

At break of day, as heavenward,
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR!

# SADLIER'S

## DOMINION

# FOURTH READER

CONTAINING

AN ELOCUTIONARY TREATISE, ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS,
GRADED AND CLASSIFIED READINGS, FULL NOTES,
AND A COMPLETE INDEX

### BY A CATHOLIC TEACHER



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# TO INSTRUCTORS.

UALIFY PUPILS by daily vocal drill, by special aid as required, and by general and systematic instruction, for each lesson. A Reading which does not demand preparatory labor is not adapted to the needs of the class.

THE LESSONS OF PART FIRST should be used for Reading Exercises. Require the class to commit to memory and recite 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 cyclopedia, 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. 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. Call into exercise their judgment and taste by requiring them to determine what Principle of Elocution each reading is best adapted to illustrate.

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 words liable to mispronunciation, both in the notes and the reading; thirdly, the objects mentioned, and the facts concerning these objects; fourthly, the narrative or connected thoughts, and the portion illustrated by the picture, if any; and fifthly, 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.

Entered according to Act of Parliament, A. D. 1886, by J~A~M~E~S~~A.~~S~A~D~L~I~E~R

in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics, at Ottawa.

# PREFACE.

ATHOLIC SCHOOLS of the Dominion require a liberal range of fit literature and special adaptedness, in a Fourth Reader, which involve the needs of intermediate classes and the mass of students whose schooling is somewhat restricted; and these needs here receive due consideration.

The Treatise on Elocution is simple and comprehensive, presenting the subject in its most attractive and practical form. Its important divisions, and their relations to each other, are exhibited to the eye by the use of a Series of Blackboard Diagrams. All of 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: Ou, ow, ch, sh, th, wh, and ng. 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 Body of the Readings and the Notes, can not fail to remove localisms and form the habit of correct pronunciation.

PART SECOND contains a great variety of Readings, select, original, and adapted, which embraces matters of local interest, biographical, geographical, and historical, as well as cargeneral concern, and all of these fitly illustrate the principles of rhetorical delivery. They generally convey moral and religious truths by implication and example rather than by formal teaching.

While dogmatic truth, which Cardinal Manning so aptly styles "the source of devotion," is constantly implied, and even directly insisted on in many of the Lessons, it is embodied in

#### PREFACE.

stories of a *conversational* as distinguished from the *catechetical* form, or taught in pleasing verse. Something, that is to say, of the atmosphere of a Catholic home has been aimed at and a certain degree of knowledge and practice has been presupposed as a basis for their further illustration.

THE GRADATION OF THE READINGS is systematic, presenting the simplest first in order. The Lessons are divided into formal sections, in each of which only one leading subject is treated, or one important Element of Elocution rendered prominant.

The Additional Aids needed for a thorough understanding of the text, and preparatory to the Class Realings, are supplied. The Pictorial Illustrations are of rare excellence. Foot-notes give the pronunciation of words that had to be re-spelled for the purpose; definitions; explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions; and biographical sketches of persons whose names occur in the Reading Lessons. 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.

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# PHONETIC KEY.

### I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e; aş, āle, veil: 2. ă; aş, făt: 3. ā; aş, ārt: 4. a, or ô; aş, all, eôrn: 5. â, or ê; aş, eâre, thêre: 6. à; aş, âsk: 7. ē, or ï; aş, wē, pïque: 8. ĕ; aş, ĕll: 9. č, ĩ, or û; aş, hẽr, sĩr, bûr: 10. ī, aş, īçe: 11. ĭ; aş, ĩll: 12. ō; aş, ōld: 13. ŏ, or a; aş, ŏn, what: 14. a, oō, or u; aş, da, fool, rule: 15. ū; aş, mūle: 16. ŭ, or ò; aş, ŭp, sôn: 17. u, o, or oo; aş, bull, wolf, wool: 18. Ou, ou, or ow; aş, Out, lout, owl.

### II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; aş, bib: 2. d; aş, did: 3. g; aş, gig: 4. j, or g; aş, jig, gem: 5. l; aş, lull: 6. m; aş, mum: 7. n; aş, nun: 8. n, or ng; aş, link, sing: 9. r; aş, rare: 10. Th, or th; aş, That, thith'er: 11. v; aş, valve: 12. w; aş, wig: 13. y; aş, yet: 14. z, or ş; as, zine, iş: 15. z, or zh, aş, ăzure.

### III. ATONICS.

1. f; aş, fife: 2. h; aş, hit: 3. k, or e; aş, kink, eat: 4. p; aş, pop: 5. s, or ç; aş, siss, çity: 6. t; as, tart: 7. Th, or th; aş, Thin, pith: 8. Ch, or ch; aş, Chin, rich: 9. Sh, sh, or çh; aş, Shot, ash, çhaişe: 10. Wh, or wh; aş, White, whip.—Italics, silent; aş, often (ŏf'n): x for gs; aş, ex aet'.

# ELOCUTION.

E LOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be good or bad.

2. Good Elocution is the art of uttering ideas understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraçes the two general divisions, Orthoepy and Expression.

Elocution Crthoepy

Expression

# $ORTHO\ddot{E}PY$ .

ORTHOEPY is the art of correct pronunciation.<sup>2</sup> It embraçes ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

Orthoepy Syllabication

Accent

ORTHOËPY has to do with *separate* words—the production of their ōral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Blackboard Diagrams.—Regarding blackboard diagrams as indispensable, in conducting most successfully class exercises in clocution, they are here introduced for the convenience of young teachers.

and as constant reminders of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with oral instruction.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pronunciation (pro nun'shi ā'-shun).

## I. ARTICULATION.

# I. DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the distinct utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

- 2. ORAL ELEMENTS are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.
- 3. ORAL ELEMENTS ARE PRODUCED by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.
- 4. THE PRINCIPAL ORGANS OF SPEECH are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.
- 5. Voice is Produced by the action of the breath upon the larynx.
- 6. Oral Elements are Divided into three classes: eighteen tonics, fifteen subtonics, and ten atonics.
- 7. Toxics are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.
- 8. Subtonics are tones produced by the voice, modified by the organs of speech.
- 9. Aronics are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.
- 10. Letters are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.
- 11. THE ALPHABET IS DIVIDED into vowels and consonants.
- 12. Vowels are the letters that usually represent the tonics. They are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes y.
- 13. A DIPHTHONG is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as ou in our, ea in bread.
- 14. A Proper Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable, neither of which is silent; as ou in out.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Lărynx.—The lărynx is the upper part of the trācheä, or windpipe. senting a tonic, is only a consonant.

15. AN IMPROPER DIPHTHONG is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as  $\bar{o}a$  in  $l\bar{o}af$ .

16. A TRIPHTHONG is the union of three vowels in a

syllable; as eau in beau ( $b\bar{o}$ ), ieu in adieu ( $ad\bar{u}'$ ).

17. Consonants<sup>1</sup> are the letters that usually represent tither subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations ch, sh, wh, ng: th subtonic, and th atonic.

18. Labials are letters whose  $\bar{o}$  or all elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are b, p, w, and  $\bar{w}$ h. M is a

nāsal labiai. F and v are labio-dentals.

19. Dentals are letters whose  $\bar{o}$  or all elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are j, c, z, th, and sh.

- **20.** Linguals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are d, l, r, and t. N is a nasal-lingual; y, a lingua-palatal, and th, a lingua-dental.
- 21. PALATALS are letters whose  $\overline{o}$  ral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are g and k. NG is a nasal-palatal.
- 22. Cognates are letters whose  $\bar{o}$ ral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, f is a cognate of v; k of g, etc.
- 23. Alphabetic Equivalents are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, i is an equivalent of e, in pique.

# $ORAL\ ELEMENTS.$

IN SOUNDING the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the fhroat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward

Consonant.—The term consonant, literally meaning sounding to these letters and combinations because they are râre.

ly used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their oral elements may be uttered separately,

against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the *subtonic* and *atŏnic elements*, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great fīrmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with fōrce; and to prolŏng the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a cătch-word once, and then produce the ōral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, four times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; ate—ā, ā, ā, a, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

# TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS. I. TONICS.

1.	$\bar{\mathbf{a}},^{\scriptscriptstyle 1}$	as in	āġe,	āte.	8.	ĕ,	as in	ělk,	$\check{\mathrm{e}}\mathbf{n}\mathbf{d}$ .
2.	ă,	"	ăt,	ăsh.	9.	ē,4	"	h <b>ē</b> r,	vērse.
3.	ä,	"	ärt,	ärm.	<i>10</i> .	ī,	"	īçe,	child.
4.	a,	"	all,	ball.	<i>11</i> .	ĭ,	"	ĭnk,	ĭnch.
$\tilde{i}$ .	â,²	"	bâre,	eâre.	<i>12</i> .	ō,	"	öld,	hōme.
6.	<b>å</b> ,3	"	ásk,	glass.	<i>13</i> .	ŏ,5	"	ŏn,	frŏst.
7.	ē,	"	hē,	thēşe.	<i>14</i> .	o,	"	do.	prove.

and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in feeble (bl),  $t\bar{u}ken$  (kn).

<sup>1</sup> Long and Short Vowels.—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

<sup>2</sup> A Fifth.—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by â, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by r. In its production,

the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say ā.

<sup>3</sup> A Sixth.—The sixth element represented by  $\dot{a}$ , is a sound intermediate between a, as heard in at, ash, and a, as in arm, art. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening  $\ddot{a}$ .

<sup>4</sup> **E** Third.—The  $\sinh rd$  element represented by  $\tilde{\mathbf{e}}$ , is c as heard in end prolonged, and modified or softened by r.

<sup>5</sup>O Modified.—The modified oral element of o, in this work, is represented by ŏ, the same mark as its regular second power. This modi-

<i>15</i> .	$\bar{\mathbf{u}},^{\scriptscriptstyle 1}$	as in	€ūbe,	$oldsymbol{\epsilon}ar{\mathbf{u}}\mathbf{re.}$	17.	ų, a	s in	full,	push.
16.	ŭ,	"	bŭd,	hŭsh.	18.	ou,	"	our,	house.

#### II. SUBTONICS.

1.	Ъ,	as in	babe,	orb.	9.	r, a	s in	rake,	bar.
2.	d,	"	did,	dim.	<i>10</i> .	th,	"	this,	with.
3.			<u>ē</u> аē,	ģiģ.	<i>11</i> .	v,	"	vine,	viçe.
4.	$\widetilde{\boldsymbol{j}},$	"	join,	joint.	12.	w,	"	wake,	wişe.
5.	l,	"		lane.	<i>13</i> .	y,	"	yard,	yes.
6.	m	"	mild,	mŭ $m$ .	14.	z,	"	zest,	gaze.
7.	n,	"	name,	nine.	<i>15</i> .	zh	"	azure,	glazier.
8	no	. "	ēano.	sano.				•	_

#### III. ATONICS.

1. f,	as in	fame,	f if e.	$\theta$ . $t$ , as in	tart,	toast.
2. h,	"	hark,	harm.	7. th, "	thank,	youth.
3. k,	"	kind,	kĭn $k$ .	8. ch, "	chase,	march.
4. p,	"	pipe,	pum $p$ .	9. sh, "	shade,	mŭsh.
5. s,	"	souse,	sen $s$ e.	10. wh,3 "	whale,	white.

# III. COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—

fied or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of o in not, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short o is immediately followed by ff, ft, ss, st, or th, as in  $\delta ff$ ,  $s\delta ft$ ,  $cr\delta ss$ ,  $c\delta st$ ,  $br\delta th$ ; also in a number of words where short o is directly followed by n, or final ng, as in  $g\delta ne$ , begine; long, prong, song, throng, wrong. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of o to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad a a a in all, is vulgar.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **U** Initial.—U, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of yu, as in  $\bar{u}$ se.

 $<sup>^2</sup>$  R Trilled.—In trilling r, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill r continuously, as long as possible.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Wh.—To produce the oral element of wh, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the air is escaping.

thus: lip, p; orb, b, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONI	CS.					SUBTON	IICS.
$\mathrm{li}p,$	p.					orb,	b.
fife,	f.			•		valve,	v.
white,	₩h.					wise,	w.
save,	<i>s</i> .					zeal,	z.
shade,	$\sinh$ .					azure,	zh.
charm,	ch.				•	$j { m oin},$	j.
tar $t$ ,	t.					di $d$ ,	d.
thing,	th.					this,	th.
kin $k$ ,	k.					ξīg,	$ar{\mathbf{g}}_{\cdot}$

#### IV.

## ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE INSTRUCTOR will require the student to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following formula: The Alphabetic Equivalents for A first power are ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey; as in gain, gauge, stray, melee', great, vein, they.

### I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For ā, ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey; as in gāin, gāuġe, strāy, melee', greāt, vein, they.

For ă, ai, ua; as in plăid, guăranty.

For a, au, e, ea, ua; as in haunt, sergeant, heart, guard. For a, au, aw, eo, o, oa, ou; as in fault, hawk, Geôrge, côrk, broad, bôught.

For â, ai, ê, ea, ei; as in châir, thêre, sweâr, heir.

For ē, ea, ee, ei, eo, ey, i, ie; as in rēad, dēep, çēil, pēople, kēy, valīse, fiēld.

For ě, a, ai, ay, ea, ei, eo, ie, u, ue; as in any, said, says, hěad, hěifer, lěopard, friěnd, bury, guëss.

For  $\tilde{e}$ , ea, i, o, ou, u, ue, y; as in  $\tilde{e}$ arth,  $\tilde{g}$ irl, word, scoûrge, bûrn,  $\tilde{g}$ uerdon, myrrh.

For ī, ai, ei, eye, ie, oi, ui, uy, y, ye; as in aīsle, sleīght, eye, dīe, choīr, guīde, buy, my, rye.

For i, ai, e, ee, ie, o, oi, u, ui, y; as in eaptain, pretty, been, sieve, women, tôrtoise, busy, build, hymn.

For ō, au, eau, eo, ew, oa, oe, oo, ou, ow; as in hautbôy, beau, yeōman, sew, eōal, fōe, dōor, sōul, blōw.

For ŏ, a, ou, ow; as in what, hŏugh, knŏwledge.

For o, ew, oe, oo, ou, u, ui; as in grew, shoe, spoon, soup, rude, fruit.

For ū, eau, eu, ew, ieu, iew, ue, ui; as in beaūty, feūd, new, adieū, view, hūe, jūiçe.

For u, o, oe, oo, ou; as in love, does, blood, young.

For u, o, oo, ou; as in wolf, book, could.

For ou, ow; as in now.

For oi (ai), oy; as in bôy.

#### II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, gh, ph; as in  $e\hat{o}ugh$ , nymph.

For j, ġ; as in ġem, ġin.

For k, e, eh, gh, q; as in cole,  $e\delta neh$ ,  $l\delta ugh$ , etiquette.

For s, ç; as in çell, çity.

For t, d, th, phth; as in danced, Thames, phthisie.

For v, f, ph; as in of, Stephen.

For y, i; as in pinion.

For z, c, s, x; as in suffice, rose, xebec.

For zh, g, s; as in rouge,  $\bar{o}$ sier.

For ng, n; as in anger, bank.

For ch, t; as in fustian.

For sh, c, ch, s, ss, t; as in ocean, chaise, sure, assure, martial.

### v.

### ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thorough drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the

organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sound.

As the *fifth* element represented by a, and the th*ird* element of e, are always immediately followed by the  $\bar{o}$ ral element of r in words, the r is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the sixth sound of a, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the  $\bar{o}$ ral element of f, n, or s, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

#### I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

bâr, båf; Ъē, bĕ, ber; 1. bā, bă, bä, ba, īb, ōb, ūb, ŭb, ub; ob; oub. ĭb; ŏb, dä, dě, der; . dā, dă, da, dâr, das; đē, īd, ŭd, ud; oud. ĭd; ōd, ŏd, od: ūd, gā, ξă, ξä, gâr, gan; ģē, ģĕ, ēer: ξa, ouğ. īġ, ĭġ; ōġ, ŏġ, οġ; ūg, ŭē, ųġ; jĕ, 2. jas, jâr, ja, jä, jă, jā; jer, jē; ĭġ, ŭġ, ūġ; оиġ. īġ; oġ, ŏġ, ōġ; uġ, lā; lĕ, lē; lås, lâr, la, lä, lă, ler, ĭl, īl; ul, ŏl, ōl; ul, ŭl, ūl; oul. mēr, mě, mi; mås, mêr, mô, mä, mă, me; ūm; oum. ĭm, im; om, ŏm, ōm; оm, om, nan, än; 3. ān, ăn, ârn, ēn, ērn, ěn; an, ny, ny; nŭ; nou. no, nō, nŏ; nū, nu, ăng, ěng, ērn, ârn, äng, áf, ang, āng; ēng; ĭng, ing; ong, ong, ung, ŭng, ung; own. ong; rä, rē. r**ēr**, rā, râr, raf; rě; ră, ra, rū; rĭ, rī; rŭ, row. rŏ, rō, ro; ru, 4. ăth, ôth, åf, ârth, äth; ěth, ērth, ēth; eth, thi; tho, tho, thū, thù; thou. thi, tho; thu, vä, vâr, vă, våf, va; vēr, vē, vě; ve, ŭv, īv, ĭv; ōv. ŏv; ūv. ov; ouv. ov, wä. wâr, wă, wa, waf: wîr, wě, wē: wā, wĭ, wī; wō, wu, wu; wow. wŏ, wo; wū,

yâr, yan; yē, yě, yä, ya, yer; 5. yā, yă, yĭ; yō, yŏ, yū, yŭ, yu; yow. γī, yo; zow; zoo, zŭ, zū; zoo, ΖŎ, zō; zĭ. zī; şä, şĕ, șē; şáf, şêr, şa, şă, sēr, şā. ouzh; uzh, ŭzh, ūzh; ozh, ŏzh, ōzh; ĭzh, īzh; ērzh, ĕzh, ēzh; af, ârzh, azh, äzh, ăzh, āzh,

### II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

- fâr, fă, fa, fås; fē, fě, fer; fä. 1. fā, if; of, ŏf, ūſ. ouf. of; ŭſ. uf; īf, hàn, hạ, hä, hā, hă; hĕ, hē, hēr; hêr, hĭ. hī: hō. hŏ, hu; hū. hu, hŭ; how. ăk, ak, ârk, áť; ěk, ēk. āk. äk, ērk: kĭ, kī; kō, kū, ku, kŭ; kou. kŏ, ko;
- äp, ôp, êrp, páť; рï, pēr; 2. ep, ăp, рĕ, poo; owp. pĭ, pī; ōp, ōop, рū, рŭ, ap; åf, êrs, ôs, äs, ăs, es; sĩr, sě, sï; ōs; sŭ, ĭs, īs; sọ, sū; ous. us, as, tas. târ, tạ, ät, ăt, āt; ter. ĕt. ēt; ty; tŏ, tō; ŭt; tř, too, ūt, ut, tow.
- 3. tháf, thâr, thạ, thä, thā, thă; thēr, thē, thě; ith; oth, oth, ŏth; ūth, ŭth, uth; outh. och, och; ich, ich; owch; uch, ūch, ŭch; ŏch, ērch, ēch, ěch; cháf, chā, chä, châr, cha, chă. oush; ush, ŭsh, ūsh; ōsh, osh, ŏsh; ĭsh, īsh; shēr, shē, shè; shan, shâr, shā, sha, sha, sha. whow; whu, whu, who, who, who; whi, whi; whēr, whe, whe; whas, whar, wha, wha, wha, wha.

### VI.

## ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

RRORS IN ARTICULATION arise, first, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as, blin"ness for blind'ness. ăn' for ănd.

friĕn's " friĕnds.

" făets. f〒s

sŏf''ly	for sŏft'ly.	bôĭs'trous for bôĭs'tēr oús.
fiēl'ş	$``  ext{ fiel} d\S.$	chick"n "chick'en.
wīl's	`` wilds.	hĭs't'rÿ "hĭs'tō rÿ.
stô'm	" stôrm.	nŏv"l " nŏv'ĕl.
wa'm	" warm.	trăv"l "trăv'ěl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

ēv'ěn	for	ēv"n.	răv'ěl	for	răv"l.
hĕav'ĕn	"	hěav"n.	sĕv'ĕn	"	sĕv"n.
tāk'ĕn	"	tāk"n.	sŏf'tĕn	"	sŏf"n.
sĭck'ĕn	"	sĭck"n.	shāk'ĕn	"	shāk"n.
drĭv'ĕl	"	drĭv"l.	shov'ĕl	"	shòv"l.
<b>ģrŏv'</b> ĕl	. "	ḡrŏν"l.	shrĭv'ĕl	"	shrĭv"l.

Thirdly from substituting one element for another; as,

$\mathbf{s} \check{\mathbf{e}} \mathbf{t}$	for	sĭt.	€arse	for	$\epsilon$ õurse.
sěnçe	"	sĭnçe.	re part'	"	re pōrt'.
${ m sh\check{e}t}$	"	shŭt.	trŏf' fÿ	"	trō′phy.
for gĭt'	"	for gĕt'	pā'rent	"	pâr <sup>'</sup> ent.
$\epsilon$ ă $re$	"	eâre.	bŭn'net	"	bŏn'net.
dănçe	"	dånçe.	chĭl'drun	"	chĭl'drěn.
păst	"	påst.	sŭl'ler	"	çĕl'lar.
äsk	"	åsk.	mĕl'lĕr	"	měľlōw.
<b>ģ</b> răss	"	grass.	pĭl'lĕr	"	pĭl′lōw.
srĭ $ll$	"	shrĭll.	$m$ $\eth'$ m $u$ nt	"	mō'mĕnt.
wĩrl	"	whīrl.	härm'l <i>i</i> ss	66	härm'lĕss.
a gān'	"	a gain (à ḡĕn').	${ m kind'n} i { m ss}$	"	kīnd'něss.
āgānst	166	against (á gĕnst').	$w$ ĭs' $\operatorname{per}$	"	whĭs'per.
$ ext{hreve{e}rth}$	"	hearth (härth).	$ ext{sing'}  ext{i} n$	66	sĭng'ing.

#### VII.

### ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

I N ORDER to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand

the uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—Ist. The word SALVE, in pronunciation, is formed by the union of three ōral elements; säv—salve. [Here let the student utter the three ōral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The first is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The second is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The third is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word salve, in writing, is represented by the letters, salve—salve. S represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of z; hence, it is a cognate of z. A represents a tonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labiodental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of f; hence, it is a cognate of f. E is silent.

ANALYSIS.—Ist. The word shoe, in pronunciation, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sho—shoe. The first is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The second is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word shoe, in writing, is represented by the letters, shoe—shoe. The combination sh represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teefh; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by z; hence, it is a cognate of z. The combination oc is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the  $\bar{o}$ ral element usually represented by o; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of o.

#### VIII.

### RULES IN ARTICULATION.

AS THE NAME OF A LETTER, or when used as an emphatic word, should be pronounced  $\bar{a}$  ( $\bar{a}$  in  $\bar{a}$  ge); as, I said three boys knew the letter  $\bar{a}$ , not  $\bar{a}$  boy knew it.

2. THE WORD A, when not emphatic, is marked thus,  $\dot{a}$ , its quality in pronunciation being the same as heard in  $\dot{a}$ sk, grass; as,

Give à baby sister à smile, à kind word, and à kiss.

3. THE, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced thu; as,

The (thủ) peach, the (thủ) plum, thể apple, and the (thủ) cherry are yours. Did he ask for  $\bar{a}$  pen, or for  $th\bar{e}$  pen?

4. U PRECEDED BY R.—When u long (u in tube), or its alphabetic equivalent ew, is preceded by r, or the sound of sh, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of o in do; as,

Are you sure that shrewd youth was rude?

5. R MAY BE TRILLED when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both brave and true. She said scratching, not scrawling.

Pupils will read the sentences several times, analyze the words, and tell what rules the exercises illus'trate.

### EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

- 1. Thủ bold bảd baiz brok bolts and barz.
- 2. Thủ rögz rùsht round thủ rùf rèd ròks.
- 3. Hī ŏn à hĭl Hū hẽrd hạrsĕz hạrnĭ họfs.
- 4. Shor al her pathz är pathz öv pes.
- 5. Bä! that'z not siks döllärz, but  $\bar{a}$  döllär.
- 6. Chärj the old man to choz a chais chez.

of a sixth power (a), as in alas, amass, though somewhat less in volume of sound.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A Initial.—A in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked à, its quality being that

- 7. Lit sēking līt, hǎth līt ŏv līt bēgīld.
- 8. Thoz yoths with troths yūz wiked othz.
- 9. Arm it with răgz, a pigmi stra wil pērs it.
- 10. Nou set thủ teth and strech thủ nostril wid.
- 11. Hē wocht and wept, hē felt and prad far al.
- 12. Hiz iz amidst thu mists, mezherd an azher ski.
- 13. Thủ whālz whēld ănd whērld, ănd bârd thâr brạd, broun băks.
  - 14. Jāsn Jōnz sĕd, Lūna, alas, amas, vĭlla, arō'ma.
- 15. Thủ strīf sēseth, pēs approcheth, and thủ gud măn rējaiseth.
- 16. Our shrod änts yūzd shrugz, and sharp, shril shrēks, and shrungk shīli from thu shrouded shrin.
- 17. Amidst thủ mists ănd köldest frosts, with bârest rists and stoutest bosts, hē thrusts hiz fists agenst thủ posts, and stil insists he sez thủ gosts.
- 18. A starm arīzēth on thu sē. A model vessel iz struggling amidst thu war ov elements, kwivēring and shivēring, shringking and battling līk a thingking being.

## II. SYLLABICATION.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

- 2. A Monosyllable is a word of one syllable; as, it.
- 3. A DISSYLLABLE is a word of two syllables; as, lǐl-ȳ.
- 4. A TRISYLLABLE is a word of three syllables; as, con-fine-ment.
- 5. A POLYSYLLABLE is a word of four or more syllables; as, in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.

Let pupils tell the number of syllables in words that are not monosyllables, in the following

#### EXERCISES IN SYLLABICATION.

1. When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done.

- 2. A kind word, an encouraging expression—trifles in themselves light as air—may make some heart glad for at least twenty-four hours.
- 3. A life of idleness is not a life of pleasure. Only activity and usefulness afford happiness. The most miserable are those who have nothing to do.
- 4. Would you be free from uneasiness of mind, do nothing that you know or think to be wrong. Would you enjoy the purest pleasure, do always and everywhere what you see to be unquestionably right.
- 5. If the spring put forth no blossom, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable.

## III. ACCENT.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. IN MANY TRISYLLABLES AND POLYSYLLABLES, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, secondary; as hab-i-ta-tion.



3. The Mark of Acute Accent, heavy, ['] is often used to indicate primary accent; light, ['] secondary accent; as,

Höstil'ity brôught vie'tory, not ig'nomin'ious defeat'.

**4.** The Mark of Grave Accent, ['] is here used to indicate, first, that the vowel over which it is placed forms a separate syllable; and, secondly, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; as,

An āġèd and learnèd man caught that wingèd thing, for his belovèd pupils. Hēr goodnèss [not goodniss] moved the roughèst [not roughist].

Pupils will give the office of each mark in these

#### EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

- 1. No'tiçe the marks of ae'çent, and al'ways accent' côrrĕet'ly
  the words in'teresting, cir'cumstances, dif'ficulty.
  - 2. That bléssèd and belóvèd child loves évèry wingèd thing.
- 3. He that is slow to ánger is bétter than the mighty; and he that rúlèth his spírit than he that tákèth a cit'y.
- 4. A spírit of kíndnèss is beaútiful in the ágèd, lóvely in the young, in'dispen'sable to the háppinèss of à fámìly.
- 5. Thou knówest my down'-sit'ting and mine uprising; thou un'derstandest my thought afar off.
- 6. Thou compassest my path and my ly'ing down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

# EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION OF SPEECH is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its most important divisions are Emphasis, Inflection, Slur, and Pauses.

Expression & Emphasis

Onflection

Slur

Pauses

Expression has to do with words in sentences and extended discourse. It enables the hearer to see, feel, and understand.

## I. EMPHASIS.

# I. DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. To GIVE A WORD EMPHASIS, means to pronounce it in a loud 1 or forcible manner. No uncommon tone is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. EMPHATIC WORDS are often printed in Italics; those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

# II. RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS AND PHRASES PECULIARLY SIGNIFICANT, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?

2. Words and Phrases that contrast, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a better soldier, but an elder.

Pupils will tell which of the two preceding rules is illus'trated by each of the following

#### EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

- 1. He may bite; but I shall not.
- 2. Speak little and well, if you wish to be thought wise.
- 3. You were taught to love your brother, not to hate him.
- 4. I shall sing the praises of October, as the loveliest of months.
- 5. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.
- 6. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.

<sup>1</sup> Loudness.—The instructor will ence to high pitch, but to volume of explain to the class the fact, that loudness has not, of necessity, refer-when reading or speaking.

- 7. The good man is honored, but the EVIL man is despised.
- 8. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.
- 9. He that trusts you, where he should find you lions finds you HARES; where foxes, GEESE.
- 10. My friends, our country must be free! The land is never löst, that has a son to right her, and here are troops of sons, and LOYAL ones!
- 11. Little Nell was dead. No sleep so beautiful and cälm, so free from mark of pain, so fair to look upon.
- 12. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the LIGHT, and had the SKY above it always." Those were her words.

## II. INFLECTION.

I.

## DEFINITIONS.

I NFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, uşed in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the slide, is properly a part of emphasis. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the accented or heavy syllable of an emphatic word.

2. THERE ARE THREE INFLECTIONS OF slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMPLEX.

Inflection | Rising |
Inflection | Falling |
Bircumflex

3. THE RISING INFLECTION is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

4. THE FALLING INFLECTION is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going  $h_{O_{n_e, 2}}$ 

- 5. THE CIRCUMFLEX is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, ēither commencing with the rising and ending with the falling, or commencing with the falling and ending with the rising, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.
- 6. THE ACUTE ACCENT['] IS USED to mark the rising inflection; the grave accent['] the falling inflection; as, Will you réad, or spèll?
- 7. THE FALLING CIRCUMFLEX, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide, is marked thus ; the *risi*ng circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus ; which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a fool, to think I could do that.

# $RULES \;\; IN \;\; INFLECTION.$

THE FALLING INFLECTION IS EMPLOYED for all ide'as that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded positively; as,

He will shed tèars, on his return. Spèak, I charge you!

2. THE RISING INFLECTION IS EMPLOYED for all ideas that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete, or for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúrn, they will shed tears, not of ágony and distress, but of gratitude and joy.

3. Questions for Information, or those that can be answered by yes or no, require the rising inflection; but their answers, when positive, the falling; as,

Do you love Máry? Yès; I dò.

- 4. DECLARATIVE QUESTIONS, or those that can not be answered by yes or no, require the falling inflection; as, What means this stir in town? When are you going to Rôme?
- 5. When Words or Clauses contrast or compare, the first part usually has the rising, and the last the falling inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is affirmed, and the other denied, the latter has the rising inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have seen the effects of love and hatred, joy and grief, hope and despair. I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

6. THE CIRCUMFLEX IS USED when the thôughts are not sincere or earnest, but are employed in jest, double-meaning, or mockery. The falling circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the falling inflection; the rising circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the rising inflection; as,

The beggar intends to ride, not to walk. Ah, she loves you!

STUDENTS will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illus'trated by each of the following

### EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

- 1. I want a pèn. It is not a bóok I want.
- 2. The war must go  $\partial n$ . We must fight it  $\operatorname{thr} \partial ugh$ .
- 3. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies.
- 4. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.
  - 5. Do you see that bright star? Yès: it is splèndid.
  - 6. Does that beautiful lady deserve práise, or blàme?
  - 7. Is a candle to be put under a bushel, or under a béd?
  - 8. Hunting mèn, not béasts, shall be his game.
  - 9. Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?
- 10. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
- 11. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote.

- 12. If Caudle says so, then all must believe it, of course.
- 13. Is this a time to be glóomy and sád When our mother Náture láughs around; When even the deep blue héavens look glád, And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?
- 14. Ah, it was Maud that gave it! I never thought, under any circumstances, it could be you!

## III. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in stronger relief.

- 2. SLUR MUST BE EMPLOYED in cases of parenthesis, contrast, repetition, or explanation, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and often when qualification of time, place, or manner is made.
- 3. The Parts which are to be Slurred in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whole sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the unmarked examples in like manner.

#### EXERCISES IN SLUR.

- 1. I am sure, if you provide for your young brothers and sisters, that God will bless you.
- 2. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.
  - Children are wading, with cheerful cries,
     In the shoals of the sparkling brook;
     Läughing maidens, with soft young cyes,
     Walk or sit in the shady nook.

- 4. The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; and, feeling the cool breath of each little pool, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.
- 5. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.
  - Young eyes, that last year smiled in ours,
     Now point the rifle's barrel;
     And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
     Bêar redder stains of quarrel.
- 7. If there's a Power above us—and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works—He must delight in virtue; and that which He delights in must be happy.
  - 8. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
    Floods the ealm fields with light.
    The airs that hover in the summer sky
    Are all asleep to-night.

## IV. PAUSES.

# I. DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

2. THE PAUSE IS MARKED thus 7 in the following illustrations and exercises.

# II. RULES FOR PAUSES.

THE SUBJECT OF A SENTENCE, or that of which something is declared, when either emphatic or compound, requires a pause after it; as,

The cause  $\gamma$  will raise up armies. Sincerity and truth  $\gamma$  form the basis of every virtue.

2. Two Nouns in the same Case, without a connecting word, require a pause between them; as,

I admire Webster y the ŏrator.

3. Adjectives that follow the words they qualify or limit, require pauses immediately before them; as,

He had a mind  $\gamma$  deep  $\gamma$  active  $\gamma$  well-stored with knowledge.

4. But, HENCE, and other words that mark a sudden change, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them; as,

But 7 these joys are his. Hence 7 Solomon calls the fear of the Lord 7 the beginning of wisdom.

5. IN CASES OF ELLIPSIS, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

He thanked Mary many times 7 Kate but once. Call this man friend 7 that 7 brother.

6. A SLURRED PASSAGE requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird 7 though none of the homeliest 7 has nothing bright or showy in it.

Pupils will tell which of the rules are illustrated by the following

#### EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

- 1. All promise 7 is poor dilatory man.
- 2. Procrastination is the fhief of time.
- 3. Weeping  $\gamma$  may endure for a night  $\gamma$   $\gamma$  but joy  $\gamma$  cometh in the morning.
  - 4. Paul 7 the Apostle 7 wrote to Timothy.
  - 5. Solomon, the son of David, was king of Israël.
- 6. He was a friend  $\gamma$  gentle  $\gamma$  generous  $\gamma$  good-humored  $\gamma$  affectionate.
- 7. You see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and, socially, your equal.
  - 8. The night wind with a desolate moan swept by.
- 9. But I shall say no more I pity and charity being dead I to a heart of stone.
  - 10. Husbands and fäthers 7 think of thêir wives and children.

#### III.

### MARKS OF PUNCTUATION.

SUCH POINTS OR MARKS are here introduced as are necessary, in written or printed language, to make plain the meaning of the writer, or to mark a portion of the pauses used in good reading. The teacher will employ this for a reading lesson, and not for a task, making all necessary additional explanations.

1. THE COMMA[,] marks the smallest division of a sentence, and represents the shortest pause; as,

The butterfly, child of the summer, flutters in the sun.

2. The Semicolon [;] separates such parts of a sentence as are less closely connected than those divided by a eŏmma, and usually represents a longer pause; as,

The noblest men and women have been children once; lisping the speech, läughing the läugh, thinking the thought, of childhood.

3. THE COLON [:] separates parts of a sentence less closely connected than those divided by a semicolon, and usually represents a longer pause; as,

He who receives a good tûrn should never forget it: he who does one should never remember it.

4. The Period [.] is placed at the close of a sentence which declares something, and usually represents a full stop. It must be used after an abbreviated word; as,

If you will, you can rise. Send the clothing and the money to Geo. W. Stevenson, Esq.

5. THE INTERROGATION POINT [?] shows that a question is asked; as,

You say you will do better to-morrow; but are you sure of to-morrow? Have you one hour in your hand?

6. The Exclamation Point [!] is placed after words that express surprise, astonishment, admiration, and other strong feelings; as,

Alås my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!

7. The Dash [—] is used when a sentence breaks off abruptly; when there is an unexpected turn in sentiment; and for a long or significant pause; as,

Was there ever a braver soldier? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. There are two kinds of evils—those which can not be cured, and those which can.

8. Marks of Parenthesis () are used to inclose words that interrupt the progress of the sentence in which they appear, and that can be omitted without injury to its sense. They should be slurred in reading; as,

Whether playing ball or riding on horseback (for he rides often), the boy knows both how to start and when to stop.

9. Brackets [] are chiefly used to inclose words that serve to explain one or more words of a sentence, or to point out a reference; as,

Washington [the Father of his country] made this remark. You will find an account of the creation in the Bible. [See Genesis, chap. i.]

- 10. Marks of Quotation ["", are used to show that the real or supposed words of another are given. A quotation written within a quotation requires  $\bar{o}$ nly  $\sin \bar{g}$ le marks; as,
- "If this poor man," said my father, "thus earnestly says, I thank God that He is good to me,' how can we express our thanks for his many mercies!"
- 11. THE INDEX, OR HAND [ ], points out a passage for special attention; as,
  - All orders will be promptly and carefully attended to.
- 12. THE APOSTROPHE ['], looking like a common placed above the line, denotes the omission of one or more letters. It is also used before s in the singular number, and after s in the plural, to mark possession; as,

Do not ask who'll go with you: go ahead. Unele bought Cōra's shoes, and the boys' hats.

13. Marks of Ellipsis [—— .... \*\*\*\*] are formed by means of a long dash, or of a succession of periods or stars of various lengths, and are used to indicate the omission of letters in a word, of words in a sentence, or of one or more sentences; as,

Friend C——s is in trouble. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy Gŏd with all thy heart,.... and thy neighbor as thyself." "Charity sufferèth long and is kind; \*\*\*\* beârèth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."

14. THE HYPHEN [-] is placed after a syllable ending a line, to show that the remainder of the word begins the next line. It usually unites the words of which a compound is formed, when each of them retains its original accent; as,

We thank the all'-wise' God for the in'cense-breath'ing morn.

- 15. Marks of Reference.—The Asterisk, or Star [\*], the Obelisk, or Dagger [†], the Double Dagger [‡], the Section [§], Parallel Lines [||], and the Paragraph [¶], are used, in the order named, when references are made to remarks or notes in the margin, at the bottom of the page, or some other part of the book. Letters and figures are ŏften uşed for marks of reference.
- 16. THE DIÆRESIS [..] is placed over the latter of two vowels to show that they form separate syllables; as, His ideas of the Creator were formed in those aerial heights.

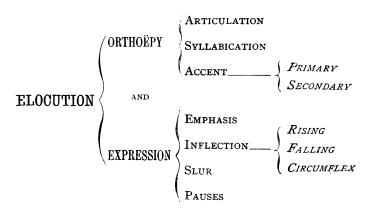
Pupils will be required to give the names and uses of all the marks in the following

#### EXERCISES IN PUNCTUATION.

- 1. The true lover of beauty sees it in the lowliëst flower, meets it in every path, enjoys it everywhere.
- 2. Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.
  - 3. Do not insult a poor man: his misery entitles him to pity.
- 4. I take—eh! oh!—as much exercise—eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my inactive state.

- 5. "Honèst boys," said I, "be so good as to tell me whether I am in the way to Richmond."
- 6. "A pure and gentle soul," said he, "often feels that this world is full of beauty, full of innocent gladness."
- 7. Has Gŏd provided for the poor a coarser earth, a rougher sea, thinner âir, a paler sky?
- 8. Angry children are like men standing on their heads: they see all fhings the wrong way. To rule one's anger is well: to prevent it is better.
- 9. You speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks the old, gnärlèd oak can be twistèd as easily as the young sapling.
- 10. What do you say? What? I really do not understand you. Be so good as to explain yourself again. Upon my word, I do not.—Oh! now I know: you mean to tell me it is a cold day. Why did you not say at once, "It is cold to-day?"

# GENERAL DIAGRAM.





# PHONETIC KEY.

# I. TONICS.

1. ā, or ē; aṣ, āle, veil: 2. ă; aṣ, făt: 3. ä; aṣ, ārt: 4 a, or ô; aṣ, all, côrn: 5. â, or ê; aṣ, câre, thêre: 6. à; aṣ, àsk: 7. ē, or ï; aṣ, wē, pïque: 8. ĕ; aṣ, ĕll: 9. ĕ, î, or û; aṣ, hĕr, sĩr, bûr: 10. ī, aṣ, īçe: 11. ĭ; aṣ, īll: 12. ō; aṣ, ōld: 13. ŏ, or a; aṣ, ŏn, what: 14. o, oō, or u; aṣ, do, fool, rule: 15. ū; aṣ, mūle: 16. ŭ, or ò; aṣ, ŭp, sôn: 17. u, o, or oo; aṣ, bull, wolf, wool: 18. Ou, ou, or ow; aṣ, Out, lout, owl.

# II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; aṣ, bib: 2. d; aṣ, did: 3. ḡ; aṣ, ḡiḡ: 4. j, or ḡ; aṣ, jiḡ, ḡem: 5. l; aṣ, lull: 6. m; aṣ, mum: 7. n; aṣ, nun: 8. n, or ng; aṣ, link, sing: 9. r; aṣ, rare: 10. Th, or th; aṣ, That, thǐth'er: 11. v; aṣ, valve: 12. w; aṣ, wiḡ: 13. y; aṣ, yet: 14. z, or ṣ; as, zine, iṣ· 15. z, or zh, aṣ, ăzure.

# III. ATONICS.

1. f; as, fife: 2. h; as, hit: 3. k, or e; as, kink, eat: 4. p; as, pop: 5. s, or c; as, siss, city: 6. t; as, tart: 7. Th, or th; as, Thin, pith: 8. Ch, or ch; as, Chin, rich: 9. Sh, sh, or ch; as, Shot, ash, chaise: 10. Wh, or wh; as, White, whip.—Italics, silent; as, often (of'n): x for gs; as, ex aet'.

# READINGS.

# SECTION I.

I.

# 1. A WINTER CARNIVAL.

#### PART FIRST.

M ONTREAL was to have a winter carnival. Of course, most of the boys and girls know what a carnival is. It is a jolly good time out-of-doors, in the warm Southern cities, usually of Italy. But as Montreal has not a particularly warm Southern climate, and as her winter sports are unequaled, Winter was fitly chosen to preside at a Canadian carnival.

- 2. As Ralph Rodney's uncle lived in Montreal, naturally he invited Ralph's father and mother to come on a visit during the earnival, and to bring Ralph with them. When his parents accepted the invitation, Ralph was about the happiest boy in Boston. Having never been so far North before, he had fears about freezing his ears and his nose.
- 3. "I wish my seal-skin eap was larger and that my ear-tabs were snugger," he confided to his mother; but she assured him that his aunt and his cousins in Canada would show him just how to protect himself from the cold, and that he need not borrow trouble.
- 4. One erisp¹ January evening, Ralph and his father and mother took the train, on the Böston and Montreal Railroad, for the winter earnival. A ride of fifteen hours brought them in safety to Montreal. They erŏssed the great Victoria Bridge, over the broad St. Lawrence, white with its winter covering of ice and snow.
  - 5. Ralph enjoyed hugely the ride from the station in the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Crisp, bright and sharp; brittle.

comfortable hack sleigh, almost smothered in buffalo-robes. On the way to his unele's door, they passed the ice palace, erected for the earnival in Dominion Square, between the Windsor Hotel and the great Catholic Cathedral.

- 6. This ige palage was built of large cakes of ige, two feet thick, having a high central tower, and smaller towers at the four corners. Flags of different nations waved from the top of the towers, and the dull blue structure glittering under the bright morning sun, the result of three weeks' hard work of men and horses, looked like a fairy creation.
- 7. Ralph's cousins, Herbert and Blanche, were delighted to welcome him. Breakfast was hardly finished before they were teaching him about Canadian dress and sports. Long knit stockings and deer-skin moccasins, they said, are the only proper things to wear in the dry and light Canadian snow. Then a toque, a kind of pointed knit cap, made of green and scarlet yarn, with a large tassel at the end, being close and warm and a perfect protection to the ears, was pronounced the only proper cap.
- 8. Next, Ralph was presented with a new pair of snow-shoes, and showed how to fasten them upon his moceasined feet by a peculiar knot which will not slip. Herbert gave him some indoor lessons and told him that he must not kick himself with the tails of the snow-shoes in running, or every one would know that he was a "raw recruit;" that he must not make his shoes "growl" by rasping their edges together in walking, and he must be very eareful not to try to step with one snow-shoe while standing on it with the other; for, if he did, he would take a "header" into the snow.
- 9. After much practice, and very many awkward and very amusing mistakes and mishaps, Ralph concluded that he had got the peculiar "shack" movement necessary, and so he was anxious for the time to come, when he could prove to his cousins his apt scholarship. I But when, under Herbert's direction, he first put his efforts in snow-shoe walking to a practical test, the results, as shown in the picture on the next page, were rather disastrous. He soon, however, became really skillful with the snow-shoes.
  - 10. Lastly, Ralph was introduced to the toboggan, or Indian



sled, of which he had often heard. It was made of a thin board, gracefully eurved at the forward end, with eross and side pieces securely bound to it by deer thongs or sinews, so as to make a light and strong flat sled. These varied in length from four to eight feet, and were generally covered with a carpet or cushion.

# 2. A WINTER CARNIVAL.

#### PART SECOND.

OBOGGANING SLIDES were quite numerous in Montreal. Several of these slides, on the mountain-sides, Several of these slides, on the mountain-sides, were built and kept in order by clubs of young men, who were fond of the sport. The winter is the dull business season there, as the great river is blocked with ice; and many, who are very busy in the summer months, have much spare time during the long winter.

2. But the young people are not idle then: they play about as hard as they work in summer, and chief among their sports is toboggan-sliding. The elub dress was a very pretty one, made of white blanketing, one elub being distinguished from another by the colors of the blanket-borders, and also by their sashes and their toques.

- 3. When Ralph's party came in sight of the Mount Royal slide, it was erowded with club members, their friends, and spectators, and presented a very novel and picturesque appearance. Ralph had brought an extra toboggan with him, intending to steer himself down the slide; but when he saw toboggan after toboggan, loaded with two or more sliders, dash down the steep shoot of the starting platform, glide at railway speed along the icy incline, jump several inches into the air over the smooth bumper, and take a final plunge down the long clide between the great snow-banks, his self-confidence gave way and he put off his steering until the slide was less steep or less erowded.
- 4. But Herbert, who looked like a young Polar bear, in his white suit, was not to be put off. Ralph must slide and he would guide him. So the two boys mounted the platform. When they reached the top of the slide, Ralph looked down with fresh misgivings. The pitch was so steep and the toboggan which had just started went so swiftly, that he would gladly have backed out. But his pride and Herbert's "Oh, pshaw, there's nothing to be afraid of!" alike led him to take his place upon the toboggan, which Herbert was holding upon the shoot.
- 5. "Are you ready?" said Herbert. "Yes," said Ralph, "as ready as I ever shall be."—"Well, then, hang on!" eried his eousin as he jumped on behind Ralph, sitting on sideways with his left foot extended backward to serve as the rudder with which to steer their course.
- 6. Away they shot down the steep declivity, with the wind rushing and whistling about Ralph's ears. As they approached the bumper hole, he shut his eyes and held on for dear life, for the terrific speed and the bumping motion of the toboggan made him grasp the low side-piece in desperation.<sup>2</sup>
  - 7. The bumping hole safely passed, he began to enjoy his

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Picturesque (pĭkt/yorĕsk'), having the kind of beauty which iş most agreeable in a pieture.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Despera'tion**, the act of despairing, or of doing without regard to danger or safety.

rapid slide, and he was just wishing it longer, when the toboggan in front of them slewed around and spilled its load off. Before Herbert could steer to one side, they too were upon the wreck, and were themselves "spilled." In an instant another toboggan came dashing among them, and thus three sled-loads were mixed up upon the slide. But no one was badly hurt, for these sleds are so light and elastic that the chances of injury are very much less than with the heavier steel-shod sleds.

- 8. In a few moments all were up again, läughing at their mishap and brushing off the dry snow. Ralph was initiated now, and as eager for another slide as his cousin could have wished him to be. He was sorry enough when they were summoned home to dinner. On the way down the road, he tried steering his own toboggan on the steep places, and soon found that it "answered the helm," as the sailors say, very readily.
- 9. After dinner, all went down to Dominion Square to see the inauguration of the içe palaçe, and the torchlight procession of the snow-shoe elubs. The electric lights shone through the sides of the palaçe and made it look like a fairy eastle of ground glass. Thousands of people in warm furs crowded about it and listened to the bands of music inside. The snow-shoe elubs with their torches surrounded three sides of the Square with a line of light, and at given signals showers of rockets ascended from the center and Roman candles were let off from the whole line. The içe palaçe was brightly lighted with colored fires, one tower being red, another green, and another blue. The effect was almost magical.
- 10. Ralph Rodney's first day at the earnival was but the beginning of many days which were filled with delight, and crowded with sights and scenes never to be forgotten. Soon tobogganing occupied nearly all his time, and nothing pleased him more than cousin Herbert's account of how he had once gone tobogganing down the ice-cone of the falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec. He said that the ice-cone rose over a hundred feet high at the foot of the Falls, where it is made larger each day by the spray which freezes upon it, told him of the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Măg'ical, relating to the hidden wişdom thought to be possessed by the Māġī, or holy men of the East;

hence, seemingly requiring more than human power; imposing or startling in performance.



great eavern in the cone, showed him the beautiful engraving that is printed in this lesson and spoke of so many other wonders that Ralph was anxious to add Quebec, also, to the winter earnival trip.

11. He enjoyed jolly snow-shoe trips over the mountain, went to the fancy-dress skating earnival at the Victoria Rink, watched the eurling elubs at their exciting games upon the ice, and

considered his visit to Montreal a grand success. His only regret is that Boston can not be moved to Montreal, so that he may have winters cold enough to afford more of sport than of slush, and more of downright winter fun than is possible amid the dampness and chilly east winds of the usual Boston winter.

#### III.

# 3. WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the Hěaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by Gŏd assigned me,
For the hopes not left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

- 2. I live to learn their story
  Who've suffered for my sake;
  To emulate 1 their glory,
  And follow in their wake;
  Bardş,2 patriots,3 martyrş,4 sageş,5
  The noble of all ageş,
  Whose deedş erown history's pageş,
  And time's great volume make.
- I live to hold communion 6
   With all that is divine;
   To feel there is a union
   "Twixt nature's heart and mine;
   To profit by affliction,7
   Reap truths from fields of fiction,8

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Em'u lāte, strive to equal or surpass in actions or qualities; rival.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Bärds, poets.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> **Pā**' tri ot, one who loves his country and earnestly supports and defends it.

<sup>4</sup> Mär'tyrs, those who suffer death

or loss for religion.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Sāġes, wişe men, usually āġèd.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Communion (kom mūn'yun), intereourse; fellowship.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Afflic'tion, grief; sorrow; pain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Fic'tion, that which is made up or imagined; a feigned story.

Grow wiser from conviction,<sup>1</sup>
And fulfill each grand design.

- 4. I live to hail that date
  By gifted minds foretold,
  When men shall live by faith,
  And not alone by gold;
  When man to man united,
  And every wrong thing righted,
  The whole world shall be lighted
  As Eden was of old.
- 5. I live for those who love me, For those who know me true; For the Heaven that smiles above me And awaits my spirit, too; For the eause that lacks assistance, For the wrong that needs resistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that I can do.

# SECTION II.

I.

# 4. THE YOUNG TRADERS.

TWO COUNTRY LADS came, at an early hour, to a market town, and, arranging 2 their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One of the boys had a stock 4 of fruits and vegetables, nearly the whole of which had been cultivated by himself. The other lad had a supply of fish, which his father, who lived in a fishing village near the town, had caught.

2. The market hours passed on, and the little merchants saw with pleasure 5 their stores steadily decreasing; 6 and so they

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Con vic'tion, belief arising from proof.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ar rānġ'ing, setting in order.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Cŭs'tom er, à regular buyer.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Stock, à collection of salable articles or goods.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Pleasure (plĕzh'ur).

<sup>6</sup> De crēas'ing, lessening.

rattled the money which they had regeived in exchange, with great satisfaction.

- 3. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came up, and, placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon! How do you sell this, my lad?"
- 4. "It is the last one I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, it is unsound," said the boy, turning it over. "So it is," said the gentleman. "But," he added, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your stock to customers?"
- 5. "It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly. "You are right, my little man; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in future."
- 6. "Are those fish fresh?" he continued, going on a few steps to the other lad's stand. "Yes, sir, fresh this morning; I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase? being made, the gentleman went away.
- 77. "Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that mark on the melon. Now you can take it home, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those fish father caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he got home."
- 8. "Ben, I would not tell à lie, nor aet one ēither, for twiçe what I have ĕarned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained à good customer and you have lost one."
- 9. And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed: the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article from Harry, made regular purchases, and sometimes talked with him a few moments about his future hopes and prospects.
- 10. To become à merchant was Harry's great ambition, 4 and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting à trustworthy

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Defect', à fault; the want or absence of something needful to make à thing complete or perfect; failing; imperfection.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pûr'chase, that which is ob-

tained by giving an equivalent in money or value; the act of buying.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Earn, to get by our own work.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Ambition, an eager wish for an improved condition.

boy in his own warchouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer until, having passed through various gradations in elerkship, he became at length an honored and respected partner in the firm.

#### II.

# 5. KEEPING HIS WORD. -

"MATCHES! Only å penny å box," he said;
But the gentleman tûrned åwāy hiş head,
Aş if he shrank 4 from the squalid 5 sight
Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

- 2. "O, sir!" he stammered, "You can not know"—And he brushed from his matches the flakes of snow, That the sudden tear might have change to fall; "Or I fhink—I think you would take them all.
- 3. "Hungry and cold at our garret pane, Ruby will-watch till I come again, Bringing the loaf.—The sun has set, And he hasn't a crumb of breakfast yet.
- 4. "One penny, and I can buy the bread."
  The gentleman stopped. "And you?" he said.
  "I?—I can put up with the hunger and cold,
  But Ruby is only five years old.
- 5. "I promised my mother before she went— She knew I would do it, and died content— I promised her, sir, through best, through worst, I always would think of Ruby first."
- 6. The gentleman paused at his open door; Such tales he had often heard before;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Surely (shor'ly), in a sure or certain way.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Gra da 'tions, ranks; steps.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Firm (firm), the name under which a company does business; hence, the company or house.

<sup>4</sup> Shrănk (shrăngk), drew back.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Squalid (skwŏl'id), very dīrty through neglect; filthy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Stam' mered, pronounced in a faltering manner; spoke with stops and difficulty; stuttered.



But he fumbled his purse in the twilight drear "I have nothing less than a shilling here."

7. "Oh, sir, if you'll only take the pack,
I'll bring you the change in a moment back;
Indeed you may trust me."—"Trust you? no!
But here is the shilling; take it and go."

€omfort.

<sup>1</sup> Fum'bled, turned over and over.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Twi'light, the faint light after the setting or before the rising of the sun.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> **Drēar**, causing cheerless feelings; gloomy and lonely; without

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Shil'ling, an English silver coin worth about twenty-four cents of our money.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Trust, believe; put faith in; give credit to.

- 8. The gentleman lolled 1 in his cozy 2 châir, And watched his çiğar-wreath melt in the âir, And smiled on his children, and rose to see The baby asleep on its mother's knee.
- 9. "And now it is nine by the clock," he said, "Time that my darlings were all in bed; Kiss me good hight, and each be sure, When you're saying your prayers, remember the poor."
- 10. Just then came a message 3—"A boy at the door"—But ere it was uttered,4 he stood on the floor, Hälf breathless, bewildered,5 and it wied, and strange: "I'm Ruby—Mike's brother—I've benight you the change.
- 11. "Mike's hurt, sir; 'twas dark; the snow made him blind, And he didn't take notice the train was behind, Till he slipped on the track—and then it whizzed by; And he's home in the garret—I think he will die.
- 12. "Yet nothing would do him, sir—nothing would do, But out through the snow I must hurry to you; Of his hurt he was certain you wouldn't have heard, And so you might think he had broken his word."
- 13. When the garret they hastily 6 entered, they saw
  Two arms, mangled, 7 shapeless, outstretched from the straw.
  'You did it?—dear Ruby—Gŏd bless you," he said;
  And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and was dead.

#### III.

# 6. HELPING FATHER.

#### PART FIRST.

"Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening. "It is only a week singe I required my month's salary, and now I have but

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Lölled, lay at ease.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Cō'zy, snuğ; comfortable.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Mĕs'sage, any notice sent from one person to another.

<sup>4</sup> Ut'tered, spoken; pronounced.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Be wil' dered, confused; puzzled; confounded.

<sup>6</sup> Hās' ti ly, quickly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Măn'gled, bruişed; wounded.

<sup>8</sup> Last (låst), see Note 3, p. 16.

little more than half of it left. I bought a cord of pine wood to-day, and to-morrow I must by for that suit of clothes which Daniël had: that will be fifteen dollars more."

- 2. "And Daniel will need a pair of new shoes in a day or two; those he wears now are all ripped, and hardly fit to wear," said (sed) Mrs. Andrews. "How fast he wears out shoes! It seems hardly a fort'night since I bought the last shoes for him," said the father.
- 3. "Oh, well! But then he enjoys running about so very much that I can not check his pleasure as long as it is quite harmless. I am sure you would feel sorry to see the little shoes last longer from not being used so much," answered the affectionate 1 mother.
- 4. Daniel, during this conversation, was sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, trying to teach her to stand upon her hind legs. He was apparently much occupied with his efforts, but he heard all that his father and mother had said. Pretty soon he arose, and, going to his father, elimbed upon his knee and said, "Papä', do I eost you a good deal of money?"
- 5. Now, Mr. Andrews was book-keeper for a manufacturing company, and his salary was hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the high rate at which every thing was selling. He had nothing to spare for superfluities, and his chief enjoyment was being at home with his wife and boy, his books and pictures. Daniel's question was a queer one, but his father replied as correctly as he could.
- 6. "Whatever money you may eost me, my son, I do not regret it, for I know that it adds to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, your papa does not have a great deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel."—"How much will my new suit of clothes cost?" asked Daniel. "Fifteen dollars," was the reply. "And how much for my shoes?"—"Two dollars more, perhaps," said his father.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Af fec' tion ate, having great love; fond.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Con ver sa' tion, familiar discourse or talk; chat.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Apparently (ap pâr' ent li), in appearance; seemingly.

<sup>4</sup> Oc'cu pied, employed; busied.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Ef'fört, use of strength or power; å struggle or earnest attempt.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Pretty (prit'ti), moderately; quite.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Sū per flū' i t**y**, overmuch.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Quēer, differing oddly from what is common.

- 7. "That will make seventeen dollars. I wish I could work and earn some money for you, father," said Daniel. "Oh, well, my son, don't think about that now. If you are a good boy, and study well at school, that will repay me," said Mr. Andrews.
- 8. Daniel said no more, but he determined to try at once and see if he could not help to pay for the clothes his father was so kind as to buy him. That very afternoon the load of wood which his father bought came, and was thrown off close to the cellar-door. It was Saturday, and there was no school.
- 9. "Now I can save father some money," thought Daniel; and he ran into the house to ask his mother if he could put the wood into the cellar. "I am afraid it is too heavy work for you, my son," said his mother.
- 10. "I fhink I ean do it, mother. The wood lies elose to the gellar-door, and all I will have to do is to pitch it right down," replied Daniel. "Very well, you may try it; but if you find it too hard, you must let old Tom put it in," said his mother.
- 11. Daniel danged away, and went first to the cellar, where he unhooked the trap-door and opened it, and elimbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap. At first it was good fun to send the sticks elattering one on top of the other down into the cellar, but pretty soon it grew tedious, and Daniel began to think that he had rather do something else.
- 12. Just then George Flyson eame into the yard and asked Daniel if he waşn't going to fish for smelts that day. "I guess not. This wood must go in, and then it will be too late to go so far this afternoon," replied Daniel.
- 13. "Oh, let the wood alone! We have got some round at our house that ought to go in, but I sha'n't do it. Father may hire a man to do such work. Come, old Tom will be glad of that job," said George. "No, I am going to do this before any thing else," said Daniel, as he picked up a big stick and sent it flying down the cellar-way.
- 14. "Did your old man make you do it?" asked Flyson. "Who?" queried Daniel, so sharply that the boy saw his error, and corrected his form of question. "Did your father make you do this job?"
  - 15. "No: he does not know I am doing it; and, by the way,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Tē'dĭ oŭs, dull; tiresome from length or slowness.

George Flyson, don't you call my father 'old man.' If you don't know any better than to treat your father disrespectfully, you sha'n't treat mine so," answered Daniel.

16. "Ho! Seems you are ğětting mighty pious all of à sudden. Guess I'll have to be going. I'm not good enough for you;" and, with à sneering look, George went off.

IV.

# 7. HELPING FATHER.

#### PART SECOND.

THE WOOD-PILE in the cellar grew larger, until the wood-pile in the yard was all gone; then Daniel shut down the trap-door, ran into the house and brushed his elothes, and started out to find his playmates and have a game of baseball. He felt very happy, for he had earned something for a kind father who was always earning something for him; and the thought of this pleased him much.

- 2. He felt happier still when his father came home to supper, and said while at the table, "My wood did not come, did it, mother? I told the man to send it up this afternoon, gertainly." Mr. Andrews always called his wife "mother."—"Oh, yes, the wood came. I saw the team back into the yard," replied Mrs. Andrews.
- 3. "Then old Tom must have put it in. I suppose he will charge fifty or seventy-five cents for doing it," said Mr. Andrews. "I think a boy put it in," said his wife. "What boy?"—"Oh, a smart little fellow that plays around here a good deal. He wanted the job, and so I let him do it," said Mrs. Andrews.
- 4. "Some little boy who wanted some pocket-money, I suppose. Whose boy was it?" asked Mr. Andrews. "There he is; he will tell you all about it;" and Mrs. Andrews pointed to Daniel, who was enjoying the fun quietly. And now he was pleased indeed to hear how gratified his father was at finding his little boy so industrious and thoughtful. It repaid him amply for not going smelt-fishing.
  - 5. It was not long after this that the bleak winds of Novem-

<sup>1</sup> Bleak, cold and sweeping; cheerless.

ber began to blow. The leaves of the trees fell lifeless to the earth, and every thing prepared to put on the ermine garb of winter. One evening when Daniel went to bed, he put aside his cûrtain, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the tiny 2 flakes had fallen, until hillside and valley, street and house-top, were covered with the spotless snow.

6. "I wonder how deep it will be by morning. Perhaps there will be enough for sleighing. Old Tom will be round to elear off the sidewalk and platforms. I must get ahead of him this winter, and save father some more money;" and Daniel got into bed as quickly as he could, so that he should awake early in the morning.

7. When Mr. Andrews awoke the next day, he heard the seraping of a shovel on the sidewalk, and said to his wife, "Tom has got along early this morning. These snow-storms are profitable to him. Last winter I guess I paid him five or

six dollars for shoveling snow."

8. When he got up, however, and looked out of the window, he was not a little astonished to see Daniel shoveling off the sidewalk, his cheeks all aglow with the healthy exercise.

9. "See that boy, mother," said he to his wife; "he has eleared the walk off nicely. What a good little fellow he is!

When Christmas comes, we must reward him for this."

10. And so Daniel went on according to this beginning. He eleared the snow off after every storm. In the spring-time he put the garden and yard all in order, and did a great many things which his father had always paid a man for doing. And he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed his play better, because there is always a satisfaction in doing well, which lends a charm to every thing we undertake.

11. One day, about a year after the day that Daniel had put in the first load of wood, his father said to him, "My son, I have kept a memorandum of the work that you have done for

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Er'mĭne, an animal related to, · or somewhat resembling, the weasel. It inhabits northern elimates, and has white fur in winter; hence, snow is called the ermine garb.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Tī'ny, little; very small.

<sup>3</sup> Měm'o răn' dum, à written account of something which it is desired or wished to remember; a note to help the memory.

me the past year, and find that, allowing you what I should have paid old Tom or any other person, I owe you to-day forty-two dollars and sixty cents."

12. "Aş much aş that, father? Why, I did not know I could carn so much all myself, and I did not work very hard cither," said I Daniel. "Some of it was pretty hard work for a little boy that likes to play," replied his father; "but you did it well, and now I am ready to pay you."

13. "Pay me? What! the re'al money right in my hands?" — "Yes, the real money;" and Mr. Andrews placed a roll of bank-notes." in his little son's hands.

14. Daniel looked at it for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll tell you what to do with this money for me, papa."

15. "What, my son?"—"Buy my clothes with it for the next year," said Daniel. And Mr. Andrews did so.

# V. 8. HAND AND HEART.

In Storm or shine, two friends of mine Go forth to work or play;
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.

- 2. 'Tiş willing hand! 'tiş cheerful heart! The two best friendş I knöw; Around the heärfh² eome joy and mĩrfh,³ Where'er their façeş glōw.
- 3. Come shine, 'tiş bright! come dark, 'tiş light! Come cold, 'tiş warm êre long! So heavily fall the hammer-stroke! Merrily sound the song!
- 4. Who falls may stand, if good right hand Is first, not second best: Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart Has lodging in his breast.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Said (sĕd).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Mirth (merth), see Note 4, p. 16.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Hearth (härth).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Ere (âr), sooner than; before.

- 5. The humblest board has dainties poured, When they sit down to dine; The erust they eat is honey-sweet, The water good as wine.
- 6. They fill the pûrse¹ with hŏnèst gold, They lead no creature² wrŏng;³ So heavily fall the hammer-stroke! Mĕrrily sound the sŏng!
- 7. Without these twain,<sup>4</sup> the poor complain Of evils hard to bear;<sup>5</sup> But with them poverty grows rich, And finds a loaf to spare!<sup>6</sup>
- 8. Their looks are fire; their words inspire; Their deeds give courage high;— About their knees the children run, Or climb, they know not why.
- 9. Who sails, or rides, or walks with them, Ne'er finds the journey long;— So heavily fall the hammer-stroke! Merrily sound the song!

#### VI.

# 9. SUPPORTING MOTHER.

JEAN VIDAL<sup>7</sup> was a boy nine years old. He lived in Aurillae, France. His mother, a widow, from being rich became very poor. She had four sons, of whom Jean was the youngest.

2. Two kind gentlemen obtained good places for the three older boys; but as Jean was a bright lad, they sent him to a boarding-school that he might be well educated. The expense

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Purse (pers), see Note 4, p. 16.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Creature (krēt' yēr), any thing ereated; an animal; à man.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Wrong, see Note 5, p. 16.

<sup>4</sup> Twāin, two.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> **Bear** (bâr), see Note 2, p. 16.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Spare (spâr).

<sup>7</sup> Vidal (ve däl').

<sup>8</sup> Aurillac (ō'rēl yäk').

of doing this, and supporting his mother at the same time, they soon found to be too great, and so resolved to send the poor old mother to a hospital, as it was then called; but in reality an alms-house.

- 3. The child, away at school, knew nothing of this. Wishing to break the matter to him as tenderly as possible, the curé of the village invited Jean to his house for a holiday; and the boy came in his best clothes.
- 4. Just as he arrived the eūré was called away for a few minutes (min'its), and while alone, little Jean opened a book, when out fell a paper. It was an order to admit his mother to the hospital. As soon as Jean read it, he left the house and ran back to school as fast as he could go, put off his holiday clothes, and dressed himself in his every-day suit.
- 5. "Ah, poor child!" said the euré, when the boy came back, "euriosity led you astray; but the fault has brought its own punishment; you have been hiding yourself to erv over it."
- 6. "No, kind sīr," answered the brave and noble little fĕllōw; "I have not been erying. I know it all. My mother shall not ḡo to the hŏspital: she would die of ḡrief. I will not retûrn to sehool. I will support her."
- 7. Touched and surprised, the eūré tried to rēason with him, and took him to sĕvèral of his friends, who told him that he could best sẽrve his mother by gĕtting à ḡood education, which would enable him, in after years, to provide for her comfortably. But, his one īdē'à was to save her from the hŏspital, and he could not be tûrned from his pûrpose.
- 8. He asked his brothers to help him, and I am sorry to say that they refused. Then he begged them to lend him a small sum, on which to begin some business (biz'nes). Poor boy! only nine years old; what could he do? and they coldly and eruelly denied this also!
- 9. A tender child, alone, friendless—what a task he had before him! God leads the right purpose into right ways.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Alms-house (ämz'hous), à house set apart for the use of the poor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Curé (ku rā'), the French word for parish priest; à elergyman; one

who has the cure of souls.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Cū ri ŏs'i tỹ, à desire to seek after knowledge, or to gratify the mind with new information.

Jean had a watch which the prefect 1 had given him as a reward for study and good conduct at school.

- 10. This, and some of his clothing, he sold, and with the small capital thus obtained, bought cakes and children's toys and went about the streets selling them. In this way he was able to earn money enough to keep both his mother and himself from want.
- 11. Dear little fëllow! Do not your hearts grow warm toward him? Think of his pure love, and devotion, and eare for his mother. Take that dear one, who had watched over him so lovingly, and supplied all his needs in his infançy and childhood, to the älms-house! No! no! Not while he had heart, and brain, and hands!
- 12. Did little Jean persevere in his good work? Was he able to support his mother? Yes: nineteen years afterward, when he had grown to be a man, he was living as porter to an inn in Aurillae, still taking eare of her, and making her happy by his loving attentions. During all these years, he had been faithful to her, refusing all offers that would separate him from his mother.
- 13. This life-devotion of Jean Vidal to his mother was a golden deed, precious in the eyes of Him who knoweth all hearts, and who, in His own good time, gives rich and unending rewards.

# VII.

# 10. THE ANGEL'S BIDDING.

Tot A sound is heard in the Convent;
The Vesper chant is sung,
The sick have all been tended,
The poor nun's toils are ended
Till the Matin 2 bell has rung.
All is still, save the clock,
So loud in the frosty âir,
And the soft snow falling as gently
As an answer to a prâyer.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Prē'fect, an öfficer in France who superintends one of the departments or divisions of the country,

and has charge of its police force.

<sup>2</sup> Măt'in, môrning; relating to the first or morning öffice.

- 2. But an Angel whispers, "O Sister, You must rise from your bed to pray: In the silent deserted chapel, You must kneel till the dawn of day; For, far on the desolate moorland,2 So dreary,3 and bleak,4 and white, There is one all alone and helpless, In peril of death to-night.
- 3. "No sound on the moorland to guide him, No star in the mûrky 5 âir, And he thinks of his home and his loved ones With the tenderness of despâir: He has wandered for hours in the snow-drift, And he strives 6 to stand in vain, And he lies down to dream of his children, And never to rise again.
- 4. "Then kneel in the silent chapel
  Till the dawn? of to-morrow's sun,
  And ask with imploring prayer,
  For the life of that desolate one;
  And the smiling eyes of his children
  Will gladden his heart again,
  And the grateful tears of God's poor ones
  Will fall on your soul like rain!
- 5. "Leave him not lonely to pĕrish, But the graçe of our God implore, With all the strength of your spirit, For one who needs it more. Far away, in the glēaming s city, 'Mid pēr'fume, and song, and light,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **Dĕs'o late**, without inhabitants or people; lonely.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Moor' land, à large piece of waste or marshy land.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> **Drēar'y**, causing sad or lonely feelings; without comfort.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Blēak, swept by €old windş.

<sup>5</sup> Mûrk'y, obseure; thick; eloudy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Strīve, to try earnestly; to make a strŏng ĕffōrt.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Dawn, first appearance; rise; the break of day.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Glēam'ing, shining with flashes of light; shining with a clear and steady though faint light.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> Perfume (pēr'fūm), à sweet scent; frāgrançe.

A soul that Jeşus has rănsômed <sup>1</sup> Iş in peril <sup>2</sup> of sin to-night.

- 6. The tempter 3 is elose beside him, And his danger is all forgot, And the far-off voices of childhood Call aloud, but he hears them not; He sayeth no prayer, and his mother— He thinks not of her to-day, And he will not look up to heaven, And his Angel is turning away.
- 7. "Then prāy for a soul in peril, A soul for which Jeşus died; Ask, by the eross that bore Him, And by her who stood beside; And the Angels of God will thank you, And bend from their thrones of light, To tell you that heaven rejoices At the deeds you have done to-night."

# SECTION III.

I.

## 11. THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

NCE a little girl was walking out in the shady wood near her home, when she looked up into a thorn-tree, and saw a pigeon's nest, with one white egg in it. The egg was so round, so smooth, so beautifully white, that she longed to take it home and have it for her own, and was just going to do so, when she saw the pretty white pigeon come flying around her with a sorrowful look.

2. It said (sed) in its own soft, cooing way, "Little girl, dear

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Răn'somed, bought out of service or punishment.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pĕr'il, very ğreat danġer.

<sup>3</sup> Tempt'er, one who endeavors

or tries to produce evil in others
4 Dēed, that which is effected or

done; aet.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Pretty prit'ti), neat; graçeful.

little girl, leave me my one egg; oh! leave me my dear little egg; for it is my only one, and my heart will break if my tender mate comes back and finds it gone.

- 3. So the little girl looked first at the egg and then at the pigeon, and gave a little sigh, wanting the egg so much, and then thinking of Sister Mary's story of St. Francis and the Birds, she quietly put it back into the nest, and walked slowly home.
- 4. Not long after, this little girl's only brother fell very ill. No doetor could cure him, and every one thought he must die; so the little girl was very unhappy, and the long nights passed slowly and sadly, as she watched and prayed by the bedside; and the large tears ran down her cheeks again (agen') and again, till her face grew sadly thin and wan, and she could think of nothing but her dear little brother, who lay there with his young life ebbing slowly away.
- 5. One evening, as she was sitting in his room in the soft spring-time, with the window open, so that the fresh air might come in and blow upon his poor pale face, she heard a little fluttering noise near her, and a beautiful white pigeon came and settled on the window-sill close to her. When she lifted her head, it put its pretty head against her soft cheek, and began to coo to her, so softly and gently, that it seemed to soothe her sorrow.
- 6. Presently it said (all in the birds' language, you know, but somehow or other the little girl quite understood every word), "Little girl, dear little girl, I am the pigeon whose egg you spared that day when you found my nest.
- 7. "I have some to tell you that last night, while I was resting in the steeple of the Church of St. Agnes I heard the angels whispering in the soft, still air. They said that, because you were so kind and tender-hearted, and left me my one little egg, our Dear Lord who rules the world would leave you your only little brother now, and he should not die."
- 8. The piġeon eooed softly again, and the little ḡirl kissed it ġently, and it flew away, into the silent night. Then she turned to the bed, and saw that her little brother was sleeping for the first time for many days, ealmly and peacefully, with a sweet smile upon his façe, as if the ānġels had been whispering to him too.

9. Perhaps it was so; but, at all events, from that moment, he began to get well, and was soon quite strong again! The little girl grew to be a woman and became a Sister of Mercy; and she often told the orphan children this pretty fable, and never could they forget the sweet white pigeon and the angel's whisper.

II.

# 12. THE BOY AND THE CHILD JESUS.

AMONG ğreen pleaşant měadowş, All in a ğrove so mild, Waş set a marble image Of the Vîrgin and the Child.

- There oft, on summer evenings,
   A lovely boy would rove,
   To play beside the image
   That sanetified the grove.
- 3. Oft sat his mother by him, Among the shadows dim, And told how the Lord Jesus Was once a child like him.
- 4. "And now from highest heaven He doth look down each day, And sees whate'er thou doest, And hears what thou dost say."
- .5. Thus spake his tender mother; And on an evening bright, When the red round sun descended 'Mid clouds of crimson light,—
  - 6. Again the boy was playing;
    And ĕarnestly said he,
    "O, beautiful Lord Jesus,
    Come down and play with me.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Fa'ble, à stōry not really true, or to enforçe à truth or a useful rule but contrived to àmūşe and instruct, of action.

- 7. "I will find thee flowers the fairest, And weave for thee a crown; I will get thee ripe red strawberries If thou wilt but come down.
- 8. "O, holy, holy mother, Put him down from off thy knee; For in these silent meadows. There are none to play with me."
- Thus spake the boy so lovely;
   The while his mother heard;
   But on his prayer she pondered,
   And spake to him no word.
- 10. That self-same night she dreamed A lovely dream of joy; She thought she saw young Jesus, There playing with the boy.
- 11. "And for the fruits and flowers Which thou hast brought to me, Rich blessings shall be given, A thousand-fold to thee.
- 12. "For in the fields of heaven Thou shalt roam with me at will, And of bright fruits celestial 1 Shall have, dear child, thy fill."
- 13. Thus tenderly and kindly The fair child Jeşus spoke; And full of eareful muşingş, The anxious mother woke.
- 14. And thus it was accomplished: In a short month and a day, That lovely boy, so gentle, Upon his death-bed lay.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Celestial (se lĕst'yal), belonging to the spiritual heaven; heavenly.

- 15. And thus he spoke in dying:
  "O, mother dear! I see
  The beautiful child Jeşus
  A-coming down to me;—
- 16. "And in hiş hand he beâreth Bright flowerş aş white aş snow, And red and juiçy strawberrieş; Dear mother, let me go."
- 17. He died—but that fond mother Her sörröw did restrain; For she knew he was with Jesus, And she asked him not again.

#### III.

## 13. FIVE PEAS IN THE SHELL.

#### PART FIRST.

FIVE PEAS sat in a pea-shell. They were green, and the shell was green; therefore, they thought that the whole world must be green; in which opinion they were about right. The shell grew, and the peas grew too. They could accommodate themselves very well to their narrow house, and sat very happily together, all five in a row.

- 2. The sun shone outside and warmed the shell. The rain made it so clear that you could see through it. It was very warm and pleasant in there,—clear by day and dark by night, just as it should be. The five peas grew very fast, and became more intelligent the older they were.
- 3. "Shall I always be compelled to sit here?" said one to the rest. "I really am afraid that I shall get hard from sitting constantly. I do believe strange things are going on outside of our shell as well as in here."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Therefore (ther' for), for that or this reason.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> O pĭn'ion (·yun), view or belief formed from slight proof.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Grew (gro), see Rule 4, p. 24.

<sup>4</sup> Ac com'mo date, suit; fit.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Fast (fåst), see Note 3, p. 16.

<sup>6</sup> In tĕl' li ġent, knowing.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Com pĕlled', oblīġed; fōrçed; constrained.

- 4. Weeks passed on, and the peas became yellow, and the shell grew yellow too. "All the world is yellow!" said they. And we can not blame them, under the çir'eumstançes, for the exclamation.
- 5. One day thêir house was struck as if by lightning. They were torn off by somebody's hand, and were put into a coatpocket which was already nearly filled with peas. "Now there is going to be an end of us," they sighed to one another, and they began to feel very sorrowful.
- 6. "But if we live, I should like to hear from the one who goes farthest," said the largest pea. "It will soon be over with us all," said the smallest pea. But the largest one replied, "Come what will, I am ready."
- 7. Knack! The shell bûrst, and all five rolled out into the bright sunshine. Soon they lay in a little boy's hand. He held them fast, and said they would be excellent for his little gun. Almost immediately they were rolling down the barrel of his shot-gun. Out again they went into the wide world.
- 8. "Now I am flying out into the world. Cătch me if you ean." So said one, and he was very soon out of sight.
- 9. The second said, "I am going to fly up to the sun. That is a charming shell, and would be just about large enough for me," and off he flew.
- 10. "Wherever we go we are going to bed," said two others; and they hit the roof 4 of a great stone house, and rolled down on the ground.
- 11. "I am going to make the best of my lot," said the last one; and it went high up, but came down against the balcony<sup>5</sup> window of an old house, and caught there in a little tuft of moss. The moss closed up, and there lay the pea.
- 12. Hidden there in its green prison, it did not meet the eye of any ereature. "I shall make the best of my lot," it said, as it lay there.
  - 13. A poor woman 6 lived in a room back of the baleony win-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Circumstance (ser'kum stans), one of the things that surround us in our path of life.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ex'cla mā'tion, remark of pain, anger, sûrprīşe, &c.; outery.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Put (put), placed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Roof (rof).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Băl' co nỹ, à platform on the outer walls of buildings.

<sup>6</sup> Woman (wum'an).

dōw. She spent the whole dāy in making little toyş of wood and shellş, which waş hēr way of getting a little money. She had a good strong body, but nevertheless she waş a very poor widōw, and the prospect was that she would always be one.

- 14. In that little room lived a hälf-grown, delicate 1 daughter. A whole year she had been lying there, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die. "She will soon go off to see her little sister!" sighed the mother. "I had two children, and it was a difficult 2 task for me to take care of them both. But our Lord has taken one of them to live with Him.
- 15. "I should like to keep this one with me; but it appears as if God wants them both with Him. Soon she will go and see her sister." But the sick girl still lived, and lay patiently on her sick bed, while her mother worked hard for her daily bread.

#### IV.

# 14. FIVE PEAS IN THE SHELL.

#### PART SECOND.

BY AND BY spring-time came on. One morning, when the industrious mother was going about her work, the friendly sun shone through the little window and all along the little roof.

- 2. The sick girl looked down at the bottom of the window and saw something growing. "What kind of a weed is that?" she asked. "It is going to grow against the window. See, the wind is shaking it."
- 3. And the mother came to the window and opened it a little. "Just see!" she exclaimed. "This is a slender pea-vine. It is now shooting out its green leaves. How did it get into this little erevice? Soon we shall have a garden!"
- 4. Then the sick girl's bed was moved closer to the window, so that she could see the little climbing pea. Then her mother went to work again.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **Dĕl'i cate**, niçe ; tender ; feeble.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Dĭf' fi cŭlt, not eaşy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Patiently (pā' shěnt li), without complaint or mûrmûring.

<sup>4</sup> In dŭs' trī oŭs, given to work;

not idle or lazy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Against (à gĕnst'), opposite to; abreast of; façing.

<sup>6</sup> Crĕv'ĭce, å €rack.

<sup>7</sup> Again (à gĕn'), once môre.



- 5. "Mother, I really believe I shall get well again," said the daughter one evening to her mother. "The sun has been (bin) shining into the window so kindly to-day, and the pea-vine is growing so fast, that I believe I shall soon be able to go out into the bright sunshine."
- 6. "Gŏd grant it may be so!" said the mother; but she did not believe it could come to pass. Then she stuck down a little stick for the pea-vine to run on, and tied a string around the vine to keep the wind from blowing it away. Every day it grew higher and larger.
- 7. "Now it is almost ready to blossom," said the mother one day as she went up to the window. "I am beginning to think my dear daughter will get well again."
- 8. She had noticed that her sick girl had been getting stronger and more cheerful of late; so, on the morning the pea-vine blossomed she was propped up in her bed.

- 9. The next week she was able, for the first time in many months, to get out of bed and take a few steps. How happy she was as she sat in the bright sunshine, and looked at the growing pea-vine!
- 10. The window was open, and the morning breeze came softly in. Then the grateful girl leaned her head out of the window and kissed her vine. That day was a happy holiday to her—a day never to be forgotten.
- 11. "God, my dear child, has planted that little flowering pea here for you, and also to bring hope and joy to my heart." So spoke the mother,—and truly too.
- 12. Now, what became of the other peas? The one which flew out into the wide world, and said, as he passed, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter beside the street, and was swallowed by a dove.
- 13. The two which went off together fared no better, for they were both devoured 1 by hungry pigeons. The fourth pea, which went off toward the sun, did not get hälf-way there, but fell into a water-spout, and lay there for weeks growing larger all the time.
- 14. "I am gĕtting so eôrpulent," it said one dāy, "I shall soon bûrst, I am åfrāid, and that will çĕrtainly be the låst of me." And the chimney, who åfterward wrote his epitaph, told me å few days ågō that he did burst. So that was the last of him.
- 15. But the sick girl stood one day, with bright eyes and red cheeks, at her mother's window, and, folding her hands over the beautiful pea-vine, she thanked God for His goodness.

## V.

# 15. THE CLOUD.

NE hot summer morning a little eloud rose out of the sea, and glīded lightly, like a playful child, through the blue sky and over the wide earth which lay parched and languishing from the long drought.

pining; suffering, as from heat or dryness.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **De voured'**, eaten greedily.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Côr'pu lent, fleshy; fat.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Ep'i taph, à writing on à monument in memory of the dead.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup>Languishing (lăng'gwish ing),

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Drought (drout), want of rain or of water; à long continuance of dry weather.

- 2. As the little cloud sailed along, she saw far beneath her the poor laborers toiling in the sweat of their brows, while she was wafted along by the light breath of the morning, free from care and toil.
- 3. "Ah!" said she, "eould I but do something to lighten the labors of those poor men upon the earth, drive away their eares, give refreshment to the thirsty and food to the hungry!" And the day went on, and the cloud grew bigger and bigger; and as she grew, her desire to devote her life to mankind grew likewise stronger.
- 4. But on the earth the heat waxed 4 more intense; 5 the sun's rays burned like fire, till the wearied laborers nearly fainted in the fields; and yet they worked on and on, for they were very poor. From time to time they east a piteous 6 look up at the cloud, as much as to say, "Ah, that you would help us!"
- 5. "I will help you," said the cloud; and she began to sink gently down. But presently she remembered what she had once heard? when a little child, in the depths of the sea, that, if a cloud ventures too near the earth, she dies.
- 6. For awhile she wavered, and was driven hither and thither by her thoughts; but at length she stood still, and, with all the gladness of a good resolution, she eried, "Ye weary men who are toiling on the earth, I will help you!"
- 7. Filled with this thought, the cloud suddenly expanded to a gigantie size. She had never imagined herself capable of such greatness. Like an angel of blessing she stood above the earth, and spread her wings over the parched fields; and her form became so glorious, so awful, that she filled man and beast with fear, and the trees, and the grass bent before her while yet they all well knew that she was their benefactress.
  - 8. "Ay; 10 I will help you," said (sed) the cloud again;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Be nēath', lower in plaçe, rank, or worth; under.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Toil'ing, laboring painfully and wearily; over-laboring.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup>Thirsty (fhērst' i), suffering from want of drink.

<sup>4</sup> Wăxed, became ; grew.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> In těnse', fierçe; very great.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> **P**ĭt'e oŭs, fitted to åwāken pity; sorrowful.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Heard (hẽrd).

<sup>8</sup> Gī găn'tic, huģe; vĕry larģe.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> Bĕn'e făc'tress, à female who confers à benefit or dòeş good, especially for charity.

<sup>10</sup> Ay (äĭ), yes.

"receive me—I die for you!" The energy 1 of a mighty purpose thrilled through her; a brilliant flash gleamed across her, and the thunder roared.

- 9. Strong was that will, and stronger still the love, penetrated 2 by which she fell, and dissolved in a shower that shed blessings on the earth. The rain was her work; the rain was also her death, and the aet was glorious.
- 10. Far over the land, as wide as the rain extended, a brilliant bow was bent, formed of the purest rays of the upper heavens; it was the last greeting of that self-saerificing spirit of love. The rainbow vanished, but the blessing of the cloud long rested upon the land which she had watered.

#### VI.

# 16. THE POET'S SONG.

THE RAIN had fallen; the Poet arose—
He passed by the town and out of the street;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

2. The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee; The snake slipped under a spray; The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak, And stared, with his foot on the prey; And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs," But never a one so gay, For he sings of what the world will be When the years have died away."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> En'er ġy, strength; förçe. effected an entrançe into; touched <sup>2</sup> Pĕn' e tra ted, entered into; with feeling.

## SECTION IV.

I.

## 17. MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

N a spûr 1 of the Rocky Mountains which divides the Colorado 2 district into nearly equal parts, and about one hundred miles west of Denver city, rises a peak to the height of thirteen thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

- 2. In the midst of the immense grandeurs of this mountain range stands this one peak, high above all that surround it, in the majesty which belongs to the everlasting hills.
- 3. The glory of the morning and of the evening, the splendors of sunrise and sunset, the awful gloom of coming tempests, the horror of the forked lightning, the crash of the rolling thunder, and the sun-burst of the clearing shower, with its rainbow of peace, give such varied aspects to this lofty summit, that it charms the eye of the traveler from whatever point it is seen.
- 4. But if his way lead along the torrent at the foot of the mountain, a new wonder claims his attention and holds his gaze, until he breaks forth into exclamations of delight, controlled only by a deep feeling of awe.
- 5. At a distance of from fifty to one hundred miles, this marvel becomes visible; though so indistinctly that the traveler might imagine himself deceived by the subtile <sup>5</sup> air of these high regions. But no! hour after hour as he rides, the vision, for such it at first seems, becomes clearer and clearer, and changes at last into an impressive real'ity.
- 6. Thousands of feet above the road over which his mule is slowly toiling, impressed on the almost vertical 6 face of the mountain, stretches a cross! A cross of such gigantic proportions that the hand of the Creator alone could have traced its outline, and so deeply cut into the rugged rock that one of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Spur (spûr), a mountain that shoots from the side of another mountain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Colorado (eol' o rä' do).

<sup>8</sup> Grandeurs (grand' yurz).

<sup>4</sup> Sum' mit, highest peak; the top.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Sŭb' tile, not dense or gross; râre: thin.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Ver' ti cal, dĭrĕctly over head; plumb; upright.

those convulsions of nature by which He claims the universe as His own, must have torn open the mighty fissures 1 that portray 2 it to the world.

- 7. This cross is defined in glittering whiteness on the dark and rugged summit, by a vertical fissure fifteen hundred feet in length, crossed by another of no less than nine hundred feet. The heavy snows of the Colorado region, though sliding off the steep plane 3 of the surrounding rock, have accumulated 4 in these mighty chasms, and are so protected by their immense depth, and the rare atmosphere of those lofty heights, that the heats of summer have no power to melt them.
- 8. With a feeling as profound as that with which Constantine beheld in the heavens the sign of the Son of Man, must the traveler in America contemplate this mark of God set on the forehead of the country; the country, which is thus, as it were, signed and sealed like the mystical elect named by St. John in the Apocalypse.
- 9. May it not indicate 8 that North America is to stand forth as the champion 9 elected by Christ for the defence of His cause? Oh! if this were our country's glorious destiny, the honors of dominion and wealth that now fill the national heart, would pale and fade as before a vision of heaven.
- 10. Throughout the whole extent of our continent, islands, bays, rivers show forth by their names the faith of their Catholic discoverers and Catholic settlers. But here the sign and source of that Holy Faith, whence alone flows all the joy of heaven or carth, is exalted <sup>10</sup> by the hand of Nature itself, and gives its name of consolation to this grand watch-tower of the New World,

### THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Fissures (fish' ureş), open and wide cracks.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pōr trāy', paint or draw the likeness of; draw fōrth.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> **Plāne**, a flat, even surface.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Ac cū' mū lāt ed, heaped up in a mass.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Con' tem pläte, to look at in all bêarings, or on all sides; study.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> **M**ys' tic al, far from man's understanding.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> A pŏc' a lýpse, revelation; the name given to the låst bŏok in the New Testament.

<sup>\*</sup> In' di cate, point out ; show.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> Cham' pi on, one who contends in behälf of a principle or person.

<sup>10</sup> Ex alt' ed, raised on high.

II.

### 18. THE CROSS OF CONSTANTINE.

In the year 311 of the Christian era, the Emperor of the West, Constantine, yet a pagan, was on his march to Rome to attack the tyrant Maxen'tiüs, who, with the emperors Max'imin and Licin'iüs, had formed a very powerful league against him.

- 2. The forces of Constantine were far inferior to those of his adversaries,² whose armies were composed of veteran troops lŏng inured ³ to war and flushed ⁴ with victory. In this painful crīsis, Constantine remembered that the emperors who, in his time, had most zeal for idolatry, had perished miserably; while his father, Constantius Chlorus (klō' rus), who, though himself a pagan, had favored the Christians, had received sensible ⁵ marks of the Dĭvīne protection. Thĕrefore he resolved to address his prâyers for help to Him whom the Christians worshipped, the one only Gŏd of heaven and earth.
- 3. While marching in the midst of his troops, and revolving 6 these things in his mind with all earnestness, a cross of light, brighter than the blazing noon-day sun, appeared in the cloudless heavens, shining in glory resplendent, and above it, in Greek characters, the words, "By this conquer."
- 4. The whole army beheld, and were filled with amazement.<sup>7</sup> Constantine, troubled and anxious, passed a sleepless night. As he lay on his couch, pondering <sup>8</sup> on this prodigy, <sup>9</sup> the Lord Jesus Himself appeared to him, and bade him take the mirac'ulous sign he had seen in the heavens as his standard, for under that sign he should triumph over all his enemies.
- 5. This standard is the famous Lăb'arum. It is described by the historian Euse'bius, who saw it himself, and who also had from the lips of Constantine, confirmed <sup>10</sup> by oath, an exact

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Lēague, a combination of princes or states for mutual assistance.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ad' ver sa ry, an opponent.

<sup>3</sup> In ūred', accustomed; hardened.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Flüshed, animated; excited.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Sĕn' si ble, capable of being perceived by the senses.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Re vŏlv' ing, reflecting on; thinking over.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> A māze' ment, extreme sur prise at what is not understood.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Pŏn' der ing, applying the mind to a subject with lŏng and câreful attention.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> Prŏd' i ġy, a mĭracle; a wonder; a thing fitted to astonish.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>10</sup> Con firmed', strengthened; rendered certain.

account of the mĭrăculoŭs events which led him to adopt the Crŏss as his standard.

- 6. It consisted of a spear of extraôr'dĭnary length, overlaid with gold, athwart which was laid a piece in fashion of a Cross. Upon its top was fixed a crown composed of gold and precious stônes, and insẽrted¹ in the crown was the monogram² or symbol of the Saving Name, viz.: two Greek letters expressive of the fig'ūre of the Cross, and being also the initial³ letters of the name of Christ.
- 7. From the cross-piece hung a banner of pûrple tissue, in length exactly equal to its breadth. On its upper portion were embroidered in gold and in colors the portrait of the emperor, and those also of his children. The banner was thickly studded with precious stones and interwoven with much gold, presenting a spectacle 4 of inexpressible beauty.
- 8. This standard was intrusted to the keeping of fifty of the bravest and noblest of the imperial <sup>5</sup> guards, whose dūty it was to surround and defend it on the field of battle; and this post was regarded as the highest possible in honor and dignity. Constantine also caused the sacred monogram to be emblazoned <sup>6</sup> on his own helmet, and on the bucklers, helmets, and arms of his legions.
- 9. On the morning of the great battle, when the first rays of the October sun gleamed from the mystē'rious emblem, the soldiers of the Lab'arum felt themselves animated with an irresistible ardor. Wherever the sacred sign appeared, the enemy gave way before the numerically inferior soldiers of the Cross.
- 10. Therefore Constantine ordered the saving trophy 8 to be carried wherever he saw his troops exposed to the greatest danger, and thus victory was secured. The result was most decisive; for, those of the enemy who escaped on the field of battle were drowned in the Tiber.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In sert' ed, set within something.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Mon' o gram, two or more letters blended into one.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> In i' tial, commencing; the first letter of a word,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Spec' ta cle, a remarkable or noteworthy fact.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Im pē' ri al, belonging to an empire or an emperor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Em blā' zon, to adorn; to set off with ornament.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Nu měr' i cal ly, with respect to numbers.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Trō' phy, something that is evidence of victory.

- 11. Maxen'tius had thrown across that river a bridge of boats, so contrived as to be pulled to pieces by means of machinery, managed by engineers <sup>1</sup> stationed for the purpose on the opposite shore. The tyrant thought thus to take his rival in a snare. But he fell into the trap he had laid for another; for, as he was retreating with his guards over the bridge so cunningly devişed,<sup>2</sup> the boats separated from each other, and himself and all who were with him perished in the turbid <sup>3</sup> waters.
- 12. Constantine, in his manifesto <sup>4</sup> to the people of the East, alludes <sup>5</sup> to the miracle of the Cross as a well-known fact. Addressing himself to our Lord, he says: "By Thy guidance and assistance, I have undertaken and accomplished salutary things. Everywhere carrying before me Thy sign, I have led my army to victory."
- 13. The wonderful events here related are beyond doubt. They led to the conversion of Constantine, who was baptized soon afterward, and is known as the first Christian emperor.

### III.

## 19. THE PIONEERS.

#### PART FIRST.

A MISSIONARY was traveling through the bleakest part of Texas. He had of late been what might be called "unlucky" in his choice of roads, frequently losing his way, until both himself and his poor beast seemed about giving up in utter exhaustion.

2. It was only by the help of the Health of the Sick, whom he so confidently invoked, that the holy priest was now proceeding. His well-worn beads were often pressed to his lips and heart, his strength being too far gone to allow him to repeat the prayers that had beguiled and sanctified many a journey.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> En gi neers', persons skilled in the principles of mathematics and mechanics and their application.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> De vise', to plan or scheme for.

<sup>3</sup> Tur' bid, muddy; thick.

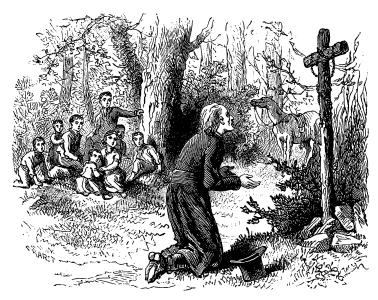
<sup>&#</sup>x27;Măn' i fĕs' tō, a public declaration of a prince or ruler.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Al lūdes', refers to.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Exhaustion (egz hast' yun), the condition of being emptied completely, or deprived of means, strength, or spirits.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Health of the Sick, one of the titles by which our Lady is invoked in the Litany.

<sup>&</sup>quot;In voked', addressed in prâyer.



- 3. He was in the timber lands now, and though the change from what seemed an endless prairie had at first been welcome, the shadows were falling oppressively on his mind, while a deeper language stole over his exhausted frame.
- 4. What is it that so suddenly eauses the drooping form to sit erect, and sends a gleam of joyous surprise to the heavy eyes? It has been days since he looked upon a human face, but welcome as the sight would be, it could not call up that look. Ah, no! The missionary had seen what to him is a dearer sight than the most inviting habitation could be even at that moment;—a grave, over which stands sentinel a great eross, with a long rosary twined about it.
- 5. Here in the wild forest he had found the emblems of Jesus and Mary. The next moment he was prostrate before them, with a feeling of quiet rest stealing over body and soul. With the whispered "Requiem" for the Christian slumbering there, still on his lips, he fell asleep.
  - 6. Awaking with a strange feeling of renewed vigor and hope,

<sup>1</sup> Been (bin).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Sĕn' ti nel, on guard.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Rĕ' qui em, å prayer for the souls in pûrgatory.

his wandering glance fell on the Cross and Beads, and, though not given to dreaming, he naturally began to marvel how they came there. But he soon aroused himself from the spell of idle thought and luxurious case, to offer to the Queen of the Rosary most fervent supplications for the one buried there, who had evidently been devoted to her.

- 7. This done, he arose and turned to his horse, which was contentedly grazing near by, when he became aware that he was not alone. Several little children sat on the ground at a safe distance, watching him intently. As the good priest, with a smile and a blessing on his lips, advanced to them, they fled before him toward a cabin which he now descried through the spreading trees.
- 8. A woman came to the door as the children rushed hastily in, and casting an anxious glance around, beheld the invader of her forest domain. With a cry of joy she fell on her knees, bending her head for the blessing which was heartily given; then, while shaking the missionary's hand with both hers, in eager welcome, she looked about for the runaways. "And so ye scampered away at first sight of the priest, God bless him!" she cried merrily. "O then its heathens ye are, sure enough, not to know his Reverence."
- 9. Saying this she led her welcome guest into the dwelling—a poor and rough one indeed, but neat and homelike as woman's care and taste could make it, and ornamented with a erucifix and several pious prints, to say nothing of strings of beads hanging on various parts of the wall, which were most beautiful in the missionary's eyes, as home-made rosaries, plainly appropriated by each member of the household.
- 10. His hostess having seen him seated at case, and given him a dozen welcomes and blessings for having come, went to the door and blew a loud summons through a horn, that quickly brought a pretty group to her side, boys and girls, healthy and happy-looking, whom she märshalled 2 in due order, and led forward. The holy priest thought he had never seen a lovelier sight, as, following their mother's example, they all knelt together for his blessing.

<sup>1</sup> De scried', discovered.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Mar' shalled, arranged.

- 11. He stood up, and gave it solemnly to each child in turn. The mother too had arisen, and with a little mellow läugh at the last, while tears of emotion rolled down her cheeks, she said: "Sure your Reverence does well to give the blessing strong in this poor family;—ten of us, and never a Christian among the lot but myself."
- 12. The priest, recalling her words to the children at his entrance, looked at her for an explanation, but already she had tûrned aside, "on hos pitable thoughts intent," giving brief dĭrĕctions to the oldest boy, who immediately went off to attend to the horse, and to the two oldest girls, who disappeared with her. The hälf a dozen who remained were soon at their ease with the good Father. Their manners had a singular attraction for him, being at once frank 1 and shy, 2 artless and yet with a certain reserve; and their ănswerş to his questions interested while they puzzled him.
- 13. At the bountiful repast which was soon spread before him, he alluded 3 to one of these puzzles, saying he had asked the names of his young entertainers, but they had not gratified his curiosity. The mother replied läughingly that it would bother them to go through that ceremony, easy as his Reverence thought it; but a sudden quivering in her voice betoked emotion that she hastily thrust aside by pressing her guest to partake of the several dishes before him, with many an apology that they were no better. After the meal was over, explanations came.

### IV.

### 20. THE PIONEERS.

#### PART SECOND.

BERNARD TRACY and Ellen had come out to Aměrica immediately after thêir marriage, with the intention of settling in the Southwest. At New Or'leans they fell in with a sharper 4 who soon contrived to get their little fund in exchange for "a splendid property" he had in Texas. With a poor team, procured for them at a town to which he was traveling, they started for their new home; but, after journeying on

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Frănk, open ; truthful.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Al lū' ded, hinted at; mentioned.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Shy, easily frightened; timid.

<sup>4</sup> Sharp' er, a swindler; a cheat.

and on till they got completely löst in the wild, Ber'nard found he had been deceived.

- 2. One of the horses had already died; the other was too much broken down to go any further. So Bernard halted, in the name of Gŏd, and set about making the hōme he had hoped to find. They were a young and energetic couple, full of that true piety which works on cheerily, trusting results to God. They had some provisions with them, wild game and fish were easily procured, and on the whōle it was a romantic episode in life.
- 3. They had but two sources of regret. With the social instincts of their race, they disliked their isolated location: still they hoped it would not be a solitude very long; others would surely find the way thither, and it was a fine place for a young colony. They felt much more keenly their deprivation of the Church blessings and privileges; but this, too, would soon be altered; some of the future settlers would certainly be Catholics, and no doubt God would send a saintly missionary that way in answer to their prayers.
- 4. Thus the simple-minded, God-fearing pair hoped and trusted, as year followed year. They were too far from the regions of civilization to think of returning; and as a little family grew up around them, such an undertaking became more and more impracticable. The hoped-for settlers never came, neither were their hearts ever gladdened by the sight of a missionary. A stray Indian, now and then, was their only visitor.
- 5. Hope became more grave and ĕarnest, but never deserted them. They kept Sundays and holy days as sacredly as if they were in the heart of faithful Erin: fasts and abstinences were never omitted; our Lady was honored, and invoked under every title by which they had ever hĕard her named; saints and angels heard their praises, and watched over the two Christians in the depth of the "hēathen wilderness," as poor Ellen always called it.
- 6. And her children were heathens as well as their birthplace. Both father and mother solemnly agreed that no hand but the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ep' i sōde, an incident not necessarily connected with what has gone before it.

<sup>2</sup> Is' o lāt' ed, lonely; standing by itself.

<sup>3</sup> E' rin, Ireland.

priest's should pour the water of regen'era'tion on those little heads, save death was actually at the door. They brought them up as eatechu'mens,¹ expecting Baptism, when the minister of God would come. All had their rudely-fashioned beads, which they said together daily for this blessing.

- 7. The last act of Bernard was to carve the beads for the baby who was beginning to take notice, the ninth human blossom of the wilderness. On Saturday, at the sunset hour—Mary's own day and hour they loved to call it—he hung the beads round baby's neck, hugging her to his great fatherly heart, with love and pride and gratitude, as he saw her joy over her new possession.
- 8. At that same hour on the following Saturday his widow and orphans knelt around the grave they had made in his fāvorite spot, and with sobs rather than words said the beads for poor father's soul. Henceforth that spot became their house of prayer, where daily their petitions were breathed to Jesus and Mary for a priest. "And now they were answered—the priest had come, glöry forever be to God!"
- 9. The missionary's tears mingled with the mother's as she gave him the particulars of this little history. With what joy he said Mass the next day in that humble cabin, protected by guardian angels, giving to the faithful Christian matron, who had so long hungered for it, the Bread of Life! With what joy he baptized that pretty group, the thoughtful, industrious boy of fourteen, as pure-minded and guileless as the little prattler of three!
- 10. Ere he quitted that abode the four eldest made their First Communion. With the tender feelings and inventive taste of a priest of God, he had erected the altar for this truly festive occasion on a little elevation near the father's grave, beautifying it as much as was possible. Thus had the prayer of faith been heard.
- 11. Several years afterward, when the good priest took an opportunity of revisiting the cabin, he found that it had neighbors. A little settlement was growing up at last. How many such stories might be told of forest days in North America!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Căt' e chu' men, one preparing for Christian Baptism.

# SECTION V.

T.

## 21. THE STORK OF STRASBOURG.

WHEN travelers in Europe wish to go from Păris to Switzerland or back again, they often take the route which passes through the city of Sträs'bourg, in order to visit the great cathedral there.

- 2. If you should take a walk or drive through the streets of Strasbourg, and should chance to look up to the curious roofs of the houses, with their four or five rows of odd, eye-shaped windows projecting from them, you would notice that many of the chimneys were covered on the top with a sort of bedding of straw, and perhaps upon this you would see a great bird, with a long bill and a short tail, mounted on two long, thin legs. He would be standing so very still that you would think it must be one of the curious ornaments that the people in Europe put upon their houses.
- 3. But if you look long enough, you will see him stretch out a pâir of enôrmous² wings, throw back his head upon his body, and rise slowly and majĕstically³ into the âir; he would not fly very far, however, but, alighting in the street where there has been a market, seize a fish that has been thrown into the gutter, and fly back with it to his nest. This is the famous stôrk, —a bird which is common in Europe, especially in the large cities, being fond of the society of man.
- 4. The stork is a bird of most excellent character. He is a pattern of goodness to his parents, and to his children. He never forgets a kindness, and is so useful that the people in Holland make false chimneys to their houses, so that the storks may find places enough for their nests; and in German cities they put a kind of framework upon their chimneys, so that the storks may find it more convenient.
  - 5. Once, in Strasbourg, a chimney took fire. Upon this chim-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Route (rot), a course or way.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> E nor' mous, differing from, or exceeding the common rule, form,

or size; greater than common.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Ma jes' tic al ly, with dignity; with a löfty âir or appearance.

ney was a nest, in which were four young storks not yet able to fly. Think of the despâir of the stork-mother as the smoke envěloped her poor little ones, and the heat threatened to roast them alive! They were too young for her to carry them away in her beak,—that would strangle them; and to throw them out of their nest would only break their little necks.

- 6. The mother's instinct 2 taught her what to do. She flew back and forth over the nest, flapping her great wings over it, and so making a current of air in which the young could breathe. But alas! a great quantity of soot all on fire began to fall, and now they must certainly be burnt alive.
- 7. No! the good mother extended her great wings over the nest, and allowed the burning soot to fall upon herself. It had burnt one wing nearly away when the people below came with ladders, and saved the nest and the four little birds and the good mother. They took care of her, but she was always infirm; she could fly no more, and for many years she used to go round from house to house, and the people would feed her.
- 8. The storks always spend the winter in Africa, and always make their journeys in the night. When the time comes for them to go, they all assemble together and choose a leader. Such a chattering as they make! No doubt they have a great deal of trouble in getting every thing settled; they make all their talk with their jaws, which sound like castanets. They always go at the same time every year, and return to their chimney nests when the winter is over.
- 9. One well-bred stork, that had made his nest in the same chimney for many years, used to come and walk up and down before the door of the house where his nest was, the morning after his return, clattering his bill, as much as to say, "Good morning, sir: you see I am here again." And in the autumn, just before he went away, he would come and do the same again, to bid good-bye, and the master would come out and say, "Good-bye: a pleasant journey to you."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> De spair', the loss of all hope.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In' stinct, inward impulse: the natural, unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action.

<sup>3</sup> Căs' ta nĕt, an instrument composed of small, rounded shells of īvòry or hard wood, shaped like spoons, fastened to the thumb, and beaten with the middle finger.

- 10. There is a little story that is told to illus trate 1 the gratitude of the stork. Once a naughty boy threw a stone at a stork and broke its leg. It got into its nest and there lay. The women of the house fed it, set its leg, and cured it, so that it was able, at the proper season, to fly away with the rest.
- 11. Next spring the bird, which was rec'ognīzed by the women by its pecu'liar gait, retûrned; and when they came near it, the lame creature dropped gratefully at their feet from its bill the finest diamond it had been able to pick up in its travels. It used to be said that they were in the habit of throwing down one of their young to their landlord before they left their nests, as a kind of rent. That was carrying gratitude a little too far, I think—don't you?
- 12. One reason why the storks are so welcome in large cities is, that they are very useful in eating up all the refuse that is thrown into the streets. In Europe'an cities, two or three times in the week, the farmers, and fishermen, and butchers, in the country round, bring their produce 2 into the city in carts, where it is displayed in tempting order; and then their wives and daughters, in curious caps and dresses, sell it to the city people.
- 13. The market is over by noon, and then the market-place is covered with the storks, who clean it all up, and carry away all that has been dropped. They are particularly fond of fish and serpents, and eels and frogs are considered a great delicacy by them. They are so valuable, that, in some places, to kill them used to be considered a crime, punished with death, and they have even been worshiped, like the ibis in Egypt.
- 14. There is a gigantic stork, a native of Bengal, which is called the Adjutant, because from a distance it looks like a man with a white wāisteōat and trousers. One of these great birds was brought to London, and lived over seventy years in the Regent's Park. It is from under the wings of this variety that the white, downy feathers, called măr'abou', come.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Il lus'trate, to set in a clear light or make plain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Prŏd' uce, fruits, fowls, vegetables, &c., raised on a farm.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> I' bis, a species of crane having bare head and neck, white plumage.

and black wing and tail feathers.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Bengal (ben gal'), a province of British India.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Ad' jū tant, a military officer.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Va rī' e ty, one of a number of things akin or related to one another.

II.

### 22. THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Barefoot¹ boy, with cheeks of tan! With thy turned-up pantaloons, And thy merry whistled tunes; With thy red lip, redder still Kissed by strawberries on the hill; With the sunshine on thy face, Through thy torn brim's jäunty² grace: From my heart I give thee joy;— I was once a barefoot boy!

- 2. Let the million-dollared ride— Barefoot, trudging 3 at his side, Thou hast more than he can buy, In the reach of ear and eye: Outward sunshine, inward joy— Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!
- 3. Oh for boyhood's pāinlèss plāy; Sleep that wakes in läughing dāy; Health that mocks the doetor's rules; Knowledge (never learned of schools) Of the wild bee's morning chase, Of the wild flower time and place, Flight of fowl, and habitude 4 Of the tenants of the wood; How the tôr'toise 5 beârş his shell, How the woodchuck digs his cell, And the ground-mole sinks his well; How the robin feeds her young,
  How the ō'riōle's 6 nest is hung;

Barēfoot (bâr' fut).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jaunty (jän'tĭ), airy; showy.

<sup>3</sup> Trŭdg' ing, going on foot.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Hăb' i tūde, usual manner of living, feeling, or acting.

<sup>5</sup> Tortoise (tôr'tĭs).

O'ri öle, å bird of several varieties of the thrush family—some of a golden-yellow, mixed with black, and others having örange in place of the yellow; sometimes called golden-robin or hang-bird.

- 4. Where the whitest lilies blow,
  Where the freshest berries grow,
  Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
  Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
  Of the black wasp's cunning way,
  Mason of his walls of clay,
  And the architectural 1 plans
  Of gray hornet artisans!2—
  For, eschewing 3 books and tasks,
  Nature answers all he asks;
  Hand in hand with her he walks,
  Fage to fage with her he talks,
  Part and pargel of her joy,
  Blessings on the barefoot boy!
- 5. Oh for boyhood's time of June,
  Crowding years in one brief moon,
  When all things I heard or saw,
  Me, their master, waited for;
  I was rich in flowers and trees,
  Humming-birds and honey-bees;
  For my sport the squirrel (skwur'rel) played,
  Plied the snouted mole his spade;
  For my taste the blackberry-cone
  Pûrpled over hedge and stone;
  Läughed the brook for my delight,
  Through the day, and through the night,
  Whispering at the garden wall,
  Talked with me from fall to fall!
- Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel 5 pond, Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

ing one's self clear of; shunning.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ar' chi tĕct' ūr al, of, or relating to, the art of building.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ar' ti san, one trained to hand skill in some mechanical art or trade; a mechanic.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Eschewing (es chū' ing), keep-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Plied, worked steadily.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Pick' er el, à name applied to several species of fresh-water fishes belonging to the pike family.

Mine on bending orchard trees Apples of Hesperides!<sup>1</sup> Still as my hōrī'zon <sup>2</sup> grew, Larger grew my riches, too; All the world I saw or knew Seemed a complex <sup>3</sup> Chīnēṣe toy, Fashioned for a bârefoot boy!

- 7. Oh for festal <sup>4</sup> dainties spread,
  Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
  Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
  On the door-stone gray and rude!
  O'er me like a regal <sup>5</sup> tent,
  Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
  Pûrple-cûrtaĭned, fringed with gold,
  Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
  While for music came the play
  Of the pied frogs' orchestra; <sup>6</sup>
  And, to light the noisy choir,
  Lit the fly his lamp of fire;
  I was monarch: pomp and joy
  Waited on the barefoot boy!
- 8. Cheerily, then, my little man,
  Live and läugh, as boyhood can,
  Though the flinty slopes be hard,
  Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
  Every morn shall lead thee through
  Fresh baptisms of the dew;
  Every evening from thy feet
  Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
- All too soon these feet must hide In the prison-cells of pride,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Hes per i des, four sisters fabled as guardians of golden apples; hence, golden apples are here meant.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ho n' zon, the line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Cŏm' plex, not simple.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Fĕs' tal, belonging to a holiday, or feast; joyous; gay.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> **Rē' gal,** pertaining to a king; kingly; royal.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Orchestra (ar' kes trà), a band of musicians performing in public.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Sward, the grassy surface of land.

Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil
Up and down in cēaselèss moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground,—
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and trěacherous 2 sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it påsses, Barefoot Boy!

### III.

## 23. THE PASHA'S SON.

#### PART FIRST.

URING my winter travels in Africa, several years ago, I visited Khartoum, an Egyptian capital town of Nū'bia, situated at the junction of the Blue and the White Nile. The two rivers meet just bēlōw the town, and flow as a single stream to the Mediterrānean, a distance of fifteen hundred miles.

- 2. When I reached Khartoum, the Austrian Consul<sup>5</sup> invited me to his house; and there I spent three or four weeks making acquaintance with the Egyptian officers, the chiefs of the desert tribes, and the former kings of the different tribes of Ethiōpia. When I left my boat, on arriving, and walked through the nărrow streets, between mud walls, very few of which were ēven whitewashed, I thought it a miserable place, and began to look out for some garden where I might pitch my tent, rather than live in one of those dirty-looking habitations.
- 3. The wall around the Consul's house was of mud like the others; but when I entered I found clean, handsome rooms,

representative or agent of a government, to protect the rights, commerce, merchants, and seamen of the state, and to aid in commercial and sometimes other transactions with such foreign country.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Moil, the soil or defilement that comes from severe labor; a spot.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Trĕach' er oŭs, faithless; betraying a trust.

<sup>8</sup> Khartoum (kär tom').

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Junction (jungk'shun), the place or point of union.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Cŏn' sul, a person commissioned to reside in a fŏreign country, as a

<sup>6</sup> Mĭs' er a ble, very poor.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Hăb' i tā' tion, a place of ăbode: a house.

which fürnished delightful shade and coolness during the heat of the dāy. The roof was of pälm-lögs, covered with mud, which the sun baked into a hard mass, so that the house was in reăl'ity as good as a brick dwelling. It was a great deal more comfortable than it appeared from the outside.

4. There were other features of the place, however, which it would be difficult to find anywhere except in Central Africa. After I had taken possession of my room, and caten breakfast with my host, I went out to look at the garden. On each side of the steps, leading down from the door, sat two apes that barked and snapped at me.

5. The next thing I saw was a leopard tied to the trunk of an orange-tree. I did not dare to go within reach of his rope, although I afterward became well acquainted with him. A little further, there was a pen full of gazelles 2 and an antelope 3 with immense horns; then two fierce, bristling hyenas; and at last, under a shed beside the stable, a full-grown loness, sleeping in the shade.

6. I was greatly surprised when the Consul went up to her, lifted up her head, <code>ōpened</code> her jaws so as to show the shining white tusks, and finally sat down upon her back. She accepted these familiarities so good-naturedly that I made bold to pat her head also. In a day or two we were great friends; she would spring about with delight whenever she saw me, and would pûr like a cat whenever I sat down upon her back.

7. I spent an hour or two every day among the animals, and found them all easy to tame except the hyenas, which would gladly have bitten me if I had allowed them a chance. The leopard, one day, bit me slightly in the hand; but I punished him by pouring several buckets of water over him, and he was always very amiable after that. The beautiful little gazelles would cluster around me, thrusting up their noses into my hand, and saying, "Wow! wow!" as plainly as I write it.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Hōst, one from whom another receives food, lodging, or entertainment; a landlord.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ga zĕlle, a small, swift, and beautiful species of antelope.

<sup>3</sup> An' te lope, an animal almost

midway between the deer and goat. Its horns are almost always round and ringed. The eyes of some varieties are large, black, and very beautiful.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Familiarities (fa mǐl yǎr' i tiz)

- 8. But none of these animals attracted me so much as the big lioness. She was always good-humored, though occasionally so lazy that she would not even open her eyes when I sat down on her shoulder. She would sometimes catch my foot in her paws as a kitten catches a ball, and try to make a plaything of it—yet always without thrusting out her claws.
- 9. Once she opened her mouth, and gently took one of my legs in her jaws for a moment; and the very next instant she put out her tongue and licked my hand. We all know, however, that there are differences of character among animals, as there are among men; and my favorite probably belonged to a virtuous and respectable family of lions.
- 10. The day after my arrival I went with the Consul to visit the Pasha, who lived in a large mud palace on the bank of the Blue Nile. He received us very pleasantly, and invited us to take seats in the shady court-yard. Here there was a huge panther tied to one of the pillars, while a little lion, about eight months old, ran about perfectly loose.
- 11. The Pasha called the latter, which came springing and frisking toward him. "Now," said he, "we will have some fun." He then made the lion lie down behind one of the pillars, and called to one of the black boys to go across the courtyard on some and. The lion lay quite still until the boy came opposite to the pillar, when he sprang out and after him.
- 12. The boy ran, terribly frightened; but the lion reached him in five or six leaps, sprang upon his back and threw him down, and then went back to the pillar as if quite satisfied with his exploit. Although the boy was not hûrt in the least, it seemed to me like a eruel piece of fun. The Pasha, nevertheless, läughed very heartily, and told us that he had himself trained the lion to frighten the boys.

### IV.

# 24. THE PASHA'S SON:

#### PART SECOND.

AMONG the Egyptian öfficers in the city was a Pasha' named Rufah, who had been banished from Egypt by the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Pasha (pa sha'), a Turkish governor or commander.

- Vice'roy.¹ He was a man of considerable education and intelligence, and was very unhappy at being sent away from his home and family. The climate of Khartoum is very unhealthy, and this unfortunate Pasha had suffered greatly from fever. He was uncertain how long his exile² would continue: he had been there already two years, and as all the letters directed to him passed through the hands of the officers of government, he was quite at a loss how to get any help from his friends.
- 2. What he had done to cause his banishment,<sup>3</sup> I could not ascertain; probably he did not know himself. There are no elections in these Eastern countries: the people have nothing to do with the choice of their own rulers. The latter are appointed by the Viceroy at his pleasure, and hold office only so long as he allows them. The envy or jealousy of one Pasha may lead to the ruin of another, without any fault on the part of the latter. Probably somebody else wanted Rufah Pasha's place, and slandered him to the Viceroy for the sake of getting him removed and exiled.
- 3. The unhappy man inspired my profound sympathy. Sometimes he would spend the evening with the Consul and myself, because he felt safe, in our presence, to complain of the tyranny 4 under which he suffered. When we met him at the houses of the other Egyptian öfficers, he was very careful not to talk on the subject, lest they should report the fact to the governor.
- 4. Being a föreigner <sup>5</sup> and a stranger, I never imagined that I could be of any service to Rufah Pasha. I did not speak the language well, I knew very little of the laws and regulations of the country, and, moreover, I intended simply to pass through Egypt on my retûrn. Nevertheless, one night, when we happened to be walking the streets together, he whispered that he had something special to say to me.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Vice' roy, the governor of a kingdom or country, who rules in the name of the king.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Exile (ĕks' īl), forced separation from one's native country and home-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Băn' ish ment, the state of being forced by the government of a

country from its borders.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Týr' an ny, exercise of power over subjects and others with an undue rigor; eruel discipline.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> För' eign er, a person not belönging to, nor native in the country spoken of.

- 5. Although it was bright moonlight, we had a native servant with us, to carry a lantern. The Pasha ordered the servant to walk on in advance; and a tûrn of the nărrōw, crookèd streets soon hid him from our sight. Every thing was quiet, except the rustling of the wind in the pälm-trees which rose above the garden-walls.
- 6. "Now," said the Pasha, taking my hand, "now we can talk for a few minutes, without being overheard. I want you to do me a favor."—"Willingly," I answered, "if it is in my power."—"It will not give you much trouble," he said, "and may be of great service to me.
- 7. "I want you to take two letters to Egypt—one to my son, who lives in the town of Tahtah, and one to Mr. Murray, the English Consul-General, whom you know. I can not trust the Egyptian merchants, because, if these letters were opened and read, I might be kept here many years longer. If you deliver them safely, my friends will know how to assist me, and perhaps I may soon be allowed to return home."
- 8. I promised to deliver both letters with my own hands, and the Pasha parted from me in more cheerful spirits at the door of the Consul's house. After a few days I was ready to set out on the return journey; but according to custom, I was first obliged to make farewell visits to all the officers of gov'ernment.
- 9. It was very easy to apprise Rufah Pasha beforehand of my intention, and he had no difficulty in slipping the letters into my hand without the action being observed by any one. I put them into my portfolio, with my own letters and papers, where they were entirely safe, and said nothing about the matter to any one in Khartoum.
- 10. Although I was glad to leave that wild town, with its burning climate, and retrace the long way back to Egypt, across the desert and down the Nile, I felt very sorry at being obliged to take leave forever of all my pets. The little gazelles said, "Wow! wow!" in answer to my "Good-bye;" the hyenas howled and tried to bite, just as much as ever; but the dear old lioness I know would have been sorry if she could have understood that I was going.
  - 11. She frisked around me, licked my hand, and I took her

great tawny<sup>1</sup> head into my arms, and gave her a kiss. Since then I have never had a lion for a pet, and may never have one again. I must confess, I am sorry for it; for I still retain my love for lions—four-footed ones, I mean—to this day.

12. Well, it was a long journey, and I should have to write many days in order to describe it. I should have to tell of fierce sand-storms in the desert; of resting in pälm-groves near the old capital of Ethiöpia; of plodding, and after day, through desolate landscapes, on the back of a camel, crossing stony ranges of mountains, to reach the Nile again, and then floating down with the current in an open boat.

### v.

## 25. THE PASHA'S SON.

#### PART THIRD.

I T was nearly two months before I could deliver the first of the Pasha's letters—that which he had written to his son. The town of Tahtah is in Upper Egypt. You will hardly find it on the maps. It stands on a little mound, several miles from the Nile, and is surrounded by the rich and beautiful plain which is every year overflowed by the river.

2. There was a head-wind, and my boat could not proceed very fast; so I took my faithful servant, Achmet, and set out on foot, taking a path which led over the plain, between beautiful wheat-fields and orchards of lemon-trees. In an hour or two we reached Tahtah—a queer, dark old town, with high houses and narrow streets. The doors and bal'conies were of carved wood, and the windows were covered with lattices, so that no one could look in, although those inside could easily look out. There were a few sleepy merchants in the bazaar, smoking their pipes and enjoying the odors of cinnamon and dried roses which floated in the air.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Taw' ny, of a dull yellowishbrown color, like things tanned, or persons who are sunburnt.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Plŏd' ding, traveling steadily, heavily, and slowly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Lăt' tic es, crossed bars.

<sup>4</sup> Bazaar (bā zār'), in the East, an assemblage of shops where goods are exposed for sale; an exchange, or a market-place.

- 3. After some little inqui'ry, I found Rufah Pasha's house, but was not admitted, because the Egyptian women are not allowed to receive the visits of strangers. There was a shaded entrance-hall, open to the street, where I was requested to sit, while the black serving-woman went to the school to bring the Pasha's son. She first borrowed a pipe from one of the merchants in the bazaar, and brought it to me.
- 4. Achmet and I sat there, while the people of the town, who had heard that we came from Khartoum and knew the Pasha, găthered around to ask questions. They were all very polite and friendly, and seemed as glad to hear about the Pasha as if they belonged to his family. In a quarter of an hour the woman came back, followed by the Pasha's son and the schoolmaster, who had dismissed his school in order to hear the news.
- 5. The boy was about eleven years old, but tall of his age. He had a fâir face, and large, dark eyes, and smiled pleasantly when he saw me. If I had not known something of the customs of the people, I should have given him my hand, perhaps drawn him between my knees, put an arm around his waist, and talked familiarly; but I thought it best to wait and see how he would behave toward me.
- 6. He first made me a graceful salutation, 1 just as a man would have done, then took my hand and gently touched it to his heart, lips, and förehead, after which he took his seat on the high divan, 3 or bench, by my side. Here he again made a salutation, clapped his hands thrice, to summon the woman, and ordered coffee to be brought.
- 7. "Is your Ex'çellençy in good health?" he åsked. "Vëry well, Gŏd be praised!" I answered. "Has your Excellency any commands for me? You have but to speak: you shall be obeyed."
- 8. "You are very kind," said I; "but I have need of nothing. I bring you greetings from the Pasha, your father, and this letter, which I promised him to deliver into your own hands." Thereupon I handed him the letter, which he laid to his heart

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Săl' u tā' tion, the act of greeting or paying respect by words or actions commonly used.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Fa mĭl' iar ly,** without ceremony.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Dĭ văn', a cushioned seat placed against the wall of a room.

and lips before opening. As he found it a little difficult to read, he summoned the schoolmaster, and they read it together in a whisper.

- 9. In the mean time coffee was served in little cups, and a very handsome pipe was brought by somebody for my use. After he had read the letter, the boy turned to me with his face a little flushed, and his eyes sparkling, and said, "Will your Excellency permit me to ask whether you have another letter?"
- 10. "Yes," I answered; "but it is not to be delivered here."
  —"It is right," said he. "When will you reach Caīro?"
  "That depends on the wind; but I hope in seven days from now." The boy again whispered to the schoolmaster, but presently they both nodded, as if satisfied, and nothing more was said on the subject.
- 11. Some sher'bet (which is nothing but lemonade flavored with rose-water) and pomegranates 2 were then brought to me, and the boy asked whether I would not honor him by remaining during the rest of the day. If I had not seen his face, I should have supposed that I was visiting a man—so dignified and self-possessed and graceful was the little fellow.
- 12. The people looked on as if they were quite accustomed to such mature 3 manners in children. I was obliged to use as much cer'emony with the child as if he had been 4 the governor of the town. But he in'terested me, nevertheless, and I felt curious to know the subject of his consultation with the schoolmaster. I was sure they were forming some plan to have the Pasha recalled from exile.
- 13. After two or three hours I left, in order to overtake my boat, which was slowly working its way down the Nile. The boy arose, and walked by my side to the end of the town, the other people following behind us. When we came out upon the plain, he took leave of me with the same salutations, and the words, "May God grant your Excellency a prosperous journey!"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Cai' ro, the capital of Egypt.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pomegranate (pum gran' et), a fruit as large as an orange, having a hard rind filled with a soft pulp

and numerous seeds, of a reddish color.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Ma tūre, ripe; full-grown.

<sup>4</sup> Been (bin).

14. "May God grant it!" I responded; and then all the people repeated, "May God grant it!" The whole interview seemed to me like a scene out of the "Arabian Nights." To me it was a pretty, picturesque experience, which can not be forgotten: to the people, no doubt, it was an every-day matter.

15. When I reached Caīro, I delivered the other letter, and in a fôrt'night afterward left Egypt; so that I could not ascertain, at the time, whether any thing had been done to forward the Pasha's hopes. Some months afterward, however, I read in a Europeän 2 newspaper, quite accidentally, that Rufah Pasha had returned to Egypt from Khartoum. I was delighted with the news; and I shall always believe, and insist upon it, that the Pasha's wise and dignified little son had a hand in bringing about the fortunate result.

### VI.

### 26. GEORGE NIDIVER.

MEN have done brave deeds, And bards have sung them well: I of good George Nidiver Now the tale will tell.

- In the Rocky Mountains
   A hunter bold was he:
   Keen his eye and sure his aim
   As any you should see.
- A little Indian boy
   Followed him everywhere,
   Eager to share the hunter's joy,
   The hunter's meal to share.
- 4. And when the bird or deer Fell by the hunter's skill, The boy was always near To help with right good-will.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Picturesque (piet'yur ësk'), fitted to form à good or pleasing pieture; presenting that kind of beauty

which is agreeable in a picture.

<sup>2</sup> Eu' ro pē' an, pertaining to
Europe; a native of Europe.

- One day as through the eleft Between two mountains steep, Shut in both right and left, Their weary way they keep,
- 6. They see two grizzly bears, With hunger fierce and fell,¹ Rush at them unawares Right down the nărrow dell.
- 7. The boy turned round with screams And ran with terror wild;
  One of the pair of savage beasts
  Pursued the shricking child.
- 8. The hunter raised his gun; He knew one charge was all: And through the boy's pursuing foe He sent his only ball.
- The other on George Nidiver
   Came on with dreadful page:
   The hunter stood unarmed,
   And met him fage to fage.
- 10. I say unarmed he stood: Against those frightful paws The rifle-butt, or elub of wood, Could stand no more than straws.
- 11. George Nidiver stood still,And looked him in the face;The wild beast stopped amazed,Then came with slackening pace.
- 12. Still firm the hunter stood,
   Although his heart beat high;
  Again the creature stopped,
   And gazed with wondering eye.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Fĕll, eruel; fierçe; bloody.

- 13. The hunter met hiş gaze, Nor yet an inch gave way: The bear tûrned slowly round, And slowly moved away.
- 14. What thoughts were in his mind
   It would be hard to spell;What thoughts were in George Nidiver
   I rather guess than tell.
- 15. But sure that rifle's aim, Swift choice of generous part, Showed in its passing gleam The depths of a brave heart.

# SECTION VI.

I.

### 27. EXCELSIOR.

THE SHADES of night were falling fåst,
As through an Al'pĭne villaġe pässed,
A youth, who bōre, 'mid snow and içe,
A banner with the strānġe deviçe,¹
EXCELSIOR!²

- 2. His brow was sad: his eye beneath, Flashed like a falchion from its sheath: And like a silver clarion trung
  The accents of that unknown tongue,

  EXCELSIOR!
- 3. In happy homes he saw the light Of household fires gleam warm and bright:

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **De v**īce', a motto, or short saying, often with a pieture; an ornament, figure, or mark, which shows or suggests some other object or quality.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ex cĕl' si or, more elevated;

aiming higher; the motto of the State of New York, U.S.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Falchion (fal'chun), à short erookèd sword.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Clăr'i on, â wind instrument suited to war.



Above, the spectral 1 glāçier 2 shōne; And from his lips escaped à groan, EXCELSIOR!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Spĕc'tral, ghostly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Glā'çiēr, à field of moving içe.

- 4. "Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
  "Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
  The rearing terrent is deep and wide!"
  And loud that elarion voice replied,
  EXCELSIOR!
- 6. At break of day, aş hĕavenward, The pious monks of St. Bernard <sup>2</sup> Uttered thē oft-repeated prayer, A voice eried, through the startled air, EXCELSIOR!
- 7. A traveler, by the faithful hound, Hälf-buried in the snow was found, Still grasping, in his hand of ice, That banner with the strange device, EXCELSIOR!
- 8. There, in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful he lay; And from the sky, serene and far. A voice fell like a falling star, EXCELSIOR!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Avalanche (ăv' a lansh'), a snow-slip; a vast body of içe, snow or earth, sliding down a mountain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Saint Bernard (sent bernard'), à remarkable mountain pass in the chain of the Alps, between Pied'mont and the Valais (va la'). A strong stone monastery is situated on the summit of this pass at an

elevation of 8150 feet above the level of the sea. This highest habitation in the Alps is occupied during the whole year by pious monks, who, with their valuable dogs, hold themselves in readiness to aid travelers arrested by the snow and cold.

<sup>3</sup> Se rēne', elear; fair; bright.

II.

## 28. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

I T WAS à summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was dône:
And he befôre his eottage dôor
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him spôrted on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

- 2. She saw her brother Peterkin Roll something large and round, Which he beside the rivulet,<sup>1</sup> In playing there, had found, He came to ask what he had found, That was so large, and smooth, and round.
- 3. Old Kasper took it from the boy, Who stood expectant 2 by; And then the old man shook his head, And with a natural sigh, "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he, "Who fell in the great victory.
- 4. "I find them in the gärden, for There's many here about, And often when I go to plow, The plowshare turns them out; For many thousand men," said he, "Were slain in the great victory."
- 5. "Now tell us what 'twas all about," Young Peterkin he eries, And little Wilhelmine looks up With wonder-waiting eyes; "Now tell us all about the war, And what they killed each other for."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rĭv'u let, à small river or <sup>2</sup> Ex pĕct'ant, having an appearbrook; a small stream. <sup>2</sup> Ex pĕct'ant, having an appearance of expectation; looking for.



6. "It was the English," Kasper eried, "That put the foe to rout;¹ But what they killed each other for, I could not well make out; But everybody said," quoth² he, "That 'twas a famous 3 victory.

defeated and put to flight.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rout, the defeat or breaking of an army or band of troops, or the disorder and confusion of troops

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Quoth (kwoth), spoke, said.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Fā'moŭs, noted; well known.

- 7. "My father lived at Blenheim 1 then, You little stream hard by; 2
  They burnt his dwelling to the ground, And he was forced to fly;
  So with his wife and child he fled, Nor had he where to rest his head.
- 8. "With fire and sword the country round Was wasted far and wide, And many a hapless mother then, And new-born infant, died;—But things like that, you know, must be At every famous victory.
- 9. "They say it was a shocking 5 sight, After the field was won, For many thousand bodies here Lay rotting in the sun;— But things like that, you know, must be After a famous victory.
- 10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, And our good Prince Eugene."—"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!" Said little Wilhelminc."Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
  - "It was a famous victory.
- 11. "And everybody praised the Duke Who this great fight did win."
  - "But what good came of it at last?"

    Quoth little Peterkin.
  - "Why that I can not tell," said he,
  - "But 'twas à famous victory."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Blenheim (blěn' im), à village of Bavaria, Germany, twenty-fhree mileş from Augsburg, noted for à great battle fought there, in which the English gained à victory over their foes, August 2, 1704.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Hard by, near by; close at hand.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Wāst' ed, destroyed; brought to ruin.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Hăp' less, without hap or luck; unhappy; luckless; unfortunate.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Shock' ing, striking with hor ror or disgust; very dreadful or offensive.

#### III.

### 29. WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

HAVE somewhere read of a reg'iment 1 ordered to march into a small town and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol; 2 but, wherever it was, it changed that the place was settled by a colony who believed the doctrines of Christ, and proved their faith by good works.

- 2. A courier 3 from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "We shall not oppose them with arms. If they will take it, they must."
- 3. Soldiers soon eame riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, saw the farmer at his plow, the blacksmith at his anvil. and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons—"the harlequins 4 of the nineteenth century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at.
- 4. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked.—"We have none," was the brief reply.—"But we have come to take the town."—"Well, friends, it lies before you."—"But is there nobody here to fight?"—"No: we are all Christians. We trust in the will of God."
- 5. Here was an emergency 5 altogether unprovided for—a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit, a fortress 6 perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rěg'i ment, à body of soldiers, commanded by à colonel, and consisting of à number of companies, usually ten.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Tỹr'ol, à province of the Austrian dominions, on the south-west frontiers of Germany.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Courier (kg'rĭ er), à messenger sent with haste, for conveying letterş or dispatcheş, usually on public buşiness.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Här'le quin, à man, dressed in party-colored clothes, who plays tricks, öften without speaking, to divert the bystanders or an audience; a merry-andrew.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> E mer' gen cy, a condition of things appearing suddenly or unexpectedly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Fôr'tress, à fort ; a €astle.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Bomb-proof (bum' prof), secure against the force of bombs, or shells.

nobody to fight with, of course we can not fight," said he: "it is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses, heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchange somewhat wiser.

6. This experiment, on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe.

### IV.

### 30. THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshaled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

- 2. One marches to the drum-beat's roll, The wide-mouthed elarion's bray, And bears upon the crimson scroll— "Our glory is to slay."
- 3. One moves in silence by the stream, With sad, yet watchful eyes, Cälm as the patient planet's gleam That walks the clouded skies.
- 4. Along its front no sabers shine, No blood-red pennons wave; Its banner bears the single line— "OUR DUTY IS TO SAVE."
- 5. For those, no death-bed'ş lingering shade;— At Honor'ş trumpet eall, With knittèd browş and lifted blade, In Glöry'ş armş they fall.
- 6. For these, no flashing falchions bright, No stirring battle-ery;— The bloodless stabber ealls by night— Each answers—"HERE AM I!"

- 7. For those, the seulptor's laureled bust, The builder's marble piles, The anthem's pealing o'er their dust Through long eathedral aisles.
- 8. For these the blossom-sprinkled tarf That floods the lonely graves, When Spring rolls in her sea-green sarf In flowery-foaming waves.
- 9. Two päthş lead upward from belöw, And ānġelş wait above, Who count each bûrning life-drop's flow, Each falling tear of love.
- 10. Though from the Hero's bleeding breast Her pulses Freedom drew; Though the white lilies in her crest Sprung from that searlet dew—
- 11. While Valor's haughty champions wait Till all their sears are shown, Love walks unchallenged through the gate, To sit beside the Throne!

# SECTION VII.

I.

## 31. THE RAIN.

A MERCHANT, riding home from a fair, had a portman'teau's with a large sum of money behind him. It was raining very heavily, and the good man became wet through. He was annoyed at this, and complained very much that God had given him such bad weather for his journey.

2. His way led him through a thick forest. The fierce winds,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Aisles (īlz), alleys; passaģes.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Portmanteau (port măn' to), a bag usually made of leather, for

carrying clothing and other things on journeys.

<sup>3</sup> An noyed', troubled; vexed.

the black clouds, the sad sighings of the swaying trees, the snapping and elatter of dead limbs, the roll of the thunder, the gleam of the lightning, and the hissing and roar of the tempest filled him with fear.

- 3. As he approached a tuft of tall trees for shelter from the storm, to his great terror he saw a robber standing there, who, without hesitation or saying a word, aimed his gun at him and drew the trigger.
- 4. He would have certainly been killed, but the powder had become damp with the rain, and the gun would not go off. He immediately gave spur to his horse, and happily escaped the great danger.
- 5. When the merchant was in safety, he said to himself, "What a fool I was to complain about the bad weather, instead of taking it patiently as a providence of God! If the sky had been bright, and the air pure and dry, I should now be lying dead in my blood, and my children would wait in vain' for their father's return.
- 6. "The rain at which I murmured saved my property and In future, I will not forget what the proverb 2 says— 'What God sends is always well, though why, 'tis often hard to tell."

H.

### 32. SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

Two girls with golden harr;

And their eyes were bright, and their voices glad,

Because the morn was fair.

For they said, "We will take that long, long Walk

In the hawthorn espee to-day;

And gather great bunches of lovely flowers

From off the scented May; 4

And oh! we shall be so happy there, 'Twill be sŏrrōw to come awav!"

with force and brevity some practi-€al tryth.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Prov' i dence, foresight; timely care; readiness to provide.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Prŏv'erb, an old and common saying; a sentence which expresses

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Cŏpse, à wood of small growth. <sup>4</sup> Māy, the hawthorn or its flowers.

- 2. As the children spoke, a little cloud
  Passed slowly across the sky;
  And one looked up in her sister's face
  With a fear-drop in her eye.
- 3. But the other said—"Oh! heed it not;
  Tiş far too fair to rain;
  That little eloud may search the sky
  For other elouds, in vain."
  And soon the children's voices rose
  In merriment again.
- 4. But êre the morning hours waned, The sky had chānġed its hue, And that one eloud had chased away The whole great heaven of blue.
- 5. The rain fell down in heavy drops, The wind began to blow, And the children, in their nice warm room, Went fretting to and fro; For they said—"When we have aught in store, It always happens, so!"
- 6. Now these two fair-haired sisters
  Had a brother out at sea;
  A little midshipman, aboard
  The gallant "Victory."
- 7. And on that self-same morning, When they stood beside the gate, His ship was wrecked! and on a raft He stood all desolate, With the other sailors round him, Prepared to meet their fate.
- Beyond they saw the cool, green land—
   The land with her waving trees,
   And her little brooks, that rise and fall
   Like butterflies in the breeze.

- 9. But above, the bûrning noon-tide sun With seorching stillness shone; Their throats were parched with bitter thirst, And they knelt down, one by one, And prayed to God for a drop of rain, And a gale to waft them on.
- 10. And then that little eloud was sent— That shower in mercy given! And, as a bird before the breeze, Their bark was landward driven.
- 11. And some few mornings after, When the children met once more, And their brother told the story, They knew it was the hour When they had wished for sunshine, And God had sent the shower.
- 12. Sing 1 ye to the Lord with praise: Who coveresh the heaven with clouds; and preparesh rain for the earth. Who makesh grass to grow on the mountains, and herbs for the service of men. Who givesh to beasts their food, and to the young ravens that call upon him. The Lord takesh pleasure in them that fear him; and in them that hope in his mercy. The Lord liftesh up the meek; and bringesh the wicked down, even to the ground.

### V.

### 33. THE GRASSHOPPER.

#### PART FIRST.

A GRASSHOPPER, idle the whole summer long,
Played about the tall grass with unthinking delight,
And spent the whole day with his hopping and song,
And sipped of the dew for his supper at night.
Thus night brought him food, and the red rising sun
Awoke him, fresh fed, to his singing again;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Selected from the 146th Psalm.

And thus he went on with his frolic and fun,
Till winter winds whistled—and where was he then?

2. The plain wore no longer the hue of his wing, All withered and brown as a desert could be: In vain he looked round for the shelter of spring, While the longest green sprig scarcely reached to his knee.

The rime<sup>1</sup>-feathered night fell as white as a sheet, And dewdrops were frozen before they could fall; The shy creeping sun, too, denied him his heat: Thus the poor silly soul was deserted of all.

- 3. The Ant had forewarned him of what he would be
  When he läughed at his toil on the parched summer plain:
  He now saw the folly he then could not see;
  But advice ta'en too late is but labor in vain.
  If he wished to work now, there was nothing to find;
  The winter told plain 'twas too late in the day:
  In vain he looked round in the snow and the wind,
  Unable to toil, and too saddened for play.
- 4. He looked back and sighed on his singing and racket, And employed the last hope he had left him, to beg; So he sought in the woods withered leaves for a jacket; Of a rush he made crutches, and limped of a leg. The winds whistled round him while seeking for pity; O'er the white crumping 2 snows he went limping along, Sighing sad at each cottage his sorrowful ditty; But a song out of season is poverty's song.
- 5. The first hut he came to belonged to a Mouse,
  Beneath a warm bank at the foot of a tree,
  While dead rush and grass nodded over her house,
  And made it as snug as a dwelling could be:
  He told his sad tale; and the Mouse, as in fear,
  Băde him work for a living, and shrank from his sight;
  For she at that moment was nibbling an ear
  Of barley, she stole from a barn over night.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rīme, hoar or white frost; con<sup>2</sup> Crum'ping, hard; crusty; brittle, gealed dew or vapor.

- 6. He left her and journeyed half hopeless and chill, And met with a Beetle, that bustled away To a crack called his home, in a sun-slanting hill, And he'd scârce stop to hear what the beggar would say; Though he held 'neath his arm a huge crumble' of bread, Which a shepherd boy dropped on his cold dinner-seat; And well might he haste when from danger he fled, For his dog had nigh crushed him to death with its feet.
- 7. At the hut of an Earwig he next made a call,
  Who crept from the cold in a down-headed thistle,
  That nodded and momently threatened to fall,
  While winnowing by it the tempest did whistle;
  The beggar's loud rappings soon scared her from sleep,
  And her bosom for safety did terribly quake;
  For she thought it the down-treading rustle of sheep,
  But slept undisturbed when she found the mistake.
- 8. Hot summer's sweet minstrel, the large humming Bee, The one that wears clothing of tawny and brown, Who, early in spring's kindled suns, we may see Booming round peeping blossoms, and bowing them down,—

Our beggar, though hopeless, resolved to try all, And came to his hut in an old rotten oak; The Bee thought it spring, and was glad at the call, But frowned a denial 2 as soon as he woke.

9. He then sought a Ladybird's cottage of moss, An old summer friend, with as little success; And told his misfortunes, to live by the loss: She pitied;—but pity's no food for distress. A Chrysalis of dwelt on the back of dead leaves, In a palace of silk, and it gladdened his heart: But wealth rarely sleeps without dreaming of thieves; So she kept the door bolted, and bade him depart.

assuming the perfect or wingèd state. In the chrysalis state they are inclosed in a case, which is spun by the insect from a fiber produced by itself.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Crŭm'ble, a small crumb.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> De nī'al, a refusal.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Chrysalis (kris'a lis), the form into which caterpillars, silkworms, and some other insects pass before

# VI. 34. THE GRASSHOPPER.

#### PART SECOND.

E then shunned the road, and took up by a hedge, Where some Gnats had collected to dance in the sun; And the day smiled so warm 'neath the bushes and sedge, That hope had nigh whispered the summer begun: His heart even jumped at the sight of their play; But ere his sad steps to their revels had come, A cloud hid the sun, that made night at noonday, And each gnat soon was missing away to his home.

- 2. Over hill-spotted pasture and wild rushy lea,
  A poor houseless vagabond, doomed for all weathers,
  He wandered where none was left wretched but he,
  While the white flaky snow flew about him like feathers;
  In vain he sought shelter, and down in the vale
  By the brook to an old hollow willow did roam;
  And there e'en a foot-foundered, slow, creeping Snail
  Had crept in before him, and made it her home.
- 3. Her door was glued up from the frost and the snow,
  As a bee in its hive she was warm in her shell;
  And the storm it might drift, and the wind it might blow,
  She was safe, and could dream about spring in her cell:
  He knocked, and begged hard e'en to creep in the porch,
  If she'd no room for two in her parlor to spare;
  But as dcad as a dormouse asleep in a church,
  All was silent and still, as no tenant was there
- 4. Thus pleading and praying, and all to no good,
  Telling vainly a story of troubles and wants,
  He bethought of an old stubby oak by a wood,
  Where flourished in summer a city of Ants;
  And though they reproved him for singing and play,
  And told him that winter would bring its reward,
  He knew they were rich, and he hoped on his way
  That pity's kind ear would his sorrows regard.

- 5. From people so rich trifles could not be missed, So he thought, êre his hopes to their finish had come; Though as to their giving he could not insist, Yet he might from such plenty be sure of a crumb. Thus he dreamed on his journey; but, guess his surprise, When come to the place where such bustle had been,— A high wooden wall hid it all from his eyes, And an ant round about it was not to be seen.
- 6. Their doors were shut up till the summer returned,
  Nor would one have come had he stood for a day:
  Again in despair with his wants he sojourned,
  And sighed lone and sad on his troublesome way:
  He limped on his crutches in sorrow and pain,
  With ne'er a hope left to indulge his distress;
  While snows spread a carpet all over the plain,
  And, hiding each path, made him travel by guess.
- 7. He roamed through the wood, where he'd fain made a stop,
  But hunger so painful still urged him away;
  For the oak, though it rocked like a cradle atop,
  Was as still at its root as a midsummer day;
  Where the leaves that the wind whirligigs to the ground,
  And feathers pruned off from the crow's sooty wing,
  Lie 'mid the green moss that is blooming around
  Undisturbed till the bird builds its nest in the spring.
- 8. The night came apace, and the clouds sailing by Wore the copper-flushed tints of the cold setting sun, And crows to their rime-feathered forests did fly, And owls round about had their whoopings begun; He hopped through rough hedges and rude creaking wickets,

Till a shepherd's lodge-house in the fields met his eye, Where he heard with surprise the glad chirping of Crickets, And hoped his companions and summer was nigh.

9. He paused with delight o'er the chitter and mirth, And tried to stare in through a crack in the door; While a cat, hälf asleep on the warm cottage hearth. Dreamed a mouse made the rustle, and bounced on the floor:

Our beggar, half frightened to death at the sight, Hopped off and retreated as fast as he could, Better pleased to tramp on in the star-studded night. Than hazard such danger for shelter and food.

10. In passing a barn he a dwelling espied,
Where silk hangings hung round the room like a hall;
In a crack of the wall once again he applied,
And who but a Spider appeared at the call:
The Grasshopper said he was weary and löst,
And the Spider gave welcome with cunning disguise;
Although a huge giant in size to his höst,
Our beggar's heart trembled with terror's surprise,

- 11. When he sat down before him dried wings of a fly, And bade him with shy sort of welcome to eat; For hunger found nothing its wants to supply, And fear made him ready to sink through his seat. Then to bed he went quaking,—and, faith, well he might, Where murdered things lay round the room in a heap; Too true did he dream o'er his dangers that night, For the Spider watched chances and killed him asleep.
- 12. In the morning a Cockrobin hopped from his perch, And fluttered about by the side of the wall, Where the murdering Spider peeped out on the lûrch, And thought a new beggar was going to call; The Robin soon found what the Spider was at, And killed him, and bore the dead beggar away; But whether to bury, or eat him, or what, Is a secret he never would tell to this day.
- 13. Thus sorrows on idleness ever attend, And ŏften shake hands with repentance too late, Till forced to take up with a foe as a friend, Then death and destruction is certain as fate.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Lûrch, to hide, or lie in wait in order to surprise or seize another unaware.

Had he ta'en the advice of the hard-working Ant,
He had shunned the sad snares of bad company then,
And dwelt with his brothers and sisters from want,
And lived to see summer and singing again.

# SECTION VIII.

### I. 35. THE FLOWER-POT.

#### PART FIRST.

NE fine day in summer, my father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw-hat over his eyes, and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments clattered round my father's legs.

- 2. "Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch; "my poor flower-pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!" Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the fātal window, nodded to the call, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless.
- 3. "Oh," said my mother, mournfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse 6 in the great blight 7 last May; I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my last birthday! that naughty child must have done this!"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Lawn (lan), grass-ground in front of or near a house, generally kept smoothly mown.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Frag' ment, a part broken off; a small piece separated from any thing by breaking.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Pōrch, a kind of small room within, and nearest the outer door of

a building; entrance into a house.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Fã' tal, causing death or destruction.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Trīce, instant; a very short time.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Grēen' house, a house in which tender plants are sheltered, and kept green in cold weather.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Blight, mildew; decay.

- 4. Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father; why, I know not, except that very talkative, social 1 persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy, thoughtful ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince 2 signs of attention, and cried very promptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy, it was I!"
- 5. "You! how could you be so careless? and you knew how I prized them both. Oh, Primmins!" Primmins began to sob. "Don't tell fibs, nûrsy," said a small shrill voice; and I, coming out of the house as bold as brass, continued rapidly, "don't scold Primmins, mammä; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."
- 6. "Hush!" said nûrse, more frightened than ever, while gazing at my father, who had very deliberately a taken off his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes, wide awake. "Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, Master Sisty? Speak!" this in a whisper, "or papa will be so very angry."
- 7. "Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident: take câre in future, my child. You are sŏrry, I see, to have grieved me. There is a kiss; don't fret."—"No, mammā', you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on pûrpose."
- 8. "Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up. Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf. "For fun!" said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papä'; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me—do beat me!"
- 9. My father threw his book fifty feet off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong; you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear."

fully; not hastily or rashly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Social (sō' shal), relating to society; companionable; friendly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> E' vince, manifest; show in a clear manner.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> De lib' er ate ly, slowly; care-

<sup>4</sup> Ac' ci dent, an event that seems to occur by chance, from an unknown cause, or without the expectation of him who causes it.

II.

### 36. THE FLOWER-POT.

### PART SECOND.

THE box of dŏmĭnoş¹ waş my delight. "Ah!" said my fäther, one day when he found me playing with it in the parlor, "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"—"Ah, yes, papä'."

- 2. "You would be very sorry if your mamma' were to throw that box out of the window and break it for fun." I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer. "But, perhaps, you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of would change the domino-box into a beautiful geranium in a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, and that you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill."
- 3. "Indeed I would," said I, hälf crying. "My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions—good actions mend bad actions." So saying, he shut the door and went out; I can not tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant.
- 4. The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he paused, and looked at me with his grave, bright eyes very steadily. "My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to town, will you come? And, by the bye, fetch your domino-box; I should like to show it to a person there." I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father on the high-road, we set out.
- 5. "Papa," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now."—"What then, my child?"—"Why, how then can my dominobox be changed into a beautiful geranium and a blue and white flower-pot?"
- 6. "My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him—one here," and he touched my forehead; "one here," and he touched my heart. "I don't understand, papa," said I thoughtfully. "I can wait till you do, my boy," said he.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Dŏm' i nōs, twenty-eight pieces spots on them, used for playing a of ivory, plain on the backs, with game called dominos.

- 7. My father stopped at a gardener's, and after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium. "Ah, this is finer than the one your mammä' was so fond of. What is the cost, sir?"—"Only seven shillings and sixpence," said the gardener. "I can not afford it to-day," replied my father, and we walked out.
- 8. On entering the town, we stopped again at a china warehouse. "Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah! here is one marked three shillings and sixpence. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birthday comes again, we must buy her another, my boy. We have yet some months to wait."
- 9. "I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers common in country towns, who sell all kinds of knick-knacks.\(^1\) "And, by the way," he added, "I think my little boy here can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that dressing-case which you enticed \(^2\) Mrs. Caxton into raffling for last winter. Show your d\(^3\)mino-box, my dear."
- 10. I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal<sup>3</sup> in his commendations.<sup>4</sup> "It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth in case one wishes to part with it. If my young gentleman gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"—"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman should take some of these pretty things in exchange."
- 11. "Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give that? Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my permission to sell it." My father paid his bill and went out. I lingered 5 behind a few moments, and then joined him at the end of a street. "Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium!—we can buy the flowerpot!" And I pulled out a handful of silver from my pockets.
- 12. "Did I not say right?" said my father, passing his hand-kerchief over his eyes; "you have found the two fairies!"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Knick-knäcks, trifles; toys.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> En ticed, tempted; persuaded.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Lib' er al, free : abundant.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Com' men dă' tion, praise; admiration.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Lingered (ling' gerd), waited.

- 13. Aided by my father, I effected the desired exchange, and, on our return, ran into the house. Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot. "It is his doing and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."
- 14. "What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all; "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of? We shall go to-morrow and buy it back if it costs us double."
- 15. "Shall we buy it back, my boy?" asked my father. "O no—no—it would spoil it all!" I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.
- 16. "My wife," said my father, solemnly, "this is a good lesson to our child—undo not what it should teach him to his dying hour."

#### III.

### 37. USEFUL PEOPLE.

THERE are many ways of being useful. You are useful—you who, from a love of order, and from a wish to see everybody happy, watch carefully that nothing should be out of place, that nothing should be injured, that every thing should shine with cleanliness.

- 2. You are useful—you whom sickness keeps in chains, and who are patient and resigned,<sup>2</sup> praying for those who are doing work that you would like to do.
- 3. You are useful—you who are prevented 3 by others from working because they doubt your eapacity; 4 you who get snubbed 5 and have employments given to you that are quite unfitted to your ability, and who yet keep silence, and are humble and good-natured.
- 4. Which one of you all, dear souls, is the happiest and most useful? The one that is nearest to God!
  - 5. "Do well to-day the little that Providence asks of you just

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sŏl' emn ly, with a grave manner.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Re signed, submissive; yielding.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Pre věnt' ed, hindered; crŏssed; thwarted.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Ca păc' i ty, ability; mental power; talent.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Snubbed, treated with neglect; slighted by design.

now," writes St. Francis de Sāles, "and to-morrow, which will then be our to-dāy, we shall see what ought to be undertaken."

- 6. Let us leave off castle-building, and make beautiful the present minute, which our good God gives us to embellish; i after that another, and then another.
- 7. How swiftly these minutes fly, and how easily they are either lost or made precious in the sight of God! Let us remember then that it is with minutes well spent we are to obtain an entrance into heaven.

#### IV:

### 38. GENEROUS PEOPLE.

AN älms 2 of which very few think is the alms of happiness. Give a little happiness to those around you: it is a pleasant thing to do. Try to make them happy: it is a charming and easy occupation.

- 2. Happiness is one of those goods that we can give to others without losing any thing ourselves. Each one has it at the bottom of his heart like a provision 3 in reserve.
- 3. It can never be exhausted,4 if we were to give forever; and by this alms, given with a good intention, we enrich both ourselves and others.
- 4. The small change of happiness—coin which the poorest possess, and with which we can give alms at any time—is this: A kindly way of receiving a request, a visit, or a contradiction; a pleasant expression, which, without effort, draws a smile to the lips of others; a favor graciously granted, or, sometimes, simply asked; thanks uttered sincerely and without affectation; 5 a word of approbation 6 given in an affectionate tone to one who has worked near us, or with us.
- 5. It is very little, all this: do not refuse it. God will repay it to you, even in this life.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Em bĕl' lish, to make beautiful.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Alms (ämz), any thing freely given to relieve the poor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> **Pro vis' ion,** something laid up in store, especially food.

<sup>4</sup> Ex haust' ed, entirely emptied

or used; consumed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Af' fee ta' tion, an attempt to assume or display what is not natural or real.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Ap' pro bā' tion, praise; liking; commendation.

# SECTION IX.

T.

### 39. THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

- 2. A fearless rider on his father's knee, An eager listener unto stories told At the Round Table 1 of the nursery, Of heroes and adventures manifold.
- 3. There will be other towers for thee to build; There will be other steeds for thee to ride; There will be other legends, and all filled With greater marvels and more glorified.
- 4. Build on, and make thy castles high and fâir, Rising and reaching upward to the skies; Listen to voices in the upper âir, Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

II.

### 40. THE FUTURE.

HO knows the future? Who has turned its pages, Reading its secrets with divining power? We may look backward through the reach of ages, We can look forward not a single hour.

Yet without fear, without one dark misgiving,
 May we press onward with alacrity,
 Hoping and trustful; only this believing—
 That as our purpose our reward shall be.

his forty knights about a large, round, marble table, in order to avoid all distinctions of rank.

Round Table, an allusion to his forty knight the history of the King Arthur of round, marble to England who was said to sit with avoid all distinct

3. Then will the light that dwells in heavenly places, Flooding with joy a world beyond our gaze, Before whose brightness angels veil their faces, Shine with sweet influence on all our ways.

### III.

# 41. THE HOLY VIRGIN'S KNIGHT.

WHEN knight the lady's worth would praise,
For whom he strove on honor's field,
How hushed the tones in which he breathed
The name to reverent homage sealed!

- 2. How pure then were his heart and faith, Who dâred on faltering lips to take The Blessèd Vîrgin's holy name, As knight to battle for her sake!
- 3. To good Sir Hubert, true of deed,
  The call to tourney's strife once came—
  As to the field, from far and near,
  All pressed who strove for knightly fame.
- 4. At matin-prime Sir Hubert rode, Eager to meet the fateful day, And as he to the lists 1 drew near, A minster's 2 walls rose by the way.
- 5. To Mary Mother consecrate, The sacred portals open stood, Within, the taper's starry light Glittered on shrine and Holy Rood.<sup>3</sup>
- 6. From field afar rang trumpet blast, While hymn resounded from within; And robed priests to Holy Mass Băde all who mourned the plague of sin.
- 7. "Who pauses here fâres heavenward still,"
  Sir Hubert said, and sprang from steed;

Lists, a place enclosed for combats, games, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Mĭn' ster, a cathedral chûrch.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Rood, the Cross; a representation of Christ on the Cross.

<sup>&#</sup>x27; Steed, a horse.



- "Man'ş strength âlōne no battle winş, Heaven'ş help doth knight to victory lead."
- 8. He lifts the helmet from his brow, With soft step treads the lengthening aisle,¹ Lowly at Mary's shrine he kneels, The Mass comes to its end the while.
- 9. But soon the sacred chant renewed, The bell, the breath of incense spread. Claim once again the listening ear, The lifted heart, the bowed head.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Aisle (il), à walk in à church.

- 10. And yet again the uplifted Host, The awful sense of God so near, Smite on the hearts of kneeling throng, And hold all hushed in holy fear.
- 11. Not rudely from the sacred place Would good Sir Hūbert rush to fray,<sup>1</sup> And while he sought our Lady's grace, Unnoticed sped the hours away.
- 12. So when his steed he urged to field, And to the toûrnament 2 drew near, As signal of the combat's close, The herald's 3 trumpet sounded clear.
- 13. As one in dream Sir Hubert gazed, Perplexed by signs of ended fray, While knights drew near with loud acclaim,5 And hailed him victor of the day.
- 14. They grasped his hand, each strove to praise His feats 6 of skill in lists and ring; Prizes his lance 7 and spēar had won Before his wondering eyes they bring.
- 15. Heralds approached, and bending low, Essayed <sup>8</sup> to lead him to the throne, Where Beauty's hand bestowed the prize By knightly deeds of valor <sup>9</sup> won.
- 16. "Not laggard 10 knight such guërdon 11 wins; Let worthier head wear victor's crown," Sir Hubert said. "When trumpet called Those who would battle for renown,12

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Frāy, fight; battle.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Tour' na ment, a mock fight.

<sup>3</sup> Hĕr' ald, a public crier.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Per plexed', troubled; embarrassed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Ac clāim', praise; shouts of applause.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Fēats, deeds; remarkable actions.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Lance, a long, sharp spear.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Es sāyed', attempted; tried.

<sup>9</sup> Văl' or, bravery.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>10</sup> Lăg' gard, one who lags behind; a slothful person.

<sup>11</sup> Guerdon (ger' don), reward.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>12</sup> Re nown', exalted reputation; fame; celebrity

- 17. "In holy church were Masses said, And morning hour to noonday wore; While I, unheeding, knelt to pray, The strife was closed, the combat o'er."
- 18. "Humility is knighthood's crown, Yet can he valor's meed <sup>1</sup> disclaim Whose triumphs here all eyes beheld? All hearts accord him well-earned fame."
- 19. So rang their eager questions out,
  And with their words came sudden light—
  "The Queen of Heaven for me hath striven;
  Her victories crown unworthy knight!"
- 20. Sir Hubert said, the while all heard, And hearts were moved to fervent praise Of Heaven, that stooped such aid to bring To loyal soul, that sought its grace.
- 21. Kneeling, Sir Hubert said, "Henceforth My vows, my life, to her are given Who deigns (dānṣ) to own me as her knight. Praisèd be Mary, Queen of Heaven!"

IV.

### 42. MOTH AND RUST.

#### PART FIRST.

A CERTAIN mountain spring had four sons, three of whom were steady-going, well-to-do brooks—the first being in the viölet-growing business, the second a scene-maker, while the third had hired himself out to a woolen-spinner; but Steme, the youngest, had all his days been a care and vexation to his father. He had all the antic 2 tricks of his cousins, the fogs and mists, and the fickle 3 disposition 4 of his mother, who was of the Fire family. One moment he drew himself out to the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Meed, a merited reward.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> An' tic, wild; odd.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Fick' le, changeable; not con-

tinuing long of the same mind.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Dis' po si' tion (zish' un), natural bent of mind: moral character.

length of a giant, as if he had been so much gutta-percha 1 or India rubber; the next, he made himself so small that you lost him altogether.

- 2. Now he sung, roared, puffed, bellowed, shrieked, and whistled, till the family were wild with his noise. A little after, he was gone—mum as a mouse, however you called him; and never any two days alike, except in the fact that he was at all times idle and useless—till one fine morning his father, being utterly out of patience, hustled him out of fairy-land, with, "See here, my lad! it is time you sought your fortune."
- 3. "It is very odd," said Steme to himself. "I am sure I could do something, if there were not some mistake somewhere;"—and coming just then to a house which had on the door-plate the words, "Wisèst Man," he rang the bell, thinking, perhaps, the question could be settled there; but the Wisest Man only shook his head. "If you could have been of any use, somebody would have discovered it before," said he.
- 4. So Steme traveled on till he came to the court of the king, where was a great hubbub; and as no one would pay him the least attention, Steme grew sulky, and, coiling himself up, hid away in the tea-kettle. "Now if anybody wants me, let them find me," said he; and you would never have known that he was there, unless by the way that the kettle-cover elattered now and then.
- 5. The court was in a hubbub,<sup>2</sup> because of the king's spectacles; and whether he had changed them at the tailor's, where he ordered the trimming for the Lord High Fiddlestick's green satin gown, or at the jeweler's, where his crown was being mended, or at the grocer's, where he had stopped for a mug of ale, his Royal Hīghnèss was quite unable to decide.
- 6. Only, these could never be the spectacles that usually rested on his royal nose; for whenever he looked through them, he could see nothing but moth and rust—moths eating the bed-covers, the hangings, the carpets, the silks and velvets, the wool and linen, the lace and embroidery, in every part of his Majesty's dominions—rust on the gold and silver, the marble

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Gutta-percha (gŭt' tå-pēr' chà), a hard gum or juice of several trees in the Malayan Islands. It resem-

bles India rubber, and is used for many useful pûrposes.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Hŭb' bŭb, a great noise.

and granite, the oak and walnut, the houses and ships, everywhere in his kingdom.

- 7. The king grew nervous. "We are all coming to poverty," said his Royal Hīghnèss; and though it was drawing tōward Christmas, he did little but peep through the spectacles and look diṣmal.¹ Of cōurse, all the cōurt looked dismal too. The cōurtierş² got a crick in the neck by going about with heads on one side, like his Majesty.
- 8. The Lord High Fiddlestick, being of a jolly 3 disposition, 4 was obliged to shut himself up and läugh privately by the hour, to take the fun out of him beföre waiting on his Royal Hīghnèss; while the ladies wore their old gowns to •court, and said, where the king could hear them, "Oh, we are obliged to piece and patch in these days. Between that dreadful Moth and Rust we are all coming to poverty, you know."
- 9. In this dilĕm'ma 5 they sent for the Wisest Man, who came at once, looking so profound 6 that the king took coŭraĝe, and said, "What shall we do? Tell us, now."—"Hum!" said the Wisest Man, "that is a grave question. Let us go back to first principles. If there was nothing to eat, there would be no moths, and nothing to consume, there would be no rust—de you see?"
- 10. "Yes—certainly—of course," said all the courtiers; but the king only groaned. "But as there is silk and satin, velvet and linen, gold and diamonds, everywhere in the kingdom, I re'ally don't see what you are to do about it," concluded the Wisest Man, and marched away home again.
- 11. This was cold comfort, and the king groaned more deeply than ever; but the king's son said to himself, "If there is no help for it, why can not we contrive to grow rich faster, and so keep ahead of the leak?" So he sent for all the rich men in

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Dis' mal, gloomy; unhappy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Courtier (kōrt' yer), a member of, or one who attends, the court of a prince; one who flatters to please.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Jŏl' lỹ, full of life and fun; läughter-loving.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> **D**is' po si' tion, temper; character.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Dilemma (dǐ lĕm' mà), a state of

things in which hinderances are found on every side, and it is difficult to tell what to do; a difficult or doubtful choice.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Pro found', having a deep mind; skilled.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Prin' ci ples, that from which any thing proceeds.

<sup>&</sup>quot; Con clūd' ed, ended.

the kingdom. "How did you grow rich?" asked the prince. "By trading," answered they altogether.

12. "Trade more, then, and we shall not all come to poverty," said the prince. "Alas! your Hīghnèss!" answered the rich men, sorrowfully, "we send away now just as much wheat and oil, and bring home just as much silk and gold, as we can find horses and wagons for carrying, and houses for storing."

13. "Work fäster, then," suggested the prince. "We work as fast as flesh and blood is able," answered the rich men together as before.

14. "Now is my time," said Steme to himself. "Here is work a little more to my taste than viölèt-growing;"—and he began to clatter the cover of the kettle. "Who is there?" asked the prince. "Steme," gûrgled the kettle. "And what can you do, Steme?" said the prince. "Carry as many tons as you like, and run sixty miles an hour," spluttered the kettle.

15. "That is a likely story!" cried the prince—"cûrled up there in a kettle, whoever you are!"—"Try me," said Steme, coming out of the kettle. So the prince ordered a load that would have broken the backs of forty horses to be strapped behind Steme, who darted off with it as if it had been a feather, shricking, snorting, and puffing, as he always did when his blood was up; and though he had a three-days' journey before him, he was back in a few hours, fresher than when he started.

### V.

# 43. MOTH AND RUST.

#### PART SECOND.

"MORE lōads! mōre tons!" běllōwed Steme. "Lŏnger joûrneys! I want to go fûrther. I want to go faster. I can run twice as fast! Huzzä!" swinging his arms, and capering, and jumping all the while, as if he was beside himself.

- 2. "Ah! this is better," said the prince, setting all the men in the palace to load Steme still more heavily. "Not much chance here for Moth and Rust." Presently, back came Steme roaring for more loads.
- 3. All the men in the kingdom were set at work. Twice as much wheat and oil was sent out, and four times as much silk

and gold were brought in, as ever before. "Not much danger of poverty now," exclaimed the courtiers; and even the king smiled, till he thought to put on his spectacles, when he saw more moth and more rust, eating twice as fast as ever before at the wheat and oil, the silk and gold.

- 4. "That is because you don't work fast enough," shouted Steme. "Who ever saw such wheels and looms? Let me spin! Give me thousands of wheels! I can weave! Give me looms! give me spindles!—millions of spindles—hundreds of thousands of looms!" So men worked night and day to make spindles and wheels and looms for Steme; and a thousand workmen could not spin and weave the tenth part of what Steme did in a day, "More, more!" cried Steme, buzzing and whirring and clicking and whizzing among his wheels and spindles. "Not half enough yet!"
- 5. But the king, looking through his spectacles, saw Möth and Rust busy as ever at the very wheels and spindles and looms themselves. "Still it is your fault," shouted Steme. "You don't get about fast enough. Your horses creep like snails. Give me horses with iron backs—hundreds of them—thousands! I will draw your carriages. Give me paddles—twenty and thirty in a hand! I will row your boats"
- 6. So Steme drove the carriages, and rowed the boats; and as people went dashing and tearing about everywhere, they panted to each other, "What a wonderful nation we have grown to be! no chance for Moth and Rust now!"
- 7. But, looking through his spectacles, the king saw moths by the million, and rust on every thing. "Your fault still!" snorted Steme. "Why don't you read more? Why not have more books? Let me make your books. Everybody shall have them. Every one shall read and be wise. Some one will then find out the remedy for Moth and Rust."
- 8. So Steme made books by the ton, and carried them everywhere—thundering continually, "More, more! faster, faster! not half enough yet!" But still the king saw moths and rust increase, and on Christmas eve he had no heart for Yule-logs!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Yule (yol), Christmas, or the feast held in memory of the birth of our Saviour. Yule-log, a large log of

wood formerly put on the hearth on Christmas eve, as the foundation or support of the fire.

and Christmas-trees, but wandered away in the forest, and walked there by himself, till just at dark he met a stranger.

- 9. "Who are you, and where are you going?" asked the king; for the man had such a broad, jolly, smiling face that the king knew it was none of his court. "I am Merry Christmas," said the stranger, "and I am going to the cottage in the forest." The king was curious to know why Merry Christmas had passed his palace, where were a hundred Christmas-trees and a Yule-log on every hearth, to stop at the cottage, where they could have nothing more than a pine branch, and he walked on too.
- 10. In the cottage lived an old woman and a little grrl. Against the chimney hung the little one's stocking, and on the table, before the fire, was a chicken nicely browned. The mouths of the dame and the little one watered, for the dame had few chickens, and, as you may believe, they had not roast chicken for dinner every day; but just as Merry Christmas opened the door, there stepped in, before him and the king, a poor little, hungry, shivering boy.
- 11. "Sit down," said the dame; "we were waiting for you. And let us thank our Lord for all His grace."—"Why, there is hardly meat enough for two," cried the king. "Such a little chicken!"—"But hush!" said Merry Christmas, "I carve!"
- 12. And, looking at him, the king understood how there would not only be enough for three, but that it would taste better than the choicest bit of turkey that the Lord High Fiddlestick would carve for his Majesty's own plate; and when Merry Christmas sat down on the hearth, there was such a glow in the pine chips, and such a light in the tallow candle, and such a brightness through all the room, that came out of Merry Christmas, and had nothing to do with either fire or candle, that the three at the table rejoiced like birds or babies, without understanding why; and the king knew that the great hall in his palace, with its Yule-log and its chandeliers, would be dark and cold beside the little room.
  - 13. Just then he remembered his spectacles, and, pulling

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Fŏr' est, a large tract of land covered with trees; a large wood.

<sup>\*</sup> Choic' est, best; most desirable.

<sup>3</sup> Chandelier (shăn' dē lēr'), a frame with branches to hold a number of candles or other lights.

them out, hastily clapped them on his nose and looked about him. "Bless my soul!" cried the king with a start; and, taking off his spectacles, he rubbed them carefully, and looked again; but stare as he would, he saw neither Moth nor Rust.

14. "How is this?" thought the king, when, looking again and more sharply, he spied written on every thing in the little room, "We give of what we have to-day to whoever needs, and trust to God for to-morrow."—"Oh," said Merry Christmas, chuckling, "no preventive like that against Moth and Rust;"—but the king went home sorrowful, for he was very rich.

### VI.

### 44. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

NCE in David's royal city
Stood a lonely cattle shed,
Where a Maiden laid her Baby,
With a manger for His bed.
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her only Child.

- 2. He came down to carth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all, And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall. With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived, on earth, our Saviour holy.
- And through all His wondrous childhood, He would honor and obey, Love and watch the lowly Maiden In whose gentle arms He lay. Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4. For He is our childhood's pattern, Day by day like us He grew; He was little, weak, and helpless, Tears and smiles like us He knew, And He feelèth for our sadness, And He sharèth in our gladness.

- 5. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love; For that Child so dear and gentle Is our Lord in Heaven above. And He leads His children on To the home where He is gone.
- 6. Not in that poor, lonely stable, With the oxen standing by, We shall see Him; but in Heaven, Set at God's right hand on high. When, like stars, His children crowned, All in white shall wait around.

# SECTION X.

I.

# 45. ROSA LEE.

#### PART FIRST.

R OSA was not an agreeable 1 child. If we could have looked into her heart, we should have seen that it was not quite the right shape. It was deep enough, but too narrow. We should have seen a black streak running across it also. She was a melancholy 3 child.

- 2. Her father had been a soldier, and had spent most of his life in foreign 4 lands. Her mother was almost always with him. She hardly remembered her father and mother; and now they were both dead. Nobody loved Rosa, and Rosa had never loved anybody.
- 3. It was very wrong to say that; for God loved her, and her Guardian Angel loved her also. Indeed, her Guardian Angel was the only creature 5 who could ever keep his temper with her.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A grēe' a ble, pleasant.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Năr' rōw, contracted; long in proportion to the width.

<sup>3</sup> Měl' an chol y, gloomy; low-

spirited; sad.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> För' eign, countries or nations other than those of our native land.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Crēat' ure, any thing created.

She had once had a little dog, and he used to wag his tail, and frisk round her, and fetch sticks and stones to her. But she was so snappish 1 with him, that he gave it all up as useless, and took to getting into a corner, out of her way, and sleeping all the day long.

- 4. Have you begun already to hate little Rosa? Well, then, you are doing just what her good Angel did not do. You will be lucky if your Angel does for you what Rosa's Angel did for her. Poor Rosa! her cousins were tired enough of the gloomy orphan; and so they had shipped her off to an aunt in South Wales, without any notice but the letter which went by the same ship.
- 5. When the voyage 4 had lasted about a week, a great storm arose. The ship went down, and in that wild and stormy night Rosa floated on the top of the dark waves, as if her white frock, which was spread out on the waters, held her up. I was going to say that she was thousands of miles away from home; but alas! she had no home in all the wide world.
- 6. Before her cousins sent her so far away, she had often felt that their house was not exactly a home. She had got an idea,<sup>5</sup> from hearing story-books read, of what a mother was like, and longed to have one. She made pictures in her mind of her own mother, and when she was by herself of a night, she used to cry over these pictures, and wish she had a mother.
- 7. In her thoughts she painted her mother as a very powerful, beautiful, and kind fairy, far sweeter than any fairy that ever danced by moonlight on the grass. Do you think she made the picture too bright? Oh, no! you know well enough that a real mother is far, far better than any fairy, even if there were any fairies, and if they were all that in our fancy we could make them.
- 8. Of that good Mother in Heaven, who loves all children for the sake of Him who became her child for their sakes, I am afraid our sad little Rosa thought very seldom; for no one who loves her dearly can be long unhappy.

nation.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Snăp' pish, a cross, jerking manner.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Gloom' y, dark; sorrowful; without merriment.

<sup>3</sup> Shipped, put on board a vessel.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Voy' age, a journey by sea. <sup>5</sup> I de' a, a thought; an imagi-

II.

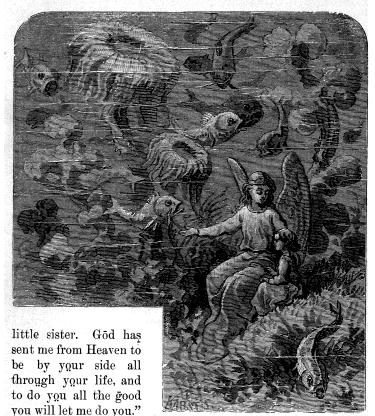
# 46. ROSA LEE.

#### PART SECOND.

BUT we must return to Rōsā, floating like a white speck on the black and stormy sea. The huge waves rose far above her head, and cûrled over, and seemed every moment as if they would fall upon her, and sink her to the bottom. The wind and the thunder roared against each other. The waves clashed with a hissing sound. The lightnings, red and blue, split the dark clouds, and almost blinded her.

- 2. Rosa was afraid. You will not wonder at that. She had often said her prayers before, and she made a short prayer now. But there was something in it, and she felt that it was quite different from any prayer she had ever made before.
- 3. No sooner had it escaped her lips than her fear passed away, and she was as quiet on the tossing black waters as she had ever been on the soft, sandy grass of her own seaside common. Suddenly by her side a beautiful Angel seated himself. He had in his hand a branch of a strange tree. Its leaves were very green, and the smell of them almost took her breath away.
- 4. "Rosa! my sister! I am with you," said the Angel. "You must come with me." And he touched her with the green leaves; and it seemed as if her breath went out of her. Then, taking hold of her hand, he drew her down with him under the waters. There was no storm there; but there was a golden green light, which Rosa thought must come from the Angel, but she did not know.
- 5. Tall trees grew there, and waved about in the water. Some of the trees were green, some blue, some bright yellow, and some of rose-color. Some of the trees were more than a mile high, and their leaves more than a hundred feet long. The grass was the color of roses, and graceful animals swam in and out among these water-woods, and others rested on the branches.
- 6. They sat down on the bright grass, and the Angel took Rosa's hand, and said to her, "I am your Guardian Angel, my

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Com' mon, land owned by a town or village, not belonging to individuals.



7. "Have you left

the ğrand Heaven," said Rōşa, "to be with such a ğloomy ğirl aş I am? Everybody dislikes me, an l I am afrāid that I dislike everybody now." Thē Angel said, "Yes, dearest! I have left Heaven for your sake; but I am never ğloomy. I can not be, becauşe I alwayş see Gŏd, and the sight of God iş in itself the Heaven of Heavens."

8. "Do you see God in these green waters?" said Roşa. "Yes!" said the Angel. "But I see nothing," replied Roşa, "except these great trees and shining fishes. O how beautiful they are!"—"Yes! Roşa," said the Angel; "but God does not think them so beautiful as your soul."

9. "Oh! God can not love my soul; it is so naughty¹ and sulky.² The servant at school used to say that she was sure my soul was as black as a coal."—"But, Rosa, God loves it with a great love, and placed me near you at your birth. I have always loved you, and it fills me with joy to be near you."

### III.

### 47. ROSA LEE.

#### PART THIRD.

R OSA began to cry, and as she wept it seemed as if she were weeping her old heart out, and as if the golden light of the Angel went into her, and began turning itself into a new heart for her. I think it was being spoken kindly to which made her cry, because she had never been used to it. She said, "O, dear Angel! I have got a new heart."

- 2. And the Angel läughed, and his läugh sounded like hundreds of little silver bells, and it made her more merry and gay than she had ever been beföre in her life, and at the same time so gentle and kind that it seemed to her as if she could laugh and cry at the same time for very joy. "Rosa!" said the Angel, "it is true you have got a new heart; but I think you have new eves as well."
- 3. And Rosa looked about her; and behold! all things were changed! There was a happy look of love in the fishes' eyes which she had not seen before. When they waved their tails about, she saw, as plainly as if their tails spoke, that it was all quiet joy.
- 4. She saw that the great sea swung to and fro, as if it could not keep itself still, because it was so full of joy. This was Rosa's first lesson. It was a grand school, though rather a funny one—that curious bottom of the huge 4 sea.
- 5. Morning was rising over the great wood. Rosa and her Angel were living in the air. They had risen up out of the sea. When she was tired, she could sit down on the air and rest, as if it was a good stout cushion. It would almost have

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Naugh'ty, ill-behaved.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Sŭlk'y, sullen; ill-tempered.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Cū'ri ous, singular; strānģe.

<sup>4</sup> Hüge, of immense size or extent.

made you wild with joy if you could have heard how the wood rang with the songs of the birds as the sun rose that morning.

- 6. Birds are the most joyous of creatures, perhaps because they are nearest heaven. What struck Rosa most was that, watching them as they flew, she saw a silver hand round each of them, the fingers closing over their soft feathers, but not quite touching, only ready to rest them when they were tired.
- 7. And when they crossed the sea, she saw Angels holding up the tips of their wings, lest they should fall. And she knew that the hand was the Hand of God their Father; and then she did again what she had learned to do at the bottom of the sea—läughed and cried at the same time.
- 8. Times and places were changed now. Rosa and the Angel were living among the insects. This was the strangest of the worlds she had seen. It was the least, and yet it was the strongest. It could destroy the world of men if God did not keep it down. Most of the insects dwell in nations and cities, with kings and queens, and they never stop talking; some talked with tongues, and some by making their wings whirr and buzz, and some by tickling each other's faces with long feelers, or pliant 1 horns. O! they were a merry lot!
- 9. Yet it was somewhat strange they should be so, because millions of them were dying every moment. Every breath of air that blew, every drop of rain that fell, every animal that passed by, killed them by myriads.<sup>2</sup> But they did not mourn. Rosa would perhaps have loved them better if they had mourned. As it was, they seemed to her more morry than loving, clever rather than kind. But they were always busy, and it was this perhaps which made them happy.
- 10. One day, when Rōsa and the Angel had been living for some time in a wasp's nest, and she saw how unselfish the wasps were to each other, and how they were all trying to help one another, she said, "O dear Angel! how full this wasp's nest is of the love and joy of God! And O Angel! Angel! we people on čarth are kind to so few, and so ŏften unkind to the few to whom we rē'ally wish to be kind!" Rosa wept as she spoke,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Pli'ant, that may be easily bent.

<sup>2</sup> Mỹr'i ad, a very large number.

<sup>3</sup> Clèv'er, ingenious; knowing:

and then looked at the wasps and smiled. But this time the läughing and the crying did not go together.

- 11. It was noonday on the green plains of Asia. Rosa and the Angel were living among the beasts. She was very much impressed by what she saw of them. What touched her most was the love the mothers had for their young. The beasts seemed very gentle, almost sad. She heard this in their deep voices. But, above all, she read it in their eyes. To be sure, it was not quite so with all of them. Some had a foolish look. The camel's eye made her läugh, because it looked as if the beast was going to make a joke, but was puzzled how to do it neatly.
- 12. The eyes of the ox were the most beautiful things she had seen in nature, so full were they of love, of quiet, and of content. On the whole, she thought the beasts were kind rather than happy, and loving rather than joyous. And she liked them better for it. Those eyes of the oxen helped on the change in her very much. Rosa said, "Dear Angel, all is love and all is joy; and there are so many kinds of love, so many kinds of joy. I see, on all God's earth there is nothing gloomy."

# IV. 48. ROSA LEE.

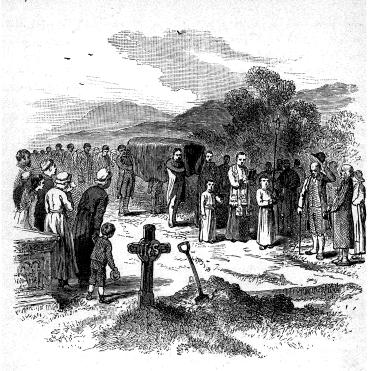
#### PART FOURTH.

THEN the Angel said, "Rosa, we have done with carth;" and as he took her by the hand, they rose up through the dewy starlight, passed on to distant stars, and then beyond, leaving them behind, far behind. At last they came to a great purple cloud, and in one place there was a faint light, such as the moon makes in a mist; and the Angel took her there and told her to look through.

2. And she saw the world of Angels, a vast golden world of light and song, but made soft and faint to her by the thick mist. She saw that no one in all that world had ever known what sadness was. Wise as they were, they could not even tell what sadness was like, they were so happy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Im press', to cause to feel strongly.

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- 3. She saw into the inside of one Angel's spirit, and though she was at so great a distance that she could not see clearly, it seemed to her that there was in that one spirit such oceans of joy, as would have drowned a thousand worlds, if it could have been poured out over them. When she had looked for a long while, she turned away, weeping and not smiling, and said, "It is too bright. I feel all black myself while I look at it."
- 4. Then the Angel showed her a golden seat between two Angels, and as he blew gently on the mist, she saw plainly that her name was written on the seat, and that, if she always loved God, that was to be her home, and the dear Angels were singing the songs they would sing to welcome her when her hour should come.
- 5. And she fell back, saying, "It is too much love: it is too much joy. O dear Angel! take me back to life. I do not eare

any longer for people being kind to me; I only want to be kind to them, to be kind always and to everybody. It is thus only I can be happy henceforth."

- 6. Years passed away. One evening the sun shone out over a green hillside in South Wales. A funeral was winding along the road which led to the little grave-yard. In the centre of the grave-yard stood a cross, and the place was thronged with the poor. Old men leaning on sticks, women bent with age, children, rough, grown-up shepherd-lads, and stout men—all were there, in tears and sorrow. The priest himself was weeping.
- 7. It was Rosa's funeral. She had grown up in South Wales, had inherited her äunt's fortune, and had passed her life in acts of kindness. There was scarcely one of that great multitude present who had not in some way felt her aid, and now, close upon a hundred years of age, she had died, beloved and mourned by all.
- 8. Large as her älms were, it was her kindness more than her alms that they thought of. They were now taking to her grave the once poor Rosa, the gloomy child, to whom no one but her Angel had been kind; but whom at last they had named "The Kind Lady."

# SECTION XI.

Ι.

### 49. ANTONY CANOVA.

CANOVA i first saw the light of day in the little Venetian village of Possagno. Falieri the senator was lord of this village. One day he gave a great dinner, and there was served up to his guests the image of a lion, beautifully formed in butter.

2. This unexpected dish gave as much surprise to the senator as to his numerous guests. He ordered his cook to come up stairs, that he might congratulate 5 him in presence of the

<sup>1</sup> Canova (kä nō' vä).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ve nē'tian, of, or pertaining to, Venice, a fortified city of Italy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Possagno (pos sän' yo).

<sup>\*</sup> Falieri (fä le ā' re).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Con grăt'ū lāte, to wish joy to.

party, so much pleased was he with the marvelous 1 work cf art. The cook was introduced into the banqueting-hall, and was so overwhelmed with congratulations, that the tears came into his eyes.

- 3. "You weep for joy?" said his master to him. "No, my lord," he replied; "it is through despair at not having executed the work of art which is the object of so much admiration."
- 4. "I should like to make the artist's 2 acquaintance," said the senator. The cook withdrew, assuring his master that his wish would be gratified; and in a few minutes returned, leading in the artist.
- 5. He was a little peasant-boy, about ten years old, meanly clad, for his parents were poor. Poor as they were, however, these worthy people had exposed themselves to great straits, rather than deny to their son lessons in the art of sculpture which a professor had given for a very moderate fee.
- 6. Antony Canō'vä had carly exhibited 5 a strong faculty 6 for statuary. He modeled 7 clay when he could get it, and, with the help of his knife, carved little figures out of all the chips of wood he could lay his hands on.
- 7. His parents were acquainted with the cook of Senator Falieri. On the morning of the great dinner, he came to impart the difficulty he had in giving a graceful finish to the table. He had exhausted all the resources of his skill and imagination; but he still wanted one of those effective dishes, capable of producing a great sensation, which rear on a solid basis the reputation of the cook of a great house.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mar'vel ous, strange; wonderful; surprising.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ar'tist, one who is skilled in some one of the *fine arts*, as painting, sculpture, &c.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Strāit, difficulty; distress.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Sculpt'ure, the art of carving, cutting, or hewing wood or stone into images or figures, as of men, beasts, or other things.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Exhibited (egz hĭb'it ed), held forth or presented to view; displayed.

<sup>6</sup> Făc'ul ty, capacity : talent.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Mŏd'eled, molded; shaped; formed into a pattern.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Im ăğ'i nā'tion, the image-making power of the mind; the power to put in new forms objects of sense before noticed or seen.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> Ef fect'ive, having the power, or suited, to produce effects.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>10</sup> Sen sā'tion, feeling awakened by whatever affects an organ of sense; a state of excited feeling.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>11</sup> Rĕp'u tā'tion, the character given to a person, thing, or action: good name.

- 8. The little Canō'va thôught for a minute, and then said: "Do not trouble yourself; I shall soon come to you. Leave it to me, and I shall answer for it that your table will be complete." The boy went as he had promised to the senator's house, showed the cook the design of the figure which he meant to execute, answered for the success of the attempt, and cut the block of butter with that purity of imagination and perfect taste, which he afterwards displayed in cutting blocks of murble.
- 9. Surprised as the guests had been by the work, they were much more so when they beheld the workman. He was loaded with attentions, and from this time forth, Falieri was the pātron 2 of the young Cänō'vä.
- 10. The happy result of the first attempt of the little peasant-boy, suddenly made his name famous, and opened up for him the road to permanent success. Falieri placed him as a pupil in the stūdio of the best sculptor of the time. Two years after—that is to say, when Cänovä was only twelve years of age—he sent to his pātron a gift of two marble fruit-baskets of his own workmanship, of remarkable merit, which still adorn the Falieri palace at Venice.
- 11. You will learn elsewhere the claims of this great artist to the admiration of posterity.<sup>4</sup> All the academies of Europe solicited the honor of enrolling him among their members. All the kings vied with each other in enriching their national muşe'umş b with the beautiful products of his genius.<sup>6</sup>
- 12. He was elected Prince-perpetual of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, and the Holy Father conferred upon him the title of Marquis of Ischia and a pension of three thousand dollars. After his death the monument which he had designed for Titian was dedicated to his own memory at Venice; and another was raised in his honor by Pope Leo XII. in the library of the capital.

ous things are kept for exhibition.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> De sīgn', a first sketch; a plan.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pā'tron, one who, or that which,

countenances, supports, or protects.

3 Stū'di o, the workshop of an artist.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Pŏs tĕr'i ty, offspring to the furthest age, or from the same forefather.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Mũ se'um, a place where curi-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Genius (jēn'yus), the peculiar form of mind with which each person is favored by nature; the high and peculiar gifts of nature which force the mind to certain favorite kinds of labor.

II.

### 50. BENJAMIN WEST.

#### PART FIRST.

BENJAMIN WEST was born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, in the year 1738. Some of his ancestors had won great renown in the old wars of England and France. But their fame was destined to be eclipsed by his, since he has gained a more lasting name in the world of art than they did on the field of battle.

- 2. Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing any thing worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand, and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe that lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.
- 3. The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they came near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.
- 4. It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen 1 hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful 2 quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for, while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.
- 5. "How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!" Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had heard but little of that winderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.
- 6. On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and kneeling down beside the cradle, began to

Waxen (wăk'sn), made of wax; wax-like—hence, sŏft; yielding.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Blĭss'ful, happy in the highest degree; full of joy.

draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

- 7. "Benjamin, my son, what have you been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face. At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face, and putting it upon a sheet of paper.
- 8. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and great joy.
- 9. "Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms around our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his performances to his mother.
- 10. As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues <sup>2</sup> and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet eardinal-flowers <sup>3</sup> of early autumn.
- 11. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated 4 with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.
- 12. In those old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Evèry year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams 5 of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Con fū'sion (zhun), state of being confused or made ashamed; shame.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **H**ū**e**, tint ; dye ; color.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Car' di nal-flow' er, a plant which beârs bright red flowers of

peculiar beauty.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Vā'ri e gāt ed; marked with different colors.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Wigwam (wǐg'wŏm), an Indian hut or cabin.



and yĕllōw paint with which they were accustomed to adôrn their façes.

13. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he now had three colors—red, blue, and yellow—and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they were, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

<sup>1</sup> Tom' a hawk, an Indian hatchet.

### III.

## 51. BENJAMIN WEST.

#### PART SECOND.

ALL this time the young artist had no paint-brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself.

2. With this design he laid hold upon—what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, which was sleeping quietly by the fireside. "Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the für from the tip of your tail?"

3. Though Ben addressed the black cat so civilly, yet he was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously? clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush.

4. This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful look. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that puss should be warm.

5. About this period Ben's father received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a mërchant of Philadëlphiä, who was an old and esteemed friend of the West family. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds with beautiful plumage,<sup>4</sup> and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the house of an ordinary farmer.

6. "Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed 5 you to cover your walls with all

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ingenious (in jēn'yus), skillful or quick to invent or contrive.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Dĕx**'**ter** o**ŭs** ly, adroitly; skillfully; handily.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Rueful (ro'ful), woful; mourn-

ful; sorrowful.

<sup>4</sup> Plūm'age, the collection of plumes or feathers which cover a bīrd.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Pos sĕssed', induced; caused.

these pictures? Where did you get them?" Then Bcn's father explained that all these pictures were painted by his little son, with no better materials than red and yĕllōw ocher¹ and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fûr.

- 7. "Indeed," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy has a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as childish; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter; and Providence is wiser than we are." The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently 2 considered him a wonderful boy.
- 8. When his parents saw how much their son's performances 3 were admired, they could not help being proud of him; and they began to hope that some day he might have an opportunity to cultivate the genius which he displayed at so early an age.
- 9. One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's retûrn to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, dirĕcted to our little friend Ben. "What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"
- 10. On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped 4 it, behold! there was a paint-box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.
- 11. What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bed-time he put the paint-box under his pillōw, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness. In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more, till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again.
  - 12. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> O'cher, a kind of fine clay of various colors.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Per form'an ces, productions.

<sup>4</sup> En well'oped, surrounded, as

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Ev'i dent ly**, easily seen; clearly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> En věl'oped, surrounded as a covering.

until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain 1 what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

- 13. On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such ad'mirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.
- 14. "My dear child, you have done wonders!" cried his mother. The good lady was in an ecstasy 4 of delight. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of. Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

### IV.

## 52. BENJAMIN WEST.

### PART THIRD.

WELL, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity 5 about their son.

- 2. According to their ide as, it was not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures?
- 3. This was a difficult question; and, in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult their kindred
- As cer tāin', find out or lēarn; make cērtain.
- <sup>2</sup> Ad'mi ra ble, worthy to be admired; having qualities to awaken wonder joined with affection or agreeable feelings.
  - 3 O rĭġ'i nal, that which came be-

fore all others of its class; first copy.

<sup>4</sup> Ec'sta sy, very great and overmastering joy; a being beside one's self with excitement.

<sup>6</sup> Per plex'i ty, a troubled or uncertain state of mind; embarrass ment: doubt.

and their most intimate neighbors. Accordingly, they all assembled with their friends and neighbors, and discussed 1 the matter in all its aspects.

- 4. Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that every one resolved not to oppose his wishes. They even acknowledged that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind, and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse.
- 5. They therefore committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that He best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go forth into the world, and learn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.
- 6. So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good people of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors; he left all the places and persons that he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, and afterward to Europe. Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained all the sobriety 2 and simplicity which he had learned in his childhood.
- 7. When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III., and president of the Royal Academy of Arts.
- 8. When the people of Pennsylvaniä heard of his success, they felt that the early hopes of his parents as to little Ben's future eminence were now accomplished. It is true they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the Death of Wolfe, thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.
  - 9. But they approved of the great paintings in which he

Dis cŭssed', examined fully in 2 So brī'e ty, the habit of soberall its parts; argued. ness or temperance; cälmness.

represented the miracles 1 and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. He was afterward employed to adorn a large and beautiful chapel 2 near London with pictures of these sacred subjects.

10. He likewise painted a magnificent 3 picture of Our Lord Healing the Sick, which he gave to the höspital at Philadelphiä. It was exhibited to the public, and produced so much profit, that the hospital was enlarged so as to accommodate thirty more patients.

11. If Benjamin West had done no other good deed than this, yet it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever. At this very day there are thirty poor people in the hospital, who owe all their comforts to that same picture.

12. We shall mention only a single incident more. The picture of Our Lord Healing the Sick was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a multitude of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

13. He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations 4 than that of a little unknown farmer's boy, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

14. Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities, as Benjamin West did; and, with the blessing of Gŏd, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame,<sup>5</sup> it matters but little whether we acquire it or not.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mĭr'a cle, a wonder; an event or effect contrary to the known laws of nature.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Chap'el, a lesser place of worship; a small church; a place of worship not connected with a church.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Mag nĭf'i cent, on a large scale; grand in appearance.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Trăns'for mā'tion, change of form, substance, or condition.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Fāme, public report; renown; the condition of being celebrated.

# SECTION XII.

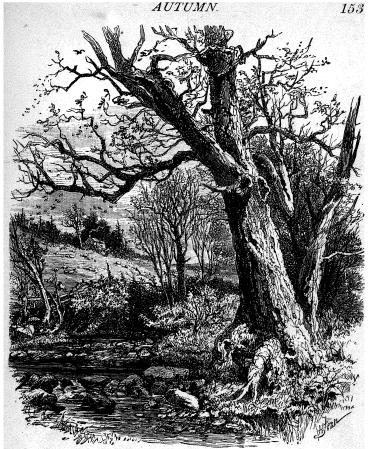
I.

## 53. AUTUMN.

SEPTEMBER has come. The fierce heat of summer is gone. Men are at work in the fields cutting down the yellow grain, and binding it up into sheaves. The fields of corn stand in thick ranks, heavy with ears; and, as their tassels and broad leaves rattle in the wind, they seem to whisper of plenty.

2. The boughs of the orchard hang low with the red and golden fruit. Läughing boys are picking up the pûrple plums and the red-cheeked apples that have fallen in the high grass. Large, rich melons are on the garden vines, and sweet grapes hang in clusters by the wall.

- 3. The larks with their black and yĕllōw breasts stand watching you on the close-mown mĕadōw. As you come near, they spring up, fly a little distance, and light again. The robins that lŏng ago left the gardens, feed in flocks upon the red berries of the sumac, and the sŏft-eyed pigeous are with them to claim their share. The lazy blackbirds follow the cows and pick up crickets and other insects that they start up with their large hoofs.
- 4. The leaves fade. The ash-trees grow crimson in color. The twigs of the bīrch tûrn yĕllōw, and the leaves of the chest-nut are brown. The maple in the valley has lŏst its bright green, and the leaves are of the hue of gold.
- 5. At noon, the air is still mild and soft. You see blue smoke off by the distant wood and hills. The brook is almost dry. The water runs over the pebbles with a soft, low murmur. The golden-rod is on the hill, the aster by the brook, and the sunflower in the garden.
- 6. The twitter of the birds is still heard. The sheep bleat upon the brown hill-side, and the soft tinkle of their bell floats upon the air. The merry whistle of the plow-boy comes up from the field, and the cow lows in the distant pasture.
- 7. As the sun sinks in the October smoke, the low, south wind creeps over the dry tree-tops, and the leaves fall in



showers upon the ground. The sun sinks lower, and lower, and is gone; but his bright beams still linger in the west. Then the evening star is seen shining with a soft, mellow light, and the moon, red as blood, rises slowly in the still and hazy air.

8. November comes. The flowers are all dead. The grass is pale and white. The wind has blown the dry leaves into heaps. The timid rabbit treads softly on the dry leaves. The erow ealls from the high tree-top. The sound of dropping nuts is heard in the wood. Children go out morning and evening to gather nuts for winter. The busy little squirrels will be sure to get their share of the nuts.

П.

# 54. BIRDS IN SUMMER.

Flitting about in each leafy tree:
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun and stars and moon,
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

- 2. They have left their nests in the forest bough,
  Those homes of delight they need not now;
  And the young and the old they wander out,
  And traverse their green world round about;
  And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
  How one to the other they lovingly call:
  "Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
  "Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"
- 3. "Come up, come up! for the world is fâir,
  Where the merry leaves dance in the summer âir."
  And the birds below give back the cry,
  "We come, we come to the branches high!"
  How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
  Flitting about in a leafy tree;
  And away through the air what joy to go,
  And to look on the green bright earth below!
- 4. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
  Skimming about on the breezy sea,
  Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
  And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
  What joy it must be, to sail, upborne
  By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
  To meet the young sun face to face,
  And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Boon, gay; merry.



- 5. How pleasant the life of a bird must be, Wherever it listeth, there to flee; To go when a joyful fancy ealls, Dashing adown mong the waterfalls, Then wheeling about with its mates at play, Above and below, and among the spray, Hither and thither, with screams as wild As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!
- 6. What à joy it must be, like à living breeze, To flutter àbout 'mong the flowering trees; Lightly to soar, and to see beneath The wastes of the blossoming pûrple heath,

And the yellow furze, like fields of gold, That gladden some fairy region old! On mountain tops, on the billowy sea, On the leafy stems of the forest tree, How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

### III.

## 55. HELPING THE BIRDS.

A LL day I have been hunting
For ends of scarlet bunting,
For pieces out of rag-bags, whose colors make a show—
Fragments of red, or az'ure,
Bright bits of doll-house treasure,
And faded bows and ribbons worn many years ago.

2. From sill and from projection I hang this gay collection,

I strew the lawn and garden path, I fringe each bush and tree,
I dress the door and casement,
The garret and the basement,

Then watch to see if birds, perchange,1 will use my charity.

3. There comes a pretty chatter, There comes a fairy patter

Of tiny feet upon the roof and branches hanging low,

And flirts of wing and feather,

And little strifes together, And sheers <sup>2</sup> and flights and flutterings and wheelings to and fro

4. There is a dash of scärlet On yŏnder saucy värlet,<sup>3</sup>

And this one, just beside me, is dressed in blue and gray;

This one is golden color,

And that one's coat is duller,

And here's a bird whose crest and tail have orange tippings gay.

The word is here applied to birds on account of their colors, as servants in European countries are often dressed in colored liveries.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Per chance', perhaps.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Sheers, turnings to one side and another.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Var'let, a page; a man-servant.

5. A shadow and a flutter!

A chirp above the shutter!

See this swift oriole that wheels about the window, here!

Now flitting sidewise shyly, Now, with approaches wilv.

Circling and circling closer, between desire and fear.

6. Oh, pirates, dressed in feathers, Careless of winds or weathers,

How you begin to plunder, how bold you all have grown;

How each among the number His claws and beak will cumber,

And carry off the strings and rags as though they were his own.

7. The stock is fast diminished,
And when the nests are finished,
The nests of orioles and wrens, of robins and of jays,

In pleasant summer leisures

I'll watch the rag-bag's treasures Swing in the wind and sunshine above the garden ways.

### IV.

## 56. SAN JOSE.

A LETTER! a letter! a letter! and see! the first page is headed and bordered with charming views of—of—oh! those Spanish names! How can I tell what they mean?"

- 2. "Patience, my little sister! perhaps I can help you. The picture at top of the page is 'The large Square of San Antōnio, Texas,' and on bōth margins of the page are views of the Missions near San Antonio.
- 3. "There is the Mission San Juan,¹ or St. John, then the Plains, the Conception, and last, and most beautiful of all, San José,² or St. Joseph."—"How very kind of dēar Kate to write to us from San Antonio, and to illus'trate her letter besides! But what are these Missions?"
- 4. "Churches to which monasteries and convents were attached. The Françiseans, Dominieans, and Jesuits, all of whom came early to this country, have left the only Christian ruins of

<sup>1</sup> San Juan (sän whän).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> San Jose (sän ho'sāy).

which we can boast. Indeed, they make one of the chief attractions to the traveler in Califòrnia and Texas.

- 5. "We seem to be in some highly civilized country when we stand before these mission churches—churches which were built at the same time as the ugly ones we see at the East. They prove that the priests, who came as missionaries, were polished scholars—men of taste as well as of piety.
- 6. "They also prove that these scholars did not treat the Indians as savages who could never be civilized. Instead of this, they did every thing in their power to teach them the arts of Christian nations.
- 7. "This church of San José, with its monastery or convent, is the most beautiful of all the missions, as you can see by the picture. But here is another package from Kate and some photographs of San José. Now can you understand what I tell you of the church? Put the picture under the strong glass, and then we can see clearly all the choice sculptures that adorn its front."
- 8. "Oh how beautiful it is! But I wish I knew whom these statues represent."—"Do you not see? The one directly over the doorway is the Blessèd Vîrgin. The statues on each side are too much broken to be recognized.<sup>2</sup> But above the window is a statue of St. Anthony, for whom the town was named. Beside him, but a little lower down, stand St. Francis of Assīs'i and St. Isidore.
- 9. "Now look close, and see the beauty of those sculptured flowers and pomegranates and angels' heads, that fill the space between the window and the door. Here is a side window more beautiful still. What a wonder this front of San José must have been to the Mexican Indians, many of whom to this day live in their huts of mud thatched with straw!"
- 10. "But what is the chûrch built of?"—"By this picture, giving us a view of the ruined side, the walls seem to have been built of  $ad\bar{o}'be$ : or of bricks which, instead of having been baked, were merely dried in the sun.
- 11. "The sculptures of the church are all cut by hand from a stone peculiar to the country, and which is sawn nowadays,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Scŭlp'tures, representations of <sup>2</sup> Rěc'og nīze, to recall to mind; various objects, carved in stone. <sup>2</sup> ke c'og nīze, to recall to mind;

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like wood. The good Franciscan Fathers and Brothers had no saw-mills, but they taught the Indians the use of the tool.

12. "San José was finished in 1771; and thus you can see how soon the missionaries began to teach the Christian Indians the arts of peace. Had their good work been encouraged, or even left unhindered, we might now see all the Indians of the West living like civilized Christians."

# SECTION XIII.

I.

# 57. DOGS.

DOGS are distinguished as being very faithfully attached to man. A celebrated naturalist describes the domestic dog as the one "with tail turned toward the left:" and another says, "that the whole species is become our property; each individual is entirely devoted to his master, adopts his manners, distinguishes and defends his property, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs not from mere necessity, nor from restraint, but simply from true friendship."

- 2. It is, indeed, wonderful, and what is almost as curious, the dog is the only animal that has followed man all over the earth. Another curious fact has been remarked about the dog—that if he has any white on any part of his tail, it will also be found at the tip. A dog is considered old at the end of five years, and his life rarely exceeds twenty years.
- 3. There is some doubt as to what was the parent-stock of this friend of man, for there are no traces of it to be found in a primitive 1 state of nature. No fossil 2 remains of the dog, properly so called, have ever been found. Many suppose the breed to have been derived from the wolf.
- 4. The New Holland, or Austrāliän dog, is so wolf-like in its appearance, that it is sometimes called the "New South Wales wolf." Its height, when standing erect, is rather less than two

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Prim'i tive, relating to the <sup>2</sup> Fŏs'sil, dug out of the earth; origin or beginning; first. <sup>2</sup> Fŏs'sil, dug out of the earth;



feet, and its length two feet and à-half. The head is formed much like that of à fox, the ears short and ereet, with whiskers from one to two inches in length on the muzzle, so that it appears much more like à wolf than à dog.

5. The shepherd's dog, a variety which was most probably one of the first that civilized and settled man called in aid to

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preserve his flocks from beasts and birds of prey, is remarkable for its large brain, and its great sagacity. While superior to the spaniel and the hound, which are among the most useful and intelligent dogs, it may, notwithstanding, be ranked with them. It is difficult to distinguish the bones of the wolf from those of the shepherd's dog.

- 6. Dogs are useful in many ways. It is not very unusual to see them trudging along, in villages and cities, carrying with their mouths large baskets of meat, fruit, or vegetables. A friend of mine has a very noble and useful dog. When milk is wanted by the family, they put the money inside a tin can. Away runs the dog with the can and money to the dairy.
- 7. He never loiters in the streets, looking in at shop-windows, like too many boys and girls. When the dog finds the gate of the dairy shut, he knocks with his paw, or barks, until the gate is opened. The milkman knows his customer well, and is very attentive to him. When the milk is ready, away the dog goes, but so steadily does he carry the can, that he is rârely known to spill a drop of the milk!
- 8. You will often see in the country a little dog sitting beside a small heap of clothes, and perhaps a tin can and a staff and a basket. Dön't go near him; don't disturb him; he is rather spiteful now, but for that very reason deserves respect; for he is minding the jacket and other properties of his master, who is at work in the fields. Not long ago I read an account of a drover, who left his dog to mind his jacket, while he went across a railway to look after some cattle. In crossing the railway, the poor man was struck down by a train and killed. The dog never left its charge, but died guarding its master's jacket.
- 9. We keep in our house a number of parrots and a few small birds. Our good dog Topsy is such a faithful guardian of them, that we may place them all on the lawn, and leave them there without watching; for Topsy suffers no cat to come near.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sa găc'i ty, quickness of sight or scent; wisdom.

### II.

# 58. THE FIREMAN'S DOG.



OB, the Fireman's Dŏg," was probably the most wonderful dog of modern times. He was a noble fellow, and a good example to boys and men of quickness, bravery, and honèst work. When the fire-bell rang at the station to "make ready," Bob always started up promptly at the eall of duty and ran before the engine, barking to elear the way, and was most useful not only in preventing obstructions,1

but in stimulating 2 the men by his energy.

2. For years he attended the fires of London, but not, as many do, to look on and make à noise, and obstruet the workers; not as, I am almost ashamed to say, some do to plunder and make à wicked profit out of one of the heaviëst calamities; not, as others do, to gratify their eyes with à grand and awful sight, as if human affliction was to them merely as an exhibition of fireworks: no, à helper, and so efficient was the aid he afforded, that the firemen had à brass collar made for him, on which was engraven,

"Stop me not, but onward let me jog,
I'm Bob, the London fireman's dog."

3. At the time of the great explosion 4 of the firework-maker's premises, in Westminster Rōad, when dread filled all minds, the nature of the materials being very explosive—Bob rushed in, undeterred by the noise, as of a great gun, the smell or the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ob struc'tion, that which blocks up, or hinders from passing.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Stim'u lāt ing, exciting, or rouşing to action.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Efficient (ef fish'ent), causing effects; not inactive or slack.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Explosion (eks plō' zhŭn), the act of bûrsting with à loud noise.

smoke, and when he came out he brought a poor cat in his mouth, and thus saved it from a cruel death.

4. At a fire in Lambeth, when the firemen were told that all the inmates were out of the bûrning premises, Bob was not satisfied with this testimony: he went to a sidedoor and listened, and there, by loud and continual barking, attracted the notice of the firemen. They felt sure, from Bob's agitation, that some one was in the passage, and, on bûrsting open the door, a child was found nearly dead from suffocation.

5. Bob was also an ŏrator. True, he could not utter words, though he could make himself clearly understood, which is

mõre than all speakers ean. Thêre was a meaning and a pûrpose





There was a meaning and a purpose in his mode of expression, and that, I am afraid, is more than can be said of many speakers.

6. Those who talk for talking's sake, those who utter folly and nonsense, and those who abuse their gift of speech by using bad, or rude, or eruel words, are not to be compared to Bob, who employed every sound that he could make for good. "He could well'-nigh speak," said the men who loved him; and more than speak in the hour of danger, for his loud, sharp bark had a vast deal of meaning in it.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Suf' fo ca' tion, the condition of being stifled, smothered, or choked.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Or' a tor, à publie speaker, especially à noted one.

- 7. But Bob was an orator in the sense of attending public meetings, and giving testimony. At the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which was held in 1860, and on previous occasions, this brave dog went through a series of wonderful performances to show how the fire-engines were pumped, and most kindly and effectually would be give his warning bark, and in his way tell the scenes that he had passed through.
- 8. Fine, noble creature! It was sad that a violent death should have been his lot after a life spent in merciful actions. But he died at his work, doing his duty.

### III.

## 59. OUR DOG.

UITE sure am I that you will own a dog. Why, it is difficult to tell; but every body, at some time in his life, has taken unto himself a dog. Our dog Nip made himself known immediately after his arrival at the house.

- 2. There were no intermediate stages of backwardness with him in his intercourse with the family, or in his assuming the direction of a large portion of affairs relating to the household. He is a small dog, but very lively. His natural condition seems that of motion. He concentrates <sup>1</sup> within himself the activity of three or four ordinary dogs.
- 3. His first act, soon after coming to live with us, was to take charge of the back-door mat. He seemed to regard it as his own exclusive possession. He had his idē'as with regard to its place and use.
- 4. He preferred that it should remain where the cleanliness of the household might be best promoted. He preferred it in the back yard. It stayed in the back yard. The whole household toiled in vain to keep it where it was supposed to belong, dragging it time after time up the back stairs, all to no purpose.
- 5. When such a dog as Nip chooses to devote his whole life to keeping a door-mat in the back yard, it is difficult to contend <sup>2</sup> successfully with him. When he thought we had become

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Con' cen trates, combines; <sup>2</sup> Con tend', to strive against; to unites; condenses. oppose; to dispute.

fully resigned to his disposition of the mat, he became dissatisfied, and tore it in pieces. He was dissatisfied because we were resigned. He wished to do something provoking. He loves actions of this kind.

- 6. There was an inoffensive old broom which, having been discarded from the house, was used to sweep the back stairs. This he set upon and tore to pieces. The broom never did any harm; but its total innocence and inoffensiveness provoked him. Good nature is often provoking.
- 7. He has access to the cellar. He rules there. It was a very good and orderly cellar previous to his coming. If it be so now, it is according to eanine', not human, views of order and neatness. He was furnished with a heap of old clothes for a bed. These have been torn up and dragged in every direction. He has no use for a bed. His time is too precious to be devoted to sleep. There are holes to be dug in the bare cellar floor, and any thing accidentally hung up within his reach must be torn down and destroyed or buried.
- 8. Old newspapers falling in his way must be torn in shreds. In his eyes the general appearance of the premises is much improved by these bits of torn newspaper. He monopolizes the morning paper left at the door, and it is often found lying ignobly in one corner of the yard, covered with dirt, "gone to the dogs." He shows a great contempt for newspapers.
- 9. Nip is a great pet. This is what he was given us for; something on which we might expend our spare care and sympathy. Nip more than answers the purpose. He is always performing some aggravating and mischievous action, so that we never forget him—never.
- 10. He mines. The back yard is filled with numerous exeavations and heaps of dirt. He buries bones in one place, and then digs large holes elsewhere, pretending to be looking for them. This is the only shadow of excuse made for any mischief committed in this line. As for eating, he swallows a meal in ten seconds. Yet it is a satisfaction to see that this aggravating little brute can not thus outrage nature with impunity, as evinced by his occasional bodily contortions, consequent upon an overloaded canine stomach.

Prem'is es, a building and the ground attached.

- 11. We have a rooster. Before Nip's arrival he was a haughty and consequential 1 rooster in his own estimation. He issued his pronunciamentos 2 daily, claiming the allegiance of all the feathery tribe, and boasted in long speeches concerning the completeness of his authority over the yard and hen-coop. But Nip has taken all the conceit out of him. Daily he chases him into abject fear before his subjects. He has chased him from the high pedestal of his former dignity.
- 12. Adding injury to insult, he has torn out the most glorious of his tail-feathers. It is pitiful to see a rooster so completely demolished, both in appearance and dignity. Nip runs after the hens also. Not from motives of gallantry does he do this, but to hūmiliate more thoroughly the dejected, tail-ridden rooster. Our persecuted fowls have scarcely a place in which they may lay their heads or eggs in peace.
- 13. He has contests with an old tin pan, carried on with great noise and fury. He idealizes this pan into some terrible monster, and idealizes so successfully that the combat is more real than imaginary. The contest goes on over the whole yard, the combatants swaying backward and forward; but Nip always comes off victorious.
- 14. We could dispense with his dragging this ūtensil up the steps and letting it roll down again. In his estimation the dramatic effect may be very powerful, but the peace of the family is not at all increased by the clargor. It must be very gratifying to fight an oppo'nent so terrible, to be at times almost overcome, and yet to be always certain of victory.
- 15. The most provoking characteristic <sup>5</sup> of this animal is that punishment, when inflicted, has no effect upon him. He is ŏften tûrned out of doors in disgrace, but he ignores that as a punishment entirely. He refuses to be regarded with disapprobation. His manner speaks thus to us as he noisily scratches at the door for rēādmittance, or looks impudently in, his paw resting on the sill of a low window:
  - 16. "Oh, you needn't look so cross. You like all these pranks

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Con se quen'tial, proud; full of vain pretences.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> Pro nŭn'ci a měn'to, a proclamation, as of a king to his subjects.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> De möl'ished, used up.

<sup>4</sup> Clang'or, a loud, shrill sound.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Chăr'ac ter ĭs'tic, that which is peculiar to a person or thing.

of mine after all. You couldn't get along without me. I am the 'Punch' of the household. Didn't I make a nice mess of the contents of your work-basket? I can do so again if you will only let me in."

- 17. He has occasionally been whipped, but seems to feel no shame on account of the eastigation, and, the operation over, always resumes his usual frisky manner. He has an admirable command of temper, and bears no malice. This disposition heaps coals of fire upon the heads of those whom he causes to lose temper.
- 18. To one's conscience it says: "There, you have lost your temper, haven't you? And you a human being, but little lower than the angels, and I nothing but a dog, and a little one at that. Feel any better for that kick you gave me? It shall not make any difference in our relations. I am still your affectionate Nip, as full of mischief as ever."
- 19. Löss of temper causes remorse, both for our weakness in losing it, and for mean acts committed while laboring under such loss. Were Nip but possessed of a nature full of stupid, ugly antagonism, causing him to seek revenge in snarling, biting, or a fit of sulks more or less prolonged, there might be some degree of compensation in our anger. But his persistent good humor and inevitable forgiveness is very aggravating.
- 20. Nip, after all, is a positive being. Although he at times annoys, yet he amuses and instructs. Dog nature is worth studying as well as human nature. And in the comparison between the two, the latter has sometimes cause to blush.

# SECTION XIV.

I.

# 60. THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

P soared the lark into the âir,
A shaft of sŏng, a wingèd prâyer, As if a soul, released from pain, Were flying back to heaven again.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Căs'ti gā'tion, punishment by whipping.

- St. Francis heard; it was to him
   An emblem of the Seraphim;
   The upward motion of the fire,
   The light, the heat, the heart's desire.
- 3. Around Assïsi's convent gate
  The birds, God's poor who can not wait,
  From moor 1 and mere 2 and darksome wood
  Come flocking for their dole 3 of food.
- 4. "O brother birds," St. Francis said, "Ye come to me and ask for bread, But not with bread alone to-day Shall ye be fed and sent away.
- 5. "Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds
  With manna of celestial 4 words.
  Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
  Not mine, though they be spoke by me.
- 6. "Oh doubly are ye bound to praise
   The great Creator in your lays:
   He giveth you your plumes of down,
   Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.
- 7. "He givèth you your wings to fly And breathe a purer air on high, And cârèth for you everywhere, Who for yourselves so little care!"
- 8. With flutter of swift wings and sŏngs, Together rose the feathered thrŏngs, And singing, scattered far apart: Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.
- 9. He knew not if the brotherhood His homily 5 had understood; He only knew that to one ear The meaning of his words was clear.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Moor, waste land, covered with heath or with rocks.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Mēre, a pool or lake.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Dōle, a shâre ; a pōrtion.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Ce lěs'tial, heavenly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Hŏm'i ly, a discourse; a sermon.

II.

## 61. A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

SHIPWRECK and death that high, lonely rock—the dread and scourge of the bay—had often caused. There it stood, right opposite the harbor, off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, yielding no food nor shelter for beast or bird.

- 2. Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young gīrl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One wild night in March, while the father was away in his fisherman's boat, the daughter sat at her spinning-wheel in thêir hut, awaiting his return. In vain she looked out on the dark driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea.
- 3. The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing—her father's boat—it had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down. Hälf a mile from his cottage her father's body was washed up on the shore.
- 4. In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; yet she said in her heart, that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor.
- 5. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell she arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming from the sea, and guide him safely into harbor. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.
- 6. As many hanks 3 as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Scourge (skerj), a lash; a whip; a means of causing suffering.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Har'bor, a safe port for ships.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Hank (hangk), a parcel containing two or more skeins of yarn or thread tied together

maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

- 7. How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, can not now be told.
- 8. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to the sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.
- 9. What do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that.
- 10. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of thêirs would be inadequate<sup>3</sup> to express their gratitude; or perhaps, long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.
- 11. Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now that she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing or shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and as much as she desires.
  - 12. There is many a rock elsewhere, as perilous 5 as the one I

<sup>&#</sup>x27; Ma tū'ri ty, a ripe or pērfect state; the maturity of age usually extends from the age of thīrty-five to fifty; also, a becoming due; the end of the time a note has to run.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Wāned, decreased; lessened.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> In ăd'e quate, not equal or sufficient.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Thrěsh'ōld, the door-sill; entrance; outset.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Pěr'il oŭs, full of risk; dangerous.

have told you of; perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may bûrn a little longer, since this record of her charity is true.

### III.

## 62. ROBIN'S MUSEUM.

ROBIN was a quiet, studious boy, and, being fond of animals and birds, he spent many hours in observing their habits. His greatest pleasure was to watch the birds, and after he had become quite familiar with the various kinds that frequented the neighborhood, he determined to make a collection of them.

- 2. From a friend he learned how to prepare their skins for stuffing, and after many efforts he succeeded in making his dead specimens 2 look like living creatures. Robin was quite a skillful lad in the use of his gun, because his parents, finding him always careful and steady, had been able to trust him with one when he was quite young.
- 3. Whenever there was a school-holiday he went off into the woods and fields to find new birds, and he took pains to arrange those he procured in the classes to which they belonged. Though he did not hesitate to kill birds for this purpose, he loved the little creatures too well to shoot them at the wrong season, or to shoot them at all except to fill up a blank space in his cabinet.
- 4. In the course of two years, Robin had quite a large collection of native 4 birds; and so carefully were they stuffed that any naturalist 5 might have been proud of them. When the great fire destroyed the town, all these treasures of his became ashes; but Robin was not discouraged. Two years after the fire he had another collection, which was even more complete than the first.
- 5. One day several of Robin's young companions called in to see his museum. None of them were more than sixteen

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Fre quent', to visit habitually.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Spěc'i men, one of a kind.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Căb'i net, any close place where things of value are kept.

<sup>4</sup> Nā'tive, belonging to the country where found.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Năt'u ral ist, one who studies the history of animals.

years old, and all were very much interested in his account of the birds and their habits.

- 6. On their way home they continued to talk about them. "It is all very well," said Edgar, "for a quiet fellow like Robin to shoot birds, and stuff them, and get up a nice cabinet, but will it pay?" Stephen suggested that some society of natural history would, perhaps, buy Robin's collection, and thus recompense him for all his trouble. Gerald took a higher view.
- 7. "What if no society ever buys Robin's collection? He is already, and will continue to be, rewarded in enjoyment and knowledge, if not in dollars and cents. When other boys were playing games, Robin was roaming through the woods; and when we have been on the street, idle, and looking for amusement, he has been happy stuffing and arranging his birds. So, I think, the knowledge he has gained, and the mischief he has escaped, have paid him well."
- 8 "Yes," said another, "money is not the only good in the world. I would rather possess the strength and activity the gymnasium gives me, for my trouble in going to it, than to receive a dollar a day in place of them;" and he took a tremendous leap over a street-fountain that they were just passing. The boys läughed, and Gerald said:
- 9. "I will tell you what I read lately about Audubon, the great American naturalist. One day, as he was roaming about in the woods, he saw a small brown bird, which, to his knowledge, had never been described. 'It must be a wren,' said he, 'and I must watch it to see if it is like any other American wren.' So he kept perfectly still,—as still as an Indian or an old hunter, until he saw that the bird had a mate, and that they were preparing to build a nest, for it was spring.
- 10. "He found where they had chosen a place for their little home. Then he moved noiselessly away; but the next morning at dawn saw him on the same spot, provided with a telescopic or compound microscope, so arranged that he could see his little friends at work without disturbing them.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sug ģĕst', to hint; to propose.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Rōam'ing, wandering here and there.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Gỹm nā'si um (zhi), a place

where athletic exercises are taken.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Mi'cro scope, an optical instrument used to magnify objects to which it is applied.

- 11. "He continued his study of the wrens through weeks of patient watching until he felt thoroughly able to give a full and accurate description of a native songster, until then unknown. Moreover, he made drawings so faithful in size, form, and color, that one of that species could be instantly and anywhere recognized by an observer. Ever a happy student of the works of God, the scientific world received him with love and admiration, and bestowed honors that reflected lustre upon this his native land.
- 12. "He successfully accomplished whatever he undertook, because he was unwearied in the care and effort he expended upon it; and we would do well to imitate him in this respect at least."—"Well," said Stephen, "it is very true that the best work pays the best, so I intend to find out as many wonderful things in my studies as Audubon did in the woods."

# SECTION XV.

T.

## 63. IN TIME'S SWING.

Lightly as the falling snow.
In your swing I'm sitting, see!
Push me softly; one, two, three—
Twelve times only. Like a sheet
Spread the snow beneath my feet.
Singing merrily, let me swing
Out of winter into spring.

2. Swing me out, and swing me in! Trees are bâre, but birds begin Twittering to the peeping leaves On the bough beneath the eaves. Wait—one lilac-bud I saw. Icy hillsides feel the thaw. April chased off March to-day; Now I catch a glimpse of May.

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- 3. Oh the smell of sprouting grass! In a blur the violets pass. Whispering from the wild-wood come Mayflower's breath, and insects' hum. Roses carpeting the ground; Thrushes, ōrioles, warbling sound:— Swing me low, and swing me high, To the warm clouds of July.
- 4. Slower now, for at my side
  White pond-lilies öpen wide.
  Underneath the pine's tall spire
  Cardinal-blossoms bûrn like fire.
  They are gone: the golden-rod
  Flashes from the dark green sod.
  Crickets in the grass I hear;
  Asters light the fading year.
- 5. Slower still! October weaves Rāinbōws of the fŏrest leaves. Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue, Glimmer out of sleety dew. Meadōw-green I sadly miss! Winds through withered sedges hiss. Oh, 'tis snowing, swing me fåst, While December shivers påst!
- 6. Frösty-bearded Father Time, Stop your footfall on the rime! Hard your push, your hand is rough; You have swung me löng enough. "Nay, no stopping," say you? Well, Some of your best stories tell, While you swing me—gently, do!— From the Old Year to the New.

### II.

# 64. GOD'S ACRE

"Do you know, Arthur, why a burying-ground was called by the Anglo-Saxons 'Gŏd's Acre.'—" We should say, George, if we wanted to express the same idea, God's Field, or

the place where God sows His seed for the harvest."—"Still, Arthur, the meaning is not quite plain."

- 2. "In the first place, George, those old Saxons, when they became Christians, were very much in earnest. Some truth of aith, or thought of God, was united to every name they bestowed on the objects around them. They believed with their whole heart and soul in the resurrection of the body; and therefore, when their friends died, and they laid them away in the ground, instead of mourning without hope, as they did in pagan times, they said: 'In these fields our good God sows the seed of our mortal bodies which are to spring up, in the day of the resurrection, fresh and beautiful like new grain.'
- 3. "Do you see, now, how beautiful and appropriate is the title of 'God's Acre' when thus applied? As the grain of wheat which we plant bears no likeness to the green and slender stalk which it brings forth, so our mortal bodies, planted in God's Acre, and guarded by the blessing of God's Church, will rise again in glory, unlike our old selves, and yet, in reality the very same."
- 4. "I think I understand you, Arthur. You mean that God will sow our lifeless bodies in His fields, which are the consecrated burying-grounds and cemeteries; and these lifeless bodies of good men and women and children, will spring up new and vigorous at the last day, like the strong fresh wheat stalks we see in summer."
- 5. "Yes, George, you have the idea. And this belief of Christians in the resurrection of the body, gives the body, even after death, a sacred worth in their eyes."
- 6. "How cheering, Arthur! Our bodies are not laid away, like worn-out garments, to moulder into dust, and burn up with the world. They are planted carefully and gently in the earth, like the precious seed of wheat and other grains, waiting for the day when Jesus Christ will raise them to life like His own glorious body."
- 7. "Yes, George, and we should walk carefully, and with respect, among these graves, from which will rise such noble and beautiful bodies. In these Acres or Fields of God, He has

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Be stōwed', gave.

planted precious seed—so precious that He never loses sight of them, though they may have been in the earth for thousands of years."

### III.

## 65. ST. PHILOMENA.

### PART FIRST.

- "HER name must be Lumēna," said the happy mother, "for did not our child come to us with the light of faith?"—"This is true," said the prince, her father. "Publius has been more than a courtier; he has been to us a friend and brother.
- 2. "Through him we have learned the doctrines of the true faith, and received strength to practice them. Now, as he promised, our little daughter comes as a reward of this faith, which gives us so much happiness every day." And with such gentle words was Lumēna, the first and only child of her royal parents, welcomed into life.
- 3. When the time came for her to be băptized, they said: "Is not our daughter the *child of light?* Therefore we must call her, not only Lumēna, but Fĭlumēna," and by this name she was baptized. The little Filumena lived in perfect peace with her good Christian parents and the learned Pŭblius for her teacher, in her beautiful hōme beneath the blue sky of Greece, until she was thirteen years of aġe.
- 4. At this time, public affairs, as also the command of the Emperor Dioclesian, called the prince, her father, to Rome. Very seldom indeed had he been absent from his small kingdom, and now he could not think of leaving his wife and his young daughter behind him.
- 5. "You also shall go to Rome," he said, "and see the great city, the mistress of the world. Together we will visit the tombs of the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and seek the blessing of the successor of St. Peter, Marcellīnus, the holy Bishop of Rome."
- 6. When he was allowed an interview with the emperor, the princess, his wife, and Filumena were with him. As the prince

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In'ter view, a meeting for conversation.

went on with his story, he noticed that the emperor paid very little attention to what he was saying, but looked continually at his daughter.

- 7. The prince did not much wonder at this, for Filumena was very beautiful. At length the emperor interrupted 1 him, saying, "Give yourself no further anxiety about this matter; all the force of my empire shall be at your disposal, and in return I will ask of you but one thing—the hand of your daughter."
- 8. The prince could scarcely believe his own ears. What! the daughter of a petty<sup>2</sup> prince in one corner of Greece, chosen to be the Empress of Rome! All this did not make him forget that it would cost him much to give up his daughter, nor that Dioclesian was a pagan 3 and a persecutor of Christians.
- 9. But what could he do? Who ever heard of refusing an Emperor of Rome any request which he might make? Therefore, without appearing to hesitate for a moment, he agreed to give his daughter to Dioclesian. No sooner was Filumena alone with her parents than she said, "O my father! how could you promise me to the Roman Emperor, when I have vowed to consecrate myself to the service of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?"
- 10. "You were too young, my child, to make that vow."-"But having made it, how can I break it?" For the first time in her life Filumena's father looked at her in anger, saying, "Do not dare to disobey me!" For he knew the fearful consequences of thwarting 4 the emperor's will.

## IV. 66. ST. PHILOMENA.

### PART SECOND.

\* THEN the order arrived for Filumena to be brought into the presence of the emperor, she again reminded her parents that she was unable to fulfill the promise given by her It was in vain that they told her of the death that

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In ter rupt'ed, stopped.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pĕt'ty, of small importance.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Pā'gan, an idolater; one who

has never been a Christian.

<sup>4</sup> Thwart'ing, opposing; defeating: contradicting.

surely awaited her if she refused—of the destruction of her whole family.

- 2. Their words fell upon deaf ears; and even when both these beloved parents in terror knelt before her, saying, with tears in their eyes, "Take pity, Filumena, on your father, your mother, your country, your subjects," she exclaimed, "Have you not yourselves taught me these words of our Divine Lord? He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me?"
- 3. She was carried to the palace and brought before the emperor, but it was only to refuse all the honors which he offered to her. Repelled 1 thus, his anger knew no bounds, and calling his guards, "Shut up this child," he exclaimed, "in a gloomy prison, load her with chains, and give her nothing but bread and water."
- 4. This hörrible captivity had lasted thirty-seven days, when, in the midst of a heavenly light, Filumena saw the Virgin Mother of God before her, holding her Dǐvīne Son in her arms. "My daughter," said the Blessèd Virgin, "three days more of prison, and then, after a great combat and terrible torture, thou shalt quit this state of pain." Then the celestial vision disappeared, leaving the heart of Filumena filled with divine coŭraĝe, and the foul prison perfumed with a heavenly odor.
- 5. Dioclesian at last despaired of bending the resolution of his captive, and determined to punish her. "Since she is not ashamed to prefer to an emperor like Dioclesian," he said, "one who was condemned by His own nation to be crucified, she deserves to be scourged as He was."
- 6. His cruel order was carried out, until her body was one bloody wound and she appeared to be dying. She was then dragged to her prison to die alone. But our Lord, to whom she was so fäithful, sent two angels all in shīning white, to dress her wounds with healing bälm.
- 7. The emperor was quickly informed of this prodigy. Brought before him, he beheld her with astonishment. "It is plain," said he, "Jupiter wishes you to be Empress of Rome." "Do not speak of Jupiter to me, who am a Christian maiden,"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Re pĕlled, resisted ; refused.

answered Filumena. "Tie an anchor round her neck, and throw her into the Tiber!" shouted Dioclesian in a terrible rage and fury.

- 8. No sooner was this order executed, than the two shining angels again appëared, parted the rope that bound the anchor to her neck, and while it sank to the bottom of the Tiber, Filumena, in the presence of an immense multitude, was borne gently to the shore. This miracle converted hundreds to the faith; but the emperor ordered her to be shot with arrows and again thrown into prison.
- 9. Next morning she was brought before him perfectly healed, and the command of the preceding day was repeated. The arrows aimed at her remained suspended in the åir. They were then collected and made red-hot, but left the bows only to turn in their flight and pierce the archers, six of whom were instantly killed.
- 10. Terrified, but still cruel, Dioclesian commanded her to be beheaded, which was done on the 10th of August, in the year 303, after Christ.

### v.

## 67. SIR RODOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

### PART FIRST.

THE sunlight falls on the Alpine heights,
And jewels of every hue
Flash out from the snow-wreaths sparkling bright,
'Neath a heaven of cloudless blue.
And the deer through the rocks on the mountain side
Spring forward with eager bound,
While a thousand echoes ring far and wide
To the hunter's bugle 1 sound.

Oh, well may the wild deer bound away
 Through those mountain-förests grand,
 For Sir Rodolph of Hapsburg rides to-day
 At the head of a hunter band.

The highest places in field and hall
Doth brave Sir Rodolph claim,
Stainless and bright is the sword he wears,
And high is his knightly fame.

- 3. Glad as a boy in the mountain chase,
   And gay as a child is he,
   Yet he yieldeth to none of his noble race
   In Christian chivalry.¹
   And his sword that never gave heedless² wound,
   Or struck at a fallen foe,
   To fight for the weak from its sheath³ would bound,
   Or to lay the tyrant low.
- 4. His läugh rings out at the sportive jest,
  There is mirth in his dark blue eye,
  His steed and his arm are fleetest and best
  When the deer and the hounds sweep by!
  But his voice in council is deep and grave
  As the oldest and sternest there;
  And the hunter gay, and the soldier brave,
  Is meek as a child, at prayer.
- 5. And now Sir Rodolph, in boyish glee
  Rides swift as the mountain wind,
  Till all his band, save 4 a youthful page
  Are left in the hills behind.
  But he raises his bugle with joyous shout,
  And he winds a merry blast,
  Ha! ha! good Hubert! they little thought
  We should ride so far and fast.
- 6. They answer below;—but a softer sound Comes borne on the breeze's swell, Now, why doth 6 the count in such haste dismount At the sound of that tinkling bell?

¹ Chǐv al ry (shǐv'al rỹ), valor; knightly courtesy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Heed'less, careless; inattentive.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Shēath, a case for the reception of a sword.

<sup>4</sup> Sāve, except.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Pāge, a boy attendant on a person of rank for show rather than for actual service.

<sup>6</sup> Doth (dŭth).



And why is his cap doffed 1 reverently? 2
And why doth he bend the knee?
There are none, save the page, or the peasant nigh,
And the mountains lord is he!

 The lord of the mountain doffed cap and plume, A nobler than he to greet,

And the chieftain of Hapsburg bendeth low His Monarch and Lord to meet.

An aged priest to the plains below Toils over the rocky road,

Hiş handş are elâsped, and hiş head iş bowed, For he beareth the hidden Göd.

Döffed, removed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Rĕv'er ent ly,** humbly; respectfully.

#### VI.

### 68. SIR RODOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

#### PART SECOND.

THE priest hath paused beside the count,
Sir Rodolph whispers low,
"For His dear sake who died for me
A boon 1 thou shalt bestow!
I crave a boon for my dear Lord's sake!
And thou shalt not me deny,
My gallant steed in His service take,
We will follow, my page and I."

- 2. "Nay, nay, sir knight, it must not be, A hunter chieftain thou—
  Thine eager train e'en now I see, Far in the plain below."—
  "My train to-day must ride alone—
  Most foul disgrace 't would be, If thou on foot shouldst bear the Lord Who bore the Cross for me.
- "And Göd forefend that Christian, e'er,
   Begirt with knighthood's sword,
   Should leave a mountain serf to be
   Sole follower of his Lord."
   The good priest mounts the noble steed,
   Sir Rodolph holds the rein,
   With careful step and reverend mien thus wend they to the plain.
- 4. The dying man his God receives—
  They mount the hill once more,
  And in the pass the grateful priest
  Would fain the steed restore.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Boon, a favor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Fore fĕnd', forbid; prevent.

<sup>3</sup> Be girt', belted.

<sup>4</sup> Serf, a peasant; a slave.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Miēn, deportment; behavior.

<sup>6</sup> Wĕnd, to go to or from a place.

- "Nay, father, nay," Sir Rodolph said,
  And loosed the hunter's rein,
  "The charger that hath borne my Lord,
  I may not mount again."
- 5. "A faithful servant he hath been,
  And well beloved by me,
  God grant my noble steed may prove
  As true a friend to thee.
  "Farewell! thy homeward path is short
  Down yonder wooded knoll,
  Forget not in the Holy Mass
  To pray for my poor soul."
- 6. A moment on his upturned face
   The priest in silence gazed,
   Then solemnly his agèd hands
   O'er Rodolph's head he raised.
   "Sir hunter, when nine circling years
   Have passed upon their way,
   Thy loving Master will reward
   Thy service of to-day."
- 7. They passed—fair Hapsburg's youthful chief A stalwart knight had grown, And now they need a king to fill His native land's proud throne! Nor hath his manhood's fame belied The hope of early years, For he is first in rank and name Among his gallant peers.
- 8. Now serfs and nobles bend the knee, To own with one accord, As monarch of their German land, Fair Hapsburg's noble lord, And well the count remembered then, The hoary father's word; "Thy loyal service of to-day, Thy Lord will well reward."



# SECTION XVI.

Ι

## 69. WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

T WAS the schooner Hes' perus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Schoon'er, à small, sharp-built vessel with two masts.

- 2. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax, Her cheeks like the dawn of day, And her forehead white as the hawthorn buds, That ope in the month of May.
- 3. The skipper 1 he stood beside the helm; 2 His pipe was in his mouth; And he watched how the veering 3 flaw 4 did blow The smoke, now west, now south.
- 4. 'Then up and spake an old sailor,
   Who'd sailed the Spanish main:
   "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
   For I fear a hurricane.
- 5. "Läst night the moon had a golden ring, And to-night no moon we see!"The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe, And a scornful läugh laughed he.
- 6. Colder and louder blew the wind,
  A gale from the northeast;
  The snow fell hissing in the brine,
  And the bĭllōws frŏthed like yeast.
- Down came the storm, and smote amain <sup>6</sup>
   The vessel in its strength;
   She shuddered and paused like a frighted steed,
   Then leaped her cable's length.
- 8. "Come hither! come hither! my little daughter, And do not tremble so; For I can weather the roughest gale That ever wind did blow."
- He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
   Against the stinging blast;
   He cut a rope from a broken spar,
   And bound her to the mast.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Skĭp'per, the master of a small trading or merchant vessel.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Hĕlm**, the instrument by which a ship is steered.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Vēer'ing, shifting; tûrning.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Flaw, a sudden bûrst of wind.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Hur'ri cane, a fierce storm, marked by the great fury of the wind and its sudden changes.

<sup>6</sup> A māin, with sudden förce.

- 10. "O fäther! I hear the chûrch-bells ring; O say, what may it be?"
  - "'Tis a fŏg-bell on a rock-bound coast!"

    And he steered for the open sea.
- 11. "O father! I hear the sound of guns;
  O say, what may it be?"
  - "Some ship in distress, that can not live In such an angry sea!"
- 12. "O father! I see a gleaming light;O say, what may it be?".But the father answered never a word—A frozen corpse was he.
- 13. Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,¹
  With his face tûrned to the skies,
  The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
  On his fixed and glassy eyes.
- 14. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed That saved she might be; And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave On the lake of Galilee.

- 15. And fäst fhrough the midnight dark and drear Through the whistling sleet and snow, Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept Toward the reef <sup>2</sup> of Norman's Woe.
- 16. And ever, the fitful <sup>3</sup> gusts between, A sound came from the land; It was the sound of the trampling sûrf<sup>4</sup> On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
- 17. The breakers were right beneath her bows;
  She drifted a dreary wreck;

And a whooping 5 billow swept the crew, Like icicles, from her deck.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Stark, strŏng; rugged.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Rēef**, a chain or line of rocks lying at or near the surface of the water.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Fit'ful, often and suddenly; changeable.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Surf (serf), the swell of the sea which breaks upon the shore, or upon sand-banks or rocks.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Whooping (hop'ing), crying out with eagerness or enjoyment.

- 18. She struck where the white and fleecy waves

  Looked soft as carded wool;
  - But the eruel rocks they gored her side Like the horns of an angry bull.
- 19. Her rattling shrouds,¹ all sheathed in ice, With the mast went by the board; Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—

Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

- 20. At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
  A fisherman stood aghäst,<sup>2</sup>
  To see the form of a maiden fâir
  Lashed close to a drifting måst.
- 21. The salt sea was frōzen on her breast, The salt tears in her eyes; And he saw her hâir, like the brown sea-weed, On the billōws fall and rise.
- 22. Such was the wreck of the Hes'perus, In the midnight and the snow; Christ save us all from a death like this, On the reef of Norman's Woe!

#### II.

### 70. WRECK OF THE WHITE SHIP.

I N the year 1120, King Henry the First of England 3 went over to Normandy with his son, Prince William, and a great retinue, 4 to have the prince acknowledged as his successor 5 by the Norman nobles, 6 and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou.

2. Both of these things were triumphantly 8 done, with great

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Shrouds, a set of ropes, reaching from the mast-heads to the sides of a vessel, to support the masts.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Aghast (a gäst'), struck with sudden horror or fear.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> England (ing'gland).

<sup>4</sup> Rět'i nūe, a train of attendants.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Suc cĕs'sor, one who succeeds

or follows; one who fills the place which another has left.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Nō'ble, a person of rank in Europe above the common people; a nobleman.

<sup>7</sup> Anjou (ăn'jo).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Trī ŭmph'ant ly, victoriously; with joy and rejoicing.

show and rejoicing; and on the twenty-fifth of November the whole retinue prepared to embark at the port of Barfleur<sup>1</sup> for the voyage home. On that day, and at that place, there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said:

- 3. "My liege,2 my fäther served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to eonquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire,3 to let your servant have the honor of steering you in the White Ship to England!"
- 4. "I am sŏrry, friend," replied the king, "that my vessel is already chōṣen, and that I can not, thērefōre, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and all his company shall ḡo along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."
- 5. An hour or two afterward, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of those ships heard a faint wild ery come over the sea, and wondered what it was.
- 6. Now the prince was a young man of eighteen, who of course was without experience, who had been indulged in all things, and whose mind and heart were wholly given to pleasure. He went aboard the White Ship, with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.
- 7. "Give three easks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown? My father, the king, has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"
- 8. "Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning, my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father, the king, if we sail at midnight!" Then,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Barfleur (Bar fler').

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Liēge, à lord or superior.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Sīre, à father; à king or emperor—used as à title of honor.

the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the vessel.

- 9. When, at last, the White Ship shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, läughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of the White Ship.
- 10. Crash! A těvrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the king heard faintly in the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock—waş filling—going down! Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat, with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered; "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth! The rest of us must die."
- 11. But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister, Marie, the Countess of Perche,¹ calling for help. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I can not bear to leave her!" They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was overset; and in the same instant the White Ship went down.
- 12. Only two men floated. They both clung to the mainyard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was? He said, "I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de L'Aigle. And you?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage one another, as they drifted in the cold benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.
- 13. By and by, another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **Perche** (përsh).

be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone! Gone!" the two cried together. "Nëither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the king's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe! woe to me!" and sunk to the bottom.

14. The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length, the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sunk; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat—the sole relater of the dismal tale.

15. For three days no one dâred to carry the intelligence to the king. At length, they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lost, with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterward was seen to smile.

#### III.

### 71. HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown,
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne,
Ere sorrow break its chain:
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
He never smiled again!

2. There stood proud forms before his throne, The stately and the brave; But which could fill the place of one— The one beneath the wave?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Cŏm'mon er, one of the common people; one belōw the rank of nobility.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ghastly (gast'li), like a ghost in appearance; death-like; pale.

<sup>3</sup> Butcher (buch'er).

Beföre him påssed the young and fåir, In pléasure's rěcklèss train; But seas dashed ö'er his son's bright hâir— He never smiled again!

3. He sat whêre festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel ising;
He saw the toûrney's victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring:

A mûrmûr of the restless deep Was blent with every strain;

A voice of winds that would not sleep— He never smiled again!

4. Hearts in that time closed ō'er the trace Of vows once fondly pōured, And strangers took the kinsman's place, At many a joyous bōard. Graves which true love had bathed with tears Were left to Heaven's bright rain; Fresh hopes were born for other years— HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN!

## SECTION XVII.

I.

### 72. THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

ERE I come creeping, creeping every where;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping every where.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Min'strel, one of an order of men, in the middle ages, who obtained their living by singing to the harp, verses of their own, or,

sometimes, those written by others.

<sup>2</sup> Tourney (ter'ni), a mock fight in which a number of persons were engaged.

- 2. Here I come creeping, smiling every where; All round the open door, Where sit the aged poor; Here where the children play, In the bright and merry May, I come creeping, creeping every where.
- 3. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
  In the noisy city street
  My pleasant face you'll meet,
  Cheering the sick at heart
  Toiling his busy part—
  Silently creeping, creeping every where.
- 4. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
   You can not see me coming,
   Nor hear my low sweet humming;
   For in the starry night,
   And the glad morning light,
   I come quietly creeping every where.
- 5. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
  More welcome than the flowers
  In Summer's pleasant hours;
  The gentle cow is glad,
  And the merry bird not sad,
  To see me creeping, creeping every where.
- 6. Here I come creeping, creeping every where; When you're numbered with the dead, In your still and nărrow bed, In the happy Spring I'll come And deck your silent home— Creeping, silently creeping every where.
- 7. Here I come creeping, creeping every where; My humble song of praise Most joyfully I raise To Him at whose command I beautify the land, Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

#### H.

### 73. SPRING RAIN.

ALL day, the low-hung clouds have dropt their garnered fulness down; all day, that soft, gray mist hath wrapt hill, valley, grove, and town. There has not been a sound to-day to break the calm of nature; nor motion, I might almost say, of life, or living creature; of waving bough, or warbling bird, or cattle faintly lowing: I could have half believed I heard the leaves and blossoms growing.

- 2. I stood to hear—I love it well—the rain's continuous sound; small drops, but thick and fast they fell, down straight upon the ground; for leafy thickness is not yet, Earth's naked breast to screen, though every dripping branch is set with shoots of tender green.
- 3. Sure, since I looked, at early morn, those honeysuckle buds have swelled to double growth; that thorn hath put forth larger studs; that lilac's cleaving cones have burst, the milk-white flowers revealing; even now upon my senses first, methinks their sweets are stealing. The very earth, the steamy air, are all with fragrance rife; and grace and beauty every where are bursting into life.
- 4. Down, down they come, those fruitful stores, those earthrejoicing drops: a momentary deluge pours, then thins, decreases, stops; and ere the dimples on the stream have circled out of sight, lo! from the west a parting gleam breaks forth of amber light.

#### III.

### 74. THE PITCHER PLANT.

NCE upon a time, a hundred—yes! more than a hundred years ago, a good missionary priest was making his way through the wilds of that country we now call Călifornia. He was visiting the scattered Missions among the roving tribes of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Căl'i for'ni a. The first missions established there were at San Dïe'go in 1769, and seven years later at San Francisco. In 1822 Mexico

confiscated all mission property. The country was ceded to the United States in 1847, and the next year gold was discovered.

that lately discovered land, and was then seeking a station where he proposed to meet a band he had visited the preceding year.

- 2. Journeying on foot, directing his course by sun or stars, and guided by such wood-craft as he had learned from his dusky neophytes, he had traveled far. His soul, filled with the burning zeal of one who carries the glad tidings of redemption to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, scarcely heeded the demands of the body.
- 3. On this day, however, his strength was sorely tried. Hour after hour he had journeyed over the arid 2 plain toward the distant forest. He was parched with thirst and looked in vain for some cooling stream, or even for the shelter of some great rock, where he might for a time take refuge from the pitiless beams of the bûrning sun.
- 4. But no! he must struggle onward still. At length the wished-for forest is reached, and he has just strength enough to pass its borders, and drop prostrate under its shadow. But the pangs of thirst still torment him, and, unable to move farther, he lifts every leaf his hand can reach in hopes to find some few drops of moisture concealed beneath them.
- 5. Presently he noticed a leaf, curiously twisted, as he thought, by a freak of nature; but another glance showed him quite a cluster similarly formed. Each leaf was supported on a slender stem, and gradually expanded into an open cone; the upper edges forming a graceful outline resembling that of an antique drinking-horn. Its color was dark green, beautifully veined with crimson.
- 6. Struck by its peculiar appearance, the missionary soon discovered that its cavity was filled with the water for which he was perishing. In a transport of gratitude and wonder, he knelt on the dry turf, blessed himself, and then, bending the slender stem of the leaf, wet his parched mouth with this refreshing water. Leaf after leaf was thus drained until his fever was assuaged.<sup>3</sup>
- 7. His soul went up to God in an act of adoring love before this little plant, whose leaves, hidden in a thicket, showed so

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Nē'o phyte, one recently admitted into the Church by baptism.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ar'id, dry; parched with heat. <sup>3</sup> As suāġed', lessened; relieved.

manifestly the wonderful Providence which sweetly controlleth all things. Then, with a sigh that spoke of returning strength, and a prayer of thanksgiving, he held his consecrated hand over the humble plant and blessed it for all who might hereafter drink of it in weariness.

#### IV.

### 75. THE NATIVE LAND.

LEAR fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But sentineled in Heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Dĭrect, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

## SECTION XVIII.

Ī.

### 76. MIDSUMMER.

THROUGH all the long midsummer-day. The meadow-sides are sweet with hay. I seek the coolest sheltered seat. Just where the field and forest meet,—Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland, The ancient oaks austere 1 and grand, And fringy roots and pebbles fret. The ripples of the rivulet.

<sup>1</sup> Au stēre', harsh : rough.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Rĭv'u let, a small river or brook.



2. I watch the mowers as they go Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row; With even stroke their scythes they swing, In tune their merry whetstones ring; Behind the nimble youngsters run And toss the thick swaths 1 in the sun: The eattle graze; while warm and still, Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill, And bright, when summer breezes break, The green wheat erinkles? like à lake.

<sup>1</sup> Swath (swath), a line of grass or grain formed in mowing or eradling. and out in short bends or tûrns.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Crinkles (kringk'lz), runş in

- 3. The butterfly and humble-bee Come to the pleasant woods with me; Quickly before me runs the quail, The chickens skulk behind the rail, High up the lone wood-pigeon sits, And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
- 4. Sweet woodland music sinks and swells, The brooklet rings its tinkling bells, The swarming insects drone and hum, The partridge beats his throbbing drum, The squirrel leaps among the boughs, And chatters in his leafy house, The oriole flashes by; and, look! Into the mirror of the brook. Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat. Two tīny feathers fall and float.
- 5. As silently, as tenderly, The down of peace descends on me. Oh, this is peace! I have no need Of friend to talk, of book to read: Contentment in my heart abides, A dreamy cälm upon me glides, And lulled to rest by summer's voice, I lie and listen, and rejoice.

### Π.

### 77. THE POOR STUDENT OF SARZANA.

"THE Poor Student of Sarzänä, and yet he was the companion of saints and of learned men! I do not understand how this could have been. It could not be now-a-days, Brother Thomas, in one of our modern <sup>1</sup> ūniversities, <sup>2</sup> especially To be a poor student is to be shut out from all in Aměrica. this charming companionship, even if such a person could succeed in getting into a university at all."

2. "Ah, Eugene," said Brother Thomas, "you must remem-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mŏd'ern, the present time.

assemblage of schools, in which

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> U'ni ver'sĭ ty, a school or an are taught all branches of learning.

ber that the old Catholic universities of Europe, where monks were the great doctors and professors, were very different places from the universities of to-day. The Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans and their branches, sent out scholars who have been the admiration of the world. Some of these scholars came from princely castles, others from the cottages of peasants; yet all were united in one great religious family.

- 3. "Each student when he entered the monastery became a child of this family. If he had talents, his superiors were not only willing, but eager to give him every facility required for their fullest development; so that a promising novice had remarkable advantages."
- 4. "But what if this genius were simply a student and not a novice?"—"In that case, the members of these Orders, which presided 3 as I have said over the universities, being unworldly men, if they saw a poor student"—"Like our poor student of Sarzana?"
- 5. "Yes, Eugene, like our poor student of Sarzana, they immediately recognized and encouraged his merit. Loving learning as they did, the monks naturally loved those whose genius could illustrate 4 learning; and in those days, poverty was not so despised as it is in our age."
- 6. "Ah, I see now how my poor student could have such companions." Charlie, who had been listening with interest, here entered into the conversation with the questions, "Who was this poor student of Sarzana? What did he accomplish?"
- 7. "This Thomas of Sarzana," replied Brother Thomas, "became a Cardinal. On the death of Pope Eugenius IV. in 1447, he was chosen as his successor, and ascended the Papal throne under the name of Nicholas V."—"He was a Pope then—Pope of Rome!"—"Yes, Charlie, and his name stands high in the long list of those Popes who, by their virtues and talents, have made the Holy See illustrious in the eyes of all men.
- 8. "At that time there were many Greeks at Rome who had been driven from their native country by the continual irrup-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mon'as ter y, a house of religious retirement.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Nŏv'ice, one who enters a religious house intending to take the

vows and become a member.

<sup>3</sup> Pre sīd'ed, governed; directed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Il lus' trate, to make distinguished; to explain what is obscure.

tions 1 of the eruel Turks, and who brought with them such of their possessions as would not impede their flight. Among these were many precious manuscripts. 2 Nicholas V. was always eager to purchase any such at a generous price. He also offered rewards to all who would find and bring to him any manuscripts of value.

- 9. "In this way he accumulated five thousand of these choice writings, the richest collection that had been made since the destruction of the Alexandria library."—"That was magnificent!" exclaimed both boys. "And now, Charlie," said Eugene, "I will read to you the remainder of this sketch of the life of Nicholas V.:
- 10. "To him we owe the present basilica of St. Peter's. His ide'a was to build a church which should be to Christendom what the temple at Jerusalem was to the tribes of Işrael. To this end, it should be grand in its proportions and in its architecture, and to this object he devoted all the means really at his command.
- 11. "He began this majestic undertaking, and rebuilt the Vatican 4 palace, adding to it a library for its precious manuscripts, and galleries for its works of art. Two ex'quĭṣite chapels of his erection remain to this day, memorials of his taste and devotion. One is called the chapel of the Blessèd Săcrament, and the other, scârcely larger than an oratory, was named for his pātron St. Nicholas.
- 12. "These chapels are adorned with pictures from the hand of a holy monk, Fra Angelico. The subjects of these paintings are all sacred, many of them from the Passion of our Lord, others from the lives of the early martyrs." Brother Thomas here interrupted the reading to say, "Yes, boys, I have seen engravings of three of these paintings which portray the history of St. Stephen, the first martyr. I admired them so much that all other pictures on the same subject have appeared to me coarse and worthless in comparison."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ir rup'tion, a sudden entrance of invaders into a country.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Măn'u scripts, books in writing; the only form of books before the invention of printing.

<sup>3</sup> Mag nif'i cent, on a grand scale.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Văt'i can, a palace of the Popes on the Vatican hill, adjoining the celebrated church of St. Peter's.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Mar'tyr, one who suffers death in consequence of his adherence to the Christian faith.

13. "Is there anything more?" said Charlie. "Very little, except the notice of his sorrow on the death of his mother."—"I had forgotten that Popes had mothers."—"But Pope Nicholas did not forget his mother, and always manifested his respect and affection for her. She died at the advanced age of eighty, during a pilgrimage which she undertook from Sarzana to Rome in the Jubilee 1 year of 1450."

#### III.

### 78. THE SUMMER RAIN.

H the rain, the beautiful rain!
Chēerily, měrrily falls,
Beating its wings 'gainst the wǐndōw-pane,
Trickling down the walls—
Over the měadōw with pattering feet,
Kissing the clover-blossoms sweet,
Singing the blue-bells fast asleep,
Making the pendent willows weep,—
Over the hillside brown,
Over the dusty town,
Měrrily, chēerily, comèth it down,

2. Oh the rain, the welcome rain!
Sŏftly, kindly, it falls
On tīny flower and thĩrsting plain,
And vine by the cottage-walls;
Läughingly tipping the lily's cup,

The rain, the summer rain!

It filleth the crystal chalice 3 up, Joyously greeting the earth that thrills Through her thousand veins of gathering rills—

Over the viölet's bed,
Over the sleeping dead,
Comèth with kindly tread
The rain, the gentle rain!

faith or charity prescribed by the Holy Father.

<sup>3</sup> Chăl'ice, a cup or bowl.

¹ Ju' bi lee, every twenty-fifth year, at which time unusual spiritual advantages are granted to Catholics, who undertake a pilgrimage to Rome, or perform other acts of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Pĕnd'ent**, supported from above; supported; hanging.

3. Oh the rain, the cheering rain!
Drifting slowly, sweetly down,
Where spreading fields of golden grain
The sloping hillsides crown;
Flecking with dimples the lake's calm face,
Quickening the schoolboy's tardy pace,
Caressing a bud by a wayside stone,
Leaving a gem as it passes on,
In the daisy's breast,
On the thistle's crest,¹
And the buttercup richly blest
By the rain, the generous rain!

## SECTION XIX.

I.

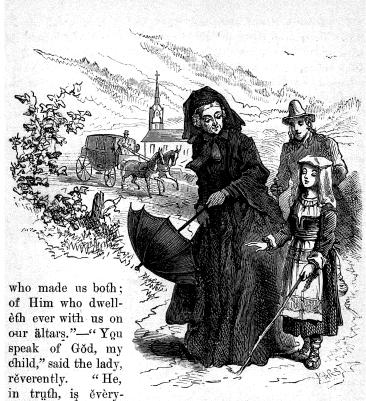
### 79. BLIND AGNES.

"TELL me, what is your name, my child?" the old lady asked as they took their way to the ŏrange grove. "I have said it, lady; it is Agnes; that is for the lamb, you know. They call me Blind Agnes; and sometimes, in their sport, the children name me, also, the Little Spouse of the Blessèd Săcrament."

- 2. "Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament," said the lady in an undertone; "what a strange name, and what a strange child! And does not this blindness grieve you?" she said aloud. The question sounded cruel, and the lady felt that it did, yet she could not resist 2 the temptation of trying to penetrate the secret feelings of this child, who had interested her so strongly.
- 3. There was no trace, however, of pain or of regret upon the face of Agnes as she answered—"It would grieve me sadly, lady, were it not for Him."—"For whom, my child—the old man I saw speaking to you just now?"
- 4. "No, lady, not Francisco, though he is a comfort also. I spoke of Francisco's Master and of mine—of Jesus; of Him

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Crest, a tuft or plume for the head. <sup>2</sup> Re sist', to struggle against.





where; but you can not see Him on the altar?"

5. "No; but I know Him to be there. I feel that He is with me, and I with Him, and so I do not need eyes to see Him."—"And is there nothing, then, you want to see?" The old lady went on, as it were, in her own despite, for she felt all the danger of awakening regret in so thoughtful a mind.

6. "The light, for instance—the glorious light of heaven, the sun, the moon, the myriads of stars that tell us of the glory of their Maker?"—"No," said the child, "for I have Him who made them, and He Himself is the 'light of the world.""—"Or the beautiful face of nature—the deep valley, the mighty mountain, or that mountain of mountains—your own Vesuvius?"

- 7. "I have Him," said the child, in an untroubled voice, "and He is mightier than all His works."—" Or the buildings of your city, the stately 1 palaces, the sacred temples? Yonder little church, for instance, which we have just quitted, and which might have been the work of angels or of fairies, it is so spirit-like and full of grace?"
- 8. "These are but the creations of man, lady;" and there was a shade of grave rebuke in Agnes' voice; "and if I long not to see *His* works, shall I sigh to look upon the works of His creatures?"—"Well, Agnes, the flowers, at least, are His own work; tell me, do you not sometimes sigh to gaze upon the flowers, which He has scattered so profusely over this soft, southern land?"
- 9. "They are soft to the touch, and sweet to the senses," Agnes answered, after a moment's pause. "And He was called the 'flower of the root of Jesse.' So they must be precious things, those flowers! But yet," she added, in an assured 2 and carnest tone, "I do not regret them, for I have Him, and He made them, and, beautiful as they are, He must be a thousand million of times more beautiful than they."
- 10. "Happy child," said the lady, sadly. "He has, indeed, robbed you of your sorrow; would that I knew where you had found Him, that I might go and seek Him also."—"Do you not know where to find Him?" said Agnes, in great surprise. "He is ever on the altar; if you are in sorrow, go and seek Him there, and He will speak sweet comfort to your soul."
- 11. The lady did not answer. Something in the child's voice and manner had recalled sad memories to her mind, and her tears were falling fast, nor did she try to check 3 them, until they had nearly gained the grove to which their footsteps were directed. How often during the drive back to Naples, did the words of Agnes recar 4 to her memory—"If you are in sorrow, go and seek Him on the altar, and He will speak sweet comfort to your soul."
- 12. She was not a Catholic, this old lady, or she would have understood the deep meaning of these simple words—the holy

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Stāte'ly, imposing; handsome; of great dignity.

doubt, or hesitation.

great dignity.

3 Check, to stop; to hinder.

4 Re cur, to come back again.

truth, that He, whose dwelling is in the bosom of His Father, has also made Himself a home among the children of men, where He imparts to them the sweetness of that sacred Humanity, whose bitterness He has reserved for Himself alone.

13. And so He comes to us, the Virgin's Child, the meek and lowly Jesus, to dwell forever with us in the săcrament of His love, never again to be absent, even for an hour, from the world of His redemption and special 1 predilection 2—ever living for us, with us, and among us.

14. In the noon-tide glare, in the midnight gloom—in the crowded city and in the lonely country places—everywhere is He found upon our altars giving rest to the weary, comfort to the afflicted, and cälmer and holier joy to the glad of heart; leaving it to no creature of earth to say that he sought his Lord and had not found Him.

15. Happy they who hearken to the loving invitation, "Come unto Me," and who, if not always in the body, always at least in spirit and desire, dwell beneath the shǎdōw of His altars amidst the infinite riches of His Real Presence.

II.

### 80. THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very joy, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction of the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2. O one, O only mansion, O paradise of joy,

loved the world which He afterward redeemed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Spĕ'cial, more than ordinary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pre di lĕc'tion, loving beforehand; as Christ from the beginning

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Unc'tion, soothing; refreshing.

Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the förest,
The hyssop¹ of the wall.

3. With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The särdius<sup>2</sup> and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up the fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

#### III.

### 81. THE LITTLE CASH BOY.

DAN was a cash-boy in one of the largest retail stores in New York. There was not one boy there lighter on his feet, or more quick to hear and to answer a call than Dan. Then he always had a merry smile on his face and a merry word on his lips. As a matter of course, there was not a greater favorite among the regiment of cash-boys than he.

- 2. The partners of the rich firm, 4 noticing his bright, intelligent face, and quick ways, spoke favorably of him to each other, and predicted for him a bright future. But Dan, fully satisfied with the present, thought very little of the future until he was about fourteen years old and saw himself growing tall and, his sisters said, handsome.
- 3. Then for the first time he looked around him with a more penetrating eye, and took in the ide of a vast building filled with beautiful things for rich people to buy. He noticed, as he had never noticed before, the conversation and manners of the rich customers, and he ascertained by degrees how and where they lived.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Hỹs'sop, an aromatic plant.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Sar'di us, a precious stone; probably the carnelian.

<sup>3</sup> Un priced', beyond all valuation.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Firm, the name under which a company transacts business.

- 4. What grand houses those were! Passing them at evening on his way home, he saw them brilliantly lighted with gas, filled with costly furniture, adorned with beautiful pictures and statuary. At such times, a longing arose in his soul to possess a home like some of these, and when he found himself at the door of his father's small dwelling, it looked dingy and poor to him.
- 5. The natural result of all these observations and reflections was that Dan made up his mind to be a rich man. But his Catholic faith colored his day-dreams in this wise: "I will be rich," he said to himself, "and of course I will have a beautiful home, but I will also give to the poor, and help to build chûrches, and do a great deal of good. So the quicker I get rich the better."
- 6. Things had come to this high-water mark in Dan's mind when an incident occurred that suggested to him reflections of an entirely different character, and so interfered with his glowing pictures of wealth and prosperity as quite to disturb him.
- 7. For some time past, Dan had missed from the crowd of gay customers at the store, one sweet face which had won him by its bright smile and the kindness of the modest eyes. He knew where this lovely lady lived, and he had heard that she was a Catholic, beautiful, admired, and rich.
- 8. Little fellow as he was, it made him happy to see her, and he used to think how good it would be if there were thousands of such Catholics in the city, and he were one of them. He did not know that the riches of the Church are her poor, and that wealth is full of temptations against picty.
- 9. When this lady ceased to frequent the store, he concluded that she had gone to Europe, or had made a grand marriage. What, then, was his surprise one day to see her enter in the habit of a "Little Sister of the Poor"? The sweet face was as lovely, the smile as bright, the modest eyes as kind as ever, and her step as graceful as, when clothed in costly fabrics, she moved over carpeted floors.
- 10. He had been greatly interested in her as a realization of his ideal 4—a faithful and devoted child of the Church, endowed

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In'ci dent, an event; an occurrence.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Făb'rics, manufactured goods. <sup>4</sup> I dē'al, a standard or model of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In ter fēred', opposed; clashed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> I de al, a standard or model of perfection or of duty.

with all the external gifts of fortune—gifts that he was just beginning to appreciate 1 and to desire.

- 11. Now, where was Dan's ideal? Vanished! With a sobriety not usual with him, he carried her bundles of coarse goods from one counter to another, brought her the change for the small bank-note which paid for her purchases, and held the door open wider than ever before as she passed quietly out into the broad street.
- 12. For the first time in his life, Dan's steps were slow that morning and his ear deaf to the cry of "Cash! Cash!" His ideas ran in an unwonted channel, and he felt as if in a maze that confused him. On his return home at night, he found that the grand houses on the avenue attracted him less, and his own humble home, so neat and frugal, had a new charm.
- 13. As the weeks passed, Dan said to himself, "She had all that I desire, and she cast it aside. She did all that I propose to do, and yet she found she was not doing enough. Then the poverty of a religious life must be more powerful for good than the wealth of this world; the coarse habit better than fine linen; the charms of the cloister more attractive than all the praises society can bestow on beauty, grace, and so many accomplishments."
- 14. Dan saw that there were other ways of serving God and the Chûrch than by getting rich, and he thought of the possibilities of losing one's soul in the effort and struggle required. One pay-day he told Mr. Price that he would give up his place, and that he knew of a boy who could fill it.
- 15. "Ah, Dan! how is this? If you want more wages, we will give you as much as any firm in the city will offer."—
  "Thank you," said Dan; "I am not leaving you for the sake of more money. To-morrow, sir, I enter a religious order as a novice, for I have made up my mind that I can do better for God and my own soul in this way than I could by making a fortune."
- 16. The eyes of the rich man looked a moment into the honest eyes of Dan. Then, laying his hand on the lad's head, he said, "Gŏd bless you, my boy! I have no doubt you could be rich if you wanted to be, but you have chosen the better part."

Appreciate (ap prē'shi āte), to set a value on.

#### IV.

### 82. THE WREATH UNFADING.

THE golden thrones blazed out like fire, Amidst the sea of white, And ānġel bands joined happy hands With fâirest flowers bedight; <sup>1</sup> It was a festal <sup>2</sup> day in heaven, Of infinite delight.

- 2. In bright array, with garlands gay, The happy angels sped,
  - "With something sweet, oh, let us greet Our Lord to-day!" they said.
  - "Can we not find a wreath to bind His ever-glorious Head?
- S. "A wreath of flowers—for flowers are fâir— His handiwork they are, With here and there a jewel râre, And here and there a star,
  - A wreath of radiance and of light, With glöry glēaming far?"
- 4. "Dear unto God are stars and flowers," A sĕraph's voice replied;
  - "And yet I know what He would love Far more than all beside,
  - A wreath of souls, oh, let it be, Of souls for whom He died!"
- 5. Whereon bright ānġels swiftly sped To earth's unlovely shōre,
  And each a rown a child's riples of
  - And each a young child's sinless soul To heaven in triumph bore;
  - And mothers wept upon the earth, Whose children were no more.
- And with those souls a wreath they made, Wherewith to crown their King; And at His feet with homage meet,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Be dight', adorned; bedecked. <sup>2</sup> Fĕs'tal, pertaining to a feast.

They laid their offering; Oh, infinite and rare delight, Oh, joy no tongue can sing!

7. But many wept on earth the while, And would not be consoled; The children fâir were lying there, All stiff, and still, and cold; And nothing of the soul's delight Those lifeless bodies told.

## SECTION XX.

I.

### 83. THE PELICAN.

- "OH, grandpa! grandpa! please make one of your beautiful pelicans on my new slate;" and Anna held up her new slate and sharp-pointed pencil in the most coaxing way possible. With a kind smile, like nobody's in the world but grandpa's, he took the sharp-pointed pencil in his hand.
- 2. "Let us see," said he; "how shall we make the pelican?"—"Oh, with its head over its wing, looking back at all the other pelicans," said Anna. Grandpa's skill in making pelicans was really wonderful. After a flourishing stroke with his pencil, Anna saw her favorite bird sitting on its nest of coarse grass, its long neck turned gracefully over its wing, looking, as she said, for the other pelicans.
- 3. But one pelican was not enough, and grandpa's patience seemed equal to her demands. Large ones and small ones appeared on the slate as if by magic, until Anna fâirly clapped her hands with delight. When she had watched grandpa's skillful fingers for a while, she said:
- 4. "Is there really such a bird as the pelican, grandpa?"—
  "Oh, yes, my dear, and a very famous bird it is, too."—"Where does it live?" said Anna. "Among the Rocky Mountains or the cliffs of the Yellowstone, that cousin Dick told us about last evening? In some of those wild places, I suppose?"

- 5. "Oh, a great deal further off than the Yellowstone or the Rocky Mountains. As far off as Africa and Asia. They are found, too, in some parts of Europe, as in Hungary and along the river Dănube."—"Shall we never see them in Canada?"—"Not unless we see them in books, I think," said grandpa.
- 6. "But I can tell you a good deal about them. They are as large as the swans you see on the lake in the Park. Their feathers are white like those of the swan, only with a rosy tint where the plumage is thick; the wing and tail feathers are just tipped with black, and they have a crest of yellowish feathers on their heads.
- 7. "Their bills are more than a foot long, almost fifteen inches, and at the end of this long, flat bill is a sharp hook, which I shall tell you more about by-and-by. They live on the sea-coast, especially where large rivers flow into the ocean, and on the shores of lakes and märshes.<sup>1</sup>
- 8. "Whenever a fish leaps into the air or swims into the sunshine, the pelican is sure to see it, and swims as fast as the fish, which it catches in its bill. It does not swallow its prey, however, but drops it into a pouch or bag under its bill."—"Oh, yes, grandpa! these are the pouches which you make under their bills," said Anna, pointing to the pelicans on the slate.
- 9. "These pouches," grandpa went on to say, "are to the pelicans just what Fred's basket, which he swings over his shoulder, is to him when he goes fishing. The pelican puts the fish into this bag until it has caught enough for its breakfast, dinner, or supper."—"But what sort of a house does the pelican have, grandpa?"
- 10. "It builds a nest on the shore wherever it can find a cleft in the rock near the water. It lays four or five eggs, which are very white. The pelican brings fish to its young ones in its pouch. But instead of having a lid to the pouch, like Fred's basket, the pelican presses against it the sharp point of its bill, and the fish come out all ready to drop into the bills of the young pelicans, who are generally very hungry.
- 11. "But this is not all," continued grandpa. "If anything happens, and the mother-pelican has no fish for its brood,"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Marsh'es, low lands covered <sup>2</sup> Brood, a number of young birds with a small depth of water. <sup>2</sup> Brood, a number of young birds

instead of letting them starve, she presses this sharp point of her bill against her breast until it bleeds, and thus feeds her young ones with her own blood."—"Oh, how good the pelicans are, grandpa! No wonder I love them!"

- 12. "And other people love these birds, Anna. If, next Sunday at Vespers, you look at the veil of silk which is thrown over the shoulders of the priest when he gives the Benediction of the Blessèd Săcrament, you will see a pelican embroidered upon it in silver. The wings are spread, and the sharp bēak is pressing on the breast, on which you will see drops of blood, with which she is feeding her callow brood.
- 13. "It is this great love of the pelican for her young which has made her a symbol of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, in which He feeds Christians with His own body and His own blood. When you are old enough to make your first Communion, you will think the pelican even more beautiful than you do now, and then Anna must not forget to pray for her grandpa." As he said this, grandpa's white hair drooped fondly over the sunshiny head of his dear little pet and grand-daughter.

II.

### 84. WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED.

THE Saviour, bowed beneath the Cross, Ascended Calvary's hill, While from the cruel, thorny wreath Flowed many a crimson rill. The brawny 5 soldiers thrust Him on With unrelenting hand, Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd, He fell upon the sand.

2. A little bird that warbled near, That ever blessèd day, Flitted around, and strove to wrench one single thorn away.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Veil (vāl), a garment long in proportion to its width.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Em broid'ered, adorned with fine needle-work.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Căl' low, not yet feathered.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Sỹm'bol, a type; a representation.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Brawn'y, having large, strong muscles.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Wrench, to pull with a twist.

The cruel spear impaled <sup>1</sup> his breast, And thus, 'tis sweetly said, The robin has his silver vest Incarnadined <sup>2</sup> with red.

S. O Jesus! Jesus! Göd made man!
My dolors and my sighs,
Sore need the lesson taught by this
Wing'd wanderer of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight,
Or caverns of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from Thy dear brow,
But planted thousands there.

### III. 85. CHICKENS.

A CHICKEN is beautiful, and round, and full of cunning ways; but he has no resources for an emergency. He will lose his reckoning and be quite out at sea, though only ten steps from home. He never knows enough to turn a corner. All his intelligence is like light, moving only in straight lines.

- 2. He is impetuous 5 and timid, and has not the smallest presence of mind or sagacity to discern 6 between friend and foe. He has no confidence in any earthly power that does not reside in an old hen. Her cluck will he follow to the last ditch, and to nothing else will he give heed.
- 3. If you take away selfishness from a chicken's moral make-up, and foolishness from his mental, you have a very charming little creature left. For, apart from their excessive greed, chickens seem to be affectionate. They have sweet social ways. They huddle together with fond caressing chatter, and chirp soft lullabies.
  - 4. Their toilet performances are full of interest. They trim

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Im pāled', pierced; transfixed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In car'na dined, dyed red.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Re sõurc'es, supplies; means.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> E mer'gen cy, a sudden or unforeseen condition of things; any

event which calls for prompt action or remedy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Im pĕt'ū oŭs, fierce; hasty.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> **Discern** (diz zẽrn'), to see or understand the difference.

each other's bills with great thoroughness and dexterity, much better indeed than they dress their own heads; for their bungling, awkward little claws make sad work of it.

- 5. It is as much as they can do to stand on two feet, and they naturally make several revolutions when they attempt to stand on one. Nothing can be more ludicrous than their early efforts to walk. They do not really walk. They sight their object, waver, balance, decide, and then tumble forward, stopping all in a heap as soon as the original impetus is lost—generally some way ahead of the place to which they really wished to go.
- 6. It is delightful to watch them as drowsinèss films their round, bright, black eyes, and the dear old mother croons them under her ample wings, and they nestle in perfect harmony. How they manage to bestow themselves with such limited accommodations, or how they manage to breathe in a room so close, it is difficult to imagine. But breathe and bestow themselves they do. The deep mother-heart and the broad motherwings take them all in.
- 7. They penetrate  $^7$  her feathers, and  $\bar{\text{open}}$  for themselves unseen little doors into the mysterious, brooding, beckoning darkness. But it is long before they can arrange themselves satisfactorily. They chirp, and stir, and snuggle, trying to find the warmest and softest  $n\bar{\text{ook}}.^8$
- 8. Now an uneasy head is thrust out, and now a whole tiny body, but it soon re-enters in another quarter, and at length the stir and chirr grow still. You see only a collection of little legs, as if the hen were a banyan-tree, and presently even they disappear; she settles down comfortably, and all are wrapped in a slumberous silence.
- 9. And as I sit by the hour, watching their winning ways, and see all the steps of this sleepy subsidence, I can but remem-

<sup>1</sup> Dex těr'i tỷ, readiness, skill,
and ease in using the limbs; quickness and skill.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Rěv'o lū'tion, the act of turning on a center; the motion of a body round a fixed point.

 $<sup>^3</sup>$  Lū'di croŭs, droll ; läughable.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Im'pe tus, force of motion.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Croon, soothe by singing softly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Har'mo ny, peace and friend-ship; agreement.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Pěn'e trate, to enter into.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Nook (nok), a corner; a retired place.

<sup>9</sup> Sub sīd'ence, the act of fa!ling into a state of quiet.

ber that outbûrst of love and sŏrrōw from the lips of Him who, though He came to ĕarth from a dwelling-place of ineffable glōry, called nothing unclean because it was common.

10. He found no homely 2 detail 3 too homely or too trivial 4 to illustrate our Almighty Father's love, but from the birds of the âir, the fish of the sea, the lilies of the field, the stones in the street, the foxes in their holes, the patch on a coat, the oxen in the furrow, the sheep in the pit, the camel under his burden, drew lessons of divine pity and patience, of heavenly duty and delight.

11. Standing in the presence of the great congregation, seeing, as never man saw, the hypocrisy 5 and the iniquity gathered before Him,—seeing too, alas! the calamities 6 and the woe that awaited this doomed people, a divine pity overbears His righteous indignation 7 and cries out in sorrowful appeal, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not!"

#### IV.

### 86. TWO NEIGHBORS AND THE HENS.

I N a conversation I had with a man in Nova Scotia, he told me this anecdote. "I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up; but one spring I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly.

2. "One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath, to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that

false appearance of goodness or religion.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In ĕf'fa ble, unspeakable.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Hōme'ly, belonging to home; familiar; plain.

<sup>3</sup> De'tail, narrative or account.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> **Triv'i al**, of little importance or worth; trifling; common.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Hỹ pốc'ri sỹ, the act of pretending to be other and better than one is; the taking upon one's self a

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Ca lăm'i ty, a great misfortune or cause of misery.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> In'dig nā'tion, the feeling caused by that which is unworthy or disgraceful; anger.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Wrath (räth), very fierce anger; fury; rage.

he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged, because he had killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged—to sue him, or in some way get redress.<sup>1</sup>

- 3. "I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure it would do better.
- 4. "After dinner, I went to my neighbor's. He was in his gärden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed with wräth, and broke out in a great fury: 'You have abused me. I will kill all of your hens, if I can get at them: I never was so abused. My garden is ruined.'4
- 5. "I am very sorry for it,' said I: 'I did not wish to injure you, and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.'
- 6. "The man seemed confounded." He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky—then down to the earth—then at his neighbor—then at his club, and then at the hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.
- 7. "'Tell me, now,' said I, 'what is the damage, and I will pay you six-fold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I can not afford to lose the love and good-will of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens, or any thing else.'
- 8. "'I am a great fool,' said the neighbor; 'the damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compen'sate 7 you, than you me, and to ask your forgiveness, than you mine.'"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Re dress', satisfaction or payment for wrong that has been done.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ac cost'ed, came to the side of; addressed; spoke to.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> In flāmed', red; burning.

<sup>4</sup> Ruined (ro'ind).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Con found'ed, entirely confused; at a loss what to say or do

<sup>6</sup> Nothing (nuth'ing).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Com pen'sate, to make equal retûrn to; to repay by giving what is of an equal value.

### SECTION XXI.

T.

### 87. A CITY STREET.

I LOVE the woods, the fields, the streams,
The wild flowers fresh and sweet,
And yet I love no less than these
The crowded city street;
For häunts of men, where'er they be
Awake my deepest sympathy.

- 2. I see the rich man, proudly fed And richly clothed, pass by; I see the shivering houseless wretch With hunger in his eye; For life's severest contrasts meet For ever in the city street!
- 3. Hence is it that a city street, Can deepest thoughts impart, For all its people, high and low, Are kindred to my heart; And with a yearning love I share In all their joy, their pain, their care!

II.

### 88. THE CITY.

NOT in the solitude alone
May man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behöld
 Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
 Through the great city rölled,

With everlasting mûrmûr deep and loud— Choking the ways that wind 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

3. Thy gölden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner hömes;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the störes
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shöres.

4. Thy Spirit is around
Quickening the restlèss mass that sweeps ălong;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberlèss throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempèst, speaks of Thee.

5. And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is Thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helplèss city while it sleeps.

# SECTION XXII.

I.

### 89 URSULA.

RSULA was thirteen years old, the tallest girl in the class, and a great favorite with her companions. To be sure, every body knew that Ursula Gray was "always eating," and that her desk was generally in a state of inelegant disorder occasioned by the profusion of nut-shells, grape skins, etc., that lay strewn over the books and papers.

2. She had made her First Communion at Christmas, and Lent was approaching. One day in the latter part of Febru-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Com păn'ions, those with whom we are accustomed to associate.

ary, Ursula came home to dinner with the intelligence 1 that Sister Gen'eviève' had promised to give all the girls of her class Practices for Lent at the close of the afternoon, and each was to consider whatever fell to her lot as that most necessary for her special need.

- 3. "Some miracle is going to be worked, eh?" said her Cousin John, who was very fond of teasing Ursula. "What would you think a miracle now in my case, Cousin John?" said Ursula, läughing. "I shall not tell you, Ursa Minor; you would eat me up, if I did." Ursula, deep in the delights of bread-pudding with wine-sauce, löst the point of this remark, and only said, looking up, "I suppose I'll get whatever suits me best."
- 4. "I hope so, I am sure," said her cousin; "Lent is a hungry season, though. It seems to me that Sister Genevieve might have taken that into consideration, and deferred the giving out of Practices till the holidays."—"How absûrd you are, Cousin John," said Ursula, her mouth full of pudding. "It is because of Lent that we are going to have the Practices. Children don't fast from food, but they can fast from sin," with which oracular phrase Ursula left the table.
- 5. "Ursula," said her mother that evening, "did you receive your Practice?"—"Yes, ma'am," said Ursula briefly.4 "What is it, Ursula?" asked her father kindly, noticing her hesitation. "I don't know it by heart, papa," she said, bending over her plate, "but it is in my pocket."—"Let us have it, then," and he held out his hand. Ursula saw that there was no help for it, so she placed in her father's hand the little folded paper, and putting on his glasses, he read aloud:

#### PRACTICE FOR LENT.

6. "Moderation<sup>5</sup> in eating and drinking." Türning to the other side of the slip, he continued: "The old custom<sup>6</sup> will stand in thy way, but by a better custom it shall be overcome." A long, low whistle from Cousin John, and Ursula's face grew

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In těľli ġĕnce, news.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> De ferred', put off; postponed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> O răc'u lar, grave and wise.

<sup>4</sup> Brief'ly, in few words.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Mŏd e rā'tion, nēither too much nor too little.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Cŭs'tom, a manner or practice continually repeated.

- scarlet. "Miracles, sure enough," said he. "Ursie! Ursie! this will be a terrible Lent for you. Mod-e-ra-tion in eat-ing."
- 7. "Hush, John," said his uncle, as Ursula began to cry.

  "One would think me a glutton," said she, "if they didn't know me."—"And any one who thought so would not be very far wrong," said her father, gravely; "you are constantly eating, in and out of season, and yet you are not a ——"
- 8. "Glutton," sobbed Ursula. "Oh, papä, a glutton; I do not eat myself sick, I never act niggardly, I always give other people some of what I have."—"I admit all that, Ursula, but it is time to call things by their proper names. You are thirteen years old, and a pretty good child—I may say a very good child in all other respects.
- 9. "No doubt I seem harsh, but it is the harshness of love, Ursula. This Practice, given by your teacher, seems to have fallen to you in a remarkable way. Try to observe it faithfully, and at the close of Lent I am quite sure you will not be sorry for having done so."
- 10. Ursula finished her supper in silence; she was thoughtful and sad, but not ill-humored. After the meal was over, the family went into the parlor, and Ursula took up her tatting and sat down beside her good mother. After a few moments, she said in a low, scrious tone: "Mammä, I believe I am a glutton, and I never knew it till to-day.
- 11. "The girls all läughed when I read my Practice, and even Sister Gěneviēve said it just suited me. I saw it myself—that was why I hated to let Cousin John or any body know it. But I never, never thought I was a glutton before."
- 12. "I think papa was right, Ursula," said her mother; "you know how often we have spoken to you of this fault. It is a very ugly sight to see a great girl so fond of dainties, and with the habit of eating and nibbling so strong that she is continually tasting and chewing. A step in the right direction at this time will go far towards complete reformation, Ursie; six weeks may work wonders."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mĭr'a cles, occurrences which can not be explained by any natural causes.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Glŭt'ton, one who is habitually

guilty of excess in eating.

Nig'gard ly, stingily; meanly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Dāin'ties, such eatables as are especially agreeable to the palate.

- 13. "Mammä'," said Ur'sula with determination, "I hope it will. If I made a resolution to-night not to eat between meals during Lent, do you think I could keep it?"—"What do you think, Ursula?"—"I believe I could be faithful till Easter, mamma. I can try at all events, and I will."
- 14. Of the temptations overcome, the allurements resisted, the sweet delights foregone by Ursula in that long season of self-denial, it is not necessary to speak. It is enough to say that she proved herself a heroine, and never once broke the law she made for herself, through the whole Lent.

### · II.

### 90. LITTLE JESSIE.

"H AND me some water, brother, won't you?"—"In a minute, Jessie." And Jessie's fevered cheek was pressed again to the pillow; and little Harry's hands went on as busily as ever with the trap he was making. At length he entirely forgot the request.

- 2. "Please get it now, brother," he at last heard; and scattering knives, triggers and strings in his haste, he was soon holding a cup to her hot lips. But she turned her head languidly away. "Not this, please, but some fresh and cold from the well," she said. "Oh, don't be so particular, Jessie; this is fresh enough; and I'm so busy I can't go now; won't this do?"
- 3. She no longer refused,4 but quickly took the cup which was offered. It was the last time she ever called upon her brother for an act of kindness; êre another day had passed she stood beside the river of life, and drank its cool waters never to thirst again.
- 4. Of all who wept over the little coffin, as it lay on the bier before the altar, there were none who shed more bitter tears than the little boy who could not forget that he had refused the last request of his sister.
- 5. Children, are you kind to one another, or are you cross, selfish, and fretful? Remember that the time will come when

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Fore gone', renounced; foreborne to be enjoyed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Re quest', something asked.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Lăn'guïd ly, in a manner that shows great weakness.

<sup>4</sup> Re füsed', objected; declined.

some of those you love will be beyond your reach. Then how gladly would you give all you possess to have them back again. You will then be willing to resign everything for which you are now so ready to contend; but of what avail will it be? You can not bring them back.

- 6. Think of this when you are tempted to quarrel, to be selfish or unkind; for you know if one of you should die, the others will remember with sorrow every act of unkindness,
  every bitter word that passed your lips. But then it will be too late to recall them, too late to ask forgiveness.
  - 7. Harry was a kind-hearted boy, and dearly loved his little sister. She had been sick but a very short time, so that he did not consider her dangerously ill, but this did not comfort him when she had gone. "O mother!" he would say, "if I had only brought that water for her, I could bear her loss better; but now she is where I can never, never wait on her again."
  - 8. "My son," said his mother, "God in His infinite love has permitted this severe lesson that you may learn to be ever thoughtful of others and not become so much absorbed in your own pursuits as to forget the claims of those around you. Hälf of the harm we do in this world arises from thoughtlessness, and many consider that this absence of reflection excuses their wrong-doing. This is a great mistake. God will not hold them guiltless, for He requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves."

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When sister or brother,
Perchance may be gone.

To father and mother

Let love guide thy speech;

Refuse not another

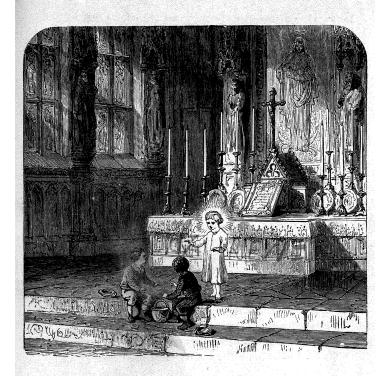
The joy in thy reach.

### III.

## 91. LEGEND OF THE INFANT JESUS.

I N a small chapel rich with carving quaint, Of mystic symbols and devices bold, Where glowed the face of many a pictured saint, From windows high in gorgeous drapery's fold. And one large mellowed painting o'er the shrine Showed in the arms of Mary—Mother mild—Down looking, with a tenderness divine In His clear, shining eyes, the Holy Child.

- 2. Two little brothers, orphans young and fâir, Who came in sacred lessons to be taught, Waited, as every day they waited thêre, Till Father Bernard came, his pupils sought, And fed his Master's lambs. Most innocent Of evil or of any worldly lure, Those children were; from e'en the slightest taint Had Jesus' blood their guileless souls kept pure!
- 3. A pious man that good Dominican,
  Whose life with gentle charities was crowned;
  His duties in the church as săcristan,
  For hours in daily routine' kept him bound,
  While that young pair awaited his release,
  Seated upon the altar-steps, or spread
  Thereon their morning meal, and ate in peace
  And simple thankfulness their fruit and bread.
- 4. And often did their lifted glances meet
  The Infant Jesus' eyes; and oft He smiled—
  So thought the children; sympathy so sweet
  Brought blessing to them from the Blessèd Child—
  Until one day, when Father Bernard came,
  The little ones ran forth; with clasping hold
  Each seized his hand, and each with wild acclaim,
  In eager words the tale of wonder told:
- 5. "O father, father!" bōth the children cried, "The dear Child Jesus! He has hēard our prâyer! We prayed Him to come down and sit beside Us as we ate, and of our feast take shâre; And He came down and tasted of our bread, And sat and smiled upon us, father dear!"



Pallid 1 with strange amaze, Bernardo said, "Graçe, beyond marvel! Hath the Lord been here?

6. The heaven of heavens His dwelling—doth He deign 2 To visit little children? Favored ye Beyond all those on earthly thrones who reign, In having seen this strangest mystery!3
O lambs of His dear flock! to-morrow, pray Jesus to come again to grace 4 your board 5

And sup with you; and if He come, then say, 'Bid us to Thine own table, blessed Lord!

<sup>1</sup> Păl'lid, very pale.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Deign (dān), to €ondescend.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Mỹs' ter y, something that can not be explained.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Grāce, to adôrn; to make delightful.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Bōard, here uşed to signify à repast.

- - "'Our måster, too!' do not forget to plead For me, dear children! In humility I will entreat Him your meek prâver to heed, That so His mercy may extend to me!" Then, a hand laying on each lovely head, Devoutly the old man the children blessed. "Come early on the morrow morn," he said, "To meet—if such His will, your heavenly guest!"1
  - 8. To meet their father by the next noon ran The youthful pair, their eyes with rapture 2 bright. "He came!" their happy, lisping tongues began; "He says we all shall sup with Him to-night! Thou, too, dear father; for we could not come Alone, without our faithful friend—we said. Oh! be thou sure our pleadings were not dumb, Till Jesus smiled consent, and bowed His head."
  - Kneeling in thankful joy, Bernardo fell, And through the hours he lay entranced in praver; Until the solemn sound of vesper bell Aroused him, breaking on the silent âir. Then rose he, calm, and when the psalms were o'er, And in the aisle the chant 4 had died away, With soul still bowed his Master to adore, Alone he watched the fast departing day.
- 10. Two silvery voices, calling through the gloom With seraph sweetness, reached his listening ear; And swiftly passing 'neath the lofty dome, Soon, side by side, he and his children dear Entered the ancient chapel, consecrate<sup>5</sup> By grace mysterious. Kneeling at the shrine,6 Before which, robed in săcerdotal 7 state, That morning he had blessed the bread and wine,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Guest, one who visits another.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Răp'ture, extreme delight.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> En tranced', so absorbed in thought as to be almost or quite unconscious.

<sup>4</sup> Chant, a slow, measured, grave

method of singing.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Cŏn'se crate, here used in the sense of consecrated; hallowed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Shrīne, a place of special devotion.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Săc'er dō'tal, belonging to the priesthood.

- 11. Bernardo prayed. And then the chosen three Received the sacred Hosts the priest had blessed, Viaticum for those so soon to be Börne to the country of eternal rest; Bidden that night to sup with Christ! in faith Waiting for Him, their Lord beloved, to come And lead them upward from this land of death, 'To live forever in His Father's home!
- 12. In that same chapel, kneeling in their place,
   All were found dead, their hands still clasped in prayer;
   Their eyes uplifted to the Saviour's face,
   The hallowed peace of heaven abiding there!
   While thousands came that wondrous scene to view,
   And hear the story of the chosen three;
   Thence gathering the lesson deep and true—
   It is the crown of life with Christ to be.

#### IV.

### 92. MACARIUS THE MONK.

I N days of old, while yet the Church was young, And men believed that praise of Gŏd was sung. In cûrbing self as well as singing psälms, There lived a monk, Maca'rius by name, A holy man, to whom the faithful came With hungry hearts to hear the wondrous Word. In sight of gushing springs and sheltering pälms, He lived upon the desert: from the marsh He drank the brackish water, and his fōod Was dates and rōots—and all his rule was harsh, For pampered flesh in those days warred with good.

2. From those who came in scores, a few there were Who feared the devil more than fast and prayer, And these remained and took the hermit's vow. A dozen saints there grew to be; and now Macarius, happy, lived in larger care. He taught his brethren all the lore he knew, And as they learned, his pious rigors grew.

His whole intent was on the spirit's goal: He taught them silence—words distûrb the soul; He warned of joys, and bade them pray for sorrow, And be prepared to-day for death to-morrow.

- 3. To know that human life alone was given,
  To test the souls of those who merit heaven,
  He băde the twelve in all things be as brothers,
  And die to self, to live and work for others.
  "For so," he said, "we save our love and labors,
  And each one gives his own and takes his neighbor's."
  Thus long he taught, and while they silent heard,
  He prayed for fruitful soil to hold the word.
  One day, beside the marsh they labored long—
  For worldly work makes sweeter sacred song—
  And when the cruel sun made hot the sand,
  And Afric's gnats the sweltering face and hand
  Tormenting stung, a passing traveler stood
  And watched the workers by the reeking flood.
- 4. Macarius, nigh, with heat and toil was faint; The traveler saw, and to the suffering saint A bunch of luscious grapes in pity threw. Most sweet and fresh and fâir they were to view, A generous cluster, bûrsting-rich with wine. Macarius longed to taste. "The fruit is mine," He said, and sighed; "but I, who daily teach, Feel now the bond to practice as I preach." He gave the cluster to the nearest one, And with his heavy toil went patient on.
- 6. And he who took, unknown to any other, The sweet refreshment handed to a brother. And so, from each to each, till round was made The circuit wholly; when the grapes at last, Untouched and tempting, to Macarius passed. "Now God be thanked!" he cried, and ceased to toil "The seed was good, but better was the soil. My brothers, join with me to bless the day." But, ere they knelt, he threw the grapes away.

# SECTION XXIII.

T.

### 93. HALF BETTER THAN ALL.

THE SUN was pouring its mid-day rays upon the Arabian desert, when a ear avan halted for refreshment and repose. The tents were arranged for shade, the camels were unladen, and each tired Mussulman, reclining upon the sand, enjoyed his favorite luxury of the pipe, or listened to one of those long, dull tales, with which the inhabitants of the East are wont 2 to amuse each other in their journeyings.

- 2. Two little boys, the only children in the whole company, alone were restless, active, and impatient of restraint. As they were not allowed to smoke, and had no taste for the tedious stories that amused their elders, they wandered among the eamels, and elimbed upon their backs together, and, at last, for want of other entertainment, quarreled, and then separated, to find each his own amusement apart.
- 3. Sēlim, the younger, resolving heartily never to play again with Ali (ä'lē), seampered off toward à eluster of low rocks that, at à short distance, emerged from the plain of sand, and formed the only object that broke the uniformity of the prospect. Having reached the rocks, he had nothing to do but retûrn, and endure again the dullness of the earavan 4 and the provoking temper of Ali. His spirit sunk at the thought of the odious 5 necessity, when turning à high corner of the rocks, he came suddenly on à prize that made him ery out for joy.
- 4. Taking root in a fissure of the rock, a stunted date-tree had pushed its puny limbs into the sunshine, and bore on its dwarfish head a handful of over-ripened fruit. A small, elear spring of water trickled through the erevice, supplying moisture to the tree, glistened in the sands, and disappeared.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mŭs'sul man, à Mohammedan; one who believes Mohammed to have been a prophet.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Wont (wunt), accustomed; uşed.
<sup>3</sup> Tē'di ous, dull; tiresome from length or slowness.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Căr'a van, à company of pilgrims or merchants, traveling together for security through the desert, or through countries infested by robbers.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> O'di oŭs, hateful ; disagreeable.

- 5. A fountain of fresh water! What a transporting discovery! For weeks poor Sölim had tasted no drink except râre and stinted draughts from the heated contents of the water-skins, that had been brought on the camels backs from Mohadin.
- 6. He could scarcely believe his eyes. He looked anxiously toward the car'avan, fearing that he might have been followed, and that his rich prize might be taken from him, or at least shâred, by that odious brother. But no one came to interrupt, or to partake of his happiness;—the cool water and the luscious fruit were all his own.
- 7. For a moment, the fancy of Selim reveled in the anticipation of the delicious draught, and of the rich repast before him, and, in his happiness, he found that he had forgiven Ali. His pleasure was so exquisite, that he wanted to shout it to the rocks; and even the fiercely-glaring sun, he thought, might sympathize in his delight.
- 8. But the first draught was scarcely swallowed, before Sēlĭm began to find that something was wanting to complete his enjoymènt. What could it be, whose absence was causing the refreshing water to pall 7 upon his appetite.
- 9. He wondered that he was not perfectly happy in the sole possession of such treasures. He pondered, and considered in vain. But his untutored heart whispered to him the truth. He paused. He sighed; then ran, like an antelope, over the hills to the tent where his brother, now so dear to him, had laid himself down to sleep.
- 10. Back the two brothers hastened to the rocks. Sēlǐm enjoyed the surprise, the delight of Ali, at the sight of the fountain and the tree. He found his own plĕasure doubled in witnessing that of his brother. The water seemed cooler, the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Trăns port'ing, carried beyond one's self for joy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Draught (draft), that which is drawn in at once in drinking.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Luscious (lŭsh'us), sweet; delightful.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Rĕv'eled, moved playfully.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Antic'i pā'tion, expected plĕasure or pain felt before its arrival;

a taking beforehand.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Exquisite (ěks'kwĭ zit), carefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving rare satisfaction.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Pall, lose strength or taste.

<sup>&</sup>quot; Pon'dered, thought.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> An'te lope, a kind of goat or deer with wreathed or ringed horns.

fruit had a higher flavor, when Ali joined his praises of both. The glare of the sun was less regarded.

11. They talked, and läughed; they ate, and drank. Sēlīm's enjoyment was now perfect; and from that day to the end of his life, he never forgot, that, of whatever fountains of pleasure or fruits of joy we may find on our pilgrimage through the world, the half is better—much better—than all.

#### IV.

# 94. CHERRIES OF HAMBURG.

In the early part of the sixteenth century cherries were very rare in Germany. There had been a rot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any could be preserved.

- 2. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolf, had in the middle of the town a walled garden, and in the garden he had găthered the rârest of cherry-trees, and by constant watchfulness he had kept ăwāy the disease from his fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry-trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juiciëst cherries.
- 3. All who wished cherries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highest prices, so that every season he reaped a great harvest of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry-trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.
- 4. One season, when his cherry-trees were in blossom, and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the north of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy, that no help could reach it.
- 5. Slowly they consumed all the provisions that were stored, and famine 3 was staring them in the face; nor did they dare yield to the enemy, for they knew little mercy would be shown to the conquered, and while any hope remained, the people held out, making vain sallies 4 into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less food remained to them.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Flā'vor, that quality of any thing which affects the smell or taste; that which gives to any thing a very pleasant odor or taste.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Glare (glâre), bright light.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Făm'ĭne, the want of sufficient food.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Săl'ly, a darting or springing förth; a marching of troops from a place to attack besiegers.

- 6. Meanwhile, the enemy had grown more fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them fiercer, and the commanding general would listen to no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women and children, to the sword.
- 7. But would it not be better thus to be killed outright than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun, and were now superb, fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth to water at the sight.
- 8. A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-townsmen. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the people delirious. He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. In those days, and in that country, the funeral processions were thus dressed.
- 9. He brought them into his orchard and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshaling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.
- 10. The besieging general saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying, and suspected some stratagem.<sup>3</sup> Then he was told that they were the children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering of thirst, and were bringing luscious cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature, and said that they had come to mock him, and he would

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Su perb', grand; showy; rich.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> De lir'i ous, deranged; wandering in mind.

<sup>3</sup> Străt'a gem, an artifice or trick by which some advantage is expected to be gained.

surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people of the city.

11. But when the procession 1 came before him, and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out by hunger, the rough man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love, that had long been choked up in him, broke forth; he was filled with pity, and tears came into his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do, the peaceful children in white did—they vanquished 2 the hard heart.

12. That evening the little cherry-bearers returned to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed.

13. In memory of this event, the people of Hamburg still keep every year a festival, called the Feast of Cherries; when the children of the city, clad in white garments, march through the streets, holding green boughs, to which the people, coming out of their houses, hasten to tie bunches of cherries; only now the children are chubby and merry, and they eat the cherries themselves.

#### v.

## 95. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

OW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view! The orchard, the měadōw, the deep-tangled wild wood, And ěvèry loved spot which my infancy knew; The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it, The bridge and the rock whêre the cataract <sup>3</sup> fell; The cot of my father, the dairy-house <sup>4</sup> nigh it, And e'en the rude buckèt which hung in the well: The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The möss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

ter over a steep overhanging place.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Procession (pro sĕsh'un), a train of persons or animals moving in order.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Vanquished (văngk'wisht), subdued in battle; beat in any contest.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Căt'a ract, a great fall of wa-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Dāi'ry-house, a house set apart for the management of milk, or in which milk, butter, and cheese are kept.



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

reşent it. Water is called the em'blem of truth because of its clearness and purity.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Em'blem, à fhing fhought to reşemble some other thing in its leading qualities, and so used to rep-

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As poised on the cûrb it inclined to my lips! Not a full blushing goblet ¹ could tempt me to leave it, Though filled with the nectar ² that Jupiter sips. And now, far removed from the loved situation, The tear of regret will intrusively ³ swell, As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,⁴ And sighs for the buckèt which hangs in the well: The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

# VI. 96. THE OAK TREE.

1.

Sing for the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood!
Sing for the oak-tree, that groweth green and good!
That groweth broad and branching within the forest shade;
That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid!

o

The oak-tree was an acorn once, and fell upon the carth; And sun and shower nourished it, and gave the oak-tree birth: The little sprouting oak-tree! two leaves it had at first, Till sun and shower nourished it, then out the branches burst.

8.

The winds came and the rain fell; the gusty tempest blew; All, all were friends to the oak-tree, and stronger yet it grew. The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and gray; But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every day.

Gob'let, a kind of cup or drinking vessel without a handle.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Něc'tar, the drink of the heathen gods, of whom Jupiter was the chief or highest; honey; any sweet

or very delicious drink.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Intrusively (in tro'siv li), without invitation, right, or welcome.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Plăn tā'tion, a place planted; a large cultivated farm,

4.

Four centuries grows the oak-tree, nor does its verdure 1 fail; Its heart is like the iron-wood, its bark like plaited mail. Now cut us down the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood; And of its timber stout and strong we'll build a vessel good.

5.

The oak-tree of the forest both east and west shall fly; And the blessings of a thousand lands upon our ship shall lie. She shall not be a man-of-war, nor a pirate shall she be; But a ship to bear the name of Christ to lands beyond the sea.

# SECTION XXIV.

I.

### 97. HEROINES OF CHARITY.

#### PART FIRST.

URING the late civil war, while one of the generals of the Union army was in command of the department at New Orleans, the Sisters of Charity made frequent applications to him for assistance. They were especially desirous to obtain provisions at what they termed "commissary prices"—that is, at a reduction of one-third the amount which the same provisions would cost at market rates.

- 2. The principal demands were for ice, flour, beef, and coffee, but mainly ice, a luxury which only the Union forces could enjoy at any thing like a reasonable price. The hospitals were full of the sick and wounded, of both the Federal and the Confederate armies, and the charitable institutions of the city were taxed to the utmost in their efforts to aid the sick and the suffering.
- 3. Foremost among the volunteers for this duty stood the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, and Sisters of the Holy Cross, who were busy day and night, never seeming to know fatigue.

<sup>1</sup> Verd'ure, greenness.

and overcoming every obstacle in the way of doing good—obstacles which would have completely disheartened less resolute women, or those not trained in the school of patience, faith, and charity, and where the first grand lesson learned is self-denial.

- 4. Of money there was little, and food, fuel, and medicine were scarce and dear; yet they never faltered, going on in the face of all difficulties, through poverty, war, and unfriendly aspersions, never turning aside, never complaining, never despairing. No one will ever know the sublime courage of those lowly Sisters during the dark days of the Civil War. Only in that hour when the Judge of all mankind shall summon before Him the living and the dead, will they receive their true reward, the crown everlasting, and the benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant."
- 5. It was just a week before the Western campaign opened, when all was hurry and activity throughout the Department 1 of the Gulf, that the general, a stern, irascible 2 old officer of the regular army, sat at his desk in his office on Julia street, eurtly 3 giving orders to subordinates, dispatching messengers hither and thither to every part of the city where troops were stationed, and stiffly receiving such of his command as had important business to transact.
- 6. In the midst of this unusual hurry and preparation, the door noiselessly opened, and a humble Sister of Charity entered the room. A young lieutenant of the staff instantly arose, and deferentially 4 handed her a châir, for those sombre 5 gray garments were respected even by those who had no reverence for the faith which they represented.
- 7. The general looked up from his writing, and a frown of annoyance and displeasure gathered darkly on his brow. "Orderly!" The soldier on duty without the door, and who had admitted the Sister, faced about, saluted, and stood mute, awaiting the further command of his chief. "Did I not give orders that no one was to be admitted?"—"Yes, sir, but ——"—"When I say no one, I mean no one," thundered the general.
  - 8. The orderly bowed and returned to his post. He was too

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> De part'ment, a military subdivision of a country.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> I răs'ci ble, easily made angry.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Curt'ly, briefly; in few words.

Def er en'tial ly, with respect.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Sŏm'bre, dark; gloomy.

wise a soldier to enter into explanations with so irritable a superior. All this time the patient Sister sat calm and still, waiting for the moment when she might speak and state the object of her mission. The general gave her the opportunity in the briefest manner possible.

9. "Well, mädäme'?" She raised her eyes to his face, and the gaze was so pure, so saintly, so full of silent pleading, that the rough old soldier was touched in spite of himself. "We have a household of sick and wounded whom we must care for in some way, and I came to ask you the privilege, which I humbly beg you will not deny us, of obtaining ice and beef at commissary prices."

10. The gentle, earnest pleading fell on deaf ears. "Always something," snarled the general. "Last week it was flour and ice; to-day it is ice and beef; to-morrow it will be coffee and ice, I suppose, and all for a lot of rascally rebels, who ought to be shot instead of being nursed back to life and treason."

11. "General!"—the Sister was majestic now—"Federal or Confederate, I do not know. Protestant or Catholic, I do not åsk. They are not soldiers when they come to us—they are simply suffering fellow-creatures. Rich or poor, of gentle or of lowly birth, it is not ours to inquire. Ununiformed, unarmed, sick and helpless, we ask not on which side they fought. Our work begins after yours is done. Yours the carnage,¹ ours the binding up of wounds. Yours the battle, ours the duty of caring for the mangled² left behind on the field. Ice I want for the sick, the wounded, the dying. I plead for all, I beg for all, I pray for all Göd's poor, suffering creatures, wherever I may find them."

12. "Yes, you can beg, I'll admit. What do you do with all your beggings? It is always more, more, never enough!" With this, the general resumed his writing, thereby giving the Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel täunt. Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted and folded tightly across her breast, as if to still some heartache the unkind words had called up. Very low, and sweet, and carnest was her reply.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Car'nage, bloodshed; slaughter. <sup>2</sup> Măn'gled, wounded.

II.

### 98 HEROINES OF CHARITY.

#### PART SECOND.

"WHAT do we do with our beggings? That is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the unfortunate, the most wretched of mankind. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah! some day you may know."

2. She tûrned away and left him, sad of face, heavy of heart, and her eyes misty with unshed tears. "Stay!" The general's request was like a command. He could be stern, nay, almost rude, but he knew truth and worth when he saw it, and he could be just. The Sister paused on the threshold, and for a minute nothing was heard but the rapid scratching of the general's pen.

3. "There, madame, is your order on the commissary for ice and beef at army terms, good for three months. I do it for the sake of the Union soldiers who are, or may be, in your câre. Don't come bothering me again. Good morning."

4. In less than three weeks from that day the slaughter of the Western campaign had been perfected, and there neared the city of New Orleans a steamer, flying that ominous 1 yellow flag which both armies alike respected and allowed to pass unmolested. Another and still another followed in her wake, and all the decks were covered with the wounded and the dying.

5. Among the desperately wounded was the general in command of the department. He was borne from the steamer to the waiting ambulance, writhing in anguish from the pain of his bleeding limb, which had been torn by a shell; and when they asked where he wished to be taken, he feebly moaned: "Any where, it matters not. Where I can die in peace."

6. So they took him to the Hotel Dieu, a noble and beautiful hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The limb was am-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Om'i noŭs, foreboding evil. veying the wounded from the bat-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Am'bu lance, a vehicle for contle-field.

putated, and there he was nursed for weeks through the agony of the surgical operation, the fever, the wild delirium, and for many days no one could tell whether life or death would be the victor. But who was the faithful nurse, ever at his bedside, ever watchful of his smallest needs? Why, only "one of the Sisters."

- 7. At last life triumphed, reason returned, and with it much of the old, abrupt manner. The general awoke to find a face not altogether unknown bending over him, and to feel a pair of skillful hands arranging a bandage, wet in ice-cold water, around his throbbing temples, where the mad pain and aching had so long held sway. He was better now, though still very weak; but his mind was clear, and he could think cälmly and connectedly of all that had taken place since the fatal battle which had so nearly taken his life, and had left him at best but a mutilated remnant of his former self.
- 8. Yet he was thankful it was no worse—that he had not been killed outright. In like degree he was grateful to those who had nursed him so tenderly and faithfully, especially the gray-robed woman, who had become almost angelic in his eyes; and at last he expressed his gratitude in his own peculiar way. Looking intently at the Sister, as if to get her features well fixed in his memory, he said: "Did you get the ice and beef?"
- 9. The Sister started. The question was so direct and unexpected. Surely her patient must be on the high road to recovered health. "Yes," she replied simply, but with a kind glance of her soft eyes that spoke eloquently her thanks. "And your name is ——" "Sister Frances."
- 10. "Well, then, Sister Frances, I am glad you got the things—glad I gave you the order. I think I know now what you do with your beggings—I comprehend something of your work, your charity, your religion, and I hope to be better for the knowledge. I owe you a debt I can never repay, but you will try to believe that I am deeply grateful for all your great goodness and ceaseless care."
- 11. "Nay, you owe me nothing; but to Him whose cross I bear, and in whose lowly footsteps I try to follow, you owe a debt of gratitude unbounded. To His infinite mercy I com-

mend you. It matters not for the body; it is that sacred mystery, the immortal soul, that I would save. My work here is done. I leave you to the care of others. Farewell." The door softly opened and closed, and he saw Sister Frances no more.

12. Two months afterward she received a letter, sent to the care of the Mother Superior, enclosing a check for one thousand dollars. At the same time the general took occasion to remark that he wished he were able to make it twice the amount, since he knew by experience "what they did with the beggings."

#### III.

### 99. THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

AT an early period in the history of Holland, a boy, who is the hero of the following narrative, was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace.

- 2. His father was a sluicer—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed—of finding itself under water, rather than above it.
- 3. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, overflow them, and inundate 2 the whole country. Even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.
- 4. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dike.<sup>3</sup> His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Hē'ro, a great warrior; the chief person in a story.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> In ŭn'dāte, cover with water.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Dike, a mound of earth thrown up to prevent low lands from being overflowed: a ditch.

- 5. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to near one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.
- 6. As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy first stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, then, in childish gayety, hummed some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shouts of the villager, returning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard.
- 7. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage,<sup>2</sup> and he looked up in some dismay.<sup>3</sup> The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter-night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible,<sup>4</sup> though not as distinctly as by day.
- 8. The child thought of his father, of his injunction,5 and was preparing to quit the ravine in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examined it, and he soon discovered a hole in the rotten wood, through which the water was flowing.
- 9. With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have had, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole, through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must follow.
- 10. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and put his finger into it, was the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sŏl'i ta rỹ, lonely; retired.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Herbage (ĕrb'aj), herbs collectively; påsture; gråss.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Dis māy', loss of courage and hope; fear.

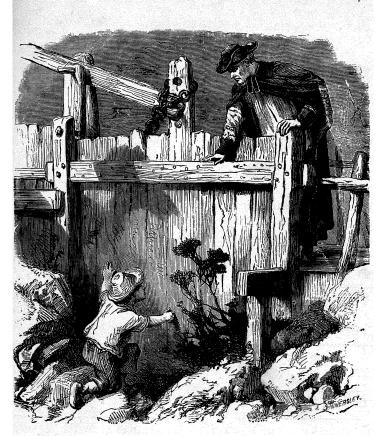
<sup>4</sup> Per cep'ti ble, that can be seen.

felt, or known by the senses.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Injunction (in jungk'shun), order or command.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Ravine (ra vēn'), a deep and narrow hollow, usually worn by water.

<sup>7</sup> In'stant, immediate; quick.



work of a moment, and, to his delight, he found that he had suggeded in stopping the flow of the water.

11. This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered.

12. He resolved to stay there all night, but, alas, the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm.

The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not.

- 13. Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly, but still the little fellow stirred not; for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors—nay, the whole village.
- 14. We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failure of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is that at daybreak he was found in the same painful position by a priest, returning from an attendance on a death-bed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dike, discovered a child kneeling on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.
- 15. "Why, dear child," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"—"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whole night, had been evincing 2 such heroic fortitude 3 and undaunted 4 courage.
- 16. The Mūşe 5 of history, too often blind to true glory, has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men—she has left us in ignorance of this real little hero of Haarlem.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Faltering (fal'ter ing), falling short; trembling; hesitation.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> E vĭnc'ing, showing clearly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> For'ti tude, that strength of mind which enables one to meet danger with coolness and firmness, or

to bear pain or disappointment without murmuring or discouragement.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Undauntēd (un dänt'ed), brave; fearless.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Mūse, one of the nine goddesses of history, poetry, painting, &c.

# SECTION XXV

T.

### 100, THE STRAY SUNBEAM.

CHILD.

AH! little sunbeam sporting here, I love to see you smile; It makes this gloomy room appear A pleasant spot the while.

 Oh! how I'd love like you to be, With not a thought of care, No books to learn, no work to see, And life as free as air.

#### SUNBEAM.

- 3. I am no idler, little one, Though seeming so to you, For every day the task is done, Which I am gĭven to do.
- I rise at dawn and tell the lark,
   'Tis time his hymn to sing;
   Or, ō'er the sea to wave-tŏssed bark.
   I hopeful mĕssaġe bring.
- 5. In lonely cell I rest awhīle, An erring one to cheer, Perchance the only one to smile, Or light the gloom that's there.
- 6. And when the winter's chilly hours Pass weepingly away, I dance among the falling showers, To make e'en them seem gay.
- 7. But when the spring with song and dance, Sweeps down o'er hill and plain, Then, then, awakened by my glance, The flowers bloom again.

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8. So, little one, you now ean see, My time's not passed in vain; I do what Gŏd doth bid me do; Can you, too, say the same?

#### CHILD.

No, no, I never knew before,
 That life's not all for play;
 I thank you, sunbeam, o'er and o'er,
 For what you've taught to-day.

#### II.

### 101. THE STARS.

NO CLOUD obseures the summer sky, The moon in brightnèss walks on high, And, set in ăzure,¹ every star, Shineş, à pure gen of heaven, afar!

- 2. Child of the ĕarfh! Oh, lift thy glançe To yon bright firmament's 2 expanse! The glories of its realms explore. And gaze, and wonder, and adore!
- 3. Dôth it not speak to every sense The marvels of Omnipotence? See'st thou not there the Almighty's name Inscribed in characters of flame?
- 4. Count ō'er those lamps of quenchlèss light, That sparkle through the shades of night; Behold them! Can à mortal bōast To number that çelestial shōst?
- 5. Mark well each little star, whose rays In distant splendor meet thy gaze; Each is a world, by God sustained, Who from eternity hash reigned.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **Azure** (ăzh'er), light-blue; sky-eolored.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Fir'ma ment, the region of the air; the sky or heavens.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Celestial (se lëst'yal), belönging, or relating, to the regions of âir; heavenly.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> E ter'ni ty, everlastingness.

- 6. What then art thou! O, child of elay! Amid ereation's grandeur, say? E'en as an insect, on the breeze, E'en as à dewdrop, löst in seas!
- 7. Yet fear thou not; the Sovereign hand, Which spread the ocean and the land, And hung the rolling spheres in âir, Hath e'en for thee à Father's eâre.
- 8. Be thou at peace!—thē all-seeing eye, Pervading <sup>2</sup> ĕarth, and air, and sky, The sĕarching glance which none may flee, Is still, in mĕrçy, tûrned on thee.

#### III.

### 102. WHOM SHALL WE THANK?

HE CAME bounding along from his play, and while he held his hands under the spout, his companion pumped vigorously at the handle. The sparkling water streamed through his fingers, but he caught enough to cool his rosy, heated face.

- 2. He was a polite little fellow; so, after he had satisfied his thirst, he prettily raised his hat from his head and said, "I thank you, Mr. Pump, and I shall be glad to shake hands with you frequently."
- 3. Now, if the pump had been (bin) as polite as the boy, and could have spōken, it would have said, "You are përfeetly welcome, my little gentleman, but I am not the one to thank. I could not have done any thing for you if it had not been for the bright water."
- 4. "Oh well then," the bright little fellow might reply, "I will try my manners once more. Here it goes, then," (and he raises his eap) "for the water. Thanks to you, cool water, for the good you have done me!"—"Oh no," says the water, "don't thank me; for what could I have done, had it not been for the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sovereign (sŭv'er in), åbove all <sup>2</sup> Per vād'ing. påssing through; others; hīghèst in power. affecting entirely.

spring up on the hill-side, that constantly sends its stream down into my bosom?"

- 5. "Here's to the spring then; for thanks do not eost any thing, and they make us feel better. Thanks to the spring that gushes up day and night with sweet waters!"—"Don't thank me, my little man," the spring sings with silvery music from the shaded dell on the side of the hill—"don't thank me; for what good could I do without the dews and the rains? I should be as dry as the bare rock, in a short time, if it were not for these."
- 6. "I am not to be discouraged. It is pleasant work to thank such good friends; so I will keep on. Thanks to you, summer rains and dews!"—"Oh, no, don't thank us," thundered a full, dark cloud that was just gathering over the hill, and ready to empty its treasures into the bubbling spring. "What should we do if the sun did not draw up moisture from the sea every beautiful day, and pour it, drop by drop, into our eup?"
- 7. "Then thanks be given to the ten thousand arms of the sun, pumping daily out of the depths of the sea." The eye of the sun flashed 3 like lightning as he said, "Not me! Don't thank me. What could I do, with all my steam-engines, were it not for the broad and deep oceans 4 into which I drop my suction-hose?"
- 8. "Thanks, then, to the mighty seas!" and the cap rises slowly again, as the solemn chant from the neighboring shore reaches the ear of the listening boy. "Not unto me!" with a deep, melodious tone, comes back the voice from the surrounding sea. "Who hollowed out in the earth the mighty depths in which I lie?
- 9. "Who measured out the elements that form my drops, and made them to flow so lovingly together? Who sprinkled among them the salt to preserve them from corruption, and who freshens and sweetens them before they reach your lips? If you know, listening lad, who did this, thank Him!"—"It is

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Gŭsh, to break forth with some degree of violence.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **D**ĕll, à valley or ravïne.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Flashed, sent förth å ray of light.

<sup>4</sup> Ocean (ō'shun), that immense

body of salt water amidst which the lands of this world are placed.

<sup>5</sup> Me lō'di oŭs, muşical.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> El'e ments, the parts into which à compound thing may be separated.

Gŏd!" quietly whispers the subdued boy. "I thank Thee, Maker of all things and Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the cooling waters I have tasted."

10. Let us ever recollect, then, dear young readers, from whom all our blessings come; and as we are so ready to thank, and take so much pleasure in thanking, those that bestow gifts upon us, let us never forget the Hand that opens to supply all our wants. Whatsoever we do, whether we eat or drink, let us do all to the glory of God.

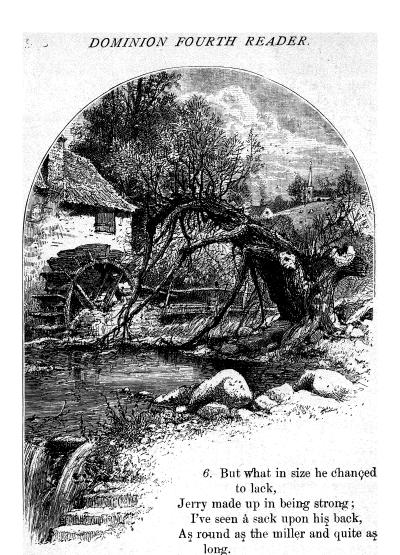
#### IV.

## 103. JERRY, THE MILLER.

BENEATH THE HILL you may see the inill Of wasting wood and erumbling stone; The wheel is dripping and elattering still, But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

- Year, after year, early and late,
   Alike in summer and winter weather,
   He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
   And mill and miller grew old together.
- 3. "Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same—
  They loved him well who called him so;
  And whether he'd ever another name,
  Nobody ever seemed to know.
- 4. 'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye;" And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat," And "Little Jerry" was still the cry, From parent kind and children sweet.
- 5. 'Twaş "Little Jerry" on every tongue, And thus the simple truth waş told; For Jerry waş little when he waş young, And he waş little when he waş old.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sub dūed', impressed by a manifestation of power.



- 7. Alwayş buşy and alwayş merry,
   Alwayş doing hiş very best,
   A nötable wağ waş little Jerry,
   Who uttered well his standing jest.
- 8. How Jerry lived is known to fame, But how he died there's none may know;

- One autumn day the rumor<sup>1</sup> came—
  "The brook and Jerry are very low."
- 9. And then 'twas whispered mournfully The leech 2 had come and he was dead, And all the neighbors flocked to see— "Poor Little Jerry" was all they said.
- 10. They laid him in his earthly bed— His miller's eoat his only shroud— "Dust to dust," the words were said, And all the people wept aloud;
- 11. For he had shunned the deadly 3 sin, And not à grain of over-toll Had ever dropped into his bin, To weigh upon his parting soul.
- 12. Beneath the hill there stands the mill Of wasting wood and erumbling stone; The wheel is dripping and elattering still, But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

# SECTION XXVI.

I.

## 104. APPLES.

STRAWBERRIES, răs pberrieș, cherrieș, mulberrieș, pēachèș, plumș, peârș, high and low blackberrieș, thimbleberrieș, blueberrieș, huckleberrieș—every fruit, indeed, except the grape—might all better be spâred than the hŏnèst, sound, ruddy 5 apple. They are the delight 6 of an hour—the fleeting

black raspberry quite common in America.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rū'mor, flying or popular report; à story passing from person to person, without any known authority for the truth of it.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Lēech, physician; one who practices the art of healing.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Dĕad'ly, capable of causing death; not to be forgiven.

<sup>4</sup> Thim' ble-ber'ry, a kind of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Rŭd'dy, of å red eolor; of a lively flesh color, or of the color of the human skin in high health; of å reddish, shīning eolor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> De līght', a high değree of pleasure or happiness; that which giveş great pleasure.



decoration 1 of a week, or a fortnight, 2 or of a month. They play exquisitely 3 into each other's hands, and wreathe the summer with continuous 4 variety and delicate gust. 5

2. But the apple is a lasting pleasure. It is for all the year. It circles the months. You may eat russets up to the day when the new apples appear. As the apple is the most ancient, so it is the most royal of fruits. It never dies.

3. The stûrdy fruit, delicious in flavor and adapted to every want, is euriously characteristic of the farmer, who sûrrounds his place with its stiff and unshapely trees, and generally leaves them to wrestle with the weather as they choose; but, despite

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Dĕc' o ra'tion, that which is added by way of ornament, or to give beauty.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Fortnight (fôrt' nīt).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Exquisitely (ĕks' kwĭ zĭt lĭ), very nicely; in a way to please and

satisfy; with perfection.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Con tĭn'u oŭs, without break or stop.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Gust, the sense or enjoyment of tasting; relish.

<sup>6</sup> Sturdy (ster'di), hardy; strong.

his neglect, expects that they will pour rosy plenty into his basket, in the soft Indian-summer days. Is his seeming neglect only the confidence of experience after all? If it be so, how can he look into his orchard without blushing? What a pathetic sermon is each of those uncomfortable trees!

4. No wonder he hangs his head as he passes by, and seedds his teams, and screams to them that he may not hear the still, small voice of the apple-tree! "Halloo!" it whispers to him, as the wind rustles through the leaves, "you are a pretty hardlooking customer, as I am. We are both planted on this poor hillside, and we must both grow and bear as we best can.

5. "Why don't you do to others as you would be done to? Why should I be moss-bound? Why should you leave me to choke with eaterpillars, and long in vain to have the band of earth loosened around my feet? Why not wash me onge in a while, and dry me with a scraper? I should be all the better for it, and so would you. Don't scream so noisily to those oxen, but hear what I say, and do what I ask."

6. It is the most generous and unselfish of the fruits, considering how valuable it is. The huckleberry and the blackberry are honest fruits too. The firm, hard, black huckleberry is as modest and generous in its sphere, perhaps, as the apple. It is delicious for dessert', either cooked or in its natural state. But its time is short; and although the homeliest of berries, it is as capricious<sup>2</sup> as a beauty.

7. The trailing arbutus, the earliest and one of the loveliest of wild flowers, has the same mingling of humility and eaprige. It runs under the old moist leaves of last year—the most mouldy and old-fashioned society; but it takes dainty little airs, and will not show its face upon rich and high-bred uplands, even when they are in the immediate neighborhood. So the huckleberry bestows itself profusely upon the most barren pastures; but when you go to find it a few fields off, and apparently upon the same kind of soil, the whim has seized it and it will not be found.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Pā thĕt'ic, affecting or moving tender feelings, as pity or grief.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Capricious (kā prish' us), apt to

change one's mind often and suddenly; changeable.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Pro fūse'ly, in great plenty.

9. Let the sluggards 1 go to the ant. But the rest of us will learn of the apple. Of the most ancient and honorable ancestry, how humble it is! Under what a plain homespun coat it hides its perennial 2 sweetness and exhaustless virtue! Take diamonds and gold if you will, O Mother Nature, but spare us the kindly apple!

#### II.

# 105. THE FIRST OF VIRTUES.

MOTHER Marie-Aimee <sup>3</sup> de Blonay, an intimate friend of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, <sup>4</sup> and one of the first sisters in the Order of the Visitation, experienced from her infancy the happy effects of devotion to the Blessèd Virgin.

- 2. She was yet in her cradle, when her mother, dying, placed her under the protection of the Mother of God and of St. Anne. Having attained to years of discretion, she endeavored to show herself a true child of Mary by often retiring into a little oratory to invoke her.
- 3. Mary, on her part, deigned to become the Mother and Mistress of this devout child, and herself instructed her in the practice of the virtues she afterwards displayed so eminently.
- 4. On one occā'sion, being then fifteen, Marie-Aimee went to church for Vespers, and felt rather annoyed at having to give place to a lady owning an estate which had once belonged to her own ancestors. Not choosing to walk behind this lady on issuing from the church, she remained on her knees, and chânced to fall asleep.

and died at Moulins, Dec. 13, 1641. Together with St. Francis de Sales, she founded the Order of the Visitation. She was canonized in 1769, and her feast is celebrated on the 21st of August.

<sup>5</sup> Or' a tō ry, a small room or chapel set apart for private devotions.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Slug'gard, a person who is lazy and idle from habit.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Per ĕn'nĭ al, through or beyond a year; hence, lasting for all time.

 $<sup>^3</sup>$  Marie-Aimee (Ma  $r\bar{e}'$  A  $m\bar{a}'$ ).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Jane Frances Fremiot, Baroness de Chantal, was born at Dijon, France, on the 23d of January, 1573,

- 5. In a dream she then perceived our Blessed Lady, escorted by a noble company of virgins, going up to the Temple. Immediately she rose to join the heavenly company; but it seemed to her that the Blessed Virgin rebuked her, and said, in a tone of severity: "You are not little enough to serve me, who chose to be as one rejected in the House of God."
- 6. Having said this, Mary turned and ascended the steps leading to the Temple, leaving on each of her footsteps, in large letters of gold, the name of a virtue, the first of which was Humility, and the last, Charity.
- 7. Having gained the highest step, she disappeared, leaving Marie-Aimee heartily ashamed of her vanity, and fully determined to apply herself to the attainment of humility, which she now understood to be the foundation of all perfection.

#### III.

### 106. TOO LATE.

Too late!—is the cry, and each light little word Forms as weighty a sentence as ever was heard! Too late at the school, or too late at the chûrch—Too late for your mates—you are left in the lûrch; They are all gone a-fishing, with tackle and bait; And you're left behind, all through being too late.

- 2. There is something quite wrong when you're always too late. You must surely arouse from such indolent state;
  Too late at your work! like a sluggard you've dozed,
  Too late at the shop! for the shutters are closed—
  Through your work you may shuffle, but do estimate
  The loss you sustain through thus being too late.
- 3. Some people through life everlastingly dally— There's that lazy boy—Tom, and that sleepy girl—Sally.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Es côrt'ed, accompanied as a <sup>3</sup> Es' ti māte, to form an opinion mark of honor or ceremony. of the value of anything.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Shŭf'fle, struggle; scramble.

Whate'er they engage in, they're sure to get warning, Because they will not rise betimes in the morning; If six is her hour, she slumbers till eight, And he at his work is forever too late.

- L. We pûrchase a ticket a joûrney to take For a day's recreation to mountain or lake— But we just miss the train, for away it has started, And friends with dear friends have pressed hands and departed: So we turn from the platform, myself and my mate,
  - Disappointed and vexed at our being too late.
- 5. We send out our man with a letter to post— 'Tis an urgent despatch to some far distant coast; But he meets with a friend; they just go to "The Cup," And they läugh, and they chat, and they smoke, and they sup. And the beer and tobacco so muddle his pate, He forgets all about it until it's too late.
- 6. Employ well your time, both each hour and each day, For the moments, like shadows, are passing away; Be earnest and punctual, and try, if you can, To be some time beforehand; it is a good plan; Whatever your business, profession, or state, Mark strictly the time, and do not be too late.
- 7. Many warnings we've all had to turn and repent, And begin a new life with a goodly intent; But those shuffling words, "I will do it to-morrow," Věry often bring trouble, and trouble brings sorrow; For many a one, it is grievous to state Has died a sad death through repenting too late.

#### IV.

## 107. SOMEBODY.

THERE'S a meddlesome "Somebody" going about, And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out; He's up stâirs and down stairs from morning till night, And always in mischief, but never in sight.

- 2. The rogues I have read of, in song or in tale, Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail; But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well, He never has seen the inside of a cell.
- 3. Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times, Are rehearsing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes; Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run, Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.
- 4. "'Somebody' has taken my knife," one will sāy; "'Somebody' has carried my pencil ăwāy;" "'Somebody' has gone and thrown down all the blocks;" "'Somebody' āte up all the cakes in the box."
- 5. It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates, And hides the boys' sleds, and runs off with their skates, And tûrns on the water, and tumbles the beds, And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls' heads.
- 6. One night a dull sound, like the thump of a head, Announced that one youngster was out of his bed; And he said, hälf asleep, when asked what it meant, "'Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent!"
- 7. Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't cease, We must summon in the detective police; And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known, The culprit belongs to no house but our own.
- 8. Then should it turn out, after all, to be true,
  That our young folks themselves are "Somebody" too,
  How queer it would look, if we saw them all go
  Marched off to the station-house, six in a row!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rehearsing (re hers' ing), reciting; repeating; telling.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Röll,** a piece of writing which may be rolled up; a list.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> De tĕct'ive, fitted for, or skilled

in, uncovering, bringing to light, or finding out.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Police (po lēs'), a body of ŏfficers whose duty it is to keep good order, and discover and prevent wrŏngs.

## SECTION XXVII.

I.

## 108. THE WINDY NIGHT.

ALOW 1 and aloof,2 Over the roof,

How the midnight tempests howl!

With a dreary 3 voice, like the dismal 4 tune
Of wolves that bay 5 at the desert moon;

Or whistle and shrick

Through limbs that creak. "Tu-who! Tu-whit!"

They cry, and flit,

"Tu-whit! Tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

2. Alow and aloof, Over the roof,

Sweep the moaning winds ămāin,

And wildly dash

The elm and ash

Clattering on the window sash

With a clatter and patter,

Like hail and rain,

That well might shatter The dusky pane!

3. Alow and aloof, Over the roof.

How the tempests swell and roar! Though no foot is astīr,

Though the cat and the car

Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,

There are feet of âir On ĕvèry stâir—

Through every hall!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **A low'**, in a low place, or a lower part.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Aloof (ă lof'), at a small distance; apart.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> **Drēar'y,** causing sad or lonely feelings.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Dĭs'mal, dark; sorrowful; sad.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Bāy, bark, as a dog at his game.

Through each gusty door
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

4. Alow and aloof, Over the roof,

How the stormy tempests swell!

And make the vane On the spire complain;

They heave at the steeple with might and main,

And bûrst and sweep

Into the belfry, on the bell!

They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well, That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep, And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

H.

## 109. HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN.

ERE it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling.
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, strong;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

2. Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around;
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Dis jĕct'ing, throwing apart; scattering.

Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and dĕafening the car with its sound.

- 3. Receding and speeding,
  And shocking and rocking,
  And darting and parting,
  And threading and spreading,
  And whizzing and hissing,
  And dripping and skipping,
  And brightening and whitening,
  And quivering and shivering,
  And hitting and splitting,
  And shining and twining,
  And rattling and battling,
  And shaking and quaking,
  And pouring and roaring,
  And waving and raving,
- 4. And tossing and crossing,
  And flowing and growing,
  And running and stunning,
  And hurrying and skurrying,
  And glittering and flittering,
  And gathering and feathering,
  And dinning and spinning,
  And foaming and roaming,
  And dropping and hopping,
  And working and jerking,
  And guggling and struggling,
  And heaving and cleaving,
  And thundering and floundering,
- 5. And falling and crawling and sprawling, And driving and riving and striving, And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling, And sounding and bounding and rounding, And bubbling and troubling and doubling, Dividing and gliding and sliding,

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling, And clattering and battering and shattering.

- 6. And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming, And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing, And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping, And cûrling and whîrling, and pûrling and twîrling.
- 7. Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
  Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
  Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
  Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
  And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
  And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
- 8. And so never ending, but always descending, Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending— All at once and all ö'er, with a mighty upröar, And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

#### III.

## 110. LITTLE STREAMS.

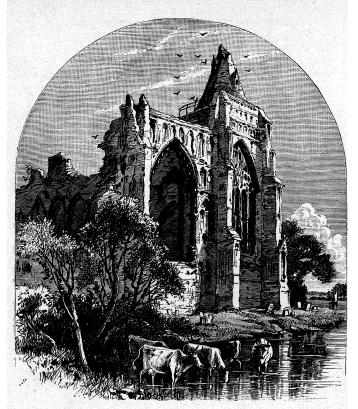
LITTLE streams are light and shǎdōw,
Flowing fhrough the pasture měadōw,
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the fŏrest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet¹ still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruin'd abbey² still—
Tûrning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute³ to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

2. Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocènt and small;

<sup>&#</sup>x27; Hăm'let, a small village.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **Ab'bey**, a monastic establishment, or house and church devoted to the uses of a religious order.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Trib'ute, something furnished as a mark of aid received, or as that which is due or deserved, that which enlarges or forms a part of.



Little birds come down to drink, Fearless of their leafy brink; Noble trees beside them grow, Glooming them with branches low; And between, the sunshine, glancing, In their little waves, is dancing.

3. Little streams have flowers a many, Beautiful and fair as any; Typha strong, and green bur-reed; Willow-herb, with €otton-seed; Arrow-head, with eye of jet; And the water-viölet.

There the flowering-rush you meet, And the plumy meadow-sweet; And, in places deep and stilly, Marble-like, the water-lily.

- 4. Little streams, their voices cheery,
  Sound forth welcomes to the weary;
  Flowing on from day to day,
  Without stint and without stay:
  Here, upon their flowery bank,
  In the old time pilgrims drank—
  Here have seen, as now, pass by,
  King-fisher, and dragon-fly
  Those bright things that have their dwelling,
  Where the little streams are welling.
- 5. Down in valleys green and lowly, Mûrmûring not and gliding slowly; Up in mountaĭn-hŏllōws wild, Fretting like a peevish child; Through the hamlet, where all day In their waves the children play; Running west, or running east, Doing good to man and beast— Always giving, weary never, Little streams, I love you ever.

## SECTION XXVIII.

I.

## 111. SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

#### PART FIRST

THE story of St. Christopher, the man so strong and so simple-hearted, has never lost its charm. He was a giant of Canaan, and was called Offero, or Bearer; that is, one who carries great bûrdens. So proud was he of his wonderful strength that he determined to set forth from the land of

Canaan in search of the most powerful monarch in the world, whom alone he would condescend to serve.

- 2. Offero traveled far and wide and served various masters, but left each as soon as he found there was one more powerful. He served a mighty king, but the king was afraid of the devil. Then he served the devil, but found he was afraid of Jesus Christ. "I can never rest," said he, "nor can I taste bread in peace, until I have entered the service of Jesus Christ, who is more powerful than any king on earth, or than Satan himself."
- 3. No sooner did he say these words than he saw at the opening of a cave a hermit weaving his baskets, with his prayer-beads of small stones and his cross at his side. "Canst thou tell me how I can serve that Jesus Christ who is more powerful than any king, and even than Satan, the Prince of Evil?"
- 4. The hermit replied gently, "This King, whose service thou art seeking to enter, will require thee to obey His will instead of thy own, to fast often and to pray much."—" Fast I will not, for then I should lose my strength; and to pray I have never learned—yet I wish with my whole heart to serve thy Christ."
- 5. The hermit was touched by these earnest words, and pointing to the turbulent 2 river, whose hoarse mûrmûrs filled the air, he said: "Though thou canst neither fast nor pray, our Lord Jesus Christ will not refuse thy service. Take thy stand on the bank of that deep and rapid stream, and carry over the travelers who call on thee for help; for there be many that seek my solitude, and many that pass through this desert to the regions beyond."
- 6. Offero heard the words of the hermit with joy, and with a glad countenance took up his abode 4 on the banks of the stormy river. Many a one did he carry on his broad shoulders across its seething 5 waters, ever rejoicing in this his service of Jesus Christ. Meanwhile the hermit taught him many things concerning his great Måster.
  - 7. One night the giant heard a childish voice calling aloud

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **Her'mit**, a solitary, whose life is divided between prayer and labor. <sup>2</sup> **Turbulent** (ter bu lent), dis-

turbed; unquiet; restless.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Sŏl'i tude, a lonely place; a

state of being alone.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> A bode', the place where one dwells or lives.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Sēeth'ing, boiling; bubbling.

to him: "Good Offero, come and carry me over the swift river." Prompt to his trust he came at the call, and on the river-bank stood a small, beautiful child, who held out his hands to the faithful servitor. Offero took up the tiny figure as if he were a feather. But no sooner had he stepped into the stream than the child on his shoulder grew heavier than any burden his mighty strength had ever before endured.

- 8. For a moment his limbs seemed to fail him, but he bethought himself to say, "My Jesus, all for Thee!" and instantly his feet touched the further shore. Setting the child down on the green bank while he wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow, he said, "Child, I think the whole would not have set so weightly on my shoulders as thou."
- 9. But the child answered: "Wonder not, good Offero; for know that this night thou hast carried, not the world, but Him who made the world. Henceforth thou shalt no longer be called Offero, but Christofero. Plant now thy dry staff in the ground, and to-morrow thou shalt find it covered with leaves and flowers in token 3 that I am He."
- 10. And when Christofero saw in the morning that it was indeed so, he bowed himself to the dust and said, "Truly He whom I serve is the Greatest and the Best of Masters.

#### II.

#### 112. SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

#### PART SECOND.

SOON after this the word of our Lord came unto Christopher, that he should arise and go into another country, for there also service was required of him.

2. After many days and nights Christopher reached a large city, and entering in, he found the streets filled with people, and everywhere were idols and their temples. Then he knew that here he was to tarry; 4 but he understood not the language of the people, therefore, kneeling down, he prayed to Jesus

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ser'vi tor, one who professes duty or obedience.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Fur'ther, here means the most

remote or distant.

<sup>3</sup> In tō'ken, as a sign.

<sup>4</sup> Tăr'ry, to remain; to wait.

Christ that this strange tongue 1 might become as familiar to him as his native language.

- 3. Rising from his knees, Christopher found that his Master had heard his prayer. Immediately he was able to comprehend? whither the crowds about him were going, and for what purpose. The Christians of Samos, hunted like wolves by their pagan rulers, according to the edict of the Emperor Decius, were on that day to be given to the beasts in the gireus.
- 4. Christopher moved on with the throng, and sought a place as near as possible to these confessors of the faith. As they entered the arena he called aloud, Be of good cheer, my brothers, and persevere unto the end for Christ Jesus! This fearless exhortation creating a tumult among the spectators, the president of the games ordered the offender to be expelled.
- 5. As the officers approached and saw his gigantic figure they hesitated, and Christopher said, "Such puny recatures as ye are I could crush with my fingers, but fear not! Ye serve your master, and I serve One far mightier, as I will show." Going out, he planted his huge staff firmly in the ground, praying to God that it might again put forth leaves and fruit in order to convert these people.
- 6. And again God hearkened to the prayer of His servant, for immediately the dry staff stood before all the city a pälmtree in full leaf, and bearing most delicious dates. At this sight many were instantly converted to Christ. But the king, Dagnus, hearing of these wonders and filled with hatred, ordered that Christopher should be brought before him.
- 7. He, meanwhile, remained without the city receiving and instructing those who resorted to him. The soldiers found him alone and absorbed in prayer, his face and figure so sublime in attitude and expression that they paused in fear before him. When Christopher had finished his devotions, he said to them, "Whom do you seek?"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Tongue (tŭng), language; speech.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>Cŏm pre hĕnd', to understand.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> **Dē**′ci us, a Roman general who became emperor in 249. He originated the seventh general persecution.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Thrŏng, a multitude of pērsons.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> A rē'na, the central area of a circus or amphitheatre.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Ex pĕlled', driven out.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> **P**ū'n**y**, small and feeble.

- 8. They answered, "The king has sent us for thee." Christopher replied, "Unless I go willingly, ye can do naught because of my great strength. But because I desire above all things to behold my Master, lead me to the king."—"What dost thou command us to do?" they exclaimed. "Seeing thy great fidelity, we too will serve thy Christ!" And they entreated him that he should save himself.
- 9. But Christopher insisted 2 on being brought before the king, who interrogated him as to his name and profession. "Before I was baptized, they called me Offero, but now I am called Christofero."—"Thou hast given thyself a silly name in taking that of Christ who was crucified, and who can do nothing for Himself or for thee."
- 10. "With good reason," retorted Christopher, "hast thou been called Dagnus; thou who art the death of the world and the companion of the devil." Then the king, filled with rage, pronounced his sentence: "Bind this Christopher to a pillar, and let four hundred archers pierce him with their arrows."
- 11. The archers indeed were skillful, but not a weapon reached its mark. One arrow turned in its flight, as if driven by an invisible hand, and entered the king's eye. Roaring with pain, he cried out to the axemen, "Behead that evil one!"
- 12. Then Christopher called out in a loud voice, "Behold, O Dagnus! my end is at hand, but take the earth that is wet with my blood, and lay it on thy wounded eye, and thou shalt recover thy sight." At the same moment the head of Christopher rolled on the earth.
- 13. The king commanded them to lay the earth soaked in the martyr's blood, on his eye, and lo! the pain ceased, the sight was restored, and Dagnus, like another Paul with the recovery of his bodily sight, received the gift of permet faith.

III.

## 113, THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

It is the token, the memorial of the pains and humiliations which our dear Lord bore for us; and each time we make it we ought to mean thereby that we take up His Cross, accept it

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> En trēat'ed, begged; persuaded. <sup>2</sup> In sist', to be determined.

willingly, elasp it to our heart, and unite all we do to His av-

ing Passion.

2. With this intention, let the Sign of the Cross be your fîrst waking aet; dedicating your day to Him aş a soldier of the Cross, let your last conscious act before sleep by that precious sign, which will banish evil spirits from your bedside and rest upon you as a safeguard till the day returns.

3. Begin your prâyers, your work, with the Sign of the Cross, in token that they are dedicated to Him. Let it sanetify 1 your going out and your coming in. Let it hallow 2 your conversation and intereourse with others, whether social or in the order

of business.

4. Who could be grasping, over-reaching, false; who could give way to unkind words, judgments, uncharitable gossip, unholy talk, who had but just stamped the Cross of Christ upon their lips in token that they are pledged to use the gift of speech, like all else, in the service of their God?

5. Let it consecrate your food, so that eating and drinking, instead of the mere indulgence of earthly eravings, may be "to the glory of God." Let the Sign of the Cross soothe and stay you in sŏrrōw, when, above all, you are brought near Him who lays it on you, but who also bore it for you. Let it sober and steady your hour of joy or pleasure.

6. Let it ealm your impulse of impatience, of petulance, of intolerance of others, of eager self-assertion or self-defence. Let it check the angry expression ready to break forth, the

unkind word, the unloving sareasm.4

7. Let it purify the light, or eareless, or irreverent utterance, the conventional falsehood, the boastful word of self-seeking. And be sure that if the Sign of the Cross is thus your companion and safeguard through the day, if in all places and seasons you accustom yourself to "softly make the sign to angels known," it will be as a tower of strength to you, and the power of evil over you will become feebler and feebler.

<sup>1</sup> Sănc' ti fy, make holy or free from sin.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Hăl'lōw, set apart for religious use; make holy.

<sup>3</sup> Pět'u lance, state of being fretful; peevishness.

<sup>4</sup> Sär' casm, a taunt; a cutting jest; keen words of seorn.

#### TV.

## 114. THE HUN'S DEFEAT.

[ATTILA, King of the Huns, approaching the city of Troyes, SAINT LUPUS, who was then bishop of the place, went forth to meet him, saying: "Who are you, who waste and ruin the earth?" And ATTILA answered, "I am the Scourge of God." Whereon the holy bishop replied: "The Scourge of God is welcome;" and opened the gates of the city to him. But, as his soldiers entered, God, doubtless in reward of such humble submission to Divine Providence, blinded them, so that they passed through without doing the least injury to the place or the inhabitants.]

I T WAS the glad midsummer time,
The sun shone bright and clear,
The birds were singing in the boughs,
The air was full of cheer,
And overhead the blue sky spread,
Without a fleck or flaw,
When messengers of evil brought
The fearful news to Troyes.

- 2. "With fire and sword, a savage horde 1
  Iş wasting all the land;
  No förçe may stem 2 their wild onslaught,3
  No pity stay their hand;
  And hither now their eourse is bent:
  Before the set of sun,
  Will eloşe him round your walls of strength,
  The fierçe and fiery Hun!"
- 3. Ah, me! the woful sights and sounds That filled the city then, The terror wild of wife and child. The still despâir of men; In the council and the arsenal 4 Were tumult and affright— One palsy of white terror bound The burgher and the knight.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Hōrde, à €ompany of wandering people migrating from plaçe to plaçe.

Stěm, to oppose.

<sup>3</sup> On'slaught, attack; assault.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Ar'se nal, à magazine of armş and military stōres.

- 4. "Yet," said their princely bishop,
  "Is not God as strong to save,
  As when He led His chosen race
  Aeross the parted wave?
  Oh! seek Him still, against whose will
  No danger can befall,
  Although the leaguered 1 hosts of hell
  Were thundering at your wall."
- 5. Then à câlm fell on the people, And à chânt of piteous prâyer, Roşe in solemn diapāşon ² on The hushed and trembling âir; And, amid their doleful litanies, The bishop pâssed in state To where the foe, with heavy blow, Struck at the outer gate.
- 6. From the arched and ölden doorway, Asked he of their eaptain strong: "Now, who are you would menace thus Our peaceful homes with wrong?" But Attila answered scornfully, He spake in bitter mirth: "Tiş the Scoûrge of God, to whom 'tis given To slay and waste the earth!"
- 7. The pastor bowed obedience low, Laid cope and staff aside, Then once again addressed him to That man of blood and pride; But now such accents clothed his words, Such tender tones and moving, That all who heard were inly stirred At a faith so leal and loving:
- 8. "And Gŏd forbid our gates should eloşe Against the Måster dear;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Leaguered (lē'gerd), united.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Dī'a pā'son, harmony.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Lēal, loyal; faifhful; true: Land of the Leal, heaven.



In whatsoever guişe He comeş,
Hē'ş surely welcome here.
We gladly bid Him to our hallş—
We pray Him there abīde,"—
And with hiş own old handş he flung
The clanging portals wide.

9. Have you seen the stream that swept, like chaff, Its eurbing banks away, Silver-footed tread the meadows, Nor displace a branch or spray? So, through the gates of Troyes unbarred, Slow welled the fiery Hun; But he reft no burgher'ş trěasureş, And hiş hand waş raişed 'gainst none.

10. Oh! the wonders of Gŏd's mĕrçy!

He was blind to all things nigh—
Only saw he clouds of angels,

Threat'ning from the upper sky;
And a terror wilder than it brought
Urged on the affrighted hōrde—
Her prĕlate's faith saved Troyes from seăth,¹
And the fierçe barbarian swōrd.

## SECTION XXIX.

I.

## 115. THE KINDLY WINTER.

THE SNOW lies deep upon the ground; In coat of mail the pools are bound; The hungry rooks in squadrons fly, And winds are slumbering in the sky.

- Drowsily the snow-flakes fall;
   The robin on the gärden-wall
   Looks wistful at our window-pane,
   The eustomary erumb to gain.
- 3. On barn and fhatch and leaflèss tree The frost has hung embroidery, Fringe of içe and pendants fine Of filigree 2 and erystalline.3
- 4. Pile up the fire! the winter wind Although it nip, iş not unkind; And winter dāyş, though dark, ean bring Aş many plĕasureş aş the spring.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Scăth, damage; injury; waste; destruction. <sup>2</sup> Fil'i gree Franular net-work or

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Fil'i gree granular net-work, or net-work containing beads; hence, ornamental work, executed in fine

gold or silver wire, plaited and formed into delicate figures of men and animals, fruits, plants, etc.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Crys' tal line, consisting of or resembling crystal; pure; clear.

- 5. If not the floweret budding fâir, And mild effulgenge¹ of the âir, They give the glow of indoor mirth, And social comfort round the hearth.
- 6. The winter is a friend of mine; His step is light, his eyeballs shine; His cheek is ruddy as the morn; He earols like the lark in eorn.
- 7. Hiş tread iş brisk upon the snowş, Hiş pulseş ğallop aş he ğoeş; He hath a smile upon hiş lips, With sŏngş and welcomeş, jests and quips.²
- 8. 'Tiş he that feedş the April budş; 'Tiş he that elotheş the summer woodş; 'Tiş he makes plump the autumn grain; And loadş with wealth the creaking wain.
- 9. Pile up the fire! and êre he go, Our blessings on his head shall flow— The hale old winter, bleak 3 and sear,4 The friend and father of the year!

#### H.

#### 116. THE TWO ROADS.

N EW YEAR'S night, and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the carth, where few more helpless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal 5—the tomb.

2. Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Effŭl'ġĕnce, å flood of light; great luster or brightness; the state of being splendid.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Quip (kwĭp), å smart, sar€asti€ turn; å severe reply; å jeer.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Blēak, cold and sweeping; swept by cold winds; cheerless.

<sup>4</sup> Sear, dry; withered.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Goal the point set to bound a race; the final purpose or end.

stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

- 3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark eave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and erawled.
- 4. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O days of my youth, return! O father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.
- 5. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear: these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness: this was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year's night.
- 6. The clock in the old chûrch-tower struck, and the sound falling on his ear, recalled his pârents' early love for him, thêir ĕrring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prâyers they had öffered up on his behälf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dâred no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despâiring ĕffort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"
- 7. And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fërvently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark eavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.
- 8. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years have passed, and

ę,

your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will ery bitterly, but ery in vain: "O youth, return! Oh give me back my early days!"

#### III.

## 117. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring OUT, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying eloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

- 2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow: The year is going—let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
- 3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
  For those that here we see no more;
  Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
  Ring in redress to all mankind.
- 4. Ring out a slowly dying eauşe, And ancient forms of party strife, Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.
- 5. Ring out the want, the eare, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel in.
- 6. Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.
- 7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease, Ring out the nărrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

## SECTION XXX.

Ι.

## 118. FIRST VIEW OF MONTREAL.

M ONTREAL, as we approached it for the first time, more than twenty years ago, though a fine and striking pieture, presented a strange and foreign aspect. Stretching far away along the margin of the St. Lawrence river lay this chosen city of Mary, with its tin roofs reflecting the midday sun, a stately mountain, wooded to the summit, rearing its giant bulk behind for great part of the city's length.

- 2. Grandly conspicuous 2 about the center rose two massive and square Goshic 3 towers, erenelated, 4 and surmounted by graceful minarets 5 at every corner. This, my heart told me, was a Casholic church, most probably dedicated to the Mother of Christians. So uplifted was I at the shought, that it was with an anxious heart I asked a gentleman, whom I judged to be a priest, what noble building that was.
- 3. He told me that it was the church of Notre Dame (Our Lady), commonly called the French Church. Also, that it was built by the Seminary of Saint Sulpige, and was considered one of the finest specimens of church architecture in America, being built on the model of some of the grand old eathedrals of Europe.

## 4. "Thank God!" I fervently exclaimed. The good priest

<sup>1</sup> Chosen City of Mary. The original name of Montreal was Ville Marie, or "City of Mary." French Company of Montreal was founded in 1636, "for the conversion of the savages and the maintenance of the Catholie religion in Canada." Five priests, at the head of whom was M. Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice, à cardinal, à duchess, two dukes, twelve noblemen, and a Sister of Charity formed the association, whose plan was to build upon the Isle of Montreal a town which should be at once a home for the

missions, à defense against the savages, and a center of commerce for the neighboring people, which should be consecrated to the most holy Virgin, and be called *Ville Marie*.

<sup>2</sup> Con spic'u ous, open to the view; easy to be seen.

- <sup>3</sup> Göth'ic, suitable or relating to a style of building with high and sharply pointed arches, elustered columns, etc.
- <sup>4</sup> Crĕn' el at ed, indented or furnished with battlements.
- <sup>5</sup> Mĭn'a rets, slender, lofty turrets, or little towerş.

looked at me, and a benevolent smile lit up his dark, sunbrowned features. "So, my dear young lady, you have a different feeling in regard to yonder towers from that expressed by a reverend gentleman who, erossing here from the States, as we are now, and struck by the noble aspect of the church, asked, like you, what towers those were. On being told, he raised his hands and eyes in pious horror, and, with a deep groan, ejaculated—'Alas I alas I the horns of Babylon I'"

- 5. My brother then joined us, and we three conversed together during the short remainder of our stay on the ferry-boat. The cordial welcome of this good gentleman when we landed on the wharf was very cheering to us.
- 6. It is not without justice that Montreal is called the Rome of America, for, indeed, it is a city of Catholic associations, of Catholic institutions, and, to a great extent, of Catholic morals. Besides the great church of Notre Däme and our own St. Patrick's, which occupies one of the noblest sites in the vicinity, there are churches of every size, many of them very fine specimens of art.
- 7. No city that I know of has so many religious confraternities as Montreal, and, on the Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi, when the Catholic people walk in procession through the streets of the city in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, it is consoling, and, at the same time, surprising, to see the vast number of persons of either sex who belong to these sodalities.
- 8. Besides the different confraternities of Our Lady established in the various churches, there are societies in honor of many of the Saints. First and greatest of these is the St. John the Baptist Society, the national one of the French Canadians; also the St. Patrick's Society, comprising a large number of the Irishmen of the city—then there are the St. Michael's, and the St. Joseph's Society, that of the Holy Family, and of the Bonne Mort, or Happy Death.
  - 9. I happened to be present one morning in the parish church at an early Mass. It was the last Sunday of March, and the entire Society of St. Joseph—consisting chiefly of young men and boys—sang during the service, with true devotional feeling, several hymns proper to the occasion. Never

did I hear music with more real pleasure than those sacred melodies sung with such simple fervor, by so full a choir of male voices, all apparently well trained in church music.

- 10. What was still more touching was to see all the young men receiving Holy Communion, and that with the most edifying piety and recollection. Happy are they who thus remember their Creator in the days of their youth! Happy, too, the city whose young men enroll themselves under the banners of the Saints, for, faithful as they must be to their religious duties, they can not fail to be good and useful citizens.
- 11. On another occasion, when I went to Vespers at Notre Dame, I was surprised to see a large number of those present provided with long wax tapers. While thinking what this might mean, the service was drawing to a close, and persons began to move through the aisles, lighting the tapers in the long rows of pews.
- 12. In a very few minutes the vast church, with its two tiers of galleries, was twinkling all over with star-like lights, which were kept burning during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The spectacle was rare and very beautiful, but it puzzled me not a little at the time. I afterwards learned that it was the monthly assembly of the Society of La Bonne Mort—Happy Death.
- 13. Such scenes are only to be witnessed in Catholie countries, and they go far to make us forget that we live in an age of so-called Reason, not of Faith. It is good for us to see them, at times, to remind us that the world is not all absorbed by the cold materialism of what is called Modern Progress; that the truths of Faith are still believed on earth—that the garden of religion still bears the richest flowers of piety and devotion.

II.

## 119. TO OUR LADY.

O VIRGIN MOTHER, Lady of Good Counsel, Sweetest picture artist ever drew, In all doubts I fly to thee for guidance, Mother! tell me, what am I to do?

- 2. By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,
  Sheltered safely in thy mantle blue,
  By His little arms around thee twining,
  Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

  The own complete fine
- 3. By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling.
  By the tears that dim their lustre too;
  By the story that these tears are telling,
  Mother, tell me what am I to do?
- 4. Life, alas, is often dark and dreary,
  Cheating shadows hide the truth from view.
  When my soul is most perplexed and weary,
  Mother, tell me what am I to do?
- 5. See my hopes in fragile vessel tossing, Be the pilot of that trembling erew, Guide me safely ō'er the dangerous erossing, Mother, tell me, what am I to do?
- 6. Should I ever wilfully forgetting, Fail to pay my God his homage due, Should I sin and live without regretting, Mother, tell me what am I to do?
- 7. Stir my heart, while gazing on thy features, With the old, old story, ever new— How our tod has loved his sinful creatures, Then, dear Mother, show me what to do.
- 8. Plead my cause, for what can He refuse thee? Get me back his saving grace anew. Ah! I know, thou dost not wish to lose me, Mother, tell me, what am I to do?
- 9. Thus alike when needful sorrows chūsten, Aş amid joy'ş visits fair and few, To thy shrine with loving trust I hasten, Mother, tell me, what am I to do?
- 10. Be of all my friends the best and dearest, my counsellor, sincere and true!

Let thy voice sound always first and elearest, Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

11. In thy guidance tranquilly reposing, Now I face my toils and cares anew; All through life and at its awful closing, Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

#### III.

## 120. TORONTO.

#### PART FIRST.

TORONTO, the "Queen City of the West," approached from Lake Ontario, from what seems at first but a bare, low-lying stretch of land, rising gently on the right, gradually breaks into a panoräma¹ of great beauty. The scene gains in attractiveness from a fringe of trees and other objects, now clearly distinguished on a spit of land in front of the far-spreading city. On that mound of earth, which the steamer nears on its entrance to the harbor, stood the old French fort of Toronto, and there all the early history of the place, as a trading and military post, centers.

- 2. The view of the city at this entrance, with its array of dome and turret, arch and spire, and the varied movements of its water-frontage is one that can not fail to evoke 2 pleasure and create surprise. A marked contrast is furnished in a description of an entrance into Toronto Bay, May, 1793, as follows:
- 3. "Here General Simeoe had resolved on laying the foundations of a Provincial capital. I still distinctly recollect the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the lake, and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage, and the

eall out.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Păn' o râ' ma, à complete view in all directions; à picture representing extended scenes, a part only appearing at à time.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> E vōke', to summon forth; to

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> E phem'e ral, lasting but à day, or à short time.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Lux ū'ri ant, plenteous or rich in growth; very abundant.

bay and neighboring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense eoveys of wild-fowl."

- 4. From this historie approach, let the eye be caught by the domes, eupolas<sup>2</sup> and pinnaeles<sup>3</sup> that break the line of sky to the immediate westward. Their presence in this neighborhood illustrates the saying that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," for here are to be seen annually all the features of a grand spectacle—the competitive display of the natural products and the manufactures of the Province, with the tens of thousands who throng the enclosures of the Exhibition grounds to see "Cănada's Great Fair." From our point of view, train and steamer may be seen rushing past with their loads of living freight, to discharge them at the entrance gates of the park, where for a fortnight each autumn the Industrial Exhibition Association of Toronto lays every activity under tribute, to foster the agricultural and manufacturing in'dustries of the country, to afford evidence of their marvellous growth, and especially to display the achievements of the year. Association is now a mammoth organization, with a representation of horse and cattle breeders, farmers, millers, dairymen, horticulturists, inventors, artists, manufacturers, and others whose exhibits are seattered through the spacious and well-adapted buildings which grace the sixty-acre park owned by the Society.
- 5. Though the Exhibition is now held under the auspices of a strong local organization, with large resources at its command, it is but fair to say that the credit of inaugurating and maintaining these annual shows is due to the Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario, which for nearly forty years has been holding annual gatherings in alternate cities of the Province, to the great benefit of the farming community and the practical advancement of the industrial arts. The present Exhibition Association was incorporated in 1879, and its acquirement of the grounds in which the exhibitions are now

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Covey (kŭv'i), an old bird with her brood of young; a number of birds together.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Cū'po la, a dome-like or rounded vault on the top of a building.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Pĭn' na cle, à slender tower, or part above the main building; a high spiring point; summit.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Măm'moth, ġiḡanti€; very larġe.

held, and the spirit and enterprise shown in erecting the tasteful buildings on the site, and in adding to the annual attractions of the Fair, are greatly to be commended, and well deserve the appreciation so heartily accorded by the public.

- 6. Steaming slowly through the channel, we sweep into the beautiful Bay of Toronto. The wash of the lake has years ago narrowed the channel, and made sad inroads upon that spûr of land which long kept its integrity 1 as a peninsula,2 but has now been frayed into an island—still struggling, however, to keep wind and wave from exercising their rude violence in the harbor. What "the mountain" is to the Montrealer, "The Island" is to the people of Toronto. Until recently it was regarded simply as a fine natural breakwater, and the occasional resort of a few sportsmen. Now, it has become—to borrow a phrase from sea-coast watering-places—"a great marine resort" of the townspeople, thousands of whom, all summer long, throng the ferries to its shores, to enjoy the cool breezes of the lake.
- 7. From Hanlan Point—the island-home of Toronto's noted oarsman—à beautiful view of the city may be had. The features of the island itself, moreover—the stretches of water-meadow, the hotels, promenades, and quaint summer residences on its shores—present à pieture of varied and pleasing outline. Lakeward, stretching out beyond Gibraltar Point—the site of an old French block-house—is the great basin from which the city derives its water supply. The water is pumped up, through sunken mains laid aeross the bay and island, by powerful ěngines situated on the Esplanade. To the east is the fine, airy building of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, a flourishing organization designed to encourage amateur yachting and to supply the means of luxuriating in the adjacent lake. Still farther east, on a modest section of the peninsula, now engireled by the lapping waves of the lake, the Wiman

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Intěg'ri ty, the state of being entire or complete; unbroken state; moral soundness.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pen in'su la, à portion of land nearly surrounded by water and connected with the main-land by a narrow neck.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Prom e nāde', a plaçe for walking and recreation.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Es pla nāde', à clear spaçe between a citadel and the first houses of the town; à place used for public walks or drives; à grass-plot.

Baths may be seen, their outline sharply mirrored in the sunny expanse of gleaming water in the bay.

- 8. But the purposes to which the island and water-surroundings of Toronto may be put, in affording the means of rest and enjoyment to its jaded citizens, are yet almost undreamt of. The whole of the lake-front of the island, and much of the Esplanade, might be converted into a continuous promenade, or drive, with floating pontoons and occasional jetties thrown out lakeward, and the necessary adjunct of commodious hotels, at modest charges, for individual and family resort. The preservation of the island, meantime, is a pressing duty, and the Municipal authorities of the city will be criminally responsible if they continue to neglect it. The existence of the bay and harbor is imperilled by indifference. No time should be lost in protecting the island from the encroachments of the lake.
- 9. Amazing, of eōurse, have been the improvements which even recent residents have witnessed in the development and beautifying of the water-front of the city. The contrast, not ōnly with the rough foreshore of the Simcoe period, and the squalid one of 1834, when Toronto became a city, but with that of even ten years ago, is sharp in the extreme. To-day the view from any elevation overlooking the bay, or the view of the city from the water, is a picture that, had it the accompanying smoke and fog of an Old World landscape, a Stanfield or a Turner might revel in.
- 10. And what a scene for the pencil is a rowing match in the harbor, every species of eraft filding hither and thither, or swept aside to form a clear water-lane for competing oarsmen! Equally fine is the view in winter, when the ice-boats wing their arrowy course over four thousand acres of fleaming crystal—their frosted bellying sails strutting with the gale, and all after in the January sun.

marine painter, born in 1798 and died in 1867.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mu nĭc'i pal, relating to à corporate town or city; pertaining to à kingdom, state, or nation.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Squalid(skwŏl'id),dirty through negleet; filthy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Clarkson Stanfield an English

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Joseph Mallord William Turner, an English painter, born in 1775 and died in 1851.

## IV. 121. TORONTO.

#### PART SECOND.

BUT our steamer has meantime been steered to the landing-place, and she glides alongside the wharf to her moorings. At the foot of Yonge Street, and on the adjoining wharves, the commerce of our inland waters empties itself. Coal from Pennsylvānia, stone from Ohio, fruits of all kinds, from the Nīāgara District and elsewhere, are piled upon the wharves, or are being earted off to the yards and warehouses. Here the ferries ply their local trade, and the tourist sets out to "do" Niagara, or, by way of the Thousand Islands, to run the rapids of the St. Lawrence, "take a look" at Montreal and Quebee, and, it may be, find his way to the sea.

- 2. Crössing the Esplanade, monopolized 1 by the railways, the traveler at once finds himself in the heart of the city. To the westward is the Union Station, the entrepôt of railway travel, and thither, or to the steamers at the wharf, a stream of traffic sets almost continuously. Coaches and cabs are flying to and from the hotels. The street ears glide past, diverging, a short way on, tōwards various points. Pienieing parties or excursionists, bound for the ferries or for neighboring towns, file by; and wagons with their burden of freight lumber along, adding to the noise and confusion. Massive warehouses and piles of buildings block in the traffic, though the vista of crowded streets opens everywhere to view.
- 3. The city, which covers an area of eight or ten square miles, is built on a low-lying plain, with a rising inclination to the upper or northern end, where a ridge bounds it, which was probably the ancient margin of the lake. Within this area there are close upon one hundred and twenty miles of streets, laid out after a rigid chess-board pattern, though monotony is avoided by the prevalence of boulevards and ornamental shade-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mo nŏp'o līzed, engrossed or wholly possessed or used.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Entrepôt (ŏng tr pō'), à plaçe for deposit; à bonded warehouse; à free port.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Mo nŏt'o ny, a disagreeable sameness or want of variety; tiresome recurrence of the same things.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Boulevard (bo'le vär), publi€ walk or street.

treeş in the streets and avenueş not given up to commerçe. What the city lacks in picturesqueness of situation is atoned for in its beautiful harbor, and in the development of an esthetic taste among the people, which finds expression in finely-embellished private grounds, and the increasing interest taken in public parks and gardens. Nor is this taste less apparent in the public buildings, which, in recent years, have been largely brought within the sphere of art.

- 4. The Custom House, with its adjoining Examining Wârehouse, iş perhaps one of the most striking instanceş of the new architectural régime. The seulptured headş and façeş reveal exceptional art taste. The buşiness done within this building rates the gity the second port of entry in the Dominion, and constitutes it the great emporium of the Province. The value of the preşent annual importations is nearly twenty millions of dollars, upon which a duty of four millions is levied. The amount entered for exports for the year can be safely estimated at between five and six millions.
- 5. The business done at the Toronto Post-office now exceeds that of any other city in the Dominion. Its financial transactions amount annually to close upon two millions of dollars. There is a box and a street delivery, and a most efficient system for the collection of letters mailed in pillar boxes over every section of the town. The building is constructed of Ohio stone with a finely carved façade, surmounted by a dome and clock, and over the entrange the Royal Arms.
- 6. The Police Forge is composed of a fine body of men, one hundred and twenty strong, well-drilled, accountered and uniformed, and ably officered. Equally well-equipped is the Fire Brigade, an organization of exceptional importance to the city. There are ten fire stations in various parts of the town, and a complete system of fire-alarm signal boxes. Water is supplied from hydrants connected with the Water-works system, which tap the mains at all convenient and necessary points. The water is obtained from the lake at a point regarded as beyond the contaminating influence of the city sewage. The Gas

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Pict'ūr ĕsque'ness, the state or condition which affords the peculiar kind that is agreeable in a picture.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Es thet'ic, relating to the science of taste or of beauty.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Empō'rium mart; center of trade.

service is general, and is provided by a private company. All the streets, avenues, parks, and public places are well lighted—the chief business streets, by electric lights.

- 7. When the late Bishop Power, more than forty years ago, purchased the site for the St. Michael's Roman Catholic Cathedral, he was deemed foolish, we are told, for proposing to erect a church in what was then "the bush." Now the edifice is almost in the heart of Toronto, the city encompassing, and reaching far beyond it, in every direction. The building, which extends from Bond to Church Street, with an entrance also from Shuter, is massive and lofty. It has a fine tower and spire, beautiful stained-glass windows, with organ and instrumental orehestra. There are several valuable paintings, two finelyearved pulpits, and five elaborate altars in various parts of the interior. In connection with the church and its parish work are the several religious orders, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the Ladies of Loretto, and the Community of St. Joseph, who teach the Catholic Schools of the city. Basilian Fathers conduct St. Michael's College, and are pastors of St. Basil's Church. The Redemptorists have the direction of St. Patrick's Church.
- 8. Recent years have made Toronto à center for the intellectual interests of the Province. Time, wealth, and leisure are necessary conditions of this devolopment. What is to be the distinguishing type of the national character à center like Toronto must have it largely in its power to determine. In its commercial growth and development the coming time will give it à position among the first cities of the Continent. We would fain hope that its intellectual eminence will be correspondingly great. The aspiration reminds us of some words of Lord Dufferin, at the Toronto Club banquet in 1877:
- 9. "After all," said Hiş Excellency, "it is in the towns of a country that ideas are generated and progress initiated; and Toronto, with her universities, with her law courts, with her various religious communities, her léarned professions, possesses in an exceptional degree those conditions which are most favorable to the raising up amongst us of great and able men, as well as robust and fruitful systems of religious, political, and scientific thought."

10. The past history of Toronto is the best augury of what her future will be. It is only three-quarters of a century since the tract of land now embraced in the city was covered by the forest, and the whole region, as the records of the Indian Department of the Government declare, passed at a cost of ten shillings from the red man to the white. The successive transforming steps from a wilderness to a capital city now read like a fable. But to the pioneers of the town, slow and toilsome, we may be sure, were the initial stages; and only stout arms and heroic endurance set the city upon its feet. Then, when Nature was subdued, what contests had to be entered upon, and how fierce were the struggles which gave to the country its liberties and shaped for it its constitution! Think, too, from what, in the way of kingeraft and Old World diplomacy, it had to emancipate itself!

11. But à happier star is now in the ascendant. The days of colonial pupilage are over; the strifes of the eradle time of the Province are gone by; and it is now the era of progress and consolidation, of nătional growth and the formation of nătional character. We have no troublesome questions to vex us and to waste time over: we have a high mission to fulfill, and a distinctive life to develop. Education is spreading, and its refining influence is everywhere operative. Party and sectarian animosities are on the wane; and the influence of reason in journalism and politics is asserting itself. Let there be but more patriotic feeling, a fuller nătional sentiment, with a more expressive public spirit, and a better determined civic life, and the metropolis of the Province will take its proper position among the varied communities of the Dominion.

# V. 122. JACQUES CARTIER. PART FIRST.

AMONGST those who distinguished themselves in the discovery of the New World, there is none, after Columbus, who has more right to our admiration than Jacques Cartier.

Jacques Cartier (zhäk kärtyä'), the most important Canadian diså French navigator and explorer, eoverer, waş born 1494, died 1555.

The account of his voyages shows him not only possessed of a profound knowledge of the art of navigation, but of an observing mind, and a courageous, persevering character. It displays, moreover, a hero whose mind is imbued with Christian sentiments, and who is ready to make great sacrifices in order to secure the benefits of faith and Christian civilization to the peoples of the New World. He, therefore, deserves a conspicuous place in our early history.

- 2. Jacques Cartier was a native of Saint Mälo, one of the ports of Bretägne'. His maritime knowledge and fine qualities won for him the confidence of the French king, Francis I, who was desirous of founding colonies in America. He, therefore, received a commission to go in search of new countries, still unclaimed by Europe'an powers.
- 3. On the 20th of April, 1534, Cartier left the port of Saint Mälo, and set sail for America, with three small vessels and a erew of sixty-one men. A favorable wind soon brought him to Cape Bonavista, in New'foundland. He ascended northward, following the shores of that island, and entered the Bay des Chateaux, or Strait of Bellisle, which he crossed. He then made his way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, describing in his daring course through that still unexplored gulf an immense semicircle, which permitted him to study the western coasts of Newfoundland, he made himself acquainted with several islands, and arrived, on the third of July, at the entrance of a large bay, which he called the Bay des Chaleurs.
- 4. It was somewhere in that vicinity that he planted a cross, thirty feet high, and bearing the inscription: Vive le Roi de France! [Long live the King of France!] Thus, the first monument raised in the name of France on the soil of America, was a religious symbol, the sign of our redemption.
- 5. Leaving the Bay des Chaleurs, Cartier entered the River St. Lawrence, which he ascended for some sixty leagues. As the season was advanced, he dared not venture further; but he retraced his course, and set sail for France. He had touched upon Canada, and it only remained to penetrate further into the country. This took place in the following year.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Im būed', deeply tinged or <sup>2</sup> Con spĭc'ū oŭs, eaşy to be seen; colored; impressed or penetrated. noted; distinguished.

- 6. The happy result of Cartier's first voyage, gave rise to the fairest hopes. Françis I wished to have the discoveries already made completed as soon as possible. He gave the Breton captain a more considerable fleet and more extensive powers. Several gentlemen solicited the honor of taking part in this second expedition; and two Benedictine religious were charged with the spiritual care of the mariners.
- 7. On the 19th of May, 1535, the little fleet commanded by Cartier left the port of Saint Malo, and steered for America. Violent tempests dispersed the vessels, which only succeeded in coming together again at the end of July, at Blanc Sablon, on the Strait of Bellisle. It was from there that he set out to continue the discoveries of the previous year. By the 1st of September, he was at the mouth of the Saguenay, one of the most considerable tributaries of the River St. Lawrence.
- 8. Fifteen days later, he reached the heart of wild Canada, in front of a lofty cape, projecting boldly and abruptly into the river, crowned with tall trees, and displaying on its left side an Indian village named Stadacona. This superb promontory, afterwards called Cape Diamond, was to become, under the name of Quebec, a center of civilization, and the bulwark of the French power in the New World.
- 9. Cartier had, therefore, acquired for Françe immense countries, watered by the finest tributary of the Atlantie, and the first river of the world for navigation. He had already followed the course of that great river for 750 miles. It was the longest voyage yet attempted by any vessel on the rivers of America. And yet, he was to go still further. But he would first stop at Stadacona, a village governed by a chief of the name of Donacona, who, from his dignity, was called Agohanna, that is to say, lord. This petty barbarian king was nowise alarmed by the arrival of the Europeans. He gave them, on the contrary, great proofs of confidence, and, in token of his joy, a solemn reception.
- 10. Donaeona stood at the head of his people, on the shore of the little river St. Croix, now St. Charles, at the place where Cartier's vessels were anchored. According to barbarian etiquette, songs and dances were the prelude 1 to the graver cere-

¹ Prē'lude, the part which introduçeş the chief performance; the follow; introduction.

monieş âbout to take plaçe. The Agohanna afterwardş ranged hiş people in good order; then, traçing à çirele on the sand, he inclosed Cartier and hiş companionş within it. He then delivered an oration, after which he came to offer three young children to the French captain. These gifts were accompanied by approving crieş, or howlş, from all hiş people. Cartier cauşed two swordş and two large plates of brass to be brought, and made à preşent of them to the Agohanna. The savageş concluded this Homeric scene by songş and dançeş.

#### VI.

## 123. JACQUES CARTIER.

#### PART SECOND.

SEPTEMBER 19th, leaving a portion of his people at Stadaeona, Cartier set sail, with à single vessel, to continue the ascent of the river. He had with him the gentlemen and his choicest mariners. Everywhere, the spectacle of nature in her most enchanting aspect, met his wondering eyes, and he saw before him, as he took pleasure in repeating, the finest country that could be seen.

- 2. The eourse of the river, although confined, was still broad and deep; its sunken shores formed but a protuberant border, rich with verdure, and so loaded with vineyards that one might have thought the trees were planted by the hand of man. Behind this sereen of wild vineyards, stretched away far as the eye could reach, gracefully undulating plains, where grew in abundance the oak, the elm, and the walnut-tree. Forth from the deep forests that served to shelter them, came the natives to meet the Frenchmen, greeting them with as much confidence and good-will as though they had been wont to live together.
- 3. At Hochelaga, more than a thousand persons erowded to meet them, bringing them presents which consisted of fish and bread made of coarse millet. Divided into three groups, according to the difference of age and sex, men, women, and children executed dances to express the satisfaction caused by the presence of their new guests. "Never did father," says Cartier, "give a better welcome to his children." The French retired to their

vessels at nightfall. The savages remained on the shore, continuing their joyful demonstrations. When night had closed in, they kindled great fires, and danced all night long by the light of those blazing piles, making the air resound with their songs and shouts of joy.

- 4. The following day, Cartier went ashore with all the gentlemen to visit the village. It was situated nearly at the center of a superb island, in the midst of rich fields, where maize, or Indian eorn, was gathered in abundance. A circular palisade, formed of a triple row of stakes, formed the inclosure of this Indian town, and sufficed for its defence, protecting it against any surprise from the enemy. Cartier entered with a crowd of the inhabitants who had gone out to meet him. He was conducted to the center of the village, where there was a public place of considerable size. There the solemn reception was to take place. Mats were brought, and the Frenchmen seated upon them; and around them thronged the inhabitants of the town.
- 5. Very soon arrived, earried on à deerskin, the Agohanna of the country, who was placed upon à mat. He had, for elothing, some tattered skins of wild beasts. The only insignia that distinguished him from his subjects was à red strip around his head. He was quite helpless and unable to walk. After testifying by signs the joy which Cartier's arrival gave him, the Agohanna showed him his limbs paralyzed by pain, and begged him to touch them. All the sick, the blind, the lame, of the village were then brought to the feet of the Breton captain, that he might cure them by his touch. It seemed as though the Divinity had come down from heaven to deliver them from their miseries.
- 6. Cartier, who, for want of an interpreter, could not speak to them, could only pray fervently for them to Him from whom all good doth flow. He read aloud the beginning of the Gospel of St. John and the Passion of Our Lord. Silent and recollected, the savages listened attentively to the holy word which they did not understand. They raised their eyes to heaven, and imitated all the external signs of piety which they saw the Frenchmen make. This touching scene ended with presents distributed amongst them, consisting of knives, hatchets, etc.

- 7. Cartier, afterward, had himself conducted to the mountain adjoining the village. He wished to examine and measure with his eye the extent of his new discoveries. The view of that favored region, of which he speaks so often, presented itself then to his eyes in all its ravishing beauty. He gave to the mountain the name of Mont Royal. This name, modified into that of Montreal, extended to the whole island; and it is also the name of the rich and populous city which has replaced the ancient village of Hocheläga.
- 8. The Breton captain did not seek to go farther up the river. He returned to the river St. Croix to rejoin the companions he had left there. There it was resolved to pass the winter. How admirable was the courage of this handful of Frenchmen, who feared not to brave the rigor of a long winter, twelve hundred leagues from their own country, in regions unknown, amongst a savage people, restless, suspicious, and having, like all barbarians, the most ferocious instincts!
- 9. It was autumn. Soon, the river was covered with ice, and the ground with thick snow. The cold became excessive. To the anxieties of a situation so new for the French, was added the terror of an epidemie, which was afterwards known by the name of "malarial fever." Twenty-five persons died of it, and nearly all the rest of the erew were attacked by it. Cartier, who saw no human means of getting rid of such a scourge, ordered an image of the Blessed Virgin to be fastened to a tree, near the little fort which he had erected; and, on the following Sunday, all those who could walk, or drag themselves along, repaired to the image, singing psalms and the Litany of Loretto. Then, Mass was sung in the open air for the first time, amid the snows of Canada, and there was a procession in honor of Mary.
- 10. Cartier learned from the Indians the only remedy that could cure his sick companions, and the disease speedily disappeared. Then, the spring returned, and with it the hope of again seeing their native land. On the 16th of May, 1536, the French left Stadacona, and set sail for Europe, where they happily arrived.
- 11. In 1541, a French gentleman, de Roberval, having become viçeroy of New Françe, deputed Cartier to conduct

a small colony to the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Breton eaptain settled the colonists on the north shore of the river, some miles above Stadacona, or Quebee; and there he constructed a small fort which he named Charlesbourg Royal. But this first attempt at a settlement did not succeed. Several causes contributed to render the undertaking abortive; and the French monarchy, embarrassed by wars and internal troubles could give no thought to the colonizing of America. So Cartier had to die in Brittany without the consolation of foreseeing the splendid results of his great discoveries.

### VII.

## 124. THE SOLDIER-PEASANT'S VISION:1

ALL by the broad St. Lawrence, a hundred years ago,
The Angelus was ringing from the bells of Ile-au-Reaux;
The reaper leaned upon his scythe, the wild-bee ceased its hum,
The consecrated river hushed its waters and was dumb;
The oxen, as at Bethlehem, knelt of their own accord,
While the incense of the mid-day prayer was wafted to their
Lord!

2.

"O good Saint Ann, I swear to thee, thou guardian of my race," Cries the bareheaded reaper, while tears bedew his face, "For sovereign, for seignior, for those in high command, France, with her vines and olives, is in sooth a pleasant land; But fairer than lily on her shield is this New World colony, Where the weary serf may stand erect, unawed by tyranny!/

3.

"Do thou ask the Blessèd Virgin to bless our sire, the King, To overfhrow his enemies, bless him in everything; To speed his royal banners, erown them with victory, As when we fought the Paynim on the plains of Hungary!

and other islands below Quebee. The original, of which the above is a close translation, was written, it will be observed, before the English conquest of Quebec.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This legend relates the appearance of St. Ann to one of the Carignan soldiers, many of whom, after fighting the Turks in Hungary, took up land in the Isle of Orleans

4.

But, O mother of all Bretons, by thy love for Mary's Son, By His agony and dolors, by His wounds on Calvary won, Guard thou New France from tyrants, oh spare her virgin soil From the heel of the oppressor, from tumult and turmoil!"

5.

Saint Ann had heard the veteran's prayer, and stood upon the tide,

An aureole about her brow, and angels by her side.

"Fear not, my son," she sweetly said; "be New France true to me,

And she shall ever be the home of rugged liberty!"

The vision passed, and the reaper bent to the cutting of the grain:

The covenant is kept; he did not pray in vain!

#### VIII.

### 125. THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

THE INSURRECTION broke out at Montreal, November 7th, 1837, and spread very rapidly along the right bank of the river. Near Chambly, a detachment of English eavalry was posted. Colonel Gore, having set out from Sorel with a body of troops and some eavalry, took his way to St. Charles, and was stopped at St. Denis, on the 22d of November, by a band of insurgents, most of whom were armed only with sticks and pitchforks. The brave Dr. Nelson, who commanded them, resolutely offered battle; the combat lasted six hours, and ended by the defeat of the English, who lost, in their flight, a portion of their baggage and ammunition.

2. Some days after, the battle of St. Charles took place. The insurgents had there formed a camp, surrounded by a feeble intrenchment composed of fallen trees. Colonel Wetherall marched against them with three hundred soldiers and two pieces of cannon; he surrounded them completely before attacking them, and so left them no alternative but to conquer or die. The rebels, wanting both arms and ammunition, nevertheless defended themselves courageously; but the frail in-

trenchment which protected them could not withstand the artillery, and the eamp was carried by assault. More than a hundred Canadians met their death in this action.

- 3. Immediately after these engagements, the district of Montreal was placed under martial law, whilst the people assembled in all parts of the country to protest against the revolt, and assure England of their fidelity. The insurrection was quelled on the right bank of the river: it only remained to put down the insurgents on the left bank, in the County of Two Mountains, where they had assembled in numerous bands. Sir John Colbourne marched there with two thousand men and eight pieces of cannon. About two hundred and fifty Canadians, commanded by the intrepid Dr. Chenier, had intrenched themselves at St. Eustache, in the convent and chûrch of the village. resolved to hold out against the enemy's forces, though fully ten times their number. There again they were wanting in arms, and complained of it to their chief. "Wait a while." answered he, "there will be some killed, and you can take their muskets."
- 4. Colbourne completely surrounded the village, and his artillery opened a terrific fire on the Canadian positions. After à cannonade of two hours, the English general ordered an as-"Fire broke out at the same time," says the historian Garneau, "in the two buildings occupied by the rebels. The fusillade and the flames compelled them to abandon all except the church, which was soon invested, in its turn, by the troops and by the approaching fire. Dr. Chenier vainly tried to defend himself there still,—the flames, rushing on like a torrent, forced him to leave it. He then assembled some of his people, jumped, with them, from the windows, and attempted to make his way through the midst of their assailants; but, struck by a ball, in the cemetery, he fell and expired almost instantaneously. After that, it was but one scene of earnage. No quarter was given, and the rest of the village was given up to fire and pillage." Thus the insurrection was entirely subdued. It only remained to try the political prisoners, with whom the jails were filled. They were tried by court-martial. Eighty-nine were condemned to death; thirteen were executed, and forty-seven were sentenced to transportation to the Isles of Oceanica.

- 5. But this rebellion was, by no means, confined to Lower Canada. In the Western Province equal discontent prevailed. although it was only a comparatively small number of the people who were willing to break out in open rebellion. leader of the disaffected party was William Lyon Mackenzie, à native of Scotland, whose avowed purpose was to establish an independent republic and throw off the voke of England. His design was favored by the withdrawal of the troops from Toronto to Kingston, owing to the alarming accounts from the lower province. December 4th, 1837, a number of his adherents, having, by a want of concerted action amongst their leaders, prematurely assembled in open revolt, a few miles from Toronto, they resolved to attack the city, hoping to capture the Governor and to take possession of a large quantity of arms left there unprotected on the departure of the troops. They remained inactive, however, till the föllöwing day, when a flag of truce was sent to them, and they were asked to state their demands. These being chiefly for independence, were next day refused by the Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head, who then marched in person against them at the head of about 1,000 volunteers.
- 6. The engagement was short and decisive. Mackenzie's followers, wholly deficient, as may be supposed, in training and discipline, were routed with a loss of about thirty men. Their leader escaped to Buffalo and thence to Navy Island, in the Niagara River, a little above the Falls. There he fortified his position with cannon taken, it was said, from American forts, and held his ground for some time. Of the considerable force which he succeeded in collecting there, the greater number were Americans, who honestly believed that the Canadians were fighting the battle of freedom. Of these, Van Rensselaer was the most prominent.
- 7. At Prescott, another and more obstinate stand was made by the rebels under Von Schults, a Polish exile. They established themselves in a stone windmill situated on a point projecting into the St. Lawrence. This structure, being eighty feet high, of a circular form, and with walls four feet thick, was quite a fortress in itself, and resisted all the efforts of the loyalist forces, until several pieces of ordnance were brought

down the river, with a detachment of the Royal Artillery and the 83d Regiment of Infantry. Within half an hour after the bombardment commenced, a flag of truce was hung out from a window of the windmill. The firing immediately cased, and the insurgents, to the number of 110, marched out, surrendering at discretion. They had lost over forty men, and the besieging party thirteen. Thus ended the affair of Windmill Point, near Prescott.

- 8. At Windsor, in the vicinity of Detroit, and also at Sandwich, further attempts were made to secure Canadian independence. At Windsor, the town was taken by the insurgents, about 450 strong, a steamer was burned and two men murdered. At Sandwich, Colonel Prince, with a party of militia, numbering 187, meeting a band of the rebels on their way to attack the town, fell upon them so vigorously that they were entirely defeated with a loss of twenty-one men killed and four made prisoners. These last were no sooner brought to Colonel Prince's eamp than they were executed by his orders. Most of the insurgents succeeded in escaping across the river, but they suffered so severely in doing so that nineteen of them were found on the way, frozen to death around the embers of a fire.
- 9. Meanwhile, Mackenzie and his föllöwers on Navy Island had employed à small steamer ealled the "Caroline" to furnish them with supplies from the New York shöre. Colonel, afterwards Sir Allan McNab, à gallant officer in command of the government forces on the Canadian shore, seeing the necessity of capturing this böat, deputed Lieutenant Drew, of the Royal Navy, to make the attempt. That officer, in order to obey his orders, was obliged to föllöw the "Caroline" to the American side of the river, where he captured her. The current was so strong, however, that he found it impossible to töw the bōat over to the Canadian side. In order to prevent her from falling again into the hands of the insurgents, Drew was förced to set her on fire, and sent her, in flames, over the great Falls.
- 10. This violation of American waters came near being the cause of war between the United States and Canada, or rather Great Britain, and it was only after months of negotiation that the affair was amicably settled. The struggle was maintained by the disaffected Canadians and their American allies

during the entire winter. At different points along the river and the frontier line attempts were made against the British authority, but, in every instance, they proved unsuccessful, and this because the vast majority of the people, being loyal to the government, not only kept steadily aloof from the insurgents, but rendered effective aid in putting them down.

11. Disaster and defeat at length disheartened the rebels, and after numerous arrests had been made amongst the leaders and the execution of several of the most prominent, they gave up in despair their project of freeing Canada from English rule, and quiet was gradually restored in both provinces. It had taken nearly two years to put down a rebellion which, at one time, had assumed alarming proportions, not so much from the extent of Canadian disaffection as the active and moral support given the rebels by sympathizers, in the neighboring republic.

#### IX.

### 126. DOMINION OF CANADA.

THE SUPPRESSION of the rebellion in the two provinces having been accomplished, the English Government turned its attention to the project of a union of the two Cănadaş, first proposed by Lord Durham, when Governor-General. This measure was strenuously opposed by Lower Canada for the reason that the affairs of that province were in a more prosperous condition than those of the sister province, and that her debt was nearly all paid off, while Upper Canada owed over a million of dollars.

2. The Union was further obnoxious 2 to the French Canadian and Catholic population of Lower Canada, inasmuch as it gave the non-Catholic and English-speaking population of the Upper Province what was considered an unfair advantage over them. In vain did the Catholic elërgy and people of Lower Canada petition and čarnèstly protest against the proposed Union. The measure was carried in the Parliament of both provinces, chiefly through the influence and exertions of the Governor-General,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Strĕn'uously, in an eagerly <sup>2</sup> Obnox'ious, blameworthy; ofpressing or urgent manner. <sup>2</sup> Obnox'ious, blameworthy; offensive; hateful.

sent out from England for that purpose, the Right Honorable Charles Poulett Thompson, better known as Lord Sydenham.

- 3. On the 23d of July, 1840, the Act of Union received the royal sanction, but was not carried out until the 10th of February, 1841. This Act, however, introduced into the Constitution of Canada what is called responsible government, that is to say, one composed of men selected from the Legislature and accountable to the Assembly for their official acts, and for the advice given by them to the Governor in their capacity of ministers. It also recognized the right of the deputies of the people to control the public revenue and expenditure. This was, undoubtedly, a great advantage gained by the people, and it dates from the Act of Union of 1840.
- 4. This Union of the Provinces lasted for twenty-seven years, that is to say, from 1840 till 1867. Kingston became the new eapital of United Canada. The scat of government was, however, removed to Montreal in 1844, and remained there till after the burning of the Parliament House by a mob in 1849, when it was removed to Toronto and, afterwards, to Quebee, the Parliament to assemble, alternately, every four years, in these two cities. The Governor-General of that day was Lord Elgin, who first proposed the construction of an Intercolonial Railroad, with a view to connect Canada with the lower, or maritime provinces.
- 5. This union of the two Canadaş waş followed, in 1867, by the confederation of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, formerly Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunşwick, and Nova Scotia, under the new title of the Dominion of Canada. The seat of government was removed to Ottawa, where magnificent buildings were erected for the Parliament and the government offices. In 1870, the North-west Territory and Manitoba,—in 1871, British Columbia, and in 1873, Prince Edward Island, joined the Confederation of the British Provinces of North America. New'foundland is not yet included in the Dominion.
- 6. When the Dominion of Canada was founded, Lord Monk was Governor-General. That nobleman was succeeded in the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Măr'itime, bordering on, or with the ocean by site, interest, or situated near the sea; connected power.

government by the Earl of Dufferin, who proved himself in every way qualified for the onerous duties of his high office. By his wise and prudent administration of public affairs, his kindness and affability, under all circumstances, and his strict impartiality towards all creeds and parties, Lord Dufferin endeared himself to all the people of the Dominion.

- 7. The enlightened and beneficent 3 policy uniformly pursued by Lord Dufferin entitle him to be considered as one of the best, if not the very best, viceroy who has yet ruled Canada for the Sovereign of Great Britain. During the six years of his administration, peace and contentment reigned amongst all classes throughout the whole extent of the Dominion. Wherever Lord Dufferin and his no less popular wife, the Countess of Dufferin, made their appearance, it was the signal for a general ovation 4 on the part of the people.
- 8. But, in 1878, Lord Dufferin was recalled, and the Marquis of Lorne, ĕldèst son of the Duke of Argyle, and son-in-law of Queen Victoria, was appointed to succeed him. The Marquis arrived in Quebec in November, 1878, accompanied by his wife, Princess Louïse. They were ĕverywhere greeted with enthusiasm. The Marquis of Lorne gave entire satisfaction in the government of the Dominion, and proved himself honestly desirous of promoting the best interests of the country, and the happiness and well-being of the people, without regard to polities or religion.
  - 9. In 1879, à new Tariff, on the Protective Policy, that is to say, for the protection of Home Manufactures, came into operation. This Tariff seems to have had à favorable effect on the trade and manufactures of the Dominion. It formed the principal event of the administration of Lord Lorne.
  - 10. In 1883, the Marquis of Lorne being recalled, he was succeeded by His Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose government so far, appears to be quite satisfactory to the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> On'erous, oppressive; burdensome; wearisome.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Affabil'ity, easy of talk; readi ness to converse; polite in receiving others and in conversing with them.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Benĕf'içent, doing good; promoting acts of charity and kindness.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Ovā'tion, an expression of popular favor; an offering of the people to a public fāvorīte.

people of the Dominion. Lord Lansdowne seems anxious to pursue the same mild and conciliatory line of policy which proved so successful under the two previous viceroys.

- 11. The growth of the country in material wealth—the vast public works, such as railroads and canals, undertaken and successfully carried out during the last ten or fifteen years, is altogether remarkable, and seem to justify the brightest hopes for the future prosperity of this young but already flourishing nation. Indeed, the progress of the country within the time specified has been rapid and, at the same time, steady and continuous.
- 12. Chief amongst the great works to which Canadian enterprise has given rise is the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Its object is to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean by a land route running quite across the North American continent. This magnificent enterprise is the natural outgrowth of the Federal Union of the British American provinces.
- 13. The preliminary survey for the great railroad was commenced in 1871. In 1872 the first charter was granted. Being from its very inauguration regarded as a national undertaking, the first intention was that it should be earried on solely by the government. After a short time, however, this plan was abandoned, and it was decided that the work should be left to private enterprise.
- 14. In 1880, the present company, of which Sir George Stephen is President, undertook the completion of the railroad, by contract with the government, binding themselves to have the entire line finished by 1891. Happily, however, the enterprise was completed during the summer of 1886. The Canadian Government and Parliament have all along manifested the greatest interest in the stupendous project, and the Queen herself has been pleased to testify her high appreciation of its vast importance by conferring a title on the most prominent member of the company, its president.

## SECTION XXXI.

T.

### 127. THE DEAD.

REVERENCE for the dead is now, as it has been in all the Christian past, one of the distinguishing marks of civilized nations. Even amongst the pagan peoples of the elder world, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the dead were invested with a sacred character, and their mortal remains were treated with all imaginable respect. The affection of friends and relatives survived the stroke of death, and all manner of ingenious devices were resorted to in order to preserve from destruction even the frail tenement of elay that had once been animated by a living soul.

- 2. This fond remembrance of the dead was the natural instinct of human affection; but how much more high and pure and holy is the memory of the dead amongst Christians? It is not alone as fellow-beings who once lived and moved upon the earth, played their several parts in Life's great drama 1 and who are gone forever from mortal sight, that we remember our departed ones. No, it is rather as our brethren in Christ—as sharing with us in the priceless boon of redemption—purified and ennobled by the same sacraments, 2 and destined to dwell with us for ever in the home of blessed spirits beyond the starry sky.
- 3. What can be more impressive, more soothing to the sorrow-worn heart, than a visit to a Catholic cemetery, when the early sunshine gilds the graves, or when the gray mists of evening are beginning to enshroud the touching memorials of the dead, gleaming white and ghost-like through the gathering gloom, lending a softer, tenderer grace to all around? There we behold, indeed, a city—a city of silence and of peace unbroken, where the multitude of quiet sleepers are forever at

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> **D**rā'ma (or drä'mà), à stōry which is aeted, not related; à number of connected events ending in some in'teresting or striking result.

<sup>2</sup> Sic'raments, things sacred;

the seven săeraments of the Church are Baptişm, Penançe, Holy Eueharist, Confirmation, Holy Orderş, Matrimony, and Extreme Unetion.

rest, each one reposing in the nărrow house of death, under the shadow of that eross beneath which they fought the good fight—that cross which they loved and honored in the days of their earthly pilgrimage!

- 4. How hopeful, how helpful is all that meets the eye! The saving sign of man's redemption, raised aloft like the brazen serpent in the desert; the touching prayer for "the parted soul" whose mortal body moulders beneath; the sweet face of Mary, the Immaeulate Mother; the venerable form of the foster-father of Jesus; the Angel pointing heavenward; the emblematic figure of Faith, or Hope, or Charity, seulptured on the sepul'chral monuments around: all speak of the sweet hope of a blessed resurrection, of an eternal re-union with the dead and gone children of the Christian family.
- 5. In the Catholie gemetery there is nothing sad, nothing dreary. There, the darkness of desolation has no place or part. Winter may spread her snowy pall over the landscape, and shroud the trees that overhang the graves and shade the silent alleys—yet spring, smiling spring—the spring of everblooming Hope reigns through all the changing seasons, in that ealm abode of the buried dead. "May they rest in peace" pray all the stately monuments and all the humble head-stones that keep watch over the dead, and the grand "Amen!" goes up from year to year as the living come and go amongst the tombs, and kneel beside the graves.
- 6. The Dead! our Dead! what a world of solemn beauty, of mournful sweetness lies hidden in the words! What tender memories, what touching associations hover like angel-forms around them, while memory conjures up from the buried years the faces once so dear and so familiar, on earth seen no more, and recalls the tones of well-loved voices, silent now forever! Oh, how consoling is the blessed remembrance that the dear eyes closed in the peace of God, that the latest accents of those well-remembered voices were of prayer and love and hope!
- 7. "Why are the once-loved dead forgotten soon? Their path no more is intertwined with ours" in the daily walks of earthly life, yet their memory is ever with us in all our hopes

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Conjures up, to raise or bring unnatural means; as to conjure up into being without reason, or by a phantom or a story.

and fears, our joys and our sŏrrōws. Our dead are never forḡotten. Our fondèst affections are buried with them. Our prayers ḡo up unceasingly for them to the throne of the Mōst High. They have a share in all the ḡood works which by Gŏd's ḡraçe we are enabled to perform. Nay, the very trials and sufferings of our daily life are made available for them by being offered up for their comfort and refreshment in the after life.

8. No, our dead are not forgotten. They are ever with us in spirit, and the thought of them—gone before us into the everlasting mansions—resting forever in the bosom of their God, or "in Purgatory's eleansing fires," ealmly, if painfully, awaiting their deliverance—that thought serves to cheer us on amid the toils and pains of life, brightening many a lonely hour that, otherwise, were dark and dreary. Our dead are more with us than our living, and we may truly say, with sweet Adelaide Proeter,

"One by one life robs us of our treasures; Nöthing is our own except our Dead."

9. The thought that we can still help them by our prayers and suffrages is a never-failing source of comfort to hearts oppressed with sorrow for their loss. All the day long and often, too, in the still watches of the night, when darkness, like a funeral pall, enshrouds the sleeping earth, the prayer of loving hearts goes up like incense to the highest Heaven, and thence descends in refreshing dew on the souls of the departed, if they are still numbered amongst the "spirits in prison," of whom St. Peter speaks in one of his Epistles.

10. While the stars look down on the quiet graves out in the lonely church-yard, angel eyes are watching where the prayer of faith ascends from sorrowing hearts through the ealm evening hours, and the deep stillness of the solemn midnight, gathering all the petitions of the praying multitude for the faithful departed, and offering them up in the golden censer, which St. John saw of old in his wondrous vision, to Him who sits forever on the Throne, the Lamb for sinners slain, the Judge of the living and the dead.



# 128. ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE CURFEW tölls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

¹ Cur'few, the evening bell, so ealled from the evening bell having been the signal to put out fire on the hearth and remain within doors. The practice, common in the middle ages, was introduced

in England by William the Conqueror, as a measure of police. The evening bell and prayer bell, still tolled at stated hours in some places, undoubtedly had their origin in the curfew.

- 2. Now fades the ğlimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds.
  Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
- 3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
  Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.
- 4. Benēath thoşe rugged elmş, that yew-tree'ş shade, Where heaveş the turf in many à möldering heap, Each in hiş narrow çell forever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet¹ sleep.
- 5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed, The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn, No more shall rouge them from their lowly bed.
- 6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall bûrn, Or buşy housewife ply her evening eare; No children run to lisp their sire'ş retûrn, Or elimb hiş kneeş, the envied kiss to share.
- 7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke: How joeund did they drive their team afield! How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
- 8. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 5 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile, The short and simple annals of the Poor.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Hăm'let, a small village; à little eluster of houşeş in the country.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Clăr'ion, à kind of trumpet having à clear, shrill note—here uşed for the cock's *crow*.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Glēbe, turf; ground; sod.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Joc' und, sportive; merry; very lively.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup>Ob scure', darkened; covered over; not well lighted; humble; retired: unknown.

- 9. The boast of heraldry¹ the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alīke thē inevitable² hour— The pathş of glory lead but to the grave.
- 10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault, If Memory ō'er their tomb no trōphies araise, Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
- 11. Can stōrièd urn, or animated 5 bust,Back to its mansion eall the fleeting breath?Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?
- 12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed, Or waked to eestasy the living lyre.
- 13. But Knöwledge to their eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll; Chill Penury or repressed their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.
- 14. Full many à ġem of purest ray serene, 10

  The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

<sup>1</sup> Hěr'ald rỹ, the art or office of one who forms, orders, and eonduets public processions, ceremonies at royal marriages, etc.; the art or practice of recording the regular descent of a person or family from an angestor; also, of the arms of the nobility and gentry.

<sup>2</sup> Inev'itable, admitting of no evasion or escape; not to be avoided.

<sup>8</sup> Trō'phies, things taken and preserved as reminders of victory; as arms, flags, and the like.

<sup>4</sup> An'them, a hymn sung in alternate parts; any church music adapted to passages from the Bible.

5 An'imated, full of life or spirit; showing great spirit or liveliness; vigorous.

<sup>6</sup> Celestial (sē lěst'yal), belonging or relating to the spiritual; heavenly.

<sup>7</sup> Ec'sta sỹ, very great and overmastering joy; the greatest delight.

<sup>8</sup> Lÿre, å stringèd instrument of musie; å kind of harp in general use among the ancients to accompany poetry.

<sup>9</sup> Pěn'ū rỹ, poverty; want.

10 Se rēne', elear and calm; not ruffled or clouded; fair; bright.

- Full many à flower iş born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
- 15. Some village Hampden,¹ that, with däuntless² breast, The little tyrant³ of hiş fieldş withstood; Some mute, inglorious Milton⁴ here may rest, Some Cromwell,⁵ guiltless of his country's blood.
- 16. The applause of listening senates to command, The threats of pain and ruin to despise, To scatter plenty ö'er a smiling land, And read their history in a nation's eyes.
- 17. Their lot forbăde: nor çireumseribed f âlône Their ğrowing virtueş, but their erimeş confined; Forbăde to wade through slaughter to â throne, And shut the ğates of merçy on mankind.
- 18. The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide, To quench the blushes of ingenuous 7 Shame, Or heap the shrine of Luxury 8 and Pride With incense kindled at the Muşe's 9 flame.
- 19. Far from the madding erowd's ignoble 10 strife, Their sober wishes never learned to stray;

<sup>1</sup> John Hampden, an English statesman and patriot, born at London in 1594: mortally wounded in an affair with Prince Rupert, June 18, 1643.

<sup>2</sup> Däunt'less, not to be checked by fear of danger; fearless; bold.

<sup>3</sup> **Tý**'rant, one who rules wholly; one who rules harshly, or contrary to law; a cruel master.

<sup>4</sup> John Milton, the English poet, one of the greatest and most noted of all poets, was born in 1608, and died Nov. 8, 1675.

<sup>5</sup> Oliver Crŏm'well, Lord Protector and virtually king of Great Britain, was born April 25, 1599,

and died Sept. 3d, 1659.

<sup>6</sup> Cîr'cumscribed, shut within a narrow limit; bounded; confined.

<sup>7</sup> Inģĕn'ūoŭs, noble; free-born; out-spoken and truthful.

<sup>8</sup> Luxury (lŭk'sho rǐ), too free a use of rare and costly things; chiefly of food and liquors, though it also relates to costly dress, horses, ctc.; whatever delights the senses; a dainty.

<sup>9</sup> Mūse, one of the nine fabled goddesses who presided over learning, art, and science.

10 Ignō'ble, of low birth or family; not noble; mean.

- Along the cool sequestered 1 vale of life

  They kept the noiseless tenor 2 of their way.
- 20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect, Some frail memorial still erected nigh, With uneouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked, Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
- 21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse, The place of fame and elegy supply; And many a holy text around she strews, That teach the rustic moralist to die.
- 22. For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey, This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned, Left the warm preçinets? of the cheerful day, Nor east one longing, lingering look behind?
- 23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
  Even from the tomb the voice of Nature eries,
  Even in our ashes live their wonted 8 fires.
- 24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead, Dost in these lines their artless tale relate, If change, by lonely Contemplation led, Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—
- 25. Haply some hoary-headed swain 9 may say,
  Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
  Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
  To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Seques'tered, taken from or set aside from; withdrawn or retired.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> **T**ĕn'or, stamp ; character ; drift.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Memō'rial, any thing which serves to keep something else in mind; memento; monument.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Un couth', not usual; strange: odd; elumsy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Trĭb'ute, something given to show services received, or as what

is due or deserved.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> El'egy, a sad poem; a song relating to a funeral or some cause of sorrow.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup> Prē'cincts, limits or boundş.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Wonted (wŭnt'ed), a€€ustomed; asual.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup> Swāin, a young man living in the country; a countryman; a country lover.

- 26. "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech, That wreatheş its old fantastie¹ roots so high, His listless length at noontide would he stretch, And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- 27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in seorn, Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove; Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn, Or erazed with eare, or crossed in hopeless love.
- 28. "One morn I missed him on the 'eustomed hill, Along the heath, and near his favorite tree; Another came; nor yet beside the rill, Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:
- 29. "The next, with dǐrġeş due, in sad array,
  Slow through the church-way pāth we saw him bōrne:
  Approach and read (for thou eanst read) the lay
  Graved on the stōne beneath von agèd thôrn."

#### THE EPITAPH.2

HERE RESTS HIS HEAD UPON THE LAP OF EARTH A YOUTH TO FORTUNE AND TO FAME UNKNOWN:

FAIR SCIENCE FROWNED NOT ON HIS HUMBLE BIRTH,

AND MELANCHOLY MARKED HIM FOR HER OWN.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery—all he had—a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

NO FURTHER SEEK HIS MERITS TO DISCLOSE.

OR DRAW HIS FRAILTIES FROM THEIR DREAD ABODE
(THERE THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE,)
THE BOSOM OF HIS FATHER AND HIS GOD.

honor or in memory of the dead; a short descriptive sentence in prose or verse, formed as if to be inscribed on a monument.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Fantăs'tic, fançiful or unreal; not regular; wild.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ep'i tăph. something engraved on a monument or tombstone, to

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