

- 2 There's beauty in the brilliant stars
That gild the purple sky.
As dance their image on the brook
That slowly ripples by.
3. There's beauty in the mighty storm
Along the sea-girt shore,
Where heave the rolling billows high,
And pealing thunders roar.
4. There's beauty in deep solitude,
In ocean, earth, and air;
On mountain peak, in shady grove,
Creation all is fair.
5. There's beauty in the song of birds,
On spray or verdant sod:
In every clime, from pole to pole,
These beauties tell of God.

LESSON LXXXIX.

THE DOG OF ORTE.

LIVES, a fruit which grows in warm countries.	BLAN'KET, woollen bed-covering.
VINES, creeping plants on which grapes grow.	EN-OR'MOUS, very large.
MAT'TRESS, a bed made of straw or hair.	STRAN'GLED, choked.
	FRIGHT'EN-ED, terrified, suddenly alarmed.

IN the severe and too-memorable winter of 1709, when the wheat, olives, vines, and fruit-trees were frozen in France, the wolves committed frightful