo! ye have not done it unto Me."

IV.

66. HILDEGARD AND THE FAWN.

PART FIRST.

A VERY great man was the Prince of Hohenfels. He lived in a grand castle, and had a large forest in which he hunted with all kinds of princes and grand dukes.

2. So also was the head-keeper, or forester, as he was called, a great man. He not only understood the management of timber, and the great herds of deer and wild boars that lived in the forest; but he was so tall and strong that, in his dark-green dress, he looked almost like a young tree in summer.

3. He had a great brown beard and mustache, and his thick, ruddy-brown hair clustered round the edge of his hunting-cap like a handsome fringe. He was a very fine fellow, and he had such a kind and gentle heart that nobody could help liking him.

4. He lived in an old, gray stone house, a good way up in the forest, so that it was very lonely. But the prince let him cut down some of the trees, and make a pretty garden on the sunny side of the old house.

5. Beyond the garden there was a little meadow, and a little brook ran out of the depths of the forest

right into the sunshine of the gārden and field, and all sorts of pretty flowers grew clustering on the edges of the water, so that it was very pleasant, especially in summer.

6. As I told you, however, it was a solitary place; and as the forester was out nearly all the day, looking after the men felling timber, after the large herds of deer, or the great black wild boars that lived miles away, all amongst the thick oak-trees in another direction, he could not be much at home.

7. There were only his little daughter Hildegard, and her grandmother; for Hildegard's mother, I am sorry to tell you, was dead. The dear grandmother took care of the house and the little child, and always kept every thing so bright and clean that it was a pleasure to behold their home.

8. The good forester did all he could to make the home happy and cheerful, though he was so little there himself; and that is the reason why Hildegard had a lovely little fawn, or young deer, to bear her company. But I must tell you something about this pretty creature.

9. All mother animals are very fond of their young: none more so than the hind, or female deer. She takes her young one in the early summer months, and hides it with loving care in the most hidden thickets[1] of the wood; because it has many enemies, such as eagles, wolves, wild cats, and dogs.

10. So the poor mother has a hard time of it; and the greater this trouble and care in bringing it up, all the more fondly is she attached to it. If, there-

[1] **Thick'et**, a wood or collection of trees or shrubs closely set.

fore, she is pursued by the hunter, she uses all kinds of arts to mislead him, and flies before the hounds, willingly endangering her own life to save that of her precious young one, that she has so carefully hidden from every eye.

11. As all this was well known to the good forester, he was very tender of the mother-hinds, and when he saw them with their little ones, he was reminded of his own dear wife and little daughter.

12. One day it happened that the prince was out hunting with some of his friends, and the forester was with them as usual, when a beautiful large hind was started. Away she went like the wind, up into the higher parts of the wood, and then down again into the deep valleys, flying before the hunters, who were most of them young, and all full of sport, thinking this was the finest day's sport they had ever had.

13. The forester begged of them to spare the creature for the sake of the mother-love that was speeding her in such desperate[1] career[2] before them. But they thought of nothing but the pursuit after the flying creature, and of the death which would finish all.

14. Away went the frenzied[3] animal, over height and hollow, leaping the stream with frantic[4] speed, her mother-heart yearning[5] through her terror[6] after the young one she had left behind. At length she

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[1] **Des'per ate,** hopeless; headlong; mad.

[2] **Ca reer',** the ground run over; a course.

[3] **Fren'zied,** maddened.

[4] **Fran'tic,** mad; wild; rushing with great force.

[5] **Yearn'ing,** greatly desiring; straining with feelings of tenderness or love.

[6] **Ter'ror,** great alarm or fear that shakes both mind and body.

stood ȧ momènt on thē edġe of ȧ rock, befōre ṡhe took the leap, and one of the hunterṣ firing, ṡhe fell to her kneeṣ, and the next moment waṣ over the rock.

15. The fŏrèster sprung fôrward, not over the rock, but round ṯhro͟ugh the wood, ȧ *w*hōle hälf mile, the hunterṣ following ȧfter, ṯhi͟nking they had dȯne ḡlō-riously to ṡhoot the poor animal just when they had madd*e*ned her to take this terrible leap.

16. The fŏrèster, who knew all the by-päthṣ and ṡhort ċuts ṯhrough the wood, waṣ up first with the slaughtered[1] hind. ṠHe wȧṣ not quite dead; but the bullet waṣ in her side, and one of her deli-eate fore-

[1] **Slaugh'tered**, bu͟tċhered; needlessly killed.

legs was broken by the leap. *Oh, it was a sad sight!* But the saddèst sight of all was the look of beseeching[1] pity which she cast on the forester, whilst large tears rolled down from her sorrowful eyes.

17. All at once he thought of his own young wife, who was taken away from her little Hildegard; and a pang shot through his own heart, like the cruel bullet in the side of the hind; and tears started to his eyes, for pity of the poor mother creature that lay there dying.

18. But there was not much time for him to be sorry; for the hunters were heard crashing and plunging through the underwood, and the next moment the foremost were in sight, with the prince at their head, shouting for joy to see that they had found the dying hind that had given them such a run that fine autumn morning.

V.

67. HILDEGARD AND THE FAWN.

PART SECOND.

THE FORESTER could not forget the sorrowful look of the creature, and her dying tears. He therefore went the next day to that part of the forest whence she had startèd, knowing that there her young one was hidden, and that it would perish of hunger, and be eaten by birds of prey, if he did not provide for it. He soon found it; for it was very hungry and frightened, as you may suppose, and before he came to the place, he heard its sad cry.

[1] **Be sēech'ing**, asking earnestly for.

2. He carried the poor little motherless creature home with him in his arms, and told little Hildegard he had brought her a playfellow. He asked his mother to feed it two or three times a day with new milk; for they had a nice little cow that grazed in the meadow, and plenty of milk.

3. Hildegard was very glad to have this pretty, playful companion: it soon forgot all its trouble, and grew as fond of her as if she had been its own mother. So it lived there, and grew (grow) strong and beautiful.

4. The next summer the widowed sister of the prince, the good Princess Matilda, came on a visit, with her young daughter, to the *castle*. After she had been there a few days, she ordered out her carriage, and, attended by a faithful old servant, drove into the forest to look about her, and to talk with the people who lived scattered up and down; for her youth had been spent here, and all the old people were well known to her.

5. She called, therefore, to see the grandmother and her little child Hildegard, whom she saw when her mother died; for that was the last time the good princess had been to visit her brother.

6. When she came driving up to the forest-lodge, little Hildegard, who was rather shy, because she very seldom saw grand ladies, stood behind her grandmother to peep at the princess unobserved. But that would not do. The princess saw her, and called her by her name, and spoke so kindly that Hildegard could not feel afraid, but answered her very prettily (prit'ti li).

7. Just then, at the sound of Hildegard's vôĭçe, the little hind[1] came trotting up, and laid its pretty head on hĕr shoulder. The prĭncèss was delighted, and said it was the prettiëst sight she had ever seen, and that she would come again vĕry soon, and bring her little daughter Bĕrthà with her to see Hildegard's little fawn.

8. When the prĭncèss retûrned to the castle and told the ladies and gentlemen thêre what she had seen, and how like a picture Hildegard and the young hind looked under the fŏrèst trees, they all agreed that they would go and have a picnic at the fŏrèster's, and that Bĕrthà should thus see Hildegard and the tame hind.

9. Such pleasant picnics are sōōn arranged at great eăstles. It was the beautiful summer-time. The trees were in thick leaf, the little garden at the keeper's lodge was full of flowers, and the pretty little brook ran singing on àmòngst its thick fringe of wąter-plants.

10. So on the thĭrd morning àfter the visit of the prĭncèss, the servants from the castle came down with all kinds of things for the picnic, and hung handsome, brilliant-colored draperies[2] in the spaces between the tree-trunks, so as to make a sort of festive[3] tent, and to keep out the hot noon-day sun.

11. The prĭncèss sent Hildegard à pretty ribbon for the neck of the tame hind, and her grandmother wove a garland for the same purpose. Hildegard

[1] **Hīnd,** à female deer.

[2] **Drā'per y,** clŏth or clōthes with which any thing is draped or hung; hangings of any kind.

[3] **Fĕs'tive,** relating to, or fitting, à feast; joyous; gay.

fed it well with new milk, that it might not be hungry, and troublesome to the grand people as they sat under the trees, eating and drinking on the greensward.

12. While all this was going on, the grand company from the castle were advancing slowly, some in carriages, and some on horseback. The young daughter of the princess rode on a white palfrey[1] at the side of her mother's carriage, attended by a groom.[2]

13. She was about the age of Hildegard, but very unlike her in appearance; for she was thin and pale, and so very delicate, that her anxious mother feared she would not live long. The physician, who was a very wise man, said that if she were not a princess, but only a poor village child, she would have a much better chance of becoming strong.

14. The Princess Bertha was a very sweet and gentle little girl, and she soon became as friendly with Hildegard as if she had known her all her life. Her mother looked at the two, and tears came into her eyes; for her little daughter was like a pale, sickly snowdrop by the side of a lovely red rose.

15. The good physician, who was of the company, saw what was stirring in the heart of the princess, and he replied to her thoughts when he said, "If the Princess Bertha were the playfellow of this child for twelve months, I think she would not need any more physic." The princess believed that he spoke the truth; but she said, "Can not the forester's child live with my daughter at our *castle*?"

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[1] **Palfrey** (pal'fri), a saddle-horse used for the road.

[2] **Groom**, a servant who has the charge of horses.

16. "It will not do," retûrned the phyṣician; "she must come here and run wild with the fŏrèster'ṣ little daughter and the young hind." So it waṣ deçided. The young prĭnçess and her ḡovernèss, who waṣ ȧ vĕry niçe, kind lady, came to live at the fŏrèster'ṣ.

17. Little Hildeḡard had now ȧ companion whom she loved almost better than the tame hind; and such ȧ pleaṣant and happy life beḡan for bōth children aṣ would take one hourṣ to describe. It iṣ enough to say that the young Prĭnçèss Bĕrthȧ wanted no mōre medical câre. She ḡrew strŏng and healthy, and Hildeḡard and she loved each other aṣ sisterṣ, even when they ḡrew up to be women.

18. The gŏŏd fŏrèster used to sāy that the pity he felt for the poor hŭntèd hind was the beginning of his little daughter's good fortune. No doubt it was; for we can not think a good thought, or feel kindly tōward any living creature, without its being blest to us—ēven though we may never know of it.

SECTION XVII.

I.

68. MR. SOUTH AND OWEN WORTH.

[*OWEN holding a horse, as MR. SOUTH comes up.*]

OWEN. Whōa, whoa, whoa! Now I can hold you. [*To* MR. SOUTH] I hope you are not hûrt, sir.

Mr. South. Thank you, my gŏŏd lad, I was not thrown ŏff. I ōnly dismounted[1] to găther some plants in the hedge,[2] when my horse became frightened and ran awāy. But you have caught him vĕry bravely, and I shall pay you for your trouble.

Owen. Thank you, sir; I want nŏthing.

Mr. S. You dōn't! So much the better for you. Few *men* can sāy as much. But what were you doing in the field?

Owen. I was pulling up weeds, and watching the sheep that are feeding on the tûrnips.

Mr. S. And do you like this employment?

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[1] **Dis mount'ed**, alighted or got down from a horse.

[2] **Hĕdge**, thorn-bushes or other shrubbery planted as a fence.

Owen. Yĕs, sir, vĕry well, this fine weather.

Mr. S. But would you not rather plāy?

Owen. This is not hard work: it is almost as gōod as play.

Mr. S. Who set you at work?

Owen. My fäther, sir.

Mr. S. What is his name?

Owen. Roger Worth.

Mr. S. And what is yours?

Owen. Owen, sir.

Mr. S. Where do you live?

Owen. Just by, ämòng the trees, thêre.

Mr. S. How old are you?

Owen. I shall be nine next September.

Mr. S. How lŏng have you been out in the field?

Owen. Ever sinçe six in the morning.

Mr. S. So lŏng! I am sure you are hungry, then.

Owen. Yĕs; but I shall gō to my dinner sōōn.

Mr. S. If you had ten çents now, what would you do with them?

Owen. I do not know, sir. I never had so much mòney in my life.

Mr. S. Have you any playthings?

Owen. Playthings! what are they?

Mr. S. Such as balls, marbles, tops, little wagons, and wōōden horses.

Owen. No, sir; but my brother George makes foot-balls to kick in cold weather; and then I have à jumping-pole, and à pâir of stilts to walk through the dirt with, and à hōōp to roll.

Mr. S. And do you want nòthing else?

Owen. No: I have hardly time to play with what

I have; for I always ride the horses to the field, drive up the cows, and run to the town on errands, and these are as good as play, you know.

Mr. S. But you could buy apples, or gingerbread, when in town, I suppose, if you had money.

Owen. Oh, I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I do not mind it much, for my mother sometimes gives me a piece of pie, and that is quite as good.

Mr. S. Would you like a knife to cut sticks?

Owen. I have one; here it is; my brother George gave it to me.

Mr. S. Your shoes are full of holes. Do you want a better pâir?

Owen. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. S. But these let in water.

Owen. Oh, I do not câre for that.

Mr. S. Your hat is tōrn, too.

Owen. I have a better one at hōme; but I would răther have none at all, for it hûrts my head.

Mr. S. What do you do when it rains?

Owen. If it rains hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. S. What do you do when you are hungry, befōre it is time to gō hōme?

Owen. I sometimes eat a raw tûrnip.

Mr. S. But if there are none?

Owen. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. S. Are you not thĭrsty sometimes, this hot weather?

Owen. Yĕs; but there is water enough.

Mr. S. Why, my little fĕllōw, you are quite ȧ phĭlŏsopher.

Owen. A *what*, sir?

Mr. S. I say you are quite ȧ *phĭlŏsopher;* but I am sụre yọu do not know what that meanṣ.

Owen. No, sir; but no harm, I hope?

Mr. S. No, no! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Well, my boy, you seem to want nȯthing at all; so I shall not gīve you mȯney to make you want any thing. But wĕre you ever at school?

Owen. No, sir; but father sayṣ I shall gō ȧfter harvèst.

Mr. S. You will want bo͝oks, then.

Owen. Yĕs: the boyṣ all have ȧ spelling-book, ȧ reading-book, and ȧ slate.

Mr. S. Well, then, I shall gīve them to you: tell your fäther so, and that it iṣ beeauṣe you are ȧ vĕry good, eontented boy. So now gō to your sheep again.

Owen. I will, sīr; thaṉk you.

Mr. S. Good-bye, Owen.

Owen. Good-bye, sir.

II.

69. THE USE OF SIGHT.

"WHAT, Chärleṣ retûrned!" the father said;
"How short your walk haṣ been.
But Jameṣ and Jūliä—whêre are they?
Come, tell me what you've seen."

2. "So tedious,[1] stupid, dull ȧ walk!"
Said Charleṣ, "I'll gō no mōre;

[1] **Tē'di oŭs**, tiresome from length or slowness.

Fīrst stopping here, then lagging[1] thêre,
O'er this and that to pōre.[2]

3. "I crŏssed the fields near Woodland House,
And just went up the hill:
Then by the river-side came down,
Near Mr. Fâirplāy's mill."—

4. Now James and Juliä bōth ran in:
"O dear papä'?" said they,
"The sweetèst walk we bōth have had;
Oh, what a plĕaṣant dāy!

5. "Near Woodland House we crŏssed the fields,
And by the mill we came."—
"Indeed!" exclaimed papa, "how's this?
Your brother took the same;

6. "But vĕry dull he found the walk—
What have you there? let's see:—
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,
As new to you as me."—

7. "Fīrst look, papa, at this small brânch,
Which on â tall oak grew,
And by its slimy berries white,
The miṣtletōe[3] we knew.

8. "A spŏttèd bīrd ran up a tree,
A woodpecker we call,
Who with his strŏng bill wounds[4] the bark,
To feed on insects small.

---

[1] **Lăg'ging**, walking or moving slowly; stāying behind.

[2] **Pōre**, to look at or over with steady, continued attention.

[3] **Mistletoe** (miz'zl tō), an ever-green plant which grows upon another. Its fruit is slimy or sticky.

[4] **Wound** (wound), to make a breach or separate the parts in; to hûrt by fōrce.

9. "And many lapwings cried 'peewit;'
And one among the rest
Pretended lamenèss, to decoy[1]
Us from her lowly nest.

10. "Young starlings, martins, swallows, all
Such lively flocks, and gay;
A heron, too, which caught a fish,
And with it flew away.

11. "This bird we found, a kingfisher,
Though dead, his plumes how bright!
Do have him stuffed, my dear papa,
'Twill be a charming sight.

12. "When reached the heath,[2] how wide the space,
The air how fresh and sweet!
We plucked these flowers and different heaths,
The fairest we could meet.

13. "The distant prospect[3] we admired,
The mountains far and blue;
A mansion[4] here, a cottage there:
And see the sketch we drew.

14. "A splendid sight we next beheld,
The glorious[5] setting sun,
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold:
His daily race was done."—

---

[1] **Decoy** (de kai'), to lead astray; to deceive.

[2] **Heath**, a plant which bears beautiful flowers. Its leaves are small, and continue green all the year; also, a place overgrown with heath.

[3] **Pros'pect**, that which the eye overlooks at one time; view.

[4] **Mansion** (măn'shun), a large house.

[5] **Glo'ri ous**, grand; having great brightness; having qualities worthy of praise or honor.

15. "True taste with knowledge," said papä',
"By observations[1] gained;
You've both used well the gift of sight,
And thus reward obtained.

16. "My Juliä in this desk will find
A drawing-box quite new:
And, James, this useful telescope,[2]
I think, is quite your due.

17. "And toys, or still more useful gifts,
For Charles, too, shall be bought,
When he can see the works of God,
And prize them as he ought."

III.

70. THE EXAMINATION.

[*Mr. Wilson, the teacher, seated in his office; Mr. Read, the assistant, enters with a letter in his hand.*]

MR. READ. A new pupil has just come in, Mr. Wilson, with this letter dir-ected to you.

[*Passes letter.*]

Mr. Wilson. Have we a vacant[3] seat, Mr. Read?

Mr. R. Yes, sir; three.

Mr. W. [*After reading the letter.*] A pretty subject they have sent us here! a lad that has a great genius[4] for nothing at all. But perhaps my friend

---

[1] **Ob ser vā'tion**, the act of seeing, or of fixing the mind upon any thing; that which is noticed.

[2] **Tĕl'e scope**, an instrument used in looking at things far off.

[3] **Vā'cant**, not now occupied or filled.

[4] **Genius** (jēn'yus), the high and rare gifts of nature which force the mind to certain kinds of labor.

Mr. Smith thinks that his son Mark should show a genius for a thing before he knows any thing about it—no uncommon error! Let us see, Mr. Read, what the youth looks like.

Mr. R. Yĕs, sir. [*Opens the door and shows Mark in.*]

Mr. W. Come hither, my dear! Why do you hang down your head and look frightened? Do you fear you will be punished?

Mark. No, sir.

Mr. W. In this letter from your father, I am told that you have not done as well in your studies as a boy of your age and size ought. I wish to learn why. How old are you, Mark?

Mark. Eleven last May, sir.

Mr. W. A well-grown boy of your age, indeed. You love play, I dare say?

Mark. Yĕs, sir.

Mr. W. What, are you good at marbles?

Mark. Pretty good, sir.

Mr. W. And can spin a top, drive a hōōp, or cătch a ball, I suppose?

Mark. Yĕs, sir, quite well.

Mr. W. Then you have the full use of your hands and fingers?

Mark. Yĕs, sir.

Mr. W. Can you write, Mark?

Mark. I learned it a little, sir, but I left it off again.

Mr. W. And why so?

Mark. Because I could not make the letters.

Mr. W. No! why, how do you think other boys do? Have they more fingers than you?

Mark. No, sir.

Mr. W. Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?

Mark. I fear not, sir.

Mr. W. Let me look at your hand. [*Mark holds up his right hand.*] I see nothing here to hinder you from writing as well as any boy in school. You can read, I suppose?

Mark. Yĕs, sir.

Mr. W. Tell me, then, what is written over the schōōl-rōōm dōor.

Mark. What—what—whatev—whatever man has done, man may do.

Mr. W. Pray, how did you learn to read? Was it not with taking pains?

Mark. Yĕs, sir.

Mr. W. Well, taking mōre pains will enable you to read much better. Do you know any thing of Eng̲lish (ĭng'g̲lish) grammar?

Mark. Vĕry little, sir.

Mr. W. Have you never lēarned it?

Mark. I tried, sīr, but I could not get it by heart.

Mr. W. Why, you can say some things by heart. Can you tell me the names of the days of the week in their order?

Mark. Yĕs, sir. They are Sunday, Mónday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thûrsday, Friday, and Saturday.

Mr. W. And the months in the year, perhaps, if I wished to hear?

Mark. Yĕs, sir.

Mr. W. And you could probably repeat the names of your brothers and sisters, and all your

father's servants, and half the people in the village besides?

Mark. Yes, sir, I believe I could.

Mr. W. Well, and is *good, better, best; ill, worse, worst; go, went, going, gone;* more difficult to remember than these?

Mark. It may be not, sir.

Mr. W. Have you learned any thing of arithmetic?

Mark. I went into addition, sir; but I did not go on with it.

Mr. W. Why not?

Mark. I could not do it, sir.

Mr. W. How many marbles will ten cents buy?

Mark. Twenty-four of the best new ones, sir.

Mr. W. And how many for five cents?

Mark. Twelve.

Mr. W. And how many for twenty cents?

Mark. Forty-eight.

Mr. W. If you were to have ten cents a day, what would that make in a week?

Mark. Seventy cents.

Mr. W. But if you paid twenty cents out of that, what would you have left?

Mark. [*After studying for some time.*] Fifty cents, sir.

Mr. W. Right. Why, here you have been practicing the four great rules of arithmetic—addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

Well, Mark, I see what you are fit for. I shall set you about nothing but what you are able to do; but observe, you *must* do it. We have no *I can't* here. Now go among your school-mates.

SECTION XVIII.

I.

71. REGINA'S SACRIFICE.

REGINA SINCLAIR had ȧ little ḡardẹn w̄hich hẽr papä′ ḡave her on her ninth bĩrthdāy. Around it wa̤s̱ ȧ hedġe of hazels̱ ; in one corner, ȧ weeping wĭllōw, and near by, a choiçe and viḡorous rōse-bush, the chief beauty of this little spot.

2. Evèry morning Rēḡīnȧ brought fresh wa̤ter for her flowers̱ ; and w̄hen, ȧfter weeks of câreful wa̤tch-ing, she found her bush còvered with tīny buds̱, she dȧnçed ȧbout and clapped her hands̱ for joy.

3. Her ḡo͝od pârents wa̤tched thêir little ḡĩrl's̱ câre of this precious plant with ḡreat interest, and would ŏf*t*en sāy, with ȧ loving smile, "Reġina, w̄hat will yo̤u do̤ with yo̤ur ros̱es̱ w̄hen they bloom?" Smiling back, she would reply: "Oh, that is̱ ȧ secret."

4. Like all ḡood little ḡirls̱, Reġina loved to ḡo to Mȧss. Not ōnly on Sundays̱, but ŏf*t*en during the week she and her sister Ellen wou̇ld ris̱e vĕry ẽarly a̤nd walk happily toḡether to the little chapel near their hōme. Reġina always̱ found time, however, to slip into the ḡardẹn and take ȧ lo͝ok at her flowers̱.

5. One morning, w̄hen the sun wa̤s̱ just peeping from behind the hills̱, she ran as̱ us̱ual to ḡaze at her ros̱e-bush, befōre she joined her sister. The warm sun, the refreshing dew, and the sweet pẽr′fume filled her innoçent heart with ḡladness. The tīny buds̱ were replaçed by lòvely, blushing ros̱es̱.

6. This was thêir mòther's birth-dāy; and on their wāy, the little one skipped with joy, and in à hushed voiçe, lest ēven the birds should hear it, she imparted[1] to Ellen her secret.[2] She was going to give her roses to her dear mammä′ that very evening.

7. Her brothers and sisters had each prepâred for this dear mother some little ŏffering of love, and Rēġīnà was happy in the thought that, although she was the youngest, her gift, if mōre frail,[3] would at least be as beautiful as theirs. "And O Ellen!" she said, clapping her hands, "perhaps if they are kept in fresh water they will làst à *w*hōle week!"

8. After Màss, she went to sāy her little prâyer at Mary's shrine,[4] and all the òthers returned home. She saw that our Lady's altar, usually so fully adorned,[5] was this day without one little flower. She at onçe thought of her roses at hōme; and then of the plĕasure she had intended[6] ġiving her mammä.

9. But she looked again at her dear heavenly Mother's empty shrine, and though the tears came into her eyes at the thought, she felt that she could make the săcrifice and ġive our dear Lady her loved roses. She ran swiftly hōme, stole quietly into the ġarden, and paused befōre her flowers.

10. She did not see her father, who was standing in the shade of the wĭllōw-tree. Ellen had told him of his little ġĭrl's intention, so it was with surprise that he saw her ġăther every rose, plaçe them

[1] **Im pärt′ ed,** made known; showed by words.

[2] **Sē′ cret,** à thing not known, or kept from ġeneral knowledġe.

[3] **Frāii,** perishable; not durable.

[4] **Shrīne,** an altar; à plaçe containing sacred things.

[5] **A dorned′,** ornamented; made pleasing.

[6] **In tĕnd′ ed,** purposed; meant.

all in her apron, and retûrn tōward the ċhapel. Following her, he saw her, åfter ġiving them many hŭrried kisseṣ, lāy them at Mary'ṣ feet and ġo to tell the să-eristan[1] of her ġift, that he might hās*te*n to adorn with them the ṡhrine ṡhe loved so well.

11. Her father'ṣ heart waṣ full of joy at this, for he understood what å sa-erifice[2] hiṣ noble little ġirl had made. Kneeling, he asked Mary to bless it and her.—It must be owned that å traçe of sadness

[1] **Săc′ rist an,** one in ċharġe of the ċhurċh movableṣ.

[2] **Sacrifice** (săk′ ri fīz), here, an offering made to God.

pȧssed through Regina's mind as she saw the pretty things her sisters and brothers had prepâred.

12. But she remembered that her mammä would be pleased to hear where her roses had gŏne. "I *could* not leave our holy Queen's little altar without flowers when I had some at home," said she, and sōōn became as gay and happy as the rest.

13. Before sunset her papä called her into his study. On his table was ȧ graçeful little bȧsket filled with the lȯveliëst flowers she had ever seen. She almost screamed with delight; and her joy was complete when her father said, "Take these, my little daughter. They are your present to your mammä. You gave your dearly-prized roses to your heavenly Mother. She sends you these in return; for even in this world, Gŏd ŏf*te*n rewards our little deeds of self-denial."

II.

72. THE KING AND THE GEESE.

PART FIRST.

JOSEPH, King of Bavaria, ȧ prinçe of great benevolençe,[1] was one summer's dāy ȧmusing himself in the park attached to his palaçe. Sōōn he dismissed his usual attendants and remained ȧlōne, for ȧ time reading a stōry of great interest.

2. Presently, lāying the bōōk beside him on the pretty rustic seat, he gazed ȧround him with ȧ quiet plĕasure, until the tranquil scene made him drowsy and he fell asleep. Awaking, he resolved to strōll[2]

[1] **Be nĕv′o lence**, ȧ disposition to do good.

[2] **Strōll**, to walk lēisurely, or at random.

through the grounds, and turned into a path leading to a meadow which sloped toward a pretty little lake.

3. Suddenly remembering his book, yet not wishing to retrace his steps, he looked about for some proper messenger, but saw only a boy about twelve years old who was keeping a flock of geese.

4. "My boy," said the king, "on such a bench in the park you will find a book which I have forgotten. Go and bring it to me and you shall have a thäler."[1]

5. The boy, not knowing the king, cast a glance of distrust[2] on the fine gentleman who offered a thaler for such a service. "I'm not a fool!" said he.

6. "Why do you think I am making fun of you?" replied the king, smiling, for the child's manner amused him.—"Because you offer me a thaler for so little work. Money isn't come by so easily. I am thinking you are one of them from the castle."

7. "Well, and what if I am? Look, here is the thaler beforehand; now run and fetch my book." The boy's eyes glistened with delight as he took the money. Poor child! he did not earn more by keeping geese all the year round. Still he hesitated.

8. "Well, what are you waiting for?" The boy took off his cotton cap and scratched his head. "I should like to do it, but I don't dare," said he. "If the peasants found out that I had left my geese, they would dismiss me and I should have no more bread."

9. "Little simpleton! I will take care of them while you are away," rejoined[3] the monarch.—"You?"

---

[1] **Thaler** (tä'ler), a German dollar, a silver coin worth about seventy-three cents.

[2] **Dis trust'**, doubt of one's being sincere, or worthy of trust.

[3] **Re joined'**, answered back.

said the boy, looking at the stranger from head to foot. "You look as if you knew how to keep geese! Why, they would run away down the hill into the fields, and I should have to pay a heavy fine.

10. "Look!—that one there with the black head, which belongs to Ludwig, the gardener, at the castle, is a brute of an animal: he is a deserter, a good-for-nothing bird! If I were to go, he would show off finely. No, no, that won't do."

11. The king assumed[1] a grave air, and said, "Why could I not keep a flock of geese in order, since I succeed in doing so with men?"—"Do you?" replied the boy, scanning[2] him anew. "Ah, now I guess you are a schoolmaster. Well, scholars are easier managed than geese."

12. "Perhaps so, but be quick. Will you go and fetch my book?"—"I should like to, but"—"I will answer for any thing that may happen, and will pay the fine, if the owner of the field is angry with you."

III.

73. THE KING AND THE GEESE.

PART SECOND.

THIS finally overcame the scruples[3] of the little keeper of geese. He advised the king to look well after the goose which he called the "Court Gardener," a splendid large gander, with black plumage,[4] which always headed the entire[5] flock. Then, putting

[1] **As sūmed'**, put on.

[2] **Scăn'ning**, examining closely.

[3] **Scru'ple**, doubt; backwardness to decide or act.

[4] **Plūm'age**, the plumes or feathers which cover a bird.

[5] **En tīre'**, whole; complete; not divided.

the whip into his hands, the boy ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

2. But he soon stopped and ran back again. "What now?" enquired the king.—"Crack the whip!" he ordered. The king obeyed, but without producing any sound. "I thought you couldn't," exclaimed the boy. "You want to keep geese, and don't know how to crack a whip!"

3. So saying, he snatched it out of his hand and showed how it ought to be used. The king could with difficulty preserve his gravity; however, he received the lesson as seriously as he was able, and when he succeeded in making the whip sound passably,[2] the boy departed at full speed.

4. It really did seem as if the geese felt that they were no longer under the yoke of their youthful but severe master. The "court gardener" stretched out his neck, cast a glance on all sides, and three times gave his sounding "quack, quack."

5. The whole flock respond[3] to the call, clap their wings, and like a heap of feathers lifted up by a hurricane,[4] launch themselves in every direction, and finally settle down, scattered here and there amid the rich pasturage[5] of the lake.

6. The king shouted—it was in vain; he tried to crack the whip—it would scarcely sound; he ran to the right, he ran to the left—but that only drove off the few remaining geese. Overcome with heat and laughter, he left the birds to follow their own will.

---

[1] **Pro dūc'ing,** making; causing.
[2] **Pass'a bly,** tolerably; so-so.
[3] **Re spŏnd',** reply; answer.
[4] **Hŭr' ri cāne,** a sudden and violent wind-storm.
[5] **Past'ūr age,** grass for feeding.

7. "Ah, well!" he said, "it is indeed easier to gŏvern men than gēese. However, the 'cōurt gardener' is the leader of thē insurrection." The boy was joyfully retûrning, but the bo͝ok fell from his hands when he drew near enough to see the mishap.

8. "I said you knew nŏthing ăbout it," cried he, sobbing with angĕr and despâir'. "Now you must help me to gĕt them togĕther again." Then having taught the king how he was to call, and how he was to stretch out and wave his arms, he ran ăfter the gēese which were furthest ŏff.

9. After ă lŏng chase and immense trouble, they succeeded in making themselves mâsters of the *w*hōle

flock. Then the boy, tûrning upon the king, broke out with, "I will never trust anybody with my ḡeese again! I would not leave them for the king himself!"

10. "Right, my brave boy," replied thē ȯther, läughing heartily. "I assure you the king would not do any better than I have dȯne, because, you see, I am myself the king."—"Tell that to those who will believe it! A king, and so awkward!"

11. "Well," said the ḡood mŏnarch, handing him fōur mōre thälers, "I promise you I will undertake to keep ḡeese no mōre."

12. The boy's ill-humor, overcome by so larġe ȧ ḡift, vanished as he retûrned thanks, ōnly adding, "I am sŏrry you had so much trouble, but 'EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE' is my fäther's rule."

IV.

74. PLANTED.

TWO LITTLE ONES, within the bounds
That limited thêir ḡarden ḡrounds,
Strayed like the butterflies and bees,
Now here, now thêre, midst flowers and trees;
With childish talk and sŏng they sped,
Till Ella bent hẽr cûrly head
To taste the dew-drops on the ḡrȧss,
While Thomas watched the pretty lȧss.

2. The ḡōlden light of childhood's joy
Beamed from the dark eyes of the boy—
He clȧsped his sister's hand and said:
"Oh, let me plant you in this bed!

Perhaps the dew will make you grow
Into a flower, whose leaves of snow
Mammä may place before the shrine
Where stands our Lady's Child Dĭvīne."

3. "Yĕs!" Ella cried, "and all the dāy,
Brŏther, while you around me plāy,
The humming-bīrds with buzzing wing,
The dragon-flies, the birds that sing,
Will come and watch me growing fâir,
And wŏnder what new flower is thêre—
But I'll grow upward to the sky,
And scatter blŏssŏms from on high."

4. "Yĕs, sister! I will dig the ground
And set your feet within the mound;
And our dear Gŏd's so *vĕry* gōod
That He Himself will give you fōod—
His breath from rosy clouds of ēven
Will sprinkle you with dews of hĕaven;"
So trusting Ella quiet stands
While Thomas plants with busy hands.

5. Then resting, pleased, upon his spade,
He guärds awhile the little maid—
But hark! mammä's sweet call they hear,
And—flowers no longer—spring like deer,
Telling the lôving ear that bent
To hear the tale, how they had meant
To grow, to bloom, and fill thē air
With pērfumes sweet and flowerets fair.

V.

75. GIANT AND DWARF.

AS ON through life's joûrney we go dāy by day,
Thêre are two whom we meet, at each tûrn of the wāy,
To help or to hĭnder, to bless or to ban,
And the names of these two are "*I Cän't*" and "*I Căn.*"

2.

"*I Cän't*" is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny sprite,
He limps, and hälf-blind, he can scârçe see the light,
He stumbles and falls, or lies writhing with fear,
Thōugh dāngers are distant and succor is near.

3.

"*I Căn*" is á ġiant; unbending he stands;
Thêre is strength in his arms and skill in his hands:
He ásks for no favors; he wạnts but á shâre
Where labor is honèst and wages are fâir.

4.

"*I Cän't*" is a sluggard,[1] too lazy to work;
From duty he shrinks, every tàsk he will shĭrk;
No bread on his bōard, and no meal in his bag;
His house is a ruin, his cōat is a rag.

5.

"*I Can*" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,
And digs from thē ēarth all the wealth which it yields:
The hum of his spindles begins with the light,
And the fires of his fōrġes[2] are blazing all night.

6.

"*I Can't*" is a coward, hälf fainting with fright;
At the fĭrst thought of peril[3] he slinks[4] out of sight;
Skulks and hides till the noise of the battle is pàst,
Or sells his best friends, and tûrns traitor[5] at làst.

7.

"*I Can*" is a hero, the first in the field;
Though òthers may falter, he never will yield:
He makes the lŏng marches, he deals the làst blow,
His charġe is the whĭrlwind that scatters the foe.

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[1] **Slŭg'gard**, á person who is lazy and idle from habit.

[2] **Fōrġe**, a place where iron and other metals are worked by heating and hammering; a work-shop.

[3] **Pĕr'il**, quick dāngĕr.

[4] **Slink** (slingk), to creep away meanly; to sneak.

[5] **Trāi'tor**, one who in war takes arms and raises á fōrce against his country, or aids its enemies; one who betrays his trust.

8.

How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust,
When, roused at the call of a cause that is just,
He weds his strŏng will to the valor[1] of youth,
And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth!

9.

Then up and be doing! the dāy is not lŏng;
Throw fear to the winds, be patient and strŏng!
Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man.
And, when duty calls, ănswer prŏmptly, "*I CAN.*"

SECTION XIX.

I.

76. GOOD NIGHT.

A FAIR little gĭrl sat under a tree,
Sewing (sō'ing) as lŏng as hĕr eyes could see:
Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work! Gōod night! good night!"

2.

Such a number of crows came over her head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on thĕir wāy to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! Good night! good night!"

3.

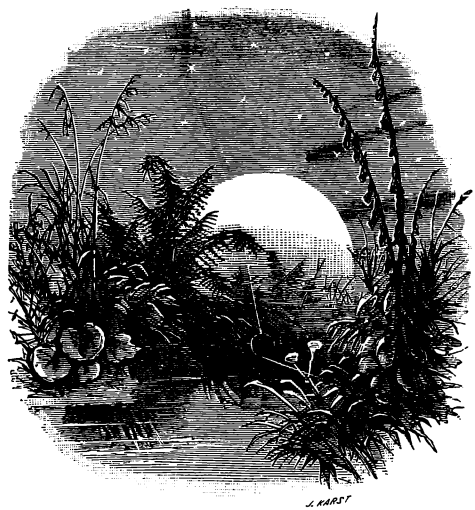
The horses neighed and thē ŏxen lōwed;
The sheep's "Blēat! bleat!" came over the rōad;

[1] **Văl'or**, strength of mind in battle; that which enables one in danger to be firm and free from fear; fearlessness.

All seeming to sāy, with ȧ quiët delight,
"Good little ḡirl! Good night! ḡood night!"

4.

She did not sāy to the sun "Good night!"
Though she saw him there, like ȧ ball of light;
For she knew he had Gŏd's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.



5.

The tall pink foxḡlôve[1] bowed his head—
The vīölets coûrtesied[2] and went to bed;
And ḡood little Luçy tied up her hâir,
And said on her knees her evening prâyer.

[1] **Fŏx'glove,** ȧ hand*s*ome plant that lives for two years. Its leaves are used as ȧ mediçine. Its flowers look somewhat like the fingers of ȧ ḡlôve—hençe its name.

[2] **Courtesied,** (kẽrt'sid), bowed the body ȧ little, with bending of the knees.

II.

77. EVENING.

SOFTLY sighs the evening breeze,
Through the blooming chestnut trees:
Little birds from rocking spray,
Sing their hymn to dying day.

2. Flowers that when the sun arose,
Oped to life, now softly close:
As an angel from afar,
Beams the pale-faced evening star.

3. In the distant western sky,
Clouds like golden landscapes[1] lie:
As a little bird at rest,
Baby sleeps on mother's breast.

[1] **Land'scape,** a portion of land which the eye can take in at a single view, with all its objects; a picture showing some scene in nature.

4. Grăndam[1] gīveş her knitting ō'er,
And beside our cottage-dōor
Father sĭts, and we draw near,
Heaven's etĕrnal[2] truṭhs to hear.

III.

78. THE SOLDIER'S WINDFALL.

AMBROSE, à French soldier, waṣ strolling hōmeward to hiş barracks one evening, ṭhrough the waving wheat-fields near the town of Bleau (Blō). He sang with joy at the ṭhought ṭhat in two short weeks hiş seven yearş' term of military sĕrviçe would be over. And ṭhen—for hiş own dear hōme.

2. Gentle, peaçeful, and pious, he hated hiş soldier-life, though ever strictly faiṭhful to its duṭieş, and counted the dāyş when he should be free onçe mōre. No wonder ṭhat he sung ămĭdst hiş bright hopes.

3. Aş he pàssed à little shop in which cakes and buns were sold, he felt hiş hand ġently toŭched, and tûrning around, he saw à pale, ṭhin, little boy, àbout four yearş old, who waṣ trying to attract hiş notiçe.

4. "What iş ṭhe matter, my man?" he kindly said, stooping down to ṭhe child.—"I am very hungry," waṣ ṭhe ănswer.—"To whom do you belŏng?"—"I belŏng to my nûrse; but she left me here and said she would kill me, if I went back."

5. The soldier pulled down ṭhe ragged dress which covered ṭhe pōor little back, and saw ṭhe marks and bruiseş of severe blowş. He tŏok ṭhe child's hand

[1] **Grăn'dam,** an old woman; à grandmŏther.

[2] **Eternal** (e tĕr'nal), without beginning or end; çeaseless.

and it grasped his own, as if afraid to let go. He went into the shop and bought a bun, which the boy ate at once. They walked on, Ambrose uncertain what to do—the child quite satisfied and chattering gayly.

6. The soldiers welcomed them at the barracks. One gave the child a penny, another some grapes. One of them cried out, "Ambrose's windfall!" and the name was taken up with roars of laughter.

7. There was no end of joking, when Ambrose declared he would not send him to the poor-house. But how to dispose of him for the present was a difficulty. By coaxing and a few pennies, he at length procured lodging for him with a soldier's wife.

8. For many hours that night Ambrose pondered what he should do with the little one whom Providence had placed in his way. "Not for nothing, please God;" and repeating these words, and making the sign of the cross, he fell asleep.

9. The next morning he went to look after Windfall and found him playing in the street. "Have you said your prayers, sir, this morning?" he said, tapping him gently on the cheek; but the child did not understand.

10. "Can you make the sign of the cross?"—"No," said he, with a puzzled look.—"Have you never heard of the good God?"—"When my nurse and her husband were angry, they used to say——" and the infant lips uttered a dreadful oath.

11. Ambrose shuddered. The bruises on that poor child's body were less sad than the marks already left upon his soul. That day and the next and the next, the soldier sought in every direction for some

means of providing for the boy, but in vain. Once he thought of taking the little fellow home with him.

12. But "No!" he said, "that would be to lay a heavy burden on my family, already so poor, and so produce discord and unkindness. After all, what claim has the child upon me? Why should I go through such anxiety for him?"—Poor Ambrose! the grace of God was pressing him very hard.

13. He paid his usual visit to Windfall, took him out in the street with him, and, entering a church, knelt down before the altar. Then they went to the school of the Christian Brothers. "For three hundred dollars," Ambrose said to the superior, "would you bring up this child in the knowledge of God, and the love of Jesus and His blessed Mother?"

14. The superior reflected a few moments, and consented. "Keep him then till evening." The soldier walked out into the country as he had done the week before, and went over the very same ground.

15. The air was as balmy and the thoughts of home as sweet as before, but God was speaking to his soul. He stopped at the house of a gentleman who had lately advertised for a substitute for the army, offered himself, and was accepted. For the love of God alone, and to save a soul from vice, he bound himself to seven more years of bondage.

16. He hastened back to the school of the Christian Brothers, where he left the child and the price of his own liberty. From that day, he made rapid strides in the heavenward way. The child proved indeed to him a windfall.

IV.

79. THE SUNBEAM.

THE GOLDEN SUN goes gently down
Behind the western mountain brown:
One last bright ray is quivering still,
A crimson line along the hill,
And colors with a rosy light
The clouds far up in heaven's blue height.

2. How many scenes and sights to-day
Have basked beneath the selfsame ray,
Since first the glowing morning broke,
And larks sprung up and lambs awoke,
And fields, with glistening dewdrops bright,
Seemed changed to sheets of silver white!

3. The ship that rushed before the gale
Has caught it on her bright'ning sail;
The shepherd boy has watched it pass,
When shadows moved along the grass;
The butterflies have loved it much;
The flowers have opened to its touch.

4. How oft its light has pierced the gloom
Of some full city's garret room,
And glimmered through the chamber bare,
Till the poor workman toiling there
Has let his tools a moment fall,
To see it dance upon the wall!

5. Perhaps, some prisoner desolate
Has watched it through his iron grate,
And inly wondered as it fell
Across his low and narrow cell,
If things without—hill, sky, and tree—
Were lovely as they used to be.

6. Go gently down, thou golden gleam:
And as I watch thy fading beam,
So let me learn, like thee, to give
Pleasure and blessing while I live;
With kindly deed and smiling face,
A *sunbeam* in my lowly place.

SECTION XX.

I.

80. TADDEO THE CRIPPLE.

PART FIRST.

FATHER PEDRO said, "The boy should have sŏme tōōls, some small tools, not too heavy for his weak hands, but with which he can ămūse[1] himself as he sits here by thē hour in his lōw chăir."

2. The boy's eyes grew bright as he hĕard this: "Yĕs, yes, mŏther! let me have some small tools, and I will make something for our own little altar." —"You shall have them, child; your fäther will be glad to do anything to make you happy."

3. That vĕry night, when Julius the stone-cutter came from his work on the great cathedral, in the old town of Sienna,[2] his wife, Căthĕrĭne, told him what Father Pēdro had said.

4. Julius listened with tears in his eyes. "Yĕs, my poor Taddeo, you shall have any and all the tools that your weak hands can use."—"Indeed, father, my hands are not so vĕry weak. If my feet and legs were ōnly as strŏng as my hands and arms, I could climb with you to the top of the scaffold[3] in the new cathedral. But they will grow strŏnger."

5. "That may be," said Julius, "but the tools you shall have." The next evening, when he brought

[1] **A mūse'**, to please; to occupy in a pleasant wāy.

[2] **Sĭ ĕn'na**, a city in Italy.

[3] **Scăf'fold**, timber or bōards put up to suppōrt workmen engaged on thē upper part of a building.

Taddeo ȧ set of small tools for carving[1] wood, and ȧ supply[2] of sŏft wood that could be easily worked, there was not ȧ happier child in all Sïĕn'nȧ.

6. Poor little Taddeo had never tāken ȧ step in his life; for his feeble[3] limbs were unable to beȧr his weight, slight as it was. But from this time there was no sadness in the large dark eyes, no quivering[4] of the pale lips, as he saw other boys at their spōrts.

7. His prâyers, even, were said with mōre fĕrvor,[5] and ȧ ray of joy lighted up his fȧce and his *w*hōle life. With thē ēarly morning his tools were plȧced by his chair, and he was at work. His mŏther did not ȧsk him what he was doing, for she saw that it was to be ȧ surprise[6] for her.

8. The Advent days had come and gŏne, Christmas too, and even the Epiphany and the Purification, but still Taddeo kept his secret. At last came the morning of the 25th of March. Taddeo was dressed and in his chȧir ready to be taken to thē early Mȧss, for it was the Feast of the Annunciation, and he must not fail to reçeive Holy Communion on that dāy.

9. There was plenty of time, however, for Cătherïne was ȧ stirring, active woman, who was never known to be late for Mȧss, or to neglect[7] any of her domestic[8] duties ēither. Presently he called his pârents, and laid in their hands the figure on which he had been (bĭn) so lŏng at work.

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[1] **Cärv'ing,** cutting: fashioning.

[2] **Sup plȳ',** ȧ quantity.

[3] **Fēe'ble,** infirm; weak.

[4] **Quiv'er ing,** trembling; shaking with slight, quick motions.

[5] **Fer'vor,** animation; warmth.

[6] **Sur prīse',** something unexpected.

[7] **Neg'lĕct,** to omit; to slight; suffer to pȧss undone.

[8] **Do mĕs'tic,** belonging to the home, or family.

10. Dame Cătherĭne cârefully removed the wrapping that still ẹonçealed it, and they looked with delighted eyeṣ upon ȧ râre ẹarving of the Blessèd Vĭrġin reçeiving the messaġe of thē Anġel Gabriel, who knelt beforē hĕr with ȧ lily in hiṣ hand.

11. "O Julius!" exẹlaimed the happy Catherine, "ȧ reäl Annunciation, and by our own little Taddeo!" And she ẹlȧsped her boy in her armṣ, while tearṣ of joy ran over her own cheeks upon hiṣ.

12. Julius, too, though ȧ ġrave man, embraçed hiṣ son, kissed him tenderly, and said, "Indeed, my Taddeo, you have worked with sȯmething besideṣ thoṣe poor toolṣ of yȯurṣ."

13. "Only with my prâyers fäther," said the boy. "I lŏnged to do some thing for the Blĕssèd Vīrgin.—And now it is time, bear me to Mâss, please."

14. Julius felt as if his child wĕre à mere feather in weight that morning, so buôy'ant[1] were the hearts of bōth; and when he carried him to the communion-rail, and saw the joy that lighted up his pale façe as he reçeived his Lord, à feeling of almost reverential awe[2] was mingled with his affection.

15. That night he said to Catherine, "Our Taddeo is mōre like an angel than à child! I sometimes think he is not lŏng for this world."—"A year âgo you might have said this, Julius," replied Catherine, "and for *his* sake I would have been content to believe it. But now he seems so happy, I lŏng[3] to have him live."

II.

81. TADDEO THE CRIPPLE.

PART SECOND.

HIS ANNUNCIATION was finished, but the thin fingers of the cripple wĕre not idle. His brain teemed[4] with holy fançies,[5] and his skillful[6] hands were never weary of giving them shapes of beauty. The wood was laid aside for marble.

2. Months pâssed âwāy, and one evening, when Julius came hōme from his work, he told his wife

[1] **Buoy'ant**, light; cheerful.

[2] **Awe** (a), à feeling of respect and fear.

[3] **Lŏng**, to desire eagerly or earnestly.

[4] **Tēemed**, was stocked or filled to overflowing.

[5] **Făn'cies**, mental pictures.

[6] **Skĭll'ful**, having skill, or being able to perform niçely.

and son that "Every workman would, unaided,[1] carve one pillar[2] of the cathedral as an offering[3] to the church."

3. The next morning Taddeo said, "Father, will you not take me with you to-day to the cathedral? I want to see the pillars, and to see which one you have chosen." For Taddeo to express[4] a wish was enough for Julius. The boy was carried in his father's strong arms, just as he had been all his life, and the workmen at the cathedral made a seat for him.

4. His father had chosen a pillar near the altar of the Blessèd Vĭrgin, the second one, in fact. The first one, of the most beautiful white marble, had been left for some great artist, for some workman who should excel[5] all the others.

5. Taddeo sat below, looking at the tall columns,[6] and at the stone-cutters seated high up on the scaffoldings around them, and a wish, a strong wish, swelled in his young heart. The workmen, as they looked down on the boy, said to themselves, "He is nearer Heaven than earth!" so holy was his look. They pitied him, too, because he was a cripple.

6. When Julius came down as usual at the noon recess, he asked Taddeo if he was not tired, and if he did not wish to go home. "No," said Taddeo; "but, father, will you take me up to the top of the pillar, next to our Lady's altar, and give me my tools, for that is the pillar I must carve."

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[1] **Un āid'ed**, without help from others.

[2] **Pĭl'lar**, a support; that which upholds or supports a statue, a roof, or the like.

[3] **Of'fer ing**, that which is presented.

[4] **Ex prĕss'**, to make known.

[5] **Ex cĕl'**, to surpass; to outdo.

[6] **Cŏl'umns**, pillars.

7. "You, my son!" exclaimed Julius. "Why, Taddeo, that has been left for some great sculptor[1] to do. None of us would think of carving that pillar." —"Ask Father Pēdro," said Taddeo, while a look of pain passed over his face. "Ask him *now*, father; I am cĕrtain he will not refuse me."

8. Julius consented[2] because unwilling to deny[3] his son, though he anticipated[4] only disappointment;[5] and Father Pedro coming into the church at the moment, rendered[6] the task easier. Laying his hand on Taddeo's head (for the boy was a favorite[7] with him), he said, "What is it, my son, that you want me to say yĕs to?"

9. "I want you to say"—and Taddeo spoke very slowly and solemnly[8]—"that I may cut the pillar, the white marble pillar which stands nearest to our Blessèd Lady's altar."

10. Father Pedro looked surprised at first, then the tears came to his eyes. Finally, after a few moments' silence, he said, "I will tell you to-mŏrrōw, after my Mass." Then, turning to Julius, "Be sure to bring Taddeo; I will see him dirĕctly after, in the săcristy.[9] The Mass was ended. Taddeo was taken to the săcristy, and Father Pedro, befōre laying ŏff his vestments,[10] said, "You shall carve the pillar, my son."

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[1] **Scŭlp'tor**, one who carves images or figures.

[2] **Con sĕnt'ed**, agreed.

[3] **De nў'**, to refuse.

[4] **An tĭc'i pāt ed**, had a view before; foresaw.

[5] **Dis ap point'ment**, defeat of expectation.

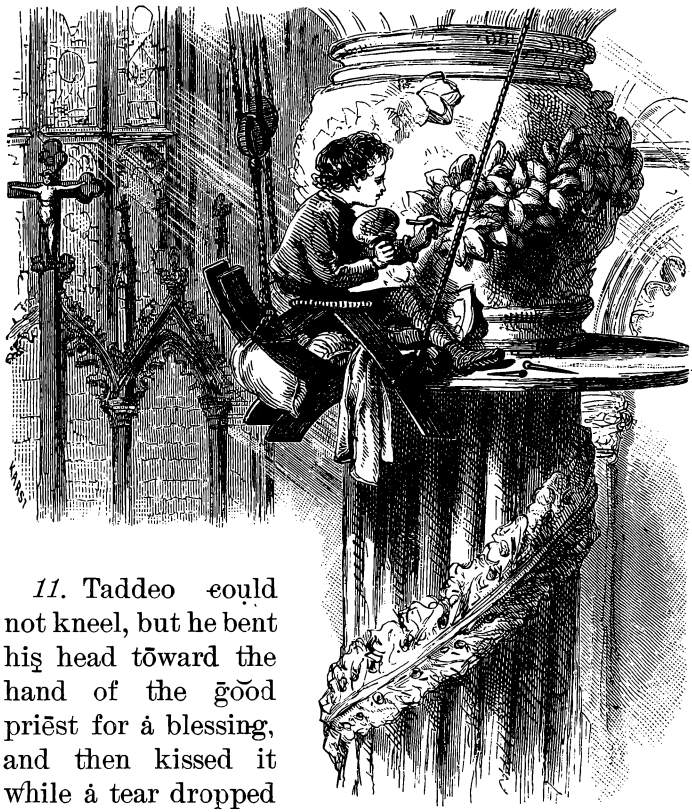
[6] **Rĕn'dered**, made; caused.

[7] **Fā'vor ite**, a pērson or thing regarded with peculiar affection.

[8] **Sŏl'emn ly**, seriously.

[9] **Săc'rist ў**, an apartment in which the sacred vestments and vessels of the church are kept.

[10] **Vĕst'ments**, here means the garments wōrn by a priest during the Holy Sacrifice.



11. Taddeo could not kneel, but he bent his head tōward the hand of the gōod priēst for à blessing, and then kissed it while à tear dropped upon it from his cheek. Julius tōok him in his arms to the church, and up the high scaffolding, brought him his tools, and then went quietly to his own pillar, close by.

12. Evèry morning àfter this, Taddeo was carried to his pillar, and his head was bowed lōw in prâyer befōre he made à stroke with his chisel. Evèry night Julius took him hōme to his mòther, weary but happy.

13. Months rolled by. The workmen no longer sit high up among the arches, but are coming lower day by day, and Taddeo among them. Now he has reached the very base,[1] and every one stops to look at the tall white shaft[2] that stands next to our Lady's altar; for it is one column of pure white lilies!

14. It seems to bud and bloom with this same "plant and flower of light," for throughout its lofty height, no two lilies can be found exactly alike. Each has its six open or closed petals,[3] its thread-like stamens[4] and its six large anthers,[5] yet each one is unlike any of the others.

15. The base from which spring shaft and capital[6] is one mass of leaves, and among them Taddeo is carving a name in large, fair letters, also made of lilies. Beside him stand Julius and good Father Pedro. As he lays down his chisel he turns to Father Pedro and bows his head for a blessing, then leans forward until he rests against the pillar.

16. Julius waits for him, for he is accustomed to seeing Taddeo lose himself in a moment's prayer. Then he stoops down to take up the boy as usual, but Taddeo is dead! He died with his head resting on the name he had carved among the lilies—the name of *MARY!*

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[1] **Base,** the foundation; that on which a thing rests.

[2] **Shaft,** the long, smooth roller-like part of a pillar.

[3] **Pet'al,** one of the colored leaves composing a flower.

[4] **Sta'mens,** the thread-like organs of a flower.

[5] **An'ther,** that organ of a flower which crowns the stamen.

[6] **Cap'i tal,** the top or uppermost part of a pillar.

III.

82. THE ANGELIC YOUTH.

AMIDST the glōw and the glōry
Of the gōlden mònth of June,
When the buds are all in blossom
And the bīrds are all in tune,
What is thêre mōre delicious,
More fraught with child-like joy,
Than the feast of St. Aloysius,
Gŏnzä'gà's blessèd boy!

2. In the blaze of a thousand altars
He stands—dear little Saint!

In his snowy, âiry sûrplĭçe,
And his habit dark and quaint;
His head à little drooping,
(The wāy he used to stand,)
His dark clear eyes on the lilies,
And à crucifix in his hand.

3. What matters the crown that glitters
Unnoticed at his feet?
What matter the dūcal splendors
His brother finds so sweet?
The dear religious habit
Tûrns gold and gems to drŏss,
And the Company of Jesus
Is *worth* à prinçedom's lŏss.

4. He was not old, dear children,
His face was young and fâir,
Swift was his step and graçeful,
And bright his waving hâir;
Accomplished, mild, and courtèoŭs,
And every inch à prinçe,
His like 'mid royal pages
Has not been met with sinçe.

5. But he bōre himself so pūrely,
Like à lily, white and fresh,
They called him, "the little prinçe exempt
From the weakness of the flesh."
And though his soul's bright vesture
Was such as seraphs weâr,
He yielded up his sweet, young life,
To penançe and to prâyer.

6. O sāy not, precious children!
"Such heights are not for us:"
He loved our Lord intensely,
And our Lord is generous.
Ere the light of grace auspicious,
In your tender souls grow dim,
Come to Saint Aloysius,
And lēarn to love like him!

IV.

83. THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

QUITE LATELY, I was seated in the cabin of one of our great ocean steamers, in conversation with some friends. We were approaching port, and, expecting to land on the following day, exchanged many pleasant, cheerful words concerning our voyage and its close.

2. One by one our company withdrew, either to seek repose or to prepâre for the bustle of the morrow. I noticed among the passengers who now thronged into the cabin, two who had attracted my notice from time to time throughout the day.

3. These were a little boy about six years old, and his father, a man of medium height and respectable dress, who was evidently a foreigner. They had passed and repassed me as I sat upon the deck enjoying the pleasant breeze and the wide expanse of water around me.

4. The child was very fair and fine-looking, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance, and from under his little German cap fell his chestnut hair in thick-clustering, beautiful curls.

5. They stood within a few feet of me, and I watched with interest their preparations for the night's repose. The father arranged an upper berth for the child, and tied around the little one's head a handkerchief to protect his curls—those glossy curls that looked as if the sunlight from his happy heart always rested upon them.

6. I looked to see him seek his resting-place. But, instead of this, he quietly kneeled down upon the floor, folded his little hands together, and with bowed head and sign of the cross began his evening prayer.

7. How simple his gesture! How beautiful and child-like the little kneeling figure appears! I could

hear the mûrmûring of his sweet voiçe in the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the "Gŏd bless papä."

8. Thêre wēre grown men around him, Christian *men*, going to rest without à prâyer; or, if praying at all, confining thêir devotions to à kind of mental deşire for protection, without enough coŭrage or piety to kneel down in à steamboat cabin and, befōre strangers, acknowledge the goodness of Gŏd, and ask His protecting love!

9. In this bright boy I saw the training of some pious mother! Whêre was she at that moment? Pērchançe[1] in à distant land, or, it may be, lōoking from thē etērnal world upon the child she had so loved and taught. How many times had that kind hand rested on thoşe sunny locks aş he lisped his evening prâyers.

10. I could scârçe restrain my tears then, nor can I now, aş I see in memory that sweet child, unheeding the crowded tumult around him, bending in tender love before his Lord. His devotions ended, he arōşe, and with his father's gōod-nīght kiss on cheek and brow, sōon sunk to peaçeful rest.

11. I felt à strŏng deşire to speak to them, but defērred[2] it until morning. And when morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again.

Sŏft eyes cast so humbly down,
Shaded by the ringlets brown,
Heeding not the crowds that passed,
Little hands in reverençe clasped,

[1] **Per chance'**, possibly; perhaps. [2] **De ferred'**, delayed; put ŏff.

Amidst memory's pictures fâir,
Oft I'll see thee, "Child at Prâyer!"

V.

84. ALTARS OF MARY.

COME CROWN our Mother's altars now,
And bind the garland on her brow,
And bid the flowerets fâir,
Breathe out their odors at her feet,
As Nature's purest inçense, meet
To mingle with our prâyer.

2. All spotlèss like thy purity,
The lily fâir we bring to thee;
The rose, with blushes dyed,
Which as *thy* virtues, rich and râre,
With sweetèst fragrançe fills thē âir—
The summer's glōrious pride.

3. Crowned by thy Gŏd in hĕav*e*n ăbŏve,
Object of all thē ānġels' love,
And blest for ĕvermōre;
Yĕt wilt thou list thy childrĕn's sŏng,
And smile upon thē infant thrŏng
Who, at thy shrine, ădōre.

4. Oh, māy we here, ă youthful band,
Be guided by thy gracious hand
Through life's unçĕrtaĭn wāy,
Until with thee we join, to sing
The glōries of thy Sŏn, our King,
In Heav*e*n's etĕrnal dāy.

SECTION XXI.

I.

85. GIANT PRIDE.

PART FIRST.

ALL CHILDREN like to hear, or to read for themselves, stŏries about ġiants. There is scarçely one of them, who has not heard about Jack the Giant-Killer. The stōry makes him out a vĕry brave youth, but unhappily the story is not true.

2. There was another Giant-Killer, David, who really lived some three thousand years āgō. His story is told in the Holy Scriptures, which is Gŏd's book. Goliath, whom David killed, was a real ġiant. He was ten or eleven feet high. He had brothers who were also killed in David's time. So that this whōle family of ġiants were destroyed.

3. But there is another family of ġiants who are ālīve in our ōwn dāy. We meet them ĕvèrywhêre, and each one of us has to fight them. They are not men of huġe stature, but they are ġreat sins. Our Catechism calls them the Seven Deadly Sins.

4. We know what deadly means, something which may kill us. They are all related to each other, and when one of them has sēized upon us, it is easy for thē others to do the same.

5. Each one of us has a sōul. And this sōul is ġiven us to know, love and serve Gŏd, and be happy with him forever in heaven. If we had not a sōul, we would be like the lower animals.

6. Now it is our sōul which these seven ġiants are trying to kill, or at least to make into a slave. The seven ġiants are all the sĕrvants of the devil, and enemies of Gŏd. What they want to do is to keep our sōul from ever ġoing to heaven, and to put it instead in the dungeon of hell.

7. Giant Pride is the fīrst of these ġiants, and he is one of the strongest. Even when boys and gīrls are very gōōd, he makes his wāy into their sōul. And he does as much harm there as a storm does that sweeps through a ġarden of flowers.

8. He makes a boy or ġirl think, "Oh, I am very ġood. I sāy my prâyers, I knōw my lessons, I obey my teacher. I am better than any ŏther one in my class. My friends and playmates are not nearly so ġood nor so wise as I am."

9. This ġiant shōws himself in other wāys, too. He makes a child rude to his little companions, saying to himself: "They are so stupid, or they do not weâr such nice clothes as I do, or their fathers and mothers are poor people."

10. And he will not let them touch his plāything, nor read his books, nor will he even speak kindly to them. It makes him also vĕry ġreedy and selfish. He picks out the best of everything for himself; the choicest toys, the rosiëst apples, the biġġest piece of cake, and the largest handful of nuts.

11. This is all the work of Giant Pride, who has become this child's master. And yet if the child could ōnly see how ugly this ġiant is! If a picture could be taken of him, or of the sōul which belongs to him, the child could not bear the sight.

12. When he is in a soul, God can not bear to look at it. The Blessèd Virgin turns away her head. This giant never seized upon her when she was on earth. She was always humble, and free from sin, and that was why our Lord chose her for his Mother.

13. What must children do when they feel that

Giant Pride is coming near them, and trying to make them think themselves better than anybody else, or wiser than their parents and teachers, so that they do not want to obey?

14. They must think of the child Jesus at Nazareth. He lived there in a very poor little house. He obeyed his foster-father, St. Joseph, and his Mother, Mary. "He was subject to them," as the Holy Scriptures say.

15. He, the Lord of heaven and earth, lived as the poorest people do on earth, and obeyed His own creatures. He did this to show children how they were to fight Giant Pride.

16. So when Giant Pride comes, children must pray to Jesus of Nazareth and to his Blessèd Mother. They can not fight a giant alone. He is so strong and they are so weak. When David slew Goliath, it was with the help of God.

II.

86. GIANT PRIDE.

PART SECOND.

IN HEAVEN there was once a very beautiful Angel. He shone brighter than the sun or the stars, or any earthly light. In all God's kingdom of heaven, there was no one like him. He was near to the throne of God, and he was above all the other angels. His name was Lucifer, which means the light-bringer.

2. This Angel was very happy. Every one is happy in heaven. No sorrow enters there. There is no death, and no night. There is no need of the

sun or of the moon, for the light of God is always shining there. The city itself is of pure gold, and the walls adorned with precious stones.

3. One day Giant Pride found his way in there. Some of the Angels were afraid when they saw him coming. But as Lucifer was so powerful, he did not know what fear was. So the giant crept up to him, and began to talk.

4. "Lucifer," he whispered, "how beautiful you are; how great and strong and mighty you are. You are equal to God. Why do you obey him?"

5. Now he was not equal to God, because God had made him, shining angel as he was. But Giant Pride likes to tell lies. He does not care for the truth. Lucifer was quite willing to listen to him and to accept what he said. He did not try to fight Giant Pride.

6. He did not say to him, "All I have God gave me; my beauty, my strength, my power. So I must obey him, and be very grateful to him besides." But as he listened his heart was changed, and he said: "I will obey God no more. I will be as great as he. I will make all the other spirits obey me."

7. As soon as he said this, God cast him out of heaven and into hell, where he must now live forever in fire and in torments.

8. So it was through Giant Pride that Lucifer, the brightest of all the bright spirits in God's kingdom, was changed into a devil. Should we not, then, be very much afraid of this Giant Pride?

9. But he did more. He made Eve, our first mother, disobey God. We children know how Adam

and Eve were plaçed by Gŏd in à lovely gārden. It waṣ fụll of flowerṣ and fruịt, and of all the mōst beautiful thingṣ that are in the world.

10. The animalṣ which lived there were tame, and ẹame and ẹrouẹhed at Adam's ṣ feet, when he ẹalled them. Adam and Eve were perfeẹtly happy. Gŏd gāve them everything. But he ṣhowed them one tree of the gārden, and told them that they must not eat any of the fruit that grew upon it.

11. Giant Pride stole into the gārden, and he whiṣpered to Eve that if ṣhe ate any of thoṣe appleṣ, ṣhe would be aṣ wiṣe and gṛeat aṣ Gŏd. He ṣaid, "Why ṣhould Gŏd tell you not to eat thoṣe appleṣ? He wants to keep you ignorant, for fear you ṣhould know aṣ muẹh as he dòeṣ."

12. So Eve forgot all that Gŏd had done for her. He had ẹreated her, and gīven her everything that ẹould make her happy. She believed what Giant Pride ṣaid, and so ṣhe ate of the fruịt. She gāve some to Adam, and he ate, ạlso.

13. Then Gŏd waṣ angry, and put them both out of the gārden. After that, sŏrrōw, ṣickness, and deaṭh ẹame into the world. And if Christ had not died for us, not one of us ẹould ever gō to heaven. Our last home must have been with Luçifer in hell.

14. So when children feel this Giant ẹoming near them, they ṣhould pray to the dear Child Jeṣus, and to hiṣ Blessèd Mother. They ṣhould àsk for ṣtrength, that they may be able to defeat him. We ẹan not fight him alōne, no matter how muẹh we may wiṣh to do so.

III.

87. GIANT ANGER.

PART FIRST.

GIANT ANGER is second in our order of subjects as to the Seven Giants. Though each of these has his special friends, they influence more or less all of us. We have seen what an ugly giant Pride is, and now comes another quite as bad. When we go to Confession, we must strive to find out whether our giant is Pride, or Anger, or which other one of the seven.

2. Giant Anger often tries to get children into his power, and he is often helped to do this by Giant Pride. Giant Anger always looks cross. His fore-*head* is full of wrinkles, because he frowns so much. His lips are big and swoll*en*. His eyes are red, from the angry thoughts in his mind.

3. His voice is like the growling of a bear, or the snarling of an angry dog. He often waits at the nursery door, or in the dining-room, or in the school-room, to seize the children. When he hears them told to do anything which they do not like, he puts out his hand and touches them.

4. Then the children's faces get just like his own. The smile is gone away from them. The brows are knit, the lips are puckered up. The children are very ugly. Even those about them can see that. But the worst of it is that God sees it.

5. His Angel guardian turns away, and the Blessèd Virgin is very sad. She remembers how her Divine

Son loved thoṣe little sōulṣ, and ċame down on earth to bring them up to heaven. And ṣhe knowṣ, too, how the ṫhought of thoṣe ċhildren ġiving themselveṣ to one or more of theṣe ġiants, made Jeṣus suffer in the ġarden and on the Cross.

6. Sometimes a child stamps his foot, cries, calls his little playmate naughty names, or even strikes him. Or if he is at school, he will not speak to anyone, but sits in the corner sulking.

7. His Angel whispers to him, "Drive Giant Anger away. He wants to make your little friends hate you. He will put you in chains. He will strive to destroy your soul. Jesus will help you, if you will only pray to Him."

8. If the child listen to his Angel and obey, Giant Anger will not be able to make him a prisoner; but he will soon be as happy as he was before. And so bright jewels will be added to the crown that the child is to wear one day in heaven.

IV.

88. GIANT ANGER.

PART SECOND.

NEARLY nineteen hundred years ago, when our Lord was on earth, it is said that when the children of Nazareth were in any trouble they used to say, "Let us go to Meekness." They called Jesus Meekness. We know what meekness is. It is keeping Giant Anger away.

2. This giant never dared to go near our dear Saviour. He was so sweet and gentle that every one went to Him to tell him when anything was the matter. Our Lord did not love any one who belonged to Giant Anger. He said one day, in his great sermon on the mount, "Blessèd are the Meek."

3. Children can be meek if they will only try. If they feel Giant Anger coming, let them say a little prâyer and drive him awāy. If he tell them to speak angry words, or to sit sulking and pouting in a corner, let them think of the Child Jesus and ask him to destroy the ugly giant.

4. Sometimes children get to quarreling about a ball, or a picture-book, or a lesson. Alice says, "Mary won't let me have her book," and tries to snatch it out of Mary's hand. Mary says, "No, you shän't have my book," and kicks and screams and slaps, rather than let it go. Giant Anger pushes Mary one way, and Alice another.

5. But the Angel Guardian whispers, "Mary, give her the book. Do it for the sake of the Mother of Jesus, whose name you bear, and the dear Child Jesus, and the day will come when you will be happy with them in heaven."

6. And Alice's Angel says, "It is her book. Do not take it from her. Be gentle and kind, as little Jesus was."

7. Or Giant Anger pushes Henry into a corner, and makes him sit there, thinking: "Oh how I wish I could strike William! I hate him so! He took my place in the class. He won the game and stole my marbles."

8. And the Angel whispers: "Henry, it is just as bad to cherish angry thoughts as to say angry words, or to do angry deeds. God sees you. Drive away your angry thoughts, for Jesus' sake, and he will reward you here and hereafter. Giant Anger is near, to seize you. Escape from him through prayer."

V.

89. GIANT INTEMPERANCE.

PART FIRST.

GIANT INTEMPERANCE is an enemy of God and the chief cause of earthly ills. Head and shoulders above the other giants, he is the strongest, the most artful, obstinate, hard-hearted, and fiendish of them all. He is sometimes called drunkenness, or Giant Gluttony.

2. The names of the other giants are Lust, Envy, Sloth, and Covetousness. Though each of these seven brothers differs from the others, there is a strong family likeness. Giant Intemperançe in his single person has the traits[1] of the others, and he surpasses them all in wickedness.

3. He is a very ugly-looking fellow. When he is in good humor,[2] and feels jolly,[3] he puts on a silly[4] façe, and looks very foolish. But when he gets in a passion,[5] he is frightful looking, and it makes one shudder to see him.

4. He never was very hándsome, even when he was quite young; but, as he grows older, and more wicked, evil passions have shown themselves more and more on his façe, and sin has stamped its dreadful mark upon his features[6] so fearfully, that he is now a very monster of úglinèss.

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[1] **Traits,** touches or marks which distinguish.

[2] **Hū'mor,** state of mind; mood; temper.

[3] **Jŏl'ly,** läughter-loving; full of life and fun.

[4] **Sĭl'ly,** witless; simple.

[5] **Passion** (păsh'un), strong feeling moving to action; anger; fierçe rage.

[6] **Fēat'ures,** countenançe; façe; make, form, or appearance.

5. This ġiant iṣ ċruel,[2] and hard-hearted, and self-iṡh, and passionate, and fierçe. When ȧ pērson ġĕts into hiṣ power, he sōōn beċomeṣ just like him. He beġinṣ to forġet Ġŏd; he neġleċts hiṣ morning and hiṣ evening prayerṣ; he stayṣ at hōme from Mȧss

[2] **Cruel** (krọ̄′ el), willing or pleaṣed to ġive pain to ȯtherṣ, or to vex them; barbarous; savaġe; hard-hearted.

on Sundays, and he will not go to Confession, for he knows that if he does, he will have to break the chains which the giant has put on him. He neglects his business, wastes his money, becomes unkind to his family, and often leaves them in tears.

6. This giant is very, very wicked, too. He breaks every one of God's laws. He fills the poor-house and the prison, and furnishes victims for the gallows.[1] Sin follows him like a shadow, wherever he goes. Quarreling, swearing, fighting, robbing, and murdering are ever with him.

7. He is the largest, the strongest, the most dangerous giant in the world. He is strong in nearly all countries. Once he might easily have been driven out of any land. But now he has so many strong castles, so many thousands of men in his service, and so much money to use in his defense, that he laughs at his enemies.

8. Thousands of noble men and women, and brave and loving boys and girls have worked to destroy this giant. Gold and silver have been expended freely to destroy him. More sermons and speeches have been delivered against him, more books written, more societies formed, and more efforts made against him, than against all the other giants.

9. Though this giant is thousands of years old, and has been through hundreds of battles, he does not seem to grow weak, or stiff with age. But every year he seems to get stronger and more active.

10. And oh! what a sad sight it is to look into one of his dungeons! Hundreds and thousands of pris-

[1] **Gallows** (găl'lŭs), the frame on which murderers are hanged.

oners, in our land, are bound fast in his chains. He has more of them than any other giant here.

11. These prisoners are not from any one class only. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, are among them. Farmers, mechanics, merchants, lawyers, doctors—men and women, and even children too, are dragged into his dungeons.

12. The accomplished,[1] the learned, the kindest, the most loving, and the most beautiful fall under his power. Many hundred captives are taken from his dungeons, in our own country, every year, and buried in the drunkard's grave. How dreadful this is to think of!

VI.

90. GIANT INTEMPERANCE.

PART SECOND.

GENERALLY the Giant Intemperance is clothed in rags. And he is so filthy, too, that his whole appearance is disgusting. He goes unwashed and unshaved for days together; and then, with a rough, shaggy beard, and an old crumpled[2] hat on his head, he may be seen reeling and staggering about the streets.

2. His prisoners, too, soon become like him, filthy, ragged, a nuisance[3] to the neighborhood. Often the wretched father and mother, and the little child, are

[1] **Accomplished** (ak kŏm′plĭsht), complete or finished in things which are most sought by study and practice; as skill in the use of language, in music, painting, &c.

[2] **Crumpled** (krŭm′pld), drawn or pressed into wrinkles or folds.

[3] **Nū′sance**, that which troubles.

seen covered with dirt, gathered from the gutter[1] where they have been lying.

3. They spend their means foolishly, and become too lazy to work; but the need of food and clothing, and the dreadful desire for rum force them into action. They lose all self-respect, beg from door to door, and prey upon the innocent, the credulous,[2] and the benevolent.

4. They devise[3] false stories, and deceive with lying lips their own relatives, and their best friends. Their natural affections are deadened. No regard for parents, brothers, or sisters, no love of wife, no youthful promise of son or daughter, no feeling for the tender infant restrains them.

5. They indulge the appetite for strong drink day by day, and so it grows stronger and stronger until it is a disease, clinging like a blight[4] upon their lives. Woe to them, poor slaves! A burning thirst possesses them—a thirst always crying "More! more!" and which can never be satisfied.

6. Of course this giant must be very artful[5] and busy making prisoners to be able to take so many. He sets a great many man-traps, and snares, to catch people, young and old.

7. The low drinking places along our public streets and by-ways, are all TRAPS he has set. Here he sits, patiently, watching for days, weeks, months, and years, to catch any passer-by, old or young, just as

[1] **Gŭt'ter**, a small channel, or ditch, at the road side.

[2] **Crĕd'ū loŭs**, apt to believe on slight proof; easily deceived.

[3] **Devise** (de vīz'), to invent; to scheme or plan for.

[4] **Blight**, mildew; that which injures or destroys.

[5] **Art'ful**, cunning; sly; apt to mislead.

you ŏften see ȧ spider quiëtly wạtĉhing in its web to entangle ȧ poor fly.

8. Into theşe traps people are entiçed.[1] They are tempted to drink. They learn to love drink. And when this habit iş formed, they become hiş prişoners. But theşe are ōnly a few of hiş snareş.

9. Sometimeş he spreadş ȧ snâre at an evening party. A pleaşant company iş preşent. Refrĕshmènts are handed round. Liquor[2] iş poured out. A young man iş ûrġed to drink to the health of ȧ friend. He finally takes the ḡlȧss, and drinks, that he mā̄y not hûrt hiş friend'ş feelingş.

10. He attendş many partieş. He takes liquor at each of them. Thus the taste for drink iş formed. By and by he feelş that he cän't do without it. The ġiant haş bound him hand and fo͝ot, and he iş so͞on draḡged down to ruin.[3]

11. Theşe are some of this ġiant's wāyş of cătching people. Then he conquerş[4] their better feelingş. They tûrn from the päth of vĩrtue, and enter that of viçe. That iş ȧ down-hill päth,[5] and the ġiant puşheş them on fȧster and fȧster.

12. Thus hiş prişonerş are ruined; ruined for this world, and for the next. Mişery,[6] disḡraçe, and wạnt are the pōrtion the ġiant ḡiveş them while they live; and, when they die, they find that the Holy

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[1] **En tīced′**, drawn on by awakening deşire or hope; tempted; coaxed.

[2] **Liquor** (lĭk′er), drink that intoxicates, or makes drunk; drink that containş alcohol.

[3] **Ruin** (rụ′in), destruction; that change of any thing which destroyş it, or unfits it for use.

[4] **Conquers** (kŏngk′erz).

[5] **Path** (päth).

[6] **Mĭs′e rȳ**, woe; vĕry ḡreat unhăppinĕss.

Scriptures say truly, "Drunkards shall *not* inherit[1] the kingdom of God."

13. Now, you must learn to fight the giant Intemperance while you are young, if you do not wish to become his prisoners. You are to do this BY DRINKING COLD WATER. I do not mean that cold water is to take the place of milk, or tea, or coffee.

14. But I mean you are to drink cold water instead of all kinds of intoxicating liquors. The giant can never conquer you while you make this your drink. Sign the pledge in youth and become a useful member of the Father Mathew temperance society.

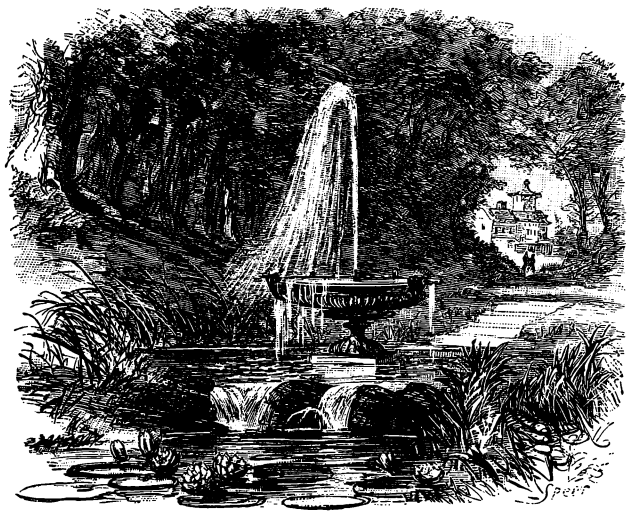
15. Keep this pledge yourself, and use your influence to get your friends and school-mates to sign it also. Pray for grace and strength to keep your promise, and the Sacred Heart of Jesus will aid you so to do. You will thus do much good. The children of to-day will soon be the men and women of our country. And the good habits thus formed in early years, as the Holy Scripture says, "Shall add to thee length of days, and years of life, and peace."

VII.

91. THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,

[1] **In hĕr′it,** to receive or take by right of birth: to become possessed of, or to enjoy; to have by nature.



Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

2. Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

3. Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,

Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

4. Ever in motion,
Blithesome[1] and cheery,[2]
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;[3]

5. Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

6. Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

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[1] **Blīthe'some,** mĕrry; cheerful. lively; causing cheerfulnĕss.
[2] **Chēer'ў,** in good spirits; [3] **A wēa'rў,** very tired.

7. Ceaseless[1] aspiring,[2]
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element—[3]

8. Glorious[4] fountain![5]
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

VIII.

92. WATER.

WATER, beautiful wa̤ter! Do you know of any thing mōre beautiful than wa̤ter? The bright dew-drops, the babbling[6] brōōks, the clear fountaĭns, the sparkling water-falls, the rapid rivers, and the deep, salt sea are all beautiful.

2. We have springs and fountaĭns of water all over the world. They are found in ĕvèry land. Whêr-

[1] **Cēase'less**, without end or rest.
[2] **As pīr'ing**, longing for; rising.
[3] **El'e ment**, one of the simplest or needful parts of a thing.
[4] **Glō'ri oŭs**, grand; noble.
[5] **Fount'ain**, a spring or stream of wa̤ter rising naturally from the earth, or formed by man.
[6] **Băb'bling**, making a low noise without stop.

ever we find people living, thêre we find wạter for them to drink.

3. Springs differ vĕry much in taste and quality. The wạter from one spring will have sulphur in it, another will have iron[1] in it, another will have some kind of salt in it; but there never was ȧ spring found in all the world that had al-cohol[2] in it.

4. Al-cohol, you know, is the part of wine or liquor that makes people drunk. But ăl-cohol is never found in the water that Gŏd has made, as it comes up pure and sparkling from thē ĕarth. Nobody ever hĕard of ȧ natural spring that yiēldèd al-cohol or intoxi-cating liquors.

5. But if it had been gŏŏd for us to have such poisonous drinks as these, Gŏd would have made them. He could have made springs that would yield different kinds of liquor just as easily as He made the trees to beâr different kinds of fruit.

6. When Gŏd made Adam and Eve, He put them in the beautiful gārden of Eden. In that gārden, we are told, "The Lord God brought fōrth of the ground all manner of trees, fair to behold, and pleasant to eat of.

7. "And ȧ river went out of the plaçe of plĕasure to water paradise, which from thençe is dĭvĭded into four heads." This is what the Catholic Bible tells us ȧbout that gārden. It must have been vĕry beautiful; for ĕvèry thing that Gŏd makes is beautiful.

8. When He makes ȧ rainbow, how beautiful it is! When He makes ȧ butterfly, how beautiful it is!

[1] **Iron** (ī'ẽrn).

[2] **Al'co hol,** pure spirit; the part of liquors which intoxicates.

When He makes a flower, a tree, a star, a sun, they are all beautiful.

9. And when Gŏd undertook to make a gārden, oh! how vĕry beautiful it must have been! What gently rising hills! what level plains! what shady groves![1] what green, mŏssy banks! what fâir trees! what sweet flowers! what springs and fountains of cool, clear, sparkling water wēre there!

10. Evèry thing to be desired that was pleasant to thē eye and thē ear, to the taste and to the smell, was there; but do you think that in any part of the gārden of Eden there was a gin or brandy fountain? No; nothing of the kind was found there.

11. It is a grēat mistake to suppose that alcoholic liquors have the effect of making people strŏng and hearty. They have just the contrary effect. There is no other drink, however, that so generally satisfies our needs as cold water.

12. You know how strŏng thē ox and the (thŭ) horse are, and what hard work they have to do. Well, what do they drink? Water; and nothing else. Water helps to gīve the horse his strength, and thē ox, and the huge elephant too.

13. Lo͝ok at that giant old oak. How strŏng it is! Yĕt it drinks nothing but water. You know that trees drink, as well as men and cattle. The tree drinks through its rō͝ots and through its leaves.

14. Take any plant, and let it have nothing but intoxicating drinks to moist*e*n its rō͝ots and leaves, and it will die. Suppose it should rain these drinks for thirty days, what would thē effect be? All the

[1] Grōve, a cluster of large trees without underwood; a small wood.

trees and other plants would die; all things would perish, and the world would become a void.

15. Well, then, if cold water was the drink which Gŏd gave Adam in Eden; if cold water is the drink which God has made for animals, and for plants; and if it is thē ōnly drink He has made for us, does it not fŏllōw that it is the best drink foı us, and that we should prefer it to all other drinks?

IX.

93. THE BROOK.

I COME from häunts of coot[1] and hern,[2]
I make à sudden sally,[3]
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker[4] down à valley.

2. By thirty hills I hŭrry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps,[5] à little town,
And hälf à hundred bridges.

3. I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps[6] and trebles,[7]
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

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[1] **Coot** (kọt), à water-fowl that frequents lakes and other still waters. It has à bald head, and à black body.

[2] **Hern** (hērn), this is used for the name *heron,* à water-fowl with long legs and neck.

[3] **Săl′ly,** à leap, or rushing out.

[4] **Bĭck′er,** move quickly and tremulously like flame or water; quiver.

[5] **Thôrp,** à small village.

[6] **Shärps,** high tones or sounds.

[7] **Trĕb′le.** the highest tones or sounds in music: the part that is usually sung by females.

4. With many a curve, my bank I fret
By many a field and fallow,[1]
And many a fairy foreland[2] set
With willow-weed and mallow.[3]

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

6. I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;[4]

7. And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel;

8. And draw them all along and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

9. I slip, I slide, I gloom,[1] I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;

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[1] **Fal'low**, land that has lain for a year or more unworked or unseeded; land which has been plowed without being sowed.

[2] **Fore'land**, a point of land extending into a sea or lake some distance from the line of the shore; a head-land.

[3] **Mal'low**, a plant whose fruit is often called cheeses, by children in the country.

[4] **Gray'ling**, a fish of the trout kind, having a smaller mouth.

[5] **Lawn** (lan), grass-ground in front of or near a house, usually kept smoothly mown.

I make the netted sunbeam dançe
Against my sandy shallows.

10. I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly[2] bars,
I loiter round my cresses;[3]

11. And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming[4] river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

SECTION XXII.

I.

94. A SMALL CATECHISM.

WHY are children's eyes so bright?
Tell me why!
'Tis because the infinite[5]
Which they've left, is still in sight,
And they know no earthly blight;[6]
Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.

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[1] **Gloom,** shine obscurely; glimmer; look dark.

[2] **Shingly** (shĭng′glĭ), composed of small stones or loose gravel.

[3] **Cresses** (krĕs′ĕz), certain plants which grow near the water and are used as a salad.

[4] **Brĭm′ming,** full to the brim, or upper edge.

[5] **In′fi nĭte,** that which can not be bounded or measured; the greatest goodness or purity; perfection.

[6] **Blight,** mildew; decay; that which nips or destroys.

2. Why do children läugh so gāy?
Tell me why!
'Tiṣ beeauṣe their hearts have play
In their boṣomṣ, evèry day,
Free from sin and sorrow'ṣ sway,—
Thērefōre 'tiṣ they laugh so gāy.

3. Why do children speak so free?
Tell me why!
'Tiṣ beeauṣe from fallaçy,[1]
Cant,[2] and seeming, they are free;
Hearts, not lips, their orgānṣ be,—
Thērefōre 'tiṣ they speak so free.

4. Why do children love so true?
Tell me why!
'Tiṣ beeauṣe they eleave unto
A familiar, fāvorīte few,
Without art[3] or self in view,—
Thērefōre children love so true.

II.

95. A SIMPLE CHARITY.

SITTING in à railway station thē ōther day, I had à little sērmon preached in the wāy I like; and I'll repōrt it for yọur benefit, beeauṣe it taught one of the lessonṣ which we all should learn, and taught it in such à natural, simple way, that no one eould forgēt it.

[1] **Făl'laçў**, that which misleadṣ the eye or the mind; false appearançe.

[2] **Cănt**, à sing-sŏng way of speaking which iṣ not natural; à solemn form of speech which iṣ not felt nor honest.

[3] **Art**, deçeit; eunning.

2. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies'-room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt just so myself, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

3. Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy,[1] came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the waiting passengers. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant[2] to go out into the bitter storm again.

4. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay apparently asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

5. "No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres."

6. "Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam pipes, placed a chair for her, and showed her how to warm her feet.

7. "Well, now, isn't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, isn't it? I'm most froze to-day, bein' lame and wimbly;[3] and not selling much makes me kind o' down-hearted."

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[1] **Palsy** (pal'zi), a loss, wholly or in part, of the action of members of the body, or of the mind.

[2] **Re luc'tant**, opposed to; unwilling.

[3] **Wim'bly**, unsteady; dizzy.

8. The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some cakes, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as kindly as if the poor body had been (bĭn) dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

9. "Well, rĕally! do they give tea to this depōt'?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the gratified old woman, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm a body's heart!"

10. While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and matches, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

11. As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt very much ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of kindliness come into the faces all around me, I did wish that I had been (bĭn) the pĕrson to call it out.

12. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy[1] room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman rose to go, sĕvèral pĕrsons beck-

[1] **Dĭn'gy,** soiled; dusky or dark in color.

oned to her and bought sȯmething, as if they wanted to repâir their first nēgligençe.

13. There were no ġentlemen preșent to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wașn't dȯne for effect, and no possible reward could be reçeived for it exçept the ungrammatical thanks of ȧ raggèd old woman.

14. But that simple little charity was as good as ȧ sẽrmon to those who saw it, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that hälf-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nȯthing but thē emptiness of her purse prevented her from "cȯmforting the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for ȧ week ȧfterwards.

III.

96. *A TALK TO BOYS.*

BOYS, when I meet you anywhere—on the street, in the cars, ȧbōard ȧ bōat, at your own hōme, or at your school—I see a great many things in you to admire.[1] You are merry and full of happy life; you are curious,[2] earnest, honest, brave, quick at your lessons, and ready to study out all the great and wonderful things in this world of astonishing[3] sights, sounds, and events.[4]

2. But too ŏf*te*n, and on reflection[5] this may not

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[1] **Ad mīre′**, to view with wonder and kind feeling.

[2] **Cū′ri oŭs**, wishing to be correct; eager or seeking to know.

[3] **As tŏn′ish ing**, very wonderful; surprising.

[4] **E vĕnt′**, that which comes, happens, or falls out.

[5] **Reflection** (re flĕk′shun), the act of reflecting or turning back; the going back of the mind to what it has acted upon; thinking.

be so very surprising, I find you lacking one of the most valuable and desirable things of this life—something that may be had by the poor as well as the rich—and that is gen'tlemanliness, or real politeness. You really are not gen'tlemanly enough.

3. "Why do I think so?" Because there are so many little actions that help to make a true gentleman which I do not see in you. Sometimes, when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or, "Sister Annie, please sit here;" but you selfishly or thoughtlessly retain the chair and seem to enjoy it so very much yourself.

4. Or, it may be that you sometimes push past your mother, your sister, or another lady, in the doorway from one room to another; instead of stepping aside politely, that she may pass first. Or you say, "the governor," or "the boss," speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night, you forget to say, "Good evening, father."

5. It may be, when mother has been shopping and she passes you at the corner of a street, carrying a bundle, you do not step up promptly and say, "Let me carry your parcel, mother," but you indifferently[1] keep on playing with the other boys. Or when you are rushing out of the house to play, and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your hat from your head, nor wait a moment until she has passed in.

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[1] **In dif'fer ent ly**, without concern, care, or wish.

6. "Such little things!" do you say? Yes, to be sure; for these very little things, these little and gentle acts, far more than great things, mark and make gentlemen. True gentility[1] and true politeness have their source in the heart, in friendliness[2] and unselfishness.

7. If you are gentle and kind and loving, your companions will be the same. Like begets like. It is true, that a sense of duty may, at times, make it necessary for you to do what will not be pleasing to your companions. But if it is seen that you have a noble spirit and are above selfishness, you will never be in want of friends.

8. The word GENTLEMAN is a beautiful word. It should serve as an incentive,[3] for every true boy, to honest action. First *man;* and that means everything strong and brave and noble: and then *gentle;* and that means full of the little thoughtful, kind and loving acts of which I have just been speaking.

9. A gentleman! Every honest boy's "heart of hearts" should beat quicker at the sound. One fit word placed before it, *Christian*—a *Christian gentleman*—makes the noblest phrase[4] of our language, names the noblest work of God. St. Francis de Sales was a true Christian gentleman. Study his life and imitate his example.

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[1] **Gen tĭl'i ty,** manners or ways fit to those who are well-born; easy and pleasant behavior.

[2] **Friĕnd'li ness,** desire to favor or befriend; good-will.

[3] **In çĕn'tĭve,** a motive; a spur; that which moves the mind or the heart.

[4] **Phrase,** a set of words with a meaning, but not a real thought.

SECTION XXIII.

I.

97. THE HARVEST FIELD.

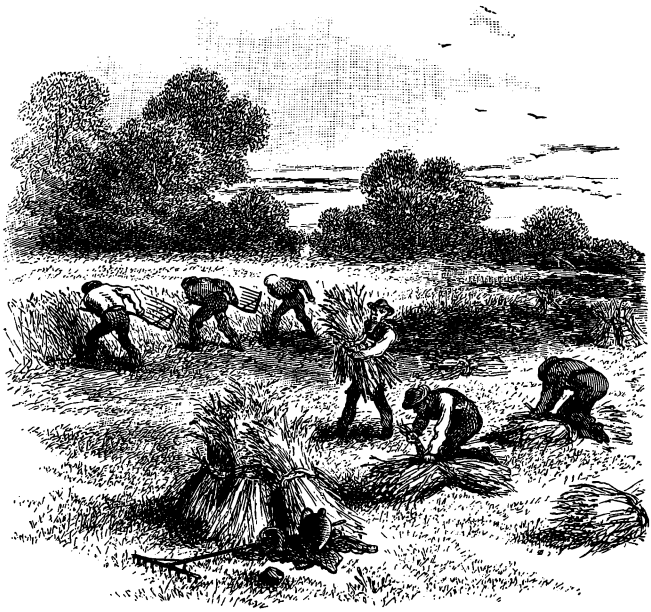
SARAH BURKE was a dear, young friend of mine. Fair-faced, light-haired, with large gray eyes which were soft and dewy one moment and clear and sharp the next, changing with each thought, she was a rare little play-mate.

2. When nine years old, she lived in town; but as the days began to grow long and warm, her parents went into the country to spend the summer with their children, amidst the pleasant scenes and sounds of woods, and fields, and meadows. Sarah was up early every morning, roused by the songs of the birds and the lowing of the cows.

3. One warm, sunny day, her father said to her, "The men are cutting wheat, my daughter; shall we go and see them at work?"—Sarah clapped her hands for joy, and said, "Yes, indeed, papa, I shall be so pleased to go."

4. When they reached the field, they sat down under the shade of a tree that stood by the fence, and looked at the men toiling in the hot sun. Some were cutting down the wheat, leaving it in long rows on the ground, while others were tying it up into sheaves or bundles, placing several bundles together into one shock or pile.

5. Her father took a handful of the grain from a sheaf near by, and told her that such seeds were



sown early in the seaṣon all over the field, and that from them sprung up the tall stalks that were now swaying and waving ȧround them.

6. "Yọu are now sowing sụch little seedṣ dāy by day, Sarah, and they will ċome up larġe, strŏng plants after awhile," said her father.—"Oh, no! papa, I have not planted any seedṣ for ȧ lŏng time!"—"Yes, my daughter, I have seen you plant ȧ number of seedṣ to-day."

7. Sarah looked puzzled. Her father smiled and said, "I have seen you planting flowerṣ and ūgly weedṣ to-day."—"Ah! now, papa, I know you are joking, for I would never plant ūgly weedṣ."

8. "I will tell you what I mean, Sarah. You left your plāy when your mŏther told you to dust the rōōm—then you were sowing gọọd seeds. When you spoke rụ̆dely to your brŏther, you were planting the ugly weed of anger.

9. "Your life is a field that belŏngs to Gŏd, but which He has given you to till. Your deeds and thoughts are the seeds you sow in it. The grain is ripe at the hour of death, whenever that comes; and God will send His angel-reapers to găther in the harvest. See, then, how many sweet-smelling flowers and useful plants you can cause to grow in this, the spring-time of your life."

10. Sarah was silent in thought awhīle, but presently, smiling up in her father's face, she said: "I will try to have beautiful sheaves for my angel, dear papa, when he comes."

11. I am sụ̆re all the children who read this stōry, will try also to sow gọọd seed, that their lives may be to our Lord as a rich and fair "*Harvest Field.*"

II.

98. A PICTURE OF OUR LADY.

WIDOW MARTHA and hĕr daughter Mary lived in a poor little house by the rōadside, near a town in Frânçe. Though thêir daily labor gave them little mōre than daily fōōd, they wĕre cheerful and happy, because they so fully loved their Gŏd.

2. They could not complain of poverty, for they remembered that the Son of God when here, had not whêre to lāy His head. When hardships came, they

took comfort in the thought that their lot in life enabled them to conform themselves more closely to Him who had chosen suffering as His portion.

3. One ornament alone decked their cabin walls. It was a painting of the Blessèd Virgin and Child, purchased years before by Dame Martha for a trifling sum, and to which both she and her daughter were greatly attached. It had been a silent witness of the years of sorrow and joy they had passed beneath the shelter of their humble roof.

4. No other picture pleased them so well. They preferred it even to the beautiful painting of the Annunciation in the parish church which they attended every Sunday. Three times they had visited the large church in a neighboring town, where there was a "Holy Family" by a great master; but their own Madonna was to them far more beautiful.

5. A fresh bunch of flowers, from time to time, was all their poverty allowed them to place before her shrine. But she was really more honored in this humble home than in many a rich palace; for here she received the daily devotion of pure hearts, lowly spirits, and true and earnest lives.

6. When overcome by toil, which *often* happened, Dame Martha would place her chair before the touching picture, and pray with joined hands while she gazed on the veiled head, the fair face which stood out so pure and white from the dark background, and the tender eyes bent upon the Infant Jesus, whose face was so divinely fair and innocent.

7. At last the patience of these faithful servants of God was to be most sorely tried. A year of dis-

tress ċame. All ċrops failed, ruined by storms and blight. The wĭdōw and her daughter ċould no lŏnger obtain work. They sold their gōat, so neçessary to them, but the mòney was soon expended.

8. At lâst à dāy çame when, without à penny for rent, thêir landlord refused to allow them longer the shelter of their mean ċabin, and even seized their fûrnitūre for debt. Angry on aċċount of the small sum he obtained from its sale, he snatċhed from the wall the piċture beföre which the two bereaved women were kneeling in silent prâyer, and ordered the auċtioneer to sell it as well.

9. "Who wants this grand painting for ten çents?" said the auċtioneer in mŏckery; "ten çents ōnly, will no one bid?" At this moment à group of gentlemen, attraċted by the little assemblage, stopped to lĭsten. Immediately one ċried out, "Ten dollars!" Thunder-struck, the auċtioneer remained silent à moment.

10. "Twenty dollars!" added à seċond of the group. Then they ċommençed to bid against eaċh öther till the priçe ran up to three thousand dollars, when the despised piċture was delivered to the highèst bidder.

11. "Sir," said the young painter, who had reċoġnized at the fĭrst glànçe the màsterpiēçe beföre him, "you possess an admirable work of Murillo. I would have forfeited my fortune to obtain it, but as you have at your disposal the fortune of the gövernment, you ought to outbid me. On my retûrn to Păris, I shall visit the musē'um to see this wònder," he added.

12. Though this stōry çĕrtainly ċontains no mĭraċle, yet it is plain à heavenly reward was given to

repay the devotion of these poor women, who, from the soul, repeated with ardent zeal, "*Holy Mary, my trust is in thee!*"

III.

99. LAND OF THE HOLY CROSS.

QUITE LIKELY all of you have hēard of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of a "New World." I dâre sāy many of you know the lines,

> "*In fourteen hundred ninety-two,*
> *Columbus crŏssed the ocean blue!*"

2. I am sure you would like to lēarn more of the fīrst voyage to this gōodly land. It was a wonderful voyage, in light vessels, ácrŏss a waste of waters where no sail had ever befōre been spread.

3. Columbus was a vĕry lēarnĕd and a very holy man, and his studies led him to believe that the world is round, and that by sailing awāy from Europe, where he lived, straight ácrŏss thē ocean toward the West, he would find ŏther countries and other pēoples.

4. Then, because his heart was full of the love of Gŏd, and his faith in his holy religion was strŏng and active, he detērmined that he would undertake this voyage, and gēt missionaries afterward to gō to those heathen nations, and teach them the holy faith our dear Lord gāve us, so that the *w*hōle world might become Christian.

5. After a gēat many difficulties, so many that mōst men would have gīven up trying to overcome

them, he at last set sail with three small vessels from the little pōrt of Palos, in Spain, Friday, August 3d, 1492. He was the admiral of this little fleet.

6. His own vessel was named for our Blessèd Mòther, Santa Maria, and he chose for his banner a flag beâring thē imaġe of Christ crucified. A favorable breeze wâfted them out of pōrt on a Friday, and this also pleased Columbus, because of his devotion to the Passion of our Lord.

7. Evèry evening the sweet accents of some vesper hymn, the "Hail, Holy Queen," and the fāvorĭte chant of the sailors, "Ave maris Stella" (Gentle Star of ocean), wēre heard from the deck of the Santa Maria, and then the crews of the Pinta and Nina joined in; their united voiçes floating over the vast wastes of thē unknown Atlantic.

8. At lâst, one evening, at the close of this devotion, Columbus declâred to his crew that they wēre nearing land, although their eyes could not see it. All hearts throbbēd with hope. No one doubted, no eye closed in sleep.

9. The clock of the Santa Maria showed the time to be two in the morning, when the repōrt of a cannon, the signal for "Land!" was heard. Columbus cast himself on his knees, and, while tears of ġratitude flowed over his cheeks, intoned the "Te Deum," and all the crews, transpōrted with joy, responded to the voiçe of their chief.

10. On Fridāy ągain, as if Friday, the dāy of the crŏss, was to crown his triumph, on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, at dawn, they beheld a flowery land, whose ġroves, lighted by the fĭrst rays of the

sun, gāve fōrth à strānġe, sweet frāgrançe, and charmed ĕvèry eye by its smiling beauty.

11. As sōon as the vessels wēre anchored, Columbus, with à scarlet mantle thrown over his shoulders, and holding displayed the imaġe of Christ Crucified, on the royal flaġ, descended into his bōat, followed by his ŏfficers.

12. Beaming with ġladness, the freshness and joy of youth seemed to retûrn to him as he stepped upon the shōre. Three times he bowed his head and kissed the ġōodly land, while all shâred in his emotions.

13. Then, raising in silençe the Standard of the Crŏss, he planted it with his own hands in the soil, and, prostrating himself before it, consecrated this new world by name to the sērviçe of Gŏd.

14. Thêre iş still in å library in Veniçe, an old book printed there in the year 1511. In it iş å map of this ċontinent, bearing the name first ḡiven it by Columbus, printed in red ċapitalş, "The Land of the Holy Crŏss."

15. Now let me ḡive you the meaning of the name, Christopher Columbus. It seemş to be the vĕry name that suċh å hero ought to have. Christopher meanş, "One who ċarrieş Christ," and Columbus signifieş "å dove," so hiş name may be read, "The Christ-ċarrying Dove."

16. He did indeed bring Christianity to ċountlèss thouşandş, thr̤ough the missionarieş who followed hiş päth, many of whom wòn the ḡlō̤ry of the martyrş by sufferingş, tortureş, and deaṫh. Tru̇e, evil and ċovetous men did what they ċou̇ld to destroy Gŏd'ş work, but still, in all plaçeş and timeş,

"THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH."

INDEX TO NOTES.

THE FIGURES REFER TO PAGES WHERE THE WORDS ARE TO BE FOUND.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