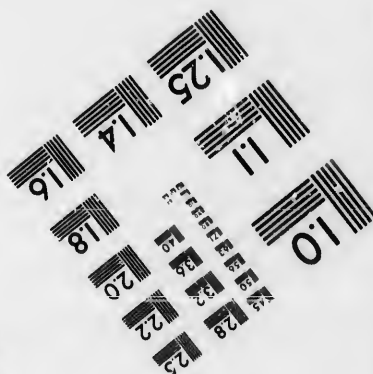
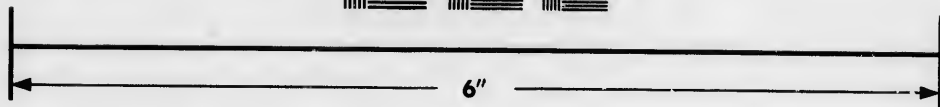
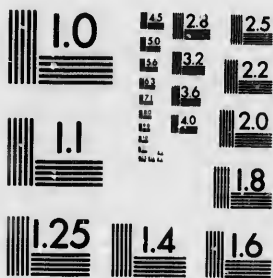


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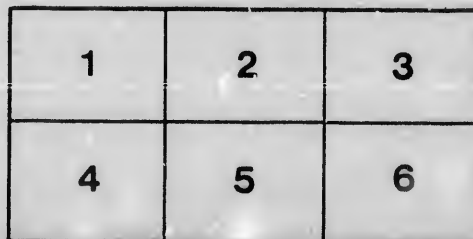
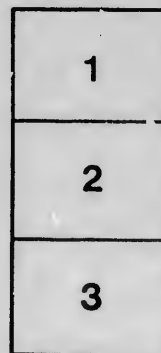
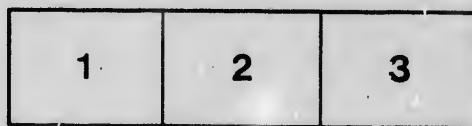
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At break of day, as heavenward,
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR!

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THE DOMINION CATHOLIC SERIES

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



JAMES A. SADLIER

MONTREAL AND TORONTO



TO INSTRUCTORS.

QUALIFY 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 cyclopædia, 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
JAMES A. SADLER,
in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics, at Ottawa.

PREFACE.

CATHOLIC 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 Black-board 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, eh, sh, fh, 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 of general 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 prominent.

THE ADDITIONAL AIDS needed for a thorough understanding of the text, and preparatory to the Class Readings, 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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ACCEN

EMPHA

INFLEC

SLUR.

PAUSES

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PART I.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

PHONETIC KEY.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or ē; aș, āle, veil: 2. ä; aș, fāt: 3. ā; aș, ārt:
4. ā, or ō; aș, āll, eōrn: 5. ā, or é; aș, eāre, thēre:
6. ā; aș, āsk: 7. ē, or ī; aș, wē, pique: 8. ē; aș, ēll:
9. ē, I, or ū; aș, hēr, sīr, būr: 10. ī, aș, iqe: 11. ĩ; aș,
ill: 12. ō; aș, ōld: 13. ō, or ą; aș, ōn, whāt: 14. ō,
ōō, or ū; aș, dŋ, fōōl, rŋle: 15. ū; aș, māle: 16. ū, or
ō; aș, ūp, sōn: 17. ū, ō, or ōō; aș, bułl, wŋlf, wŋōł:
18. Ou, ou, or ow; aș, Out, lout, owl.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; aș, bib: 2. d; aș, did: 3. ġ; aș, ġiġ: 4. j, or
ġ; aș, jiġ, ġem: 5. l; aș, lull: 6. m; aș, mum: 7. n;
aș, nun: 8. ŋ, or ng; aș, liŋk, siŋg: 9. r; aș, rare:
10. Th, or th; aș, That, thīth'er: 11. v; aș, valve:
12. w; aș, wiġ: 13. y; aș, yet: 14. z, or ș; as, ziŋe, iș:
15. z, or zh, aș, āzure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; aș, fiŋe: 2. h; aș, hit: 3. k, or e; aș, kiŋk,
eat: 4. p; aș, pop: 5. s, or q; aș, siŋs, qiŋy: 6. t; as,
tart: 7. Th, or th; aș, Thin, piŋh: 8. Ch, or ch; aș,
Chin, riŋh: 9. Sh, sh, or qh; aș, Shot, ash, qhaiŋe:
10. Wh, or wh; aș, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; aș,
often (ō'ŋ): ȣ for ġs; aș, oȣ ket'.

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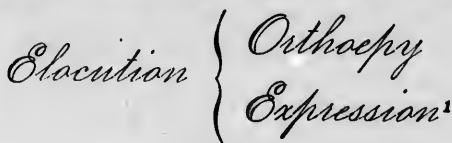
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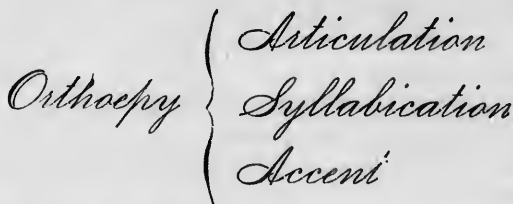
ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. *GOOD ELOCUTION* is the art of uttering ideās understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, **ORTHOËPY** and **EXPRESSION**.



ORTHOËPY.

ORTHOËPY is the art of correct pronunciation.² It embraces **ARTICULATION**, **SYLLABICATION**, and **ACCENT**.



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

¹ **Blackboard Diagrams.**—Regarding blackboard diagrams as indispensable, in conducting most successfully class exercises in elocution, 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.

² **Pronunciation** (pro nun'shi ē-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.¹

6. *ORAL ELEMENTS ARE DIVIDED* into three classes: *eighteen TONICS, fifteen SUBTONICS, and ten ATONICS.*

7. *TONICS* 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. *ATONICS* 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.*²

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.*

¹ **Larynx.**—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

² **W not a Vowel.**—*W*, not representing 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 *ōa* in *lōaf*.

16. A TRIPHTHONG is the union of three vowels in a syllable; as *eau* in *beau* (*bō*), *ieu* in *adieu* (*ādū'*).

17. CONSONANTS¹ are the letters that usually represent either 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 oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* is a nasal labial. *F* and *v* are labio-dentals.

19. DENTALS are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, 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 oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

22. COGNATES are letters whose oral 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*.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

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

¹ Consonant.—The term *consonant*, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately,

against the rōof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* fōrce, and then dīminish gradually and equably to the end.

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

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a cāch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, fōur times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; āt—ā, ā, ā, ā; āsh—ā, ā, ā, ā, 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. ā, ¹ as in āge,	āte.	8. ě, as in ělk,	ěnd.
2. ǎ, “	ǎt,	9. ē, ⁴ “	hēr,
3. ä, “	ärt,	10. ĩ, “	ĭce,
4. a, “	all,	11. ĩ, “	ĭnk,
5. â, ² “	bāre,	12. ō, “	ōld,
6. á, ³ “	āsk,	13. ǒ, ⁵ “	ǒn,
7. ē, “	hē,	14. o, “	o, p̄ve.
	thēse.		

and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bē*), *tāken* (*kē*).

¹ **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 eūrved line.

² **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by ā, 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.

³ **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by ě, 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 ā.

⁴ **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by ē, is *e* as heard in *end* prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

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

15. i
16. i

1. b,
2. d,
3. g,
4. j,
5. l,
6. m,
7. n,
8. ng

1. f,
2. h,
3. k,
4. p,
5. s,

F
subto

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15. ū, ¹ as in eūbe,	eūre.	17. u, as in full,	push.
16. ū, " būd,	hūsh.	18. ou, " our,	house.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b, as in babe,	orb.	9. r, ² as in rake,	bar.
2. d, " did,	dim.	10. th, " this,	with.
3. ġ, " ġaġ,	ġiġ.	11. v, " vine,	viçe.
4. j, " join,	joint.	12. w, " wake,	wiçe.
5. l, " lake,	lane.	13. y, " yard,	yes.
6. m, " mild,	mūm.	14. z, " zest,	gaze.
7. n, " name,	nine.	15. zh " azure,	glaziēr.
8. ng, " ġang,	sang.		

III. ATONICS.

1. f, as in fame,	fife.	6. t, as in tart,	toast.
2. h, " hark,	harm.	7. th, " thank,	youth.
3. k, " kind,	kink.	8. ch, " chase,	march.
4. p, " pipe,	pump.	9. sh, " shade,	mūsh.
5. s, " souse,	sense.	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*, *st*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *off*, *sōft*, *crōss*, *cōst*, *brōth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in *gōne*, *begōne*; *lōng*, *prōng*, *sōng*, *thrōng*, *wrōng*. 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* in *ail*], is *vulgar*.

¹ **U Initial.**—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *use*.

² **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.

³ **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.

ATONICS.		SUBTONICS.	
<i>lip</i> ,	<i>p</i> .	<i>orb</i> ,	<i>b</i> .
<i>fife</i> ,	<i>f</i> .	<i>valve</i> ,	<i>v</i> .
<i>white</i> ,	<i>wh</i> .	<i>wise</i> ,	<i>w</i> .
<i>save</i> ,	<i>s</i> .	<i>zeal</i> ,	<i>z</i> .
<i>shade</i> ,	<i>sh</i> .	<i>azure</i> ,	<i>zh</i> .
<i>charm</i> ,	<i>ch</i> .	<i>join</i> ,	<i>j</i> .
<i>tart</i> ,	<i>t</i> .	<i>did</i> ,	<i>d</i> .
<i>thing</i> ,	<i>th</i> .	<i>this</i> ,	<i>th</i> .
<i>link</i> ,	<i>k</i> .	<i>gig</i> ,	<i>g</i> .

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 *gain*, *gauge*, *stray*, *melee'*, *great*, *vein*, *they*.

For *ä*, *ai*, *ua*; as in *plaid*, *guaranty*.

For *ä*, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in *haunt*, *sergeant*, *heart*, *guard*.

For *ā*, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, *o*, *oa*, *ou*; as in *fault*, *hawk*, *George*, *cork*, *broad*, *bought*.

For *ā*, *ai*, *ê*, *ea*, *ei*; as in *chair*, *there*, *sweat*, *heir*.

For *ē*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *ï*, *ie*; as in *read*, *deep*, *quail*, *people*, *key*, *valise*, *field*.

For *ë*, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *any*, *said*, *says*, *head*, *heifer*, *leopard*, *friend*, *bury*, *guess*.

For *ë*, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *earth*, *girl*, *word*, *scourge*, *barn*, *guardon*, *myrrh*.

For *i*, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *aisle*, *slight*, *eye*, *die*, *choir*, *guide*, *buy*, *my*, *rye*.

For *ī*, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in *captain*, *pretty*, *been*, *sieve*, *women*, *twice*, *busy*, *build*, *hymn*.

For *ō*, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in *heart*, *boy*, *beau*, *yeoman*, *sew*, *deal*, *foe*, *door*, *soul*, *blow*.

For *ö*, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in *what*, *though*, *knowledge*.

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

For *ū*, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in *beauty*, *feud*, *new*, *adieu*, *view*, *hue*, *juice*.

For *ü*, *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 *boy*.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For *f*, *gh*, *ph*; as in *enough*, *nymph*.

For *j*, *g*; as in *gem*, *gin*.

For *k*, *e*, *eh*, *gh*, *q*; as in *sole*, *enough*, *lough*, *etiquette*.

For *s*, *ç*; as in *cell*, *city*.

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

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

For *y*, *i*; as in *pinion*.

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

For *zh*, *g*, *s*; as in *rouge*, *osier*.

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 *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral 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 oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

- | | | | | | | | | |
|---------|------|------|------|-------|------|------|-------|-------|
| 1. bā, | bā, | bä, | bạ, | bâr, | báf; | bē, | bè, | bēr; |
| īb, | īb; | ōb, | ōb, | ob; | ūb, | üb, | ub; | oub. |
| dā, | dá, | dä, | dạ, | dâr, | dás; | dē, | dè, | dēr; |
| īd, | īd; | ōd, | ōd, | od; | ūd, | üd, | ud; | oud. |
| gā, | gá, | gä, | gạ, | gâr, | gán; | gē, | gè, | gēr; |
| īg, | īg; | ōg, | ōg, | og; | ūg, | üg, | ug; | oug. |
| 2. jās, | jâr, | ja, | jä, | jă, | jā; | jēr, | jè, | jē; |
| īg, | īg; | og, | ōg, | og; | ug, | üg, | ug; | oug. |
| lās, | lâr, | la, | lä, | lă, | lā; | lēr, | lè, | lē; |
| īl, | īl; | ul, | öl, | ol; | ul, | ül, | ul; | oul. |
| mās, | mēr, | mô, | mä, | mă, | me; | mēr, | mè, | mī; |
| īm, | īm; | om, | öm, | om; | om, | óm, | um; | oum. |
| 3. ān, | an, | ăn, | arn, | nán, | ăn; | ēn, | ēr, | èn; |
| nȳ, | nȳ; | no, | nō, | nó; | nū, | nu, | nũ; | nou. |
| ang, | arn, | ang, | af, | ang, | ang; | eng, | ern, | eng; |
| ing, | ing; | ong, | ong, | ong; | ung, | ung, | ung; | own. |
| rā, | rā, | râr, | ră, | ra, | ráf; | rē, | rēr, | rè; |
| rī, | rī; | rô, | rō, | ro; | ru, | rũ, | rū; | row. |
| 4. āth, | ôth, | af, | eth, | ārth, | āth; | ēth, | ērth, | ēth; |
| thī, | thī; | thô, | thō, | tho; | thū, | thu, | thũ; | thou. |
| ve, | vā, | vâr, | vă, | vaf, | va; | vēr, | vē, | vè; |
| iv, | iv; | ov, | ōv, | ov; | uv, | uv, | ov; | ouv. |
| wā, | wā, | wâr, | wă, | wa, | wáf; | wīr, | wè, | wē; |
| wī, | wī; | wô, | wō, | wo; | wū, | wu, | wũ; | wow. |

5. y
y
z
s
o
ē

1. fā
if
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h
ā
k

2. ep
pi
āf
is
tā
ty

3. fh
ifl
ow
ēr
ou
sh
wh
wh

E
an'
friēn'

5. yā, yā, yā, yā, yār, yār; yē, yē, yēr;
 yī, yī; yō, yō, yō; yū, yū, yū;
 zow; zōō, zū, zū; zōō, zō, zō; zī, zī;
 sēr, sē, sē; sáf, sēr, sá, sá, sá.
 ouzh; ۇzh, ۇzh, ۇzh; ozh, օzh, օzh; izh, izh;
  rzh,  zh,  zh;  f,  rzh,  zh,  zh,  zh.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fā, fā, fā, fā, fār, fās; fē, fē, fēr;
 if, if;  f,  f,  f;  f,  f,  f;
 h r, h n, h , h , h , h ; h , h , h ;
 h , h ; h , h , h ; h , h , h ;
  k,  k,  k,  k,  rk,  f;  k,  k,  k;
 k , k ; k , k , k ; k , k , k .
2. ep,  p,  p,  p,  rp, p f; p , p , p r;
 p , p ;  p,  p, ap; p , p , p o;  wp.
  f,  rs,  s,  s,  s, es; s r, s , s ;
  s,  s;  s, as,  s; so, s , s ; ous.
 t s, t r, t ,  t,  t,  t; t r,  t,  t;
 t , t ; t , t , t ;  t,  t,  t; tow.
3. th f, th r, th , th , th , th ; th r, th , th ;
  fh,  fh;  fh,  fh,  fh;  fh,  fh,  fh;  fh.
  wch;  ch,  ch,  ch;  ch,  ch,  ch;  ch,  ch;
  rch,  ch,  ch; ch f, ch , ch , ch r, ch , ch .
  ush;  sh,  sh,  sh;  sh,  sh,  sh;  sh,  sh;
 sh r, sh , sh ; sh n, sh r, sh , sh , sh .
 whow; wh , wh , wh ; wh , wh , wh ; wh , wh ;
 wh r, wh , wh ; wh s, wh r, wh , wh , wh .

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION arise, *first*, from the omission of one or m re elements in a word; as,

 n' for  nd.
 fri n's " fri nds.

blin'ness for blind'ness.
 f e's " f ets.

sōf'ly	for sōft'ly.	bōis'trous	for bōis'tēr oūs.
fiēl'ŝ	" fiēldŝ.	chick'n	" chick'ën.
wil'ŝ	" wildŝ.	hīs't'rÿ	" hīs'tō rÿ.
stō'm	" stōrm.	nōv'l	" nōv'ël.
wā'm	" wārm.	trāv'l	" trāv'ël.

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

ēv'ën	for ēv'n.	rāv'ël	for rāv'l.
hēav'ën	" hēav'n.	sēv'ën	" sēv'n.
tāk'ën	" tāk'n.	sōf'tën	" sōf'n.
sīck'ën	" sīck'n.	shāk'ën	" shāk'n.
drīv'ël	" drīv'l.	shòv'ël	" shòv'l.
grōv'ël	" grōv'l.	shrīv'ël	" shrīv'l.

Thirdly from substituting one element for another ; as,

sēt	for sīt.	eāse	for eōurse.
sēnce	" sīnce.	re part'	" re pōrt'.
shēt	" shūt.	trōf' fÿ	" trō'phÿ.
for gīt'	" for gēt'	pā'rent	" pâr'ent.
eāre	" eāre.	būn'net	" bōn'net.
dānce	" dānce.	chil'drun	" chil'drën.
pāst	" pāst.	sūl'ler	" çēllar.
āsk	" āsk.	mēll'ër	" mēllōw.
grāss	" grāss.	pīll'ër	" pīllōw.
srīll	" shrīll.	mō'munt	" mō'mënt.
wīrl	" whīrl.	hārm'liss	" hārm'lëss.
a gān'	" a gain (ā gēn').	kīnd'niss	" kīnd'nëss.
āgānst'	" against (ā gēnst').	wīs'per	" whīs'per.
hērth	" hearth (hārth).	sīng'in	" sīng'ing.

VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN 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.—*1st.* The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; sä v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral 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, salvo—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 vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a läbiö-dental. 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.—*1st.* The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh o—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, sh o e—shoe. The combination sh 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 second oral element represented by *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe* is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by *o*; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of *o*.

VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A AS THE NAME OF A LETTER, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should be pronounced *ā* (*ā* in *āge*); as, I said three boys knew the letter *ā*, not *a* boy knew it.

2. THE WORD *A*, when not *emphatic*, is marked thus, *â*,¹ its *quality* in pronunciation being the same as heard in *ask*, *grass*; as,

Give *â* baby sister *â* smile, *â* kind word, and *â* kiss.

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

The (*thū*) peach, the (*thū*) plum, the apple, and the (*thū*) cherry are yours. Did he *ask* for *a* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. U PRECEDED BY R.—When *u* long (*u* in *tūbe*), 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 illustrate.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. Thū bōld bād baiz brōk bōlts ānd bārz.
2. Thū rōgz rūst round thū rūf rēd rōks.
3. Hī ōn ā hīl Hū bōrd harsēz hārnī hōfs.
4. Shōr āl hēr pāthz ār pāthz ōv pēs.
5. Bā! thāt'z nōt sīks dōllārz, būt ā dōllār.
6. Chārj thē ōld mān tō choz ā chāis chēz.

¹ **A** Initial.—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked *â*, its *quality* being that of a *sixth power* (*â*), as in *āias*, *āmāss*, though somewhat less in volume of sound.

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7. Lit sēking lit, hāth lit òv lit bēgild.
8. Thōz yofhs wīth trofhs yūz wīkēd òthz.
9. Arm it wīth rāg, á pígmī strā wīl pērs it.
10. Nou sēt thū tēth ānd strēch thū nōstril wīd.
11. Hē wōcht ānd wēpt hē fēlt ānd prād fār āl.
12. Hiz iz āmīdst thū mīsts, mēzhērd ān āzhēr skī.
13. Thū whālz whēld ānd whērl, ānd bārd thār brād,
broun bāks.
14. Jāsn Jōnz sēd, Lūná, álás, ámás, vīllá, árō'má.
15. Thū strīf sēsēth, pēs āpprōchēth, ānd thū gūd
mán rējāisēth.
16. Our shrod ānts yūzd shrūgz, ānd shārp, shrīl
shrēks, ānd shrūngk shīll frōm thū shroudēd shrīn.
17. Amīdst thū mīsts ānd kōldēst frōsts, wīth bārēst
rīsts ānd stōutēst bōsts, hē chrīsts hīz fīsts āgēnst thū
pōsts, ānd stīl insīsts hē sēz thū gōsts.
18. A stārm ārīzēth òn thū sē. A mōdēl vēssēl iz
strūggīng āmīdst thū wāz òv ēlēmēnts, kwīvēring ānd
shīvēring, shrīngkīng ānd bātīng līk á thīngkīng bēng.

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, *lil-ly*.
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*.

Accent { *Primary*
Secondary

3. *THE MARK OF ACUTE ACCENT*, heavy, ['] is often used to indicate *primary* accent; *vight*, ['] *secondary* accent; as,

Höstil'itÿ brought vic'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 âgèd and learnèd man caught that wingèd thing, for his belòvèd pupils. Hèr goodnèss [not *goodness*] moved the roughèst [not *roughist*].

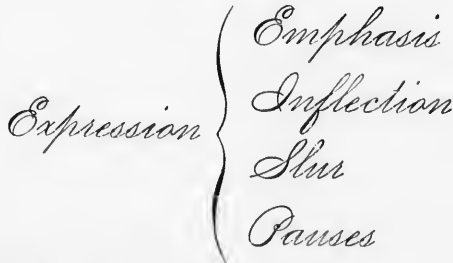
PUPILS will give the office of each *mark* in these

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. No'tice the marks of *ae'cent*, and al'ways accent' còrrèet'ly the words *in'teresting*, *cir'cumstances*, *dif'ficulty*.
2. That blèssèd and belòvèd child loves évery wingèd thing.
3. He that is slow to ánger is bétter than the míghty ; and he that rùlèth his spírít than he that tákèth a çit'y.
4. A spírít of kíndnèss is beáutíful in the ágèd, lóvely in the young, in'dispen'sable to the háppínèss of á fámily.
5. Thou knówèst my down'-sit'ting and mine up'rising ; thou un'derstándèst my thóught afár öff.
6. Thou còmpassèst my páth and my ly'ing down, and art acquáintèd with all my ways.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION OF SPEECH is thē utterance of thóught, feeling, or passion, with due significánce or fôrce. Its most important dīvisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, SLUR, and PAUSES.



EXPRESSION has to do with words in sentences and extended discóurse. 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 loud¹ 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 illustrated 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.

¹ Loudness.—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that loudness has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch*, but to *volume of voice, used on the same key or pitch*, when reading or speaking.

7. The GOOD man is *honored*, but thē EVIL man is *despised*.
8. Custom is the plague of wise men and thē idol of fools.
9. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you HARES; whēre *foxes*, GEESE.

10. My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land is never *lost*, 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 *cālm*, 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 wēre hēr words.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used 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* or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

<i>Inflection</i>	}	<i>Rising</i>
		<i>Falling</i>
		<i>Circumflex</i>

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 ^{home?}

5. *THE CIRCUMFLEX* is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either 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 \frown ; the *rising circumflex*, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus \smile , which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for à fool, to thiñk I could do thát.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTION.

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

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

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

Thòugh he sláy me, I shall love him. On its return, they will shed tears, not of ágony and distréss, but of grátitude and jòy.

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.

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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 Rome ?

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 thoughts 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 illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. I want a *pèn*. It is not a *book* I want.
2. The war must go *on*. We must fight it *through*.
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* ? Yes : it is *splendid*.
6. Does that beautiful lady deserve *praise*, or *blame* ?
7. Is a candle to be put under a *búshel*, or under a *béd* ?
8. Hunting *mèn*, not *beasts*, shall be his game.
9. Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles ?
10. There is a tide in the affairs of *mèn*, 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 gloomy and sad
 When our mother Nature laughs around ;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming 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.
3. Children are wading, with cheerful cries,
 In the shoals of the sparkling brook ;
 Laughing maidens, with soft young eyes,
 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 cālm shade shall bring a kindred cālm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dānce, shall wāft a bālm to thy sick heart.

6. Young eyes, that lāst year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Béar redder stains of quārel.

7. If thère's a Power ābōve 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 cālm fields with light.
Thē airs that hōver in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

IV. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

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

2. THE PAUSE IS MARKED thus ¶ 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* ¶ will raise up armies. *Sincerity* and *truth* ¶ form the basis of evēry virtue.

2. *TWO NOUNS IN THE SAME CASE*, without a connecting word, require a pause between them ; as,

I admire *Webster* ∇ *thē orator*.

3. *ADJECTIVES THAT FOLLOW* the words they qualify or limit, require pauses immediately before them ; as,

He had a mind ∇ deep ∇ active ∇ well-stōred 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 ∇ these joys are his. Hence ∇ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ∇ 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 ∇ Kate but once. Call this man friend ∇ that ∇ brōther.

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

The plumage of the mōcking-bīrd ∇ thōugh nōne of th. hōmeliest ∇ has nōthing bright or showy in it.

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

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. All promise ∇ is pōor dilatory man.
2. Procrastination is the thief of time.
3. Weeping ∇ may endure for a night ∇ ∇ but joy ∇ comet in the morning.
4. Paul ∇ the Apostle ∇ wrote to Timothy.
5. Solomon, the son of David, waṣ king of Iṣraēl.
6. He was a friend ∇ gentle ∇ generous ∇ good-humored ∇ aifectionate.
7. Yqu see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and socially, yqu equal.
8. The night wind with a desolate moan swept by.
9. But ∇ I shall say no mōre ∇ pity and charity being dead ∇ to a heart of stōne.
10. Husbands and fāthers ∇ think of thēir 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 comma, and usually represents a longer pause ; as,

The noblest men and women have been children once ; lisping the speech, laughing the laugh, 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 turn 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,

Alas 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 only single 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 comma 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. Uncle bought Cora’s shoes, and the boys’ hats.

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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,

Frienō —s is in trouble. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy Gōd with all thy heart, . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." "Charity suffereth long and is kind; **** beareth 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' Gōd 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 often used for marks of reference.

16. THE DIÆRESIS [¨] is placed over the latter of two vowels to show that they form separate syllables; as,

His ideās of the Creātor were formed in those aërial 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 lowliest 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! eh!—as much exercise—eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my inactive state.

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SELECT READINGS.

PHONETIC KEY.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or ē; aș, āle, veil: 2. ă; aș, făt: 3. ä; aș, ärt:
4. a, or ô; aș, all, eörn: 5. á, or é; aș, eäre, thäre:
6. à; aș, àsk: 7. ě, or ĭ; aș, wē, pique: 8. ẽ; aș, ẽll:
9. ê, î, or û; aș, hēr, sîr, bûr: 10. ī, aș, içe: 11. ĭ; aș,
ill: 12. ô; aș, ôld: 13. ǫ, or ą; aș, ǫn, what: 14. ō.
ōō, or ū; aș, dǫ, fōōl, rûle: 15. ū; aș, mûle: 16. ů, or
ó; aș, ůp, sôn: 17. ū, ǫ, or ǫō; aș, bull, wolf, wōōl:
18. Ou, ou, or ow; aș, Out, lout, owl.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; aș, bib: 2. d; aș, did: 3. ĝ; aș, ĝiĝ: 4. j, or
ġ; aș, jġ, ġem: 5. l; aș, lull: 6. m; aș, mum: 7. n;
aș, nun: 8. ŋ, or ng; aș, link, sing: 9. r; aș, rare:
10. Th, or th; aș, That, thĭth'er: 11. v; aș, valve:
12. w; aș, wiĝ: 13. y; aș, yet: 14. z, or ș; aș, zipe, iș:
15. z, or zh, aș, ăzure.

III. ATONICS.

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

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READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. A WINTER CARNIVAL.

PART FIRST.

MONTREAL waş to have a winter carnival. Of eourse, mōst of the boyş and ġirlş know what a carnival iş. It iş a jolly ġood time out-of-doors, in the warm Southern cities, usually of Italy. But aş Montreal haş not a partiularly warm Southern climate, and aş her winter spōrts are unequaled, Winter waş fitly choşen to preşide at a Canadian carnival.

2. Aş Ralph Rodney's unele lived in Montreal, naturally he invited Ralph's father and mother to eome on a vişit during the carnival, and to bring Ralph with them. When hiş parents aecepted the invitation, Ralph waş about the happiest boy in Bōston. Having never been so far North before, he had fears about freezing hiş ears and hiş nose.

3. "I wish my seal-skin eap waş larger and that my ear-tabs were snugġer," he confided to his mother; but she assured him that hiş aunt and hiş eouşing in Canada would show him just how to proteet himself from the eold, and that he need not borrow trouble.

4. One erisp¹ January evening, Ralph and hiş father and mother took the train, on the Bōston and Montreal Railroad, for the winter carnival. A ride of fifteen hours brought them in safety to Montreal. They erōssed the ġreat Victoria Bridge, over the broad St. Lawrence, white with its winter eovering of ice and snow.

5. Ralph enjoyed hugely the ride from the station in the

¹ Crisp, bright and sharp; brittle.

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

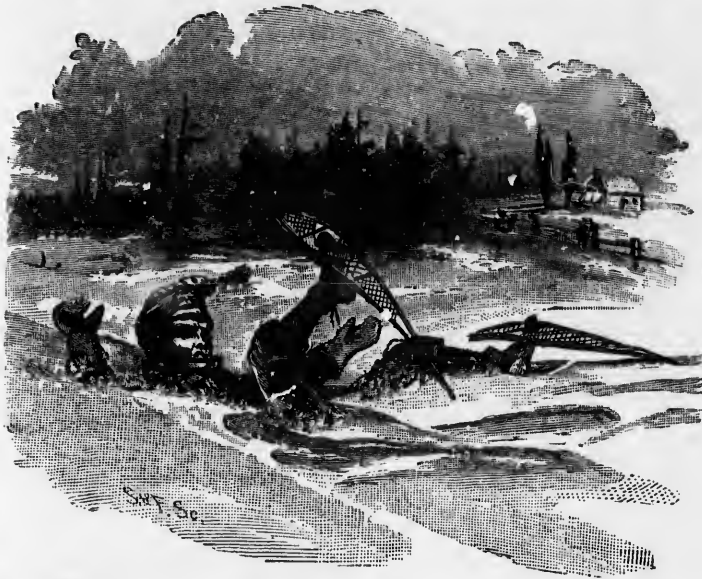
6. This ice palace was built of large cakes of ice, two feet thick, having a high central tower, and smaller towers at the four corners. Flags of different nations waved from the top of the towers, and the dull blue structure glittering under the bright morning sun, the result of three weeks' hard work 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 moccasined 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 careful 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. 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 curved at the forward end, with cross 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.

II.

2. A WINTER CARNIVAL.

PART SECOND.

TOBOGGANING SLIDES were quite numerous in Montreal. 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 club dress was a very pretty one, made of white blanketing, one club 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 crowded with club members, their friends, and spectators, and presented a very novel and picturesque¹ 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 ineline, jump several inches into the air over the smooth bumper, and take a final plunge down the long slide between the great snow-banks, his self-confidence gave way and he put off his steering until the slide was less steep or less crowded.

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!" cried his cousin 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.²

7. The bumping hole safely passed, he began to enjoy his

¹ Picturesque (pikt'ygrěsk'), having the kind of beauty which is most agreeable in a picture.

² Desperately, 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, laughing 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 sailors' say, very readily."

9. After dinner, all went down to Dominion Square to see the inauguration of the ice palace, and the torchlight procession of the snow-shoe clubs. The electric lights shone through the sides of the palace and made it look like a fairy castle of ground glass. Thousands of people in warm furs crowded about it and listened to the bands of music inside. The snow-shoe clubs 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 ice palace was brightly lighted with colored fires, one tower being red, another green, and another blue. The effect was almost magical.¹

10. Ralph Rodney's first day at the carnival 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

¹ *Māg'ical*, relating to the hidden wisdom thought to be possessed by the *Māgi*, or holy men of the East; hence, seemingly requiring more than human power; imposing or startling in performance.



great cavern 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 Quebee, also, to the winter carnival trip.

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

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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 Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God 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 emulate¹ their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards,² patriots,³ martyrs,⁴ sages,⁵
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

3. I live to hold communion⁶
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

¹ Em'u late, strive to equal or surpass in actions or qualities; rival.

² Bards, poets.

³ Pa'tri ot, one who loves his country and earnestly supports and defends it.

⁴ Ma'rtyrs, those who suffer death

or loss for religion.

⁵ Sa'ges, wise men, usually aged.

⁶ Communion (kom mün'yun), intercourse; fellowship.

⁷ Afflic'tion, grief; sorrow; pain.

⁸ Fic'tion, that which is made up or imagined; a feigned story.

Grow wiser from conviction,¹
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 cause 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, arranging² their little stands, sat down to wait for customers.³ One of the boys had a stock⁴ 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 pleasure⁵ their stores steadily decreasing;⁶ and so they

¹ Convic'tion, belief arising from proof.

² Ar rān'ing, setting in order.

³ Cūs'tom er, & regular buyer.

⁴ Stöck, & collection of salable articles or goods.

⁵ Pleasure (plēzh'ur).

⁶ De crēas'ing, lessening.

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rattled the money which they had received 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 defects¹ 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 purchase² being made, the gentleman went away.

7. "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 a lie, nor act one either, for twice what I have earned³ this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a 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 a merchant was Harry's great ambition,⁴ and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trustworthy

¹ Defect, a fault; the want or absence of something needful to make a thing complete or perfect; failing; imperfection.

² Purchase, that which is ob-

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

³ Earn, to get by our own work.

⁴ Ambition, an eager wish for an improved condition.

boy in his own warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely¹ he advanced in the confidence of his employer until, having passed through various gradations² in clerkship, he became at length an honored and respected partner in the firm.³

II.

5. KEEPING HIS WORD.

“MATCHES! Only a penny a box,” he said;
 But the gentleman turned away his head,
 As if he shrunk⁴ from the squalid⁵ sight
 Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

2. “O, sir!” he stammered,⁶ “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 think—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;

¹ Surely (shor’ly), in a sure or certain way.

² Gradations, 1~ steps.

³ Firm (firm), the one under which a company does business; hence, the company or house.

⁴ Shrunk (shrank), drew back.

⁵ Squalid (skwól’id), very dirty through neglect; filthy.

⁶ Stammered, pronounced in a faltering manner; spoke with stops and difficulty; stuttered.



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But he fumbled¹ his purse in the twilight² drear³—
 “I have nothing less than a shilling⁴ here.”

7. “Oh, sir, if you’ll only take the pack,
 I’ll bring you the change in a moment back;
 Indeed you may trust⁵ me.”—“Trust you? no!
 But here is the shilling; take it and go.”

¹ Fumbled, turned over and over.

² Twilight, the faint light after the setting or before the rising of the sun.

³ Drear, causing cheerless feelings; gloomy and lonely; without

comfort.

⁴ Shilling, an English silver coin worth about twenty-four cents of our money.

⁵ Trust, believe; put faith in; give credit to.

8. The gentleman lolled¹ in his eozy² ch^{air},
And watched his cigar-wreath melt in the air,
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 elock," he said,
"Time that my darlings were all in bed ;
Kiss me good-night, and each be sure,
When you're saying your prayers, remember the poor."
10. Just then came a message³—"A boy at the door"—
But ere it was uttered,⁴ he stood on the floor,
Half breathless; bewildered,⁵ and ragged, and strange:
"I'm Ruby—Mike's brother—I've brought 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 hastily⁶ entered, they saw
Two arms, mangled,⁷ shapeless, outstretched from the straw.
"You did it?—dear Ruby—God bless you," he said;
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and was dead.

III.

6. HELPING FATHER.

PART FIRST.

"MONEY does not last⁸ long nowadays, Clarissa," said
Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening. "It is only
a week since I received my month's salary, and now I have but

¹ L^olled, lay at ease.

² C^o'zy, snug; comfortable.

³ M^es'sage, any notice sent from
one person to another.

⁴ U^t'tered, spoken; pronounced.

⁵ B^e wil' d^ered, confused; puz-
zled; confounded.

⁶ H^as'ti ly, quickly.

⁷ M^an'gled, bruised; wounded.

⁸ L^ast (last), see Note 3, p. 16.

little mōre than hālf of it left. I bought a eord of pine wōod to-dāy, and to-mōrrōw I must pay for that sūit of elothēs which Dāniēl had : that will be fiftēen dollārs mōre."

2. "And Daniel will need a pāir of new shōes in a day or two ; thōse he weārs now are all ripped, and hardly fit to wear," said (sēd) Mrs. Andrews. "How fast he weārs out shōes ! It seems hardly a fērt'nīght since I bought the last shōes for him," said the father.

3. "Oh, well ! But then he enjoys running about so very much that I can not check his plēasure as long as it is quite harmlēss. I am sūre you would feel sōrry to see the little shōes last longer from not being used so much," answered thē affectionate¹ mother.

4. Daniel, during this conversation,² wās sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, trying to teach her to stand upon her hind leg̃s. He wās apparently³ much oecupied⁴ with his ēffōrts,⁵ but he hēard all that his father and mother had said. Pretty⁶ sōon he ārōse, and, going to his father, elimbed upon his knee and said, "Papū', do I cōst you a good deal of money?"

5. Now, Mr. Andrews wās book-keeper for a manufacturing company, and his salary wās hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the high rate at which ēvērthing wās selling. He hād nōthing to spare for superfluitiēs,⁷ and his chief enjoyment wās being at hōme with his wife and boy, his books and pietures. Daniel's question wās a queer⁸ one, but his father replied as cōrrectly as he could.

6. "Whatever money you may cōst me, my son, I do not regret it, for I know that it add̃s to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sūre, your papū does not have a grēat deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel."—"How much will my new suit of elothēs cōst?" asked Daniel. "Fiftēen dollārs," wās the reply. "And how much for my shōes?"—"Two dollārs mōre, perhaps," said his father.

¹ Af fēc' tion ate, having grēat love ; fond.

² Cōn ver sār' tion, familiar discourse or talk ; chat.

³ Apparently (as pār' ent II), in appearance ; seemingly.

⁴ O'c'cupied, employed ; busied.

⁵ Effōrt, use of strength or power ; a struḡgle or earnest attempt.

⁶ Pretty (prīt' tī), moderately ; quite.

⁷ Sū per flū' i tī, overmuch.

⁸ Quēer, differing oddly from what is cōmmon.

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 think I can do it, mother. The wood lies close to the cellar-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 danced away, and went first to the cellar, where he unhooked the trap-door and opened it, and climbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap. At first it was good fun to send the sticks clattering one on top of the other down into the cellar, but pretty soon it grew tedious,¹ and Daniel began to think that he had rather do something else.

12. Just then George Flyson came into the yard and asked Daniel if he wasn'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 shan'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,

¹ Tē'di oūs, dull; tiresome from length or slowness.

George Flyson, don't you eall 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 gëttin' mighty pious all of a sudden. Guess I'll have to be goin'. I'm not good enough for you;" and, with a 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 clothes, 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, certainly." 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 bleak¹ winds of Novem-

¹ **Bleak**, cold and sweeping; cheerless.

ber began to blōw. The leaves of the trees fell lifeless to the earth, and every thing prepared to put on the ermine¹ garb of winter. One evening when Daniel went to bed, he put aside his curtain, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the tiny² 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 clear 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 scraping 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 cleared 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 cleared 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 memorandum³ of the work that you have done for

¹ Er'mine, an animal related to, or somewhat resembling, the weasel. It inhabits northern climates, and has white fur in winter; hence, snow is called the ermine garb.

² Tī'ný, little; very small.

³ Mēm'o rān' dum, a 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. "Aš much aš that, father? Why, I did not know I could earn so much all myself, and I did not work vĕry hard ěither," said¹ Daniel. "Some of it waš pretty hard work for a little boy that likes to play," replied hiš father; "but you did it well, and now I am ready to pay you."

13. "Pay me? What! thĕ re'al money right in my hands?"—"Yĕs, the real money;" and Mr. Andrewš placed a roll of "bank-notes." in hiš little sca'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 elotheš with it for the next year," said Daniel. And Mr. Andrewš did so.

V.

8. HAND AND HEART.

IN STORM or shine, two friends of mine
Go fōrth to work or plāy;
And when they visit poor men's homeš,
They bless them by the wāy.

2. 'Tiš willing hand! 'tiš cheerful heart!
The two best friends I knōw;
Around the heārth² eome joy and mīrth,³
Where'er their fačeš glōw.
3. Come shine, 'tiš bright! eome dark, 'tiš light!
Come eold, 'tiš warm ěre⁴ lōng!
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Mĕrrily sound the sōng!
4. Who fallš may stand, if good right hand
Iš first, not secong best:
Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
Haš lodging in hiš breast.

¹ Said (sĕd).

² Heārth (hārth).

³ Mīrth (mĕrth), see Note 4, p. 16.

⁴ ěre (ār), sooner than; before.

5. The hūmblēst bōard haş daintieş pōured,
When they sit down to dine;
The crust they eat iş honey-sweet,
The wāter good aş wine.
6. They fill the pūrse¹ with hōnēst gōld,
They lead no creature² wrōng;³
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Mērrily sound the sōng!
7. Without theş twain,⁴ the poor complain
Of evilş hard to bear;⁵
But with them poverty growş rich,
And findş a lōaf to spāre!⁶
8. Their looks are fire; their wordş inspire;
Their deedş give eōūrage high;—
About their kņeeş the children run,
Or elimb, they know not why.
9. Who sailş, or rideş, or walkş with them,
Ne'er findş the journey lōng;—
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Mērrily sound the sōng!

VI.

9. SUPPORTING MOTHER.

JEAN VIDAL⁷ waş a boy nine yearş old. He lived in Aurillae,⁸ Frāņce. Hiş mōther, a widōw, from being rich became vėry pōor. She had four sonş, of whom Jėan waş the yōungēst.

2. Two kind gentlemen obtained good plaçeş for the three older boyş; but aş Jean waş a bright lad, they sent him to a bōarding-school that he might be well educated. Thė expense

¹ Purse (pėrs), see Note 4, p. 16.

² Creature (krėt'yėr), any thing created; an animal; a man.

³ Wrōng, see Note 5, p. 16.

⁴ Twain, two.

⁵ Bear (bār), see Note 2, p. 16.

⁶ Spare (spār).

⁷ Vidal (ve dāl').

⁸ Aurillae (ō'rėl'yāk').

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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.¹

3. The child, away at school, knew nothing of this. Wishing to break the matter to him as tenderly as possible, the curé² 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 curé was called away for a few minutes (myn'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 curé, when the boy came back, "curiosity³ led you astray; but the fault has brought its own punishment; you have been hiding yourself to cry over it."

6. "No, kind sir," answered the brave and noble little fellow; "I have not been crying. I know it all. My mother shall not go to the hospital: she would die of grief. I will not return to school. I will support her."

7. Touched and surprised, the curé tried to reason with him, and took him to several of his friends, who told him that he could best serve his mother by getting a good education, which would enable him, in after years, to provide for her comfortably. But, his one idea was to save her from the hospital, and he could not be turned from his purpose.

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'nés). Poor boy! only nine years old; what could he do? and they coldly and cruelly denied this also!

9. A tender child, alone, friendless—what a task he had before him! God leads the right purpose into right ways.

¹ Alms-house (ämz'hous), a house set apart for the use of the poor.

² Curé (ku rä'), the French word for parish priest; a elergyman; one

who has the cure of souls.

³ Cū ri ōs'i tŷ, a desire to seek after knowledge, or to gratify the mind with new information.

Jean had a watch which the prefect¹ 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 fellow! Do not your hearts grow warm toward him? Think of his pure love, and devotion, and care for his mother. Take that dear one, who had watched over him so lovingly, and supplied all his needs in his infancy and childhood, to the almshouse! 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 care of her, and making her happy by his loving attentions.¹ 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.

NOT 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 air,
 And the soft snow falling as gently
 As an answer to a prayer.

¹ *Pré'fect*, an officer in France who superintends one of the departments or divisions of the country,

and has charge of its police force.
² *Mát'in*, morning; relating to the first or morning office.

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² M
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⁴ Bl
⁵ M
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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 desolate¹ 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 mûrkÿ⁵ air,
 And he thinks of his home and his loved ones
 With the tenderness of despair :
 He has wandered for hours in the snow-drift,
 And he strives⁶ 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 dawn⁷ 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 perish,
 But the grace of our God implore,
 With all the strength of your spirit,
 For one who needs it more.
 Far away, in the gleaming⁸ city,
 'Mid perfume,⁹ and song, and light,

¹ Dés'olate, without inhabitants or people ; lonely.

² Moor' land, a large piece of waste or marshy land.

³ Drëar'y, causing sad or lonely feelings ; without comfort.

⁴ Blëak, swept by cold winds.

⁵ Mûrk'y, obscure ; thick ; cloudy.

⁶ Strive, to try earnestly ; to make a strong effort.

⁷ Dawn, first appearance ; rise ; the break of day.

⁸ Glëam'ing, shining with flashes of light ; shining with a clear and steady though faint light.

⁹ Perfume (për'fûm), a sweet scent ; fragrance.

A soul that Jeſus has rãnsómed ¹
Iſ in peril ² of ſin to-night.

6. The tempter ³ iſ elóſe beſide him,
And hiſ danger iſ all forġot,
And the far-off voiçes of childhood
Call aloud, but he hearſ them not;
He ſayeth no prayer, and hiſ mother—
He thinkſ not of her to-dãy,
And he will not look up to heaven,
And hiſ Angel iſ târning áwãy.
7. “Then præy for á ſoul in peril,
A ſoul for which Jeſus died;
Ask, by the eröſſ that bõre Him,
And by hër who ſtood beſide;
And thë Angelſ of Gõd will thank you,
And bend from their throneſ of light,
To tell you that heaven rejoiçeſ
At the deedſ ⁴ you have done to-night.”

SECTION III.

I.

11. THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

ONCE á little ġirl waſ walking out in the ſhady wood near her hõme, when ſhe lóoked up into á thorn-tree, and ſaw á pigeón's nest, with one white egg in it. Thë 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 ⁵ white pigeon come flying áround her with a ſorrowful lóok.

2. It ſaid (ſëd) in its own ſoft, eõing way, “Little ġirl, dear

¹ Rãn'somed, bought out of ſer-
viçe or puniſhment. or triçed to produce evil in otherſ.
² Për'il, very great danger. ⁴ Dëed, that which iſ effected or
done; act.
³ Tëmpt'er, one who endeavorſ ⁵ Prett'y prít'ti), neat; ġraceful.

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 doctor 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 (āgēn') 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 come 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 pigeon cooed softly again, and the little girl kissed it gently, 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, calmly and peacefully, with a sweet smile upon his face, as if the angels 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,¹ and never could they forget the sweet white pigeon and the angel's whisper.

II.

12. THE BOY AND THE CHILD JESUS.

AMONG green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so mild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

2. There oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified 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 dost,
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 erimson light,—
6. Again the boy was playing;
And earnestly said he,
"O, beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me.

¹Fa'ble, a story not really true, or to enforce a truth or a useful rule
but contrived to amuse 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."
9. 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 celestial¹
Shall have, dear child, thy fill."
13. Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings,
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.

¹ Celestial (se lĕst'yal), belonging to the spiritual heaven; heavenly.

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ESUS.

15. And thus he spoke in dying :

“O, mother dear ! I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A-coming down to me ;—

16. “And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries ;
Dear mother, let me go.”

17. He died—but that fond mother
Her sorrow 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,¹ they thought that the whole world must be green ; in which opinion² they were about right. The shell grew,³ and the peas grew too. They could accommodate⁴ 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,⁵ and became more intelligent⁶ the older they were.

3. “Shall I always be compelled⁷ 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.”

¹ Therefore (thí r' fôr), for that or this reason.

² Opinion (-yun), view or belief formed from slight proof.

³ Grew (grô), see Rule 4, p. 24.

⁴ Accommodate (âc com'mo dâte, suit ; fit.

⁵ Fast (fâst), see Note 3, p. 16.

⁶ Intelligent (in tël' li jânt, knowing.

⁷ Compelled (com pëllëd', obliged ; forced ; 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 circumstances,¹ for the exclamation.²

5. One day their house was struck as if by lightning. They were torn off by somebody's hand, and were put³ into a coat-pocket 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 burst, 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. Catch me if you can." 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 roof⁴ 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 balcony⁵ 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 creature. "I shall make the best of my lot," it said, as it lay there.

13. A poor woman⁶ lived in a room back of the balcony win-

¹ Circumstance (sēr'kūm stāns), one of the things that surround us in our path of life.

² Ex'cla mā'tion, remark of pain, anger, surprise, &c.; outery.

³ Put (put), placed.

⁴ Roof (rof).

⁵ Bal'co nŷ, a platform on the outer walls of buildings.

⁶ Woman (wum'an).

dōw. She spent the whōle dāy in making little toys o' wōod and shells, which wāş hēr way of gēttīng a little mōney. She had a gōōd strōng body, but nevertheless she wāş a vērly poor wīdōw, and the prospēct wāş that she wōuld always be one.

14. In that little rōōm lived a hālf-grown, delīcate¹ daughter. A whōle year she had been lyīng there, and it seemēd aş if she coulōd nēīther live nor die. "She will sōōn gō ōff to see her little sister!" sighēd the mōthēr. "I had two chīldrēn, and it wāş a dīffīcult² tāsķ for me to take cāre of them bōfh. But our Lord hāş taken one of them to live with Him.

15. "I should like to keep this one with me; but it appearş aş if Gōd wānts them bōfh with Him. Sōōn she will gō and see hēr sister." But the sick gīrl still lived, and lāy patiently³ 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 eame on. One morning, when the industrious⁴ mother wāş gōing about hēr work, the friēdly sun shōne thrōugh the little wīndōw and all ālong the little rōōf.

2. The sick gīrl lōōked down at the bottōm of the wīndōw and saw something gīrowing. "What kind of a weed īş that?" she āskēd. "It īş gōing to gīrōw āgāinst⁵ the wīndōw. See, the wīnd īş shaking it."

3. And the mother eame to the wīndōw and ōpenēd it a little. "Just see!" she exclaimēd. "This īş a slēnder pea-vīne. It īş nōw shooting out its gīreen leavēş. How did it gēt into this little ērēvīce?⁶ Sōōn we shall have a gārōden!"

4. Then the sick gīrl's bed wāş movēd clōser to the wīndōw, so that she coulōd see the little clīmbīng pea. Then her motuēr went to work āgāin.⁷

¹ Tšl' i cate, nice; tender; feeble.

not idle or lazy.

² Dīf' fi cūlt, not easy.

⁵ Agāins: (ā gēnst'), ōppōsīte to;

³ Patiently (pā' shēnt li), without complaint or mūrūrīng.

ābreast of; fācīng.

⁶ Crēv' īce, ā crāck.

⁴ In dūs' trī ōs, gīven to work;

⁷ Agāin (ā gēn'), ōnce mōre.

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5. "Mother, I really believe I shall get well again," said the daughter one evening to her mother. "The sun has been (b)n 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. "God 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 devoured¹ by hungry pigeons. The fourth pea, which went off toward the sun, did not get half-way there, but fell into a water-spout, and lay there for weeks growing larger all the time.

14. "I am getting so corpulent,"² it said one day, "I shall soon burst, I am afraid, and that will certainly be the last of me." And the chimney, who afterward wrote his epitaph,³ told me a few days ago 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.

ONE hot summer morning a little cloud rose out of the sea, and glided lightly, like a playful child, through the blue sky and over the wide earth which lay parched and languishing⁴ from the long drought.⁵

¹ Devoured', eaten greedily.

² Corpulent, fleshy; fat.

³ Epitaph, a writing on a monument in memory of the dead.

⁴ Languishing (languish ing),

pining; suffering, as from heat or dryness.

⁵ Drought (drou), want of rain or of water; a long continuance of dry weather.

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2. As the little cloud sailed along, she saw far beneath¹ her the poor laborers toiling² 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, "could I but do something to lighten the labor of those poor men upon the earth, drive away their cares, give refreshment to the thirsty³ 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 waxed⁴ more intense; 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 cast a piteous⁵ 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 heard⁷ 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 cried, "*Ye weary men who are toiling on the earth, I will help you!*"

7. Filled with this thought, the cloud suddenly expanded to a gigantic⁸ 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.⁹

8. "Ay;¹⁰ I will help you," said (séd) the cloud again;

¹ Be nēath', lower in place, rank, or worth; under.

² Toil'ing, laboring painfully and wearily; over-laboring.

³ Thirsty (thērst' i), suffering from want of drink.

⁴ Waxed, became; grew.

⁵ In tēnsē', fierce; very great.

⁶ Pīt'e oūs, fitted to awaken pity; sorrowful.

⁷ Heard (hērd).

⁸ Gī gān'tic, huge; very large.

⁹ Bēn'e fāc'tress, a female who confers a benefit or does good, especially for charity.

¹⁰ Ay (āi), yes.

‘ receive me—I die for you !’ Thē energy ¹ of ā mighty pūr-
pose thrilled through her; ā brilliant flash gleamed ācrōss her,
and the thunder rōared.

9. Strōng waş that will, and strōngēr still the love, pēne-
trated ² by which she fell, and dişşolved in ā shower that shed
blessings on thē earth. The rain waş her work; the rain waş
also her death, and the act waş glōriōūs.

10. Far over the land, āş wide āş the rain extended, ā bril-
liant bow waş bent, formed of the pūrèst rays of thē upper
hēavens; it waş the last greeting of that self-sacrificing spirit
of love. The rainbow vanished, but the blessing of the eloud
lōng rested upon the land which she had watered.

VI.

16. THE POET'S SONG.

THE PAIN had fallen; the Poet ārōse—
He pāsşed by the town and out of the street;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of şhādōw went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in ā lonely plaçe,
And chānted ā melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swān pause in her eloud,
And the lark drop down at hiş feet.

2. The swāllōw stōpped āş he hunted the bee;
The snake slipped under ā sprāy;
The wild hawk stood with the down on hiş bēak,
And stāred, with hiş foot on the prey;
And the nightingale thought, “I have sung many sōngs,
But never ā one so gāy,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died āwāy.”

¹ En'er gŷ, strength; fōrçe.

effected an entrance into; touched

² Pēn' e tra ted, entered into; with feeling.

SECTION IV.

I.

17. MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

ON a spûr¹ of the Rocky Mountains which divides the Colorado² 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 grandeurs³ 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,⁴ 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 subtle⁵ 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 reality.

6. Thousands of feet above the road over which his mule is slowly toiling, impressed on the almost vertical⁶ 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

¹ Spur (spûr), a mountain that shoots from the side of another mountain.

² Colorado (eol' o rä' do).

³ Grandeurs (gränd' yurz).

⁴ Süm' mit, highest peak; the top.

⁵ Süb' tile, not dense or gross; rare; thin.

⁶ Ver' ti cal, directly over head; plumb; upright.

those convulsions of nature by which He claims the universe as His own, must have tōrn open the mighty fissures¹ that portray² it to the world.

7. This crōss is defined in glittering whiteness on the dark and rugged summit, by a vertical fissure fifteen hundred feet in length, crōssed by another of no less than nine hundred feet. The heavy snows of the Colorādo region, though sliding off the steep plane³ of the surrounding rock, have accumulated⁴ 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 contemplate⁵ this mark of Gōd set on the fōrehēad of the country; the country, which is thus, as it were, signed and sealed like the mystical⁶ elect named by St. John in the Apocalypse.⁷

9. May it not indicate⁸ that North America is to stand fōrth as the champion⁹ elected by Christ for the defence of His cause? Oh! if this wēre our country's glōrious destiny, the honors of dominion and wealth that now fill the nātional heart, would pale and fade as before a vision of heaven.

10. Throughout the whōle 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 sōurce of that Holy Faith, whence alone flows all the joy of heaven or ēarth, is exālted¹⁰ 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.

¹ Fissures (fish' ūreg), open and wide cracks.

² Pōr trāy', paint or draw the likeness of; draw fōrth.

³ Plāne, a flat, even surface.

⁴ Ac cū' mū lāt ed, heaped up in a mass.

⁵ Con' tem plāte, to look at in all bearings, or on all sides; study.

⁶ Mŷs' tic al, far from man's understanding.

⁷ A pōc' a lŷpse, revelation; the name given to the lāst bōok in the New Testament.

⁸ In' dī cāte, point out; show.

⁹ Cham' pi on, one who contends in behālf of a principle or person.

¹⁰ 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'tiūs, who, with the emperors Max'imin and Licin'iūs, had formed a very powerful league¹ against him.

2. The forces of Constantine were far inferior to those of his adversaries,² whose armies were composed of veteran troops long inured³ to war and flushed⁴ with victory. In this painful crisis, 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 sensible⁵ marks of the Divine protection. Therefore he resolved to address his prayers for help to Him whom the Christians worshipped, the one only God of heaven and earth.

3. While marching in the midst of his troops, and revolving⁶ 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.⁷ Constantine, troubled and anxious, passed a sleepless night. As he lay on his couch, pondering⁸ on this prodigy,⁹ the Lord Jesus Himself appeared to him, and bade him take the miraculous 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 Lāb'arum. It is described by the historian Euse'bius, who saw it himself, and who also had from the lips of Constantine, confirmed¹⁰ by oath, an exact

¹ League, a combination of princes or states for mutual assistance.

² Ad' ver sa ry, an opponent.

³ In ūred', accustomed; hardened.

⁴ Flushed, animated; excited.

⁵ Sēn' si ble, capable of being perceived by the senses.

⁶ Re vōiv' ing, reflecting on; thinking over.

⁷ A māze' ment, extreme surprise at what is not understood.

⁸ Pōn' der ing, applying the mind to a subject with long and careful attention.

⁹ Prōd' i gy, a miracle; a wonder; a thing fitted to astonish.

¹⁰ Con firm ed', strengthened; rendered certain.

account of the mīrāculōūs events which led him to adopt the Crōss as his standard.

6. It consisted of a spear of extraōrdīnary 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 stōnes, and insērted¹ 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 pūrple tissue, in length exactly equal to its breadth. On its upper pōrtion were embroidered in gold and in colors the pōrtrait of the emperor, and those also of his children. The banner was thickly studded with precious stones and interwoven with much gold, presenting a spectacle⁴ of inexpressible beauty.

8. This standard was intrusted to the keeping of fifty of the bravest and noblest of the imperial⁵ gnards, whose dūty it was to surround and defend it¹ 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 emblazoned⁶ 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 mystērious 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 numerically⁷ inferior soldiers of the Cross.

10. Therefore Constantine ordered the saving trophy⁸ 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.

¹ In sērt' ed, set within something.

² Mōn' o gram, two or more letters blended into one.

³ In ī' tial, commencing; the first letter of a word.

⁴ Spēc' ta cle, a remarkable or noteworthy fact.

⁵ Im pē' ri al, belonging to an empire or an emperor.

⁶ Em blā' zon, to adorn; to set off with ornament.

⁷ Nu mē' i cal ly, with respect to numbers.

⁸ Trā' 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 engineers¹ 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 devised,² the boats separated from each other, and himself and all who were with him perished in the turbid³ waters.

12. Constantine, in his manifesto to the people of the East, alludes⁴ 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.⁶

2. It was only by the help of the *Health of the Sick*,⁷ whom he so confidently invoked,⁸ 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.

¹ *En gi neers'*, persons skilled in the principles of mathematics and mechanics and their application.

² *De vise'*, to plan or scheme for.

³ *Tur' bid*, muddy; thick.

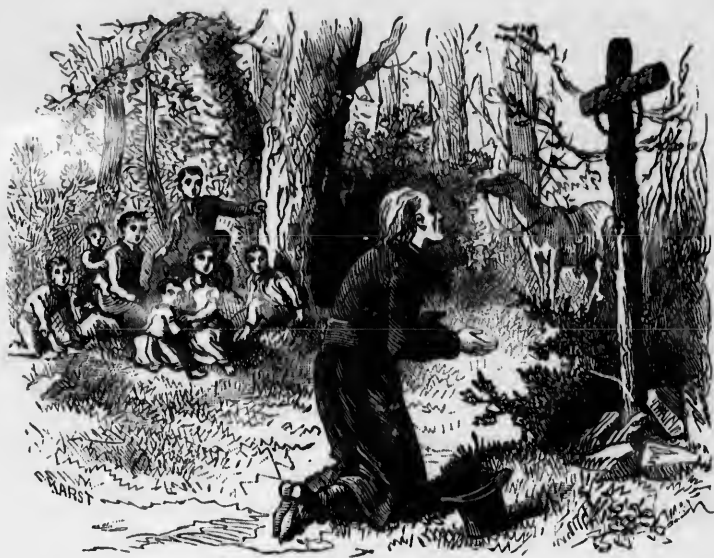
⁴ *Mán' i fés' tō*, a public declaration of a prince or ruler.

⁵ *Al lides'*, refers to.

⁶ *Exhaustion* (egz hast' yün), the condition of being emptied completely, or deprived of means, strength, or spirits.

⁷ *Health of the Sick*, one of the titles by which our Lady is invoked in the Litany.

⁸ *In vōked'*, addressed in prayer.



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 languor stole over his exhausted frame.

4. What is it that so suddenly causes the drooping form to sit erect, and sends a gleam of joyous surprise to the heavy eyes? It has been ¹ 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 sentinel² a great cross, 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*"³ for the Christian slumbering there, still on his lips, he fell asleep.

6. Awaking with a strange feeling of renewed vigor and hope,

¹ Been (bin).

² Sën' ti nel, on guard.

³ Rë' qui em, a prayer for the souls in purgatory.

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 ease, 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 descried¹ 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 crucifix 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 ease, 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 marshalled² 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.

¹ De scried', discovered.

² 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 laugh 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 turned aside, "on hospitable thoughts intent," giving brief directions to the oldest boy, who immediately went off to attend to the horse, and to the two oldest girls, who disappeared with her. The half a dozen who remained were soon at their ease with the good Father. Their manners had a singular attraction for him, being at once frank¹ and shy,² artless and yet with a certain reserve; and their answers to his questions interested while they puzzled him.

13. At the bountiful repast which was soon spread before him, he alluded³ 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 laughingly that it would bother them to go through that ceremony, easy as his Reverence thought it; but a sudden quivering in her voice betokened emotion that she hastily thrust aside by pressing her guests 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 America immediately after their marriage, with the intention of settling in the Southwest. At New Orleans they fell in with a sharper⁴ 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

¹ Fränk, open; truthful.

² Shy, easily frightened; timid.

³ Allü' ded, hinted at; mentioned.

⁴ Sharp' er, a swindler; a cheat.

and on till they got completely lōst in the wild, Bērnard 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 Gōd, 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 whole 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 isolated² location: still they hoped it would not be a solitude vĕry lōng; others would surely find the wāy thither, and it was a fine place for a young colony. They felt much more keenly their dĕprivation 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 Gōd would send a saintly missionary that way in ānsver to thĕir prāyers.

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 wĕre their hearts ever glācĕned by the sight of a missionary. A stray Indian, now and then, was their only visitor.

5. Hope became more grave and earnest, but never deserted them. They kept Sundays and holy days as sacredly as if they were in the heart of faithful Erin:³ fāsts 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 "heathen wilderness," as poor Ellen always called it.

6. And her children were heathens as well as their birthplace. Bōth father and mother solemnly agreed that no hand *but the*

¹ Ep' i sōde, an incident not necessarily connected with what has gone before it.

² Is' o lāt' ed, lonely; standing by itself.

³ E' rin, Ireland.

priest's should pour the water of regen'erā'tion on those little heads, save death was actually at the door. They brought them up as eateehu'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 Bérnard 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 favorite 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, glōry 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 mātron, 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!

¹ Oā' e chu' men, one preparing for Christian Baptism.

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SECTION V.

I.

21. THE STORK OF STRASBOURG.

WHEN travelers in Europe wish to go from Paris to Switzerland or back again, they *öften* take the route¹ 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 pair of enormous² wings, throw back his head upon his body, and rise slowly and majestically³ into the air; 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 stork, — 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-

¹ Route (rot), a course or way.

or size; greater than common.

² E nor' moüs, differing from, or exceeding the common rule, form,

³ Ma jës' tic al ly, with dignity; with a lofty air or appearance.

ney was a nest, in which were four young storks not yet able to fly. Think of the despair¹ of the stork-mother as the smoke enveloped 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 instinct² 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.³ 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."

¹ De spair', the loss of all hope.

² In' stinct, inward impulse: the natural, unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action.

³ Cäs' ta nēt, an instrument composed of small, rounded shells of ivory or hard wood, shaped like spoons, fastened to the thumb, and beaten with the middle finger.

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10. Thère is a little stōry that is told to illūs'trate¹ the gratitude of the stōrk. Once a naughty boy threw a stōne at a stork and broke its leg. It got into its nest and thère lay. The women of the house fed it, sèt its leg, and cured it, so that it was able, at the proper season, to fly away with the rest.

11. Next spring the bīrd, which was rēc'ognized by the women by its pecu'liar gait, retūrned; and when they came near it, the lame creature dropped gratefully at their feet from its bill the finèst diāmōnd 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 waş carrying gratitude a little too far, I think—don't you?

12. One reaşon why the storks are so welcome in large cities is, that they are very useful in eating up all the rēf'ūse that is thrown into the streets. In Europé'an cities, two or three times in the week, the farmers, and fishermen, and butchers, in the country round, bring their prōduce² 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 nōōn, 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 iōnd of fish and serpents, and eels and frōgs are considered a great dēl'icacy 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 ibis³ in Égypt.

14. There is a gīgāntic stork, a native of Bengal,⁴ which is called the Adjutant,⁵ because from a distance it looks like a man with a white wāiste-cōat 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 variety⁶ that the white, downy feathers, called mār'abqu', come.

¹ Illūs'trate, to set in a clear light or make plain.

² Prōd'uce, fruits, fowls, vegetables, &c., raised on a farm.

³ I'bis, a species of crane having white head and neck, white plumage,

and black wing and tail feathers.

⁴ Bengal (ben gāl'), a province of British India.

⁵ Ad'jū tant, a military officer.

⁶ Vari'e ty, one of a number of things akin or related to one another.

II.

22. THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Bârefoot¹ 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 jaunty² grace:
 From my heart I give thee joy;—
 I waş onçe à barefoot boy!

2. Let the million-dollared ride—
 Barefoot, trudging³ at hiş side,
 Thou hast mōre 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 painless play;
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day;
 Health that mōre than doctor's rules;
 Knowledge (never learned of schools)
 Of the wild bee's nectaring chase,
 Of the wild flower time and place,
 Flight of fowl, and habitude⁴
 Of the tenants of the wood;
 How the tōr'toise⁵ bears hiş shell,
 How the woodchuck digs hiş cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks hiş well;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the ō'riole's⁶ nest is hung;

¹ Barefoot (bâr' füt).

² Jaunty (jän'ti), airy; showy.

³ Trudging, going on foot.

⁴ Häb' i tüde, usual manner of living, feeling, or acting.

⁵ Tortoise (tōr'tis).

⁶ O'ri ole, a bird of several varieties of the thrush family—some of a golden-yellow, mixed with black, and others having orange in place of the yellow; sometimes called golden-robin or hang-bird.

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² Ar'
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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 eunning 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,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel 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 (skwür'rel) played,
 Plied ⁴ the snouted mole his spade ;
 For my taste the blackberry-ecue
 Purpled over hedge and stone ;
 Laughed the brook for my delight,
 Through the day, and through the night,
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall !
6. Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel ⁵ pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

¹ *Ar'chi tect'ūr al*, of, or relating to, the art of building.

² *Ar'ti san*, one trained to hand skill in some mechanical art or trade; a mechanic.

³ *Eschewing* (*es chū'ing*), keep-

ing one's self clear of; shunning.

⁴ *Plied*, worked steadily.

⁵ *Pick'er el*, a name applied to several species of fresh-water fishes belonging to the pike family.

Mine on bending orchard trees
 Apples of Hesperides! ¹
 Still as my hōri'zon ² grew,
 Larger grew my riches, too ;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex ³ Chīnēse toy,
 Fashioned for a bārefōot boy!

7. Oh for festal ⁴ dainties spread,
 Like my bōwl of milk and bread,—
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wōod,
 On the door-stone gray and rŭde!
 O'er me like a regal ⁵ tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Pŭrple-cŭrtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ; ⁶
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire ;
 I was monarch : pōmp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

8. Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and lāugh, as boyhood can,
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward, ⁷
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

9. All too sōon these feet must hide
 In the prison-cells of pride,

¹ Hespēr'idēs, four sisters fabled as guardians of golden apples ; hence, *golden* apples are here meant.

² Hō ri' zon, the line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.

³ Cōm' plex, not simple.

⁴ Fēs' tal, belonging to a holiday, or feast ; joyous ; gay.

⁵ Rē' gal, pertaining to a king ; kingly ; royal.

⁶ Orchestra (ar' kes trā), a band of musicians performing in public.

⁷ Sward, the grassy surface of land.

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which furnished delightful shade and coolness during the heat of the day. The roof was of palm-logs, covered with mud, which the sun baked into a hard mass, so that the house was in reality 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 eaten breakfast with my host,¹ 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 farther, there was a pen full of gazelles² and an antelope³ with immense horns; then two fierce, bristling hyenas; and at last, under a shed beside the stable, a full-grown lioness, sleeping in the shade.

6. I was greatly surprised when the Consul went up to her, lifted up her head, opened her jaws so as to show the shining white tusks, and finally sat down upon her back. She accepted these familiarities⁴ 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 purr 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.

¹ **Hōst**, one from whom another receives food, lodging, or entertainment; a landlord.

² **Ga zēlle**, a small, swift, and beautiful species of antelope.

³ **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.

⁴ **Familiarities** (fa mīl yār' i tiz).

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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,¹ 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 court-yard on some errand. 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 hurt in the least, it seemed to me like a cruel piece of fun. The Pasha, nevertheless, laughed 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 officers in the city was a Pasha named Rüşah, who had been banished from Egypt by the

¹ Pasha (pa shah'), 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 Khar'oum 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,³ 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 Ruffah 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 tyranny⁴ under which he suffered. When we met him at the houses of the other Egyptian officers, he was very careful not to talk on the subject, lest they should report the fact to the governor.

4. Being a foreigner⁵ and a stranger, I never imagined that I could be of any service to Ruffah 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 return. Nevertheless, one night, when we happened to be walking the streets together, he whispered that he had something special to say to me.

¹ Vice'roy, the governor of a kingdom or country, who rules in the name of the king.

² Exile (éks' il), forced separation from one's native country and home.

³ Bán' ish ment, the state of being forced by the government of a

country from its borders.

⁴ Týr' an ný, exercise of power over subjects and others with an undue rigor; cruel discipline.

⁵ Fór' eign er, a person not belonging to, nor native in the country spoken of.

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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 turn of the narrow, crooked streets soon hid him from our sight. Every thing was quiet, except the rustling of the wind in the palm-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 government.

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



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great tawny¹ 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 palm-groves near the old capital of Ethiopia; of plodding,² day 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.

IT 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 balconies were of carved wood, and the windows were covered with lattices,³ so that no one could look in, although those inside could easily look out. There were a few sleepy merchants in the bazaar,⁴ smoking their pipes and enjoying the odors of cinnamon and dried roses which floated in the air.

¹ Taw' ny, of a dull yellowish-brown color, like things tanned, or persons who are sunburnt.

² Plod' ding, traveling steadily, heavily, and slowly.

³ Lät' tic es, crossed bars.

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

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3. After some little inquiry, 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, gathered 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 school-master, 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 fair 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;² 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 forehead, 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 Excellency in good health?" he asked. "Very well, God 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

¹ *Sā' u tā' tion*, the act of greeting or paying respect by words or actions commonly used.

² *Familiarly*, without ceremony.

³ *Dī vān'*, 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 Cairo?"¹ "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 shér'bet (which is nothing but lemonade flavored with rose-water) and pomegranates² 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 mature³ manners in children. I was obliged to use as much ceremony with the child as if he had been⁴ the governor of the town. But he interested 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!"

¹ Cai' ro, the capital of Egypt.

² Pomegranate (pūm grān' ēt), a fruit as large as an orange, having a hard rind filled with a soft pulp

and numerous seeds, of a reddish color.

³ Ma tūre, ripe; full-grown.

⁴ Been (bin).

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ture; pr

14. "May Gōd 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, picturesque¹ experience, which can not be forgotten: to the people, no doubt, it was an every-day matter.

15. When I reached Caïro, I delivered the other letter, and in a fōrt'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 European² 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.

2. In the Rocky Mountains
A hunter bold was he:
Keen his eye and sure his aim
As any you should see.

3. 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.

¹ Picturesque (piet'yur esk'), fitted to form a good or pleasing picture; presenting that kind of beauty

which is agreeable in a picture.

² Eu'ro pē'an, pertaining to Europe; a native of Europe.

5. One day aſ through the cleft
Between two mountains ſteep,
Shut in bōth 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 nārrōw dell.
7. The boy turned round with screams
And ran with terror wild ;
One of the pair of ſavage beaſts
Pursued the shrieking child.
8. The hunter raiſed hiſ gun ;
He knew one charge waſ all :
And through the boy's purſuing foe
He ſent hiſ ōnly ball.
9. Thē ōther on George Nidiver
Came on with dreadful paſe :
The hunter ſtood unarmed,
And met him faſe to faſe.
10. I ſay *unarmed* he ſtood :
Against thoſe frightful pawſ
The riſe-butt, or elub of wood,
Could ſtand no mōre than ſtrawſ.
11. George Nidiver ſtood ſtill,
And looked him in the faſe ;
The wild beaſt ſtopped amāzed,
Then came with ſlackening paſe.
12. Still firm the hunter ſtood,
Although hiſ heart beat high ;
Again the creature ſtopped,
And gāzed with wondering eye.

¹ Fēll, eruel ; fierce ; bloody.

13. The hunter met his gaze,
Nor yet an inch gave way :
The bear turned 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 fast,
As through an Al'pine village passed,
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,¹
EXCELSIOR!²

2. His brow was sad : his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion³ from its sheath ;
And like a silver elarion⁴ rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
EXCELSIOR !
3. In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright :

¹ De vice', a motto, or short saying, often with a picture ; an ornament, figure, or mark, which shows or suggests some other object or quality.

² Ex cël' si or, more elevated ;

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

³ Falchion (fæl' chun), a short crookèd sword.

⁴ Clär' i on, a wind instrument suited to war.



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

¹ Spēc'tral, ghostly.

² Glā'ciēr, a field of moving ice.

4. "Try not the Päss!" the old man said;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
 And loud that elarion voice replied,
 EXCELSIOR!
5. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"¹
 This was the peasant's last Good-night!
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 EXCELSIOR!
6. At break of day, as heavenward,
 The pious monks of St. Bernard²
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice eried, through the startled air,
 EXCELSIOR!
7. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
 Half-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 eold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;
 And from the sky, serene³ and far,
 A voice fell like a falling star,
 EXCELSIOR!

¹ **Avalanche** (äv' a länsh'), a snow-slip; a vast body of ice, snow or earth, sliding down a mountain.

² **Saint Bernard** (sent bër närd'), a remarkable mountain pass in the chain of the Alps, between Piéd'mont and the Valais (va lā'). 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 eold.

³ **Se rēne'**, clear; fair; bright.

II.

28. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT WAS a summer evening,
 Old Kasper's work was done :
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun ;
 And by him sported on the green,
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,¹
 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 expectant² 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 garden, 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 cries,
 And little Wilhelmine locks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for."

¹ Riv'u let, a small river or
 brook ; a small stream,

² Ex pect'ant, having an appear-
 ance of expectation ; looking for.



6. "It was the English," Kasper cried,
 "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 famous³ victory.

¹ Rout, the defeat or breaking of an army or band of troops, or the disorder and confusion of troops

defeated and put to flight.

² Quoth (kwōth), spoke, said.

³ Fā'mous, noted; well known.

7. "My father lived at Bienheim¹ then,
Yon 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 wasted³ far and wide,
And many a hapless⁴ mother then,
And new-born infant, did;—
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.
9. "They say it was a shocking⁵ 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 Wilhelmine.
"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 a famous victory."

¹ **Blenheim** (blēn' im), a village of Bavaria, Germany, twenty-three miles from Augsburg, noted for a great battle fought there, in which the English gained a victory over their foes, August 2, 1704.

² **Hard by**, near by; close at hand.

³ **Wāst' ed**, destroyed; brought to ruin.

⁴ **Hāp' less**, without hap or luck; unhappy; luckless; unfortunate.

⁵ **Shōck' ing**, striking with horror or disgust; very dreadful or offensive.

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III.

29. WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

I HAVE somewhere read of a rég'imènt¹ ordered to march into a small town and *take it*. I think it was in the Týrol;² but, wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the doctrines of Christ, and proved their faith by good works.

2. A courier³ 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 came 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 churning and spinning wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons—"the harlequins⁴ 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 emergency⁵ altogether unprovided for—a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit, a fortress⁶ perfectly bomb-proof.⁷ The commander was perplexed. "If there is

¹ Rég'imènt, a body of soldiers, commanded by a colonel, and consisting of a number of companies, usually ten.

² Týrol, a province of the Austrian dominions, on the south-west frontiers of Germany.

³ Courier (kô'ri er), a messenger sent with haste, for conveying letters or dispatches, usually on public business.

⁴ Har'le quin, a man, dressed in party-colored clothes, who plays tricks, often without speaking, to divert the bystanders or an audience; a merry-andrew.

⁵ Em'er'gen cy, a condition of things appearing suddenly or unexpectedly.

⁶ Fôr'tress, a fort; a castle.

⁷ Bomb-proof (bûm' proof), secure against the force of bombs, or shells.

nobody to fight *with*, of eourse 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 perchance 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 clarion's bray,
And bears upon the crimson seroll—
"OUR GLORY IS TO SLAY."
3. One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm 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's lingering shade;—
At Honor's trumpet call,
With knitted brows and lifted blade,
In Glory's arms they fall.
6. For *these*, no flashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle-ery;—
The bloodless stabber calls by night—
Each answers—"HERE AM I!"

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7. For those, the sculptor's laureled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthem's pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.¹
8. For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.
9. Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning 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 scarlet dew—
11. While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars 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 portmanteau² with a large sum of money behind him. It was raining very heavily, and the good man became wet through. He was annoyed³ 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,

¹ Aisles (ilz), alleys; passages.

² Portmanteau (pört män'tö), a bag usually made of leather, for

carrying clothing and other things on journeys.

³ Annoyed, 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 providence¹ 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 life. In future, I will not forget what the proverb² says—'What God sends is always well, though why, 'tis often hard to tell.'"

II.

32. SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

TWO CHILDREN stood at their father's gate,
Two girls with golden hair;
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 copse³ 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 sorrow to come away!"

¹ *Pröv' i dence*, foresight; timely care; readiness to provide.

² *Pröv' erb*, an old and common saying; a sentence which expresses

with force and brevity some practical truth.

³ *Cöps*e, a wood of small growth.

⁴ *Mäy*, the hawthorn or its flowers.

2. As the children spoke, a little eloud
Passed slowly across the sky ;
And one looked up in her sister's face
With a tear-drop in her eye.
3. But the other said—" Oh ! heed it not ;
'Tis 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 ere the morning hours waned,
The sky had changed 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.
8. 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 abòve, the bûrning noon-tide sun
 With seorching stillnèss shòne;
 'Their thròats were parched with bitter thirst,
 And they knelt down, one by one,
 And prayed to Gòd for à drop of rain,
 And à gale to wàft them on.

10. And then that little eloud wàs sent—
 That shòwer in mercy gïven!
 And, as à bird before the breeze,
 Their bark wàs landward driven.

11. And some few mornings after,
 When the children met onçe mòre,
 And their brother told the stòry,
 They knew it wàs the hour
 When they had wished for sunshine,
 And Gòd had sent the shòwer.

12. Sing¹ ye to the Lord with praise: Who eóvereth the
 heaven with elouds; and prepareth rain for the earfh. Who
 maketh gràss to grow on the mountáins, and hërbs for the
 service of men. Who gïveth to beasts their food, and to the
 young ravens that eall upon him. The Lord taketh pleasure
 in them that fear him; and in them that hope in his mercy.
 The Lord liftefh up the meek; and bringefh the wicked down,
 even to the ground.

V.

33. THE GRASSHOPPER.

PART FIRST.

A GRASSHOPPER, idle the whòle summer löng,
 Played abòut the tall gràss with unthínking delight,
 And spent the whole day with his hopping and söng,
 And sipped of the dew for his supper at night.
 Thus night brought him fòod, and the red rising sun
 Awoke him, fresh fed, to his singing again;

¹ 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 rime¹-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 laughed at his toil on the parched summer plain:
He now saw the folly he then could not see;
But advice tã'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 crumping² 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,
Bade 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.

¹ Rime, hoar or white frost; congealed dew or vapor. ² Crüm'ping, hard; crusty; brittle.

6. He left her and journeyed hälf hopeless and chill,
 And met with a Beetle, that bustled away
 To a crack called his hōme, in a sun-slanting hill,
 And he'd scarce stop to hear what the beggar would say ;
 Though he held 'neath his arm a huge crumble¹ of bread,
 Which a shep/herd 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 momentarily threatened to fall,
 While winnōwing 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 denial² as soon as he woke.
9. He then sought a Ladybird's cottage of möss,
 An old summer friend, with as little success ;
 And told his misfortunes, to live by the löss :
 She pitied ;—but pity's no food for distress.
 A Chrysalis³ 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.

¹ Crüm'ble, a small crumb.

² De ni'al, a refusal.

³ Chrysalis (kris'a lis), the form into which caterpillars, silkworms, and some other insects pass before

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

VI.

34. THE GRASSHOPPER.

PART SECOND.

HE then shunned the rōad, and took up by a hedge,
 Where some Gnats had collected to dānce 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 hōme.

2. Over hill-spotted pasture and wild rushy lea,
 A poor houseless vagabond, doomed for all weathers,
 He wandered where nōne 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 willōw 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 frōst 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 dead 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 stōry of troubles and wants,
 He bethought of an old stubby oak by a wood,
 Where flourished in summer a city of Aunts ;
 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, ere 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, half asleep on the warm cottage hearth,

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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 lürch,¹
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 öften 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.

¹ Lürch, to hide, or lie in wait in order to surprise or seize another un-
ware.

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.

ONE fine day in summer, my father was seated on the lawn¹ 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 fragments² clattered round my father's legs.

2. "Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch;³ "my poor flower-pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!" Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the fatal⁴ window, nodded to the call, and came down in a trice,⁵ pale and breathless.

3. "Oh," said my mother, mournfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse⁶ in the great blight⁷ 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!"

¹ Lawn (lan), grass-ground in front of or near a house, generally kept smoothly mown.

² Fräg' ment, a part broken off; a small piece separated from any thing by breaking.

³ Pörch, a kind of small room within, and nearest the outer door of

a building; entrance into a house.

⁴ Fä'tal, causing death or destruction.

⁵ Trice, instant; a very short time.

⁶ Gröen' house, a house in which tender plants are sheltered, and kept green in cold weather.

⁷ Blight, mildew; decay.

4. Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father; why, I know not, except that very talkative, social¹ persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy, thoughtful ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince² 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 deliberately³ 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;⁴ 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 care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There is a kiss; don't fret."—"No, mammä', 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 Gôd for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear."

¹ Social (sô' shal), relating to society; companionable; friendly.

² E' vince, manifest; show in a clear manner.

³ De lib' er ate ly, slowly; care-

fully; not hastily or rashly.

⁴ 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 *dōminos*¹ was my delight. "Ah!" said my father, 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 mammä' 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, half 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 domino-box 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.

¹ *Dōm' f nōs*, twenty-eight pieces spots on them, used for playing a of ivory, plain on the backs, with game called *dominos*.

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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 eöst, 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 knäck-knäcks.¹ "And, by the way," he added, "I think my little boy here can show you a much handsómer specimen of French workmanship than that dressing-case which you enticed² Mrs. Caxton into raffling for last winter. Show your domino-box, my dear."

10. I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal³ in his commendations.⁴ "It is always we'll, 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 lingered⁵ 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 flower-pot!" And I pulled out a handful of silver from my pockets.

12. "Did I not say right?" said my father, pássing his handkerchief over his eyes; "you have found the two fairies!"

¹ Knäck-knäcks, trifles; toys.

⁴ Com' men dá' tion, praise; admiration.

² Enticed, tempted; persuaded.

³ Láb' er ai, free; abundant.

⁵ Lingered (líng' gërd), 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—no—it would spoil it all!" I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

16. "My wife," said my father, solemnly,¹ "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,² praying for those who are doing work that you would like to do.

3. You are useful—you who are prevented³ by others from working because they doubt your capacity;⁴ you who get snubbed⁵ 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

¹ *Sól' emnly*, with a grave manner.

² *Re signed*, submissive; yielding.

³ *Pre vent'* ed, hindered; crossed; thwarted.

⁴ *Ca pác' i ty*, ability; mental power; talent.

⁵ *Snübbed*, treated with neglect; slighted by design.

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now," writes St. Francis de Sales, "and to-morrow, which will then be our to-day, 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;¹ 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 *älmis*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 provision³ 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 approbation⁶ 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.

¹ *Em bäl' lish*, to make beautiful.

² *Alms* (*älmz*), any thing freely given to relieve the poor.

³ *Pro vis' ion*, something laid up in store, especially food.

⁴ *Ex haust' ed*, entirely emptied

or used; consumed.

⁵ *Af féc tä' tion*, an attempt to assume or display what is not natural or real.

⁶ *Ap' pro bäl' tion*, praise; liking; commendation.

SECTION IX.

I.

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 Table¹ 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 fair,
 Rising and reaching upward to the skies ;
 Listen to voices in the upper air,
 Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

II.

40. THE FUTURE.

- WHO 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.
2. 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.

¹ Round Table, an allusion to his forty knights about a large, round, marble table, in order to avoid all distinctions of rank.

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 dared on faltering lips to take
 The Blessèd Virgin'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 lists¹ drew near,
 A minster's² 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.³
6. From field afar rang trumpet blast,
 While hymn resounded from within;
 And robèd priests to Holy Mæss
 Både all who mourned the plague of sin.
7. "Who pauses here fâres heavenward still,"
 Sir Hubert said, and sprang from steed;⁴

¹ Lists, a place enclosed for combats, games, etc.

² Min' ster, a cathedral church.

³ Rood, the Cross; a representation of Christ on the Cross.

⁴ Steed, a horse.



“Man’s strength alone no battle wins,
Heaven’s 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.

¹ Aisle (il), a walk in a church.

10. And yê again the uplifted Host,
The awful sense of Gôd 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 Hübert rush to fray,¹
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 toûrnamēt² drew near,
As signal of the cômbat's close,
The herald's³ trûmpet sounded clear.
13. As one in dream Sir Hubert gazed,
Perplexed⁴ by signs of ended fray,
While knights drew near with loud acclaim,⁵
And hailed him victor of the day.
14. They grâsped his hand, each strove to praise
His feats⁶ of skill in lists and ring;
Prizes his lance⁷ and spêar had won
Before his wondering eyes they bring.
15. Heralds approached, and bending low,
Essayed⁸ to lead him to the throne,
Where Beauty's hand bestowed the prize
By knightly deeds of valor⁹ won.
16. "Not laggard¹⁰ knight such guêrdon¹¹ wins;
Let worthier head wear victor's crown,"
Sir Hubert said. "When trumpet called
Those who would battle for renown,¹²

¹ Frây, fight; battle.

² Tour' na ment, a mock fight.

³ Hêr' ald, a public crier.

⁴ Per plêxed', troubled; embarrassed.

⁵ Ac clâim', praise; shouts of applause.

⁶ Fêats, deeds; remarkable actions.

⁷ Lance, a long, sharp spear.

⁸ Es sâyed', attempted; tried.

⁹ Vâl' or, bravery.

¹⁰ Lâg' gard, one who lags behind; a slothful person.

¹¹ Guerdon (gêr' don), reward.

¹² Rê noun', exalted reputation; fame; celebrity.

17. "In holy church were Mâsses 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 ¹ 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 (dāng) to own me as her knight.
Praisèd be Mary, Queen of Heaven !"

IV.

42. *MOTH AND RUST.*

PART FIRST.

A CERTAIN mountaïn spring had four sons, three of whom were steady-going, well-to-do broöks—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 youngèst, had all his days been a càre and vexation to his father. He had all the antic² tricks of his cousins, the fogs and mists, and the fickle³ disposition⁴ of his mother, who was of the Fire family. One moment he drew himself out to the

¹ Meed, a merited reward.

² An' tic, wild ; odd.

³ Fick' le, changeable ; not con-

tinuing long of the same mind.

⁴ Dis' posi' tion (zish' un), natural bent of mind ; möral character.

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length of a giänt, as if he had been so much gutta-percha¹ or India rubber; the next, he made himself so small that you löst him altogëther.

2. Now he sung, röared, puffed, bëllöwed, shrieked, and whistled, till the family were wild with his noise. A little äfter, he was göne—mum as a mouse, however you called him; and never any two days älike, except in the fact that he was at all times idle and üselëss—till one fine morning his fäther, being utterly out of patience, hustled him out of fäiry-land, with, "See here, my lad! it is time you sought your fortune."

3. "It is vëry odd," said Steme to himself. "I am süre I could do something, if there were not some mistake somewhere;"—and coming just then to a house which had on the döör-plate the words, "WISËST MAN," he rang the bell, thinking, perhaps, the question could be settled there; but the Wisest Man öny shöök his head. "If you could have been of any use, somebody would have discovered it beföre," said he.

4. So Steme traveled on till he came to the cöürt 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 äwäy in the tea-këttle. "Now if anybody wants me, let them find me," said he; and you would never have known that he was thëre, unless by the wäy that the këttle-cöver clattered now and then.

5. The cöürt was in a hubbub,² 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 Highnëss was quite unable to decide.

6. Only, these could never be the spectacles that usually rested on his royal nose; for whenever he löoked through them, he could see nöthing but möth and rust—mothë eating the bed-covers, the hangings, the carpets, the silks and velvets, the wool and linen, the lace and embroidery, in ëvëry part of his Majesty's dominions—rust on the gold and silver, the marble

¹ Gutta-percha (güt' tá-për' chá), a hard gum or juice of several trees in the Malayan Islands. It resem-

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

² Hüb' büb, a great noise.

and grānīte, 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 Highness; and though it was drawing toward Christmas, he did little but peep through the spectacles and look dismal.¹ Of course, all the court looked dismal too. The courtiers² got a creak in the neck by going about with heads on one side, like his Majesty.

8. The Lord High Fiddlestick, being of a jolly³ disposition,⁴ was obliged to shut himself up and laugh privately by the hour, to take the fun out of him before waiting on his Royal Highness; 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 Mōth and Rust we are all coming to poverty, you know."

9. In this dilemma⁵ they sent for the Wisest Man, who came at once, looking so profound⁶ that the king took courage, 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.⁷ If there was nothing to eat, there would be no moths, and nothing to consume, there would be no rust—do 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 really don't see what you are to do about it," concluded⁸ 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

¹ Dis' mal, gloomy; unhappy.

² Courtier (kōrt' yer), a member of, or one who attends, the court of a prince; one who flatters to please.

³ Jōl' lī, full of life and fun; laughter-loving.

⁴ Dis' po sī' tion, temper; character.

⁵ Dilemma (dī lēm' mā), 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.

⁶ Pro found', having a deep mind; skilled.

⁷ Prin' ci ples, that from which any thing proceeds.

⁸ Con clūd' ed, ended.

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

12. "Trade mōre, then, and we shall not all come to poverty," said the prince. "Alās! your Highness!" answered the rich men, sorrowfully, "we send āwāy now just as much wheat and oil, and bring hōme just as much silk and gold, as we can find horses and wagons for carrying, and houses for stōring."

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

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

15. "That is a likely stōry!" cried the prince—"cūrled up thēre in a kēttle, whoever you are!"—"Try me," said Steme, coming out of the kēttle. So the prince ordered a lōad that wōuld have brōken the backs of forty horses to be strapped behind Steme, who darted off with it as if it had been a feather, shrieking, snorting, and puffing, as he always did when his blood was up; and though he had a three-days' jōurney before him, he was back in a few hours, fresher than when he started.

V.

43. MOTH AND RUST.

PART SECOND.

"**M**ORE lōads! mōre tōns!" bēllōwed Steme. "Lōngēr jōurneys! I want to go fūrther. I want to go fāster. I can run twice as fast! Hūzzā!" swinging his arms, and capering, and jumping all the while, as if he waş beside himself.

2. "Ah! this is better," said the prince, setting all the men in the palāce to lōad Steme still mōre heavily. "Not much chānce here for Mōth and Rust." Presently, back came Steme rōaring for more loads.

3. All the men in the kingdom were set at work. Twice as much wheat and oil was sent out, and fōur 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 dōn'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 dāy 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 dāy, "Mōre, more!" cried Steme, buzzing and whirring and cliking and whizzing among his wheels and spindles. "Not hālf enough yēt!"

5. But the king, looking through his spectacles, saw Mōth and Rust busy as ever at the vĕry 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 bōats."

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 chānce for Moth and Rust now!"

7. But, looking through his spectacles, the king saw mōthṣ by the million, and rust on ĕvery thing. "Your fault still!" snorted Steme. "Why don't you read mōre? Why not have more bōōks? 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, "Mōre, more! faster, faster! not hālf enough yēt!" But still the king saw mōthṣ and rust increase, and on Christmas eve he had no heart for Yūle-lōg.¹

¹ Yule (yul), 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,

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and Christmas-trees, but wandered away in the forest,¹ 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 'Yrest.'" The king was curious to know why Merry Christmas had passed his palace, where were a hundred Christmas-trees and a Yule-lög 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 girl. 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 choicest² 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,³ would be dark and cold beside the little room.

13. Just then he remembered his spectacles, and, pulling

¹ För est, a large tract of land covered with trees; a large wood.

² Choic' est, best; most desirable.

³ Chandelier (shän' 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.

ONCE 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 earth 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.
3. 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.

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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.

ROSA was not an agreeable¹ 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.² We should have seen a black streak running across it also. She was a melancholy³ child.

2. Her father had been a soldier, and had spent most of his life in foreign⁴ lands. Her mother was almost always with him. She hardly remembered her father and mother; and now⁵ 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 creature⁵ who could ever keep his temper with her.

¹ A grēe' a ble, pleasant.

² Nār' rōw, contracted; long in proportion to the width.

³ Mēi' an chol ŷ, gloomy; low-

spirited; sad.

⁴ Fōr' eign, countries or nations other than those of our native land.

⁵ Crēat' ure, any thing created.

She had once had a little dög, and he used to wag his tail, and frisk round her, and fetch sticks and stones to her. But she was so snappish¹ 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 gloomy² orphan; and so they had shipped³ her öff to an äunt in South Wales, without any notice but the letter which went by the same ship.

5. When the voyage⁴ 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 hönne; 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,⁵ 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.

¹ Snäp' pish, a cross, jerking manner.

² Gloom' y, dark; sorrowful; without merriment.

³ Shipped, put on board a vessel.

⁴ Voy' age, a journey by sea.

⁵ I dē' a, a thought; an imagination.

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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 curled 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.¹ 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

¹ Com' mon, land owned by a town or village, not belonging to individuals.



little sister. Gōd haş sent me from Heaven to be by yŕur side all through yŕur life, and to do yŕu all the ĝood you will let me do yŕu."

7. "Have you left the ĝrand Heaven," said Rōşa, "to be with such a ĝloomy ĝirl aş I am? Everybody dislikes me, and I am áfráid that I dislike everybody now." Thē Angel said, "Yes, dearest! I have left Heaven for your sake; but I am never ĝloomy. I can not be, beeaŕuse I always see Gōd, and the sight of God iş in itself the Heaven of Heavens."

8. "Do you see God in theşe ĝreen waters?" said Roşa. "Yes!" said thē Angel. "But I see nŕothing," replied Rōşa, "except theşe ĝreat trees and shining fişes. O how beautiful they are!"—"Yes! Roşa," said the Angel; "but God dŕoes not thiŕnk thēm so beautiful aş your soul."

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

III.

47. ROSA LEE.

PART THIRD.

ROSA began to cry, and as she wēpt 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 tūrning itself into a new heart for her. I think it was bēing spoken kindly to which made her cry, because she had never been used to it. She said, "O, dēar Angel! I have got a new heart."

2. And the Angel lāughed, and his lāugh sounded like hundreds of little silver bells, and it made her more merry and gay than she had ever been befōre 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 vērly joy. "Rosa!" said the Angel, "it is true you have got a new heart; but I think you have new eyes as well."

3. And Rosa looked about her; and behōld! all things were chānged! 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 curious³ bottom of the hūge⁴ 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

¹ Naugh'ty, ill-behaved.

² Sūlk'y, sullen; ill-tempered.

³ Cū'ri ous, singular; strānge.

⁴ Hūge, 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—laughed 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 whirl and buzz, and some by tickling each other's faces with long feelers, or pliant¹ 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.² But they did not mourn. Rosa would perhaps have loved them better if they had mourned. As it was, they seemed to her more merry than loving, clever³ rather than kind. But they were always busy, and it was this perhaps which made them happy.

10. One day, when Rosa 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 earth are kind to so few, and so often unkind to the few to whom we really wish to be kind!" Rosa wept as she spoke,

¹ *Pli'ant*, that may be easily bent.

² *Mÿ'ri ad*, a very large number.

³ *Clëv'er*, ingenious; knowing; discerning.

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and then looked at the wasps and smiled. But this time the laughing 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 impressed¹ 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 laugh, 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 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. The 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 earth;" 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.

¹ *Im press'*, to cause to feel strongly.



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 care

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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 women 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 aunt'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 alms 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.

I.

49. ANTONY CANOVA.

CANOVA¹ first saw the light of day in the little venetian² village of Possagno.³ Falieri⁴ 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 congratulate⁵ him in presence of the

¹ Canova (kā nō' vā).

² Ve nē'tian, of, or pertaining to, Venice, a fortified city of Italy.

³ Possagno (pos sän' yo).

⁴ Falieri (fä le ā' re).

⁵ Con grät' ū lāte, to wish joy to.

party, so much pleased was he with the marvelous¹ work of 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's² 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,³ rather than deny to their son lessons in the art of sculpture⁴ which a professor had given for a very moderate fee.

6. Antony Cänö'vä had early exhibited⁵ a strong faculty⁶ for statuary. He modeled⁷ 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;⁸ but he still wanted one of those effective⁹ dishes, capable of producing a great sensation,¹⁰ which rear on a solid basis the reputation¹¹ of the cook of a great house.

¹ **Mar'vel öös**, strange; wonderful; surprising.

² **Ar'tist**, one who is skilled in some one of the *fine arts*, as painting, sculpture, &c.

³ **Sträit**, difficulty; distress.

⁴ **Scülpt'üre**, the art of carving, cutting, or hewing wood or stone into images or figures, as of men, beasts, or other things.

⁵ **Exhibited** (egz hīb'it ed), held forth or presented to view; displayed.

⁶ **Fäc'ul ty**, capacity; talent.

⁷ **Mö'd'eled**, molded; shaped; formed into a pattern.

⁸ **Im äg'i nä'tion**, the image-making power of the mind; the power to put in new forms objects of sense before noticed or seen.

⁹ **Ef fect'ive**, having the power, or suited, to produce effects.

¹⁰ **Sen sä'tion**, feeling awakened by whatever affects an organ of sense; a state of excited feeling.

¹¹ **Röp'u tä'tion**, the character given to a person, thing, or action; good name.

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8. The little Canò'va thought 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 design¹ 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 marble.

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 patron² of the young Cànò'vâ.

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 stûdiò³ of the best sculptor of the time. Two years after—that is to say, when Cànòvâ was only twelve years of age—he sent to his patron 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.⁴ 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 musè'ums⁵ with the beautiful products of his genius.⁶

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 Isehia 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.

¹ De sign', a first sketch; a plan.

² Pâ'tron, one who, or that which, countenances, supports, or protects.

³ Stû'diò, the workshop of an artist.

⁴ Pòs tēr'î ty, offspring to the furthest stage, or from the same forefather.

⁵ Mû se'un, a place where curi-

ous things are kept for exhibition.

⁶ Genius (jên'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 waxen¹ hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful² 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 wonderful 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

¹ Waxen (wăk'sn), made of wax; wax-like—hence, soft; yielding.

² Bliss'ful, happy in the highest degree; full of joy.

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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 confusion¹ 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 hues² and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal-flowers³ of early autumn.

11. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated⁴ 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. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams⁵ 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

¹ Con fū'sion (zhun), state of being confused or made ashamed; shame.

² Hūe, tint; dye; color.

³ Car'di nal-flow'er, a plant which bears bright red flowers of

peculiar beauty.

⁴ Vā'ri e gāt ed, marked with different colors.

⁵ Wigwam (wīg'wōm), an Indian hut or cabin.



and yëllōw paint with which they were accustomèd to adōrn their faces.

13. His mother, too, presented him with a piëcë of indigo. Thus he now had thrëe cōlors—red, blue, and yëllōw—and could manufaecture grëen by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtlëss showed his grätitude to the Indians by taking their likenëssë in the stränge dressë which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks,¹ and bows and arrōws.

¹ Tōm' a hawk, an Indian hatchet.

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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 fur 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 merchant of Philadelphia, 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,⁴ 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 possessed⁵ you to cover your walls with all

¹ Ingenious (in jěn’yas), skillful or quick to invent or contrive.

² Dĕx’ter oūs ly, adroitly; skillfully; handily.

³ Rueful (ry’ful), woful; mōurn-

ful; sorrowful.
⁴ Plūm’age, the collection of plumes or feathers which cover a bird.

⁵ Pos sĕssed’, induced; caused.

these pictures? Whêre did you get them?" Then Ben's father explained that all these pictures were painted by his little son, with no better materials than red and yëllôw 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 wônderful 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 evidently² considered him a wonderful boy.

8. Whên his pârents saw how much their son's performances³ wêre 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 return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed 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 ôff the thick brown paper which enveloped⁴ 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 trêasures, 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 pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night lông, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness. In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no môre, till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of fôod before he hurried back to the garret again.

12. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever;

¹ O'cher, a kind of fine clay of various colors.

³ Per form'an ces, productions.

² Ev'i dent ly, easily seen; clearly.

⁴ En vâl'oped, surrounded as a covering.

until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain¹ 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 admirable² skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals.³ 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 ecstasy⁴ 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 perplexity⁵ about their son.

2. According to their ideas, 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

¹ *As cer tain'*, find out or learn : make certain.

² *Ad'mi ra ble*, worthy to be admired; having qualities to awaken wonder joined with affection or agreeable feelings.

³ *O rig'i nal*, that which came be-

fore all others of its class; first copy.

⁴ *Ec'sta sy*, very great and overwhelming joy; a being beside one's self with excitement.

⁵ *Per plēx'i tē*, a troubled or uncertain state of mind; embarrassment; doubt.

and thêir most intimate neighbors. Accordingly, they all assembled with their friends and neighbors, and discussed¹ the matter in all its aspects.

4. Finally, they came to a vëry 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 discöurse.

5. They thêreföre committed the youth to the dîrëction of Göd, 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 læarn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of äncient and modern times.

6. So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his pârents, 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 möre. He went first to Philadelphia, and äfterward to Europe. Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained all the sobriety² and simplicity which he had læarned in his childhood.

7. When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due cöurse 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

¹ Dis cüssed', examined fully in all its parts; argued.

² So bri'e ty, the habit of sobriety or temperance; cälminess.

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represented the miracles¹ and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. He was afterward employed to adorn a large and beautiful chapel² near London with pictures of these sacred subjects.

10. He likewise painted a magnificent³ picture of Our Lord Healing the Sick, which he gave to the hospital at Philadelp̄hiä. 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 transformations⁴ 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 God, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame,⁵ it matters but little whether we acquire it or not.

¹ **Mir'a cle**, a wonder; an event or effect contrary to the known laws of nature.

² **Chäp'el**, a lesser place of worship; a small church; a place of worship not connected with a church.

³ **Mag nifi cent**, on a large scale; grand in appearance.

⁴ **Träns'for mä'tion**, change of form, substance, or condition.

⁵ **Fäme**, 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. Laughing boys are picking up the purple 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 yellow breasts stand watching you on the close-mown meadow. As you come near, they spring up, fly a little distance, and light again. The robins that long ago left the gardens, feed in flocks upon the red berries of the sumac, and the soft-eyed pigeons 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 birch turn yellow, and the leaves of the chestnut are brown. The maple in the valley has lost 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

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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 crow calls 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.

II.

54. BIRDS IN SUMMER.

HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 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,¹
 That open to sun and stars and moon,
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

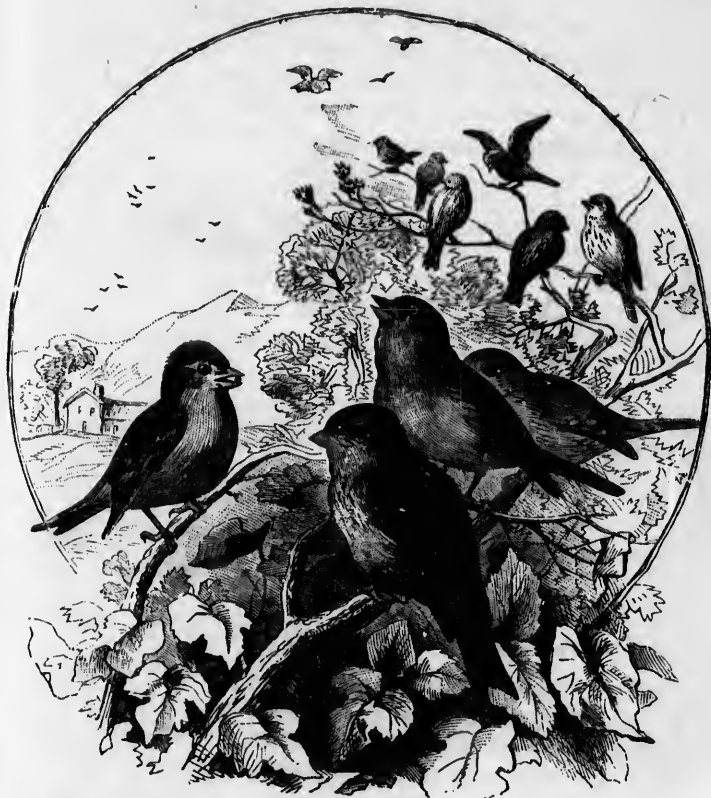
2. They have left their nests in the forest bough,
 Those homes of delight they need not now;
 And the young and the old they wander out,
 And traverse² their green world round about;
 And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
 How one to the other they lovingly call:
 "Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
 "Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"
3. "Come up, come up! for the world is fair,
 Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
 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!

¹ Boon, gay; merry.

² Trá'verse, wander over.



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5. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee;
To go when a joyful fancy calls,
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 a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,

And the yëllöw fûrze, like fields of gold,
 That gladden some fairy region old!
 On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of the förest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

III.

55. HELPING THE BIRDS.

ALL day I have been hunting
 For ends of scarlet bunting,
 For pieces out of rag-bags, whose cölors make a show—
 Fragments of red, or az'ure,
 Bright bits of doll-house tréasure,
 And faded bows and ribbons wörn many years ago.

2. From sill and from projection
 I hang this gay collection,
 I strew the lawn and garden päth, I fringe each bush and tree,
 I dress the door and casement,
 The garret and the basement,
 Then wätsch to see if birds, perchånge,¹ will use my charity.

3. There comes a pretty chatter,
 There comes a fairy patter
 Of tîny feet upon the rööf and brånches hanging löw,
 And flirts of wing and feather,
 And little strifes together,
 And sheers² and flights and flutterings and whcelings to and fro.

4. There is a dash of scärlet
 On yönder sañcy värlet,³
 And this one, just beside me, is dressed in blue and gräy;
 This one is golden color,
 And that one's cöat is duller,
 And here's a bird whose crest and tail have örange tippings gäy.

¹ Per chance', perhaps.

² Sheers, turnings to one side and another.

³ Var'let, a page; a man-servant.

The word is here applied to birds on account of their colors, as servants in European countries are often dressed in colored liveries.

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5. A shādōw 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 wily,

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 both 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 dear Kate to write to us from San Antonio, and to illūs'trate her letter besides! But what are these Missions?"

4. "Churches to which monasteries and convents were attached. The Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits, all of whom came early to this country, have left the only Christian ruins of

¹ San Juan (sān whān).

² San Jose (sān ho'sāy).

which we can bōast. Indeed, they make one of the chief attractions to the traveler in Califōrniā 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 schōlars—men of tāste as well as of piety.

6. "They also prove that these scholars did not treat the Indians as savages who could never be civilized. Instēad 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 glāss, and then we can see clearly all the choice sculptures¹ that adorn its frōnt."

8. "Oh how beautiful it is! But I wish I knew whom these statues represent."—"Do you not see? The one dīrēctly over the doorway is the Blessēd Vīrgin. The statues on each side are too much broken to be recognized.² But above the windōw is a statue of St. Ant/hony, for whom the town was named. Beside him, but a little lower down, stand St. Francis of Assis'i and St. Isidore.

9. "Now look close, and see the beauty of those sculptured flowers and pōmēgranates and āngels' heads, that fill the space between the window and the door. Here is a side window more beautiful still. What a wonder this frōnt 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 chūrch built of?"—"By this picture, giving us a view of the rūined side, the walls seem to have been built of *adō'be*; or of bricks which, instēad of having been baked, were merely dried in the sun.

11. "The sculptures of the church are all cut by hand from a stōne peculiar to the country, and which is sawn nowadays,

¹ Scūlp'tures, representations of various objects, carved in stone.

² Rēc'og nize, to recall to mind; to know again.

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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 primitive¹ state of nature. No fossil² 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 Australian 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

¹ *Prim'live*, relating to the origin or beginning; first.

² *Fös'sil*, dug out of the earth; petrified; changed into stone.



feet, and its length two feet and a-half. The head is formed much like that of a fox, the ears short and erect, with whiskers from one to two inches in length on the muzzle, so that it appears much more like a wolf than a 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.¹ 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 rarely 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. Don'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.

¹ Sa gac'i ty, quickness of sight or scent; wisdom.

II.

58. THE FIREMAN'S DOG.



"BOB, the Fireman's Dog," 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 honest work. When the fire-bell rang at the station to "make ready," Bob always started up promptly at the call of duty and ran before the engine, barking to clear the way, and was most useful not only in preventing obstructions,¹

but in stimulating² the men by his energy.

2. For years he attended the fires of London, but not, as many do, to look on and make a noise, and obstruct the workers; not as, I am almost ashamed to say, some do to plunder and make a wicked profit out of one of the heaviest calamities; not, as others do, to gratify their eyes with a grand and awful sight, as if human affliction was to them merely as an exhibition of fireworks: no, a helper, and so efficient³ was the aid he afforded, that the firemen had a brass collar made for him, on which was engraved,

*"Stop me not, but onward let me jog,
I'm Bob, the London fireman's dog."*

3. At the time of the great explosion⁴ of the firework-maker's premises, in Westminster Road, 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

¹ Obstruc'tion, that which blocks up, or hinders from passing.

² Stim'u lat'ing, exciting, or rousing to action.

³ Efficient (ef fish'ent), causing effects; not inactive or slack.

⁴ Explosion (eks plō'zhñ), the act of bursting with a loud noise.

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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 burning premises, Bob was not satisfied with this testimony: he went to a side-door 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 bursting open the door, a child was found nearly dead from suffocation.¹

5. Bob was also an orator.² True, he could not utter words, though he could make himself clearly understood, which is more than all speakers can.

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 cruel 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.



¹ *Suffocation*, the condition of being stifled, smothered, or choked.

² *Orator*, a public speaker, especially a 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 he 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.

QUITE 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 concentrates¹ 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 ideas 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 contend² successfully with him. When he thought we had become

¹ *Cōn' cen trātes*, combines; unites; condenses.

² *Con tēnd'*, to strive against; to oppose; to dispute.

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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 canine, 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 premises¹ 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 excavations 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.

¹ *Prémises*, a building and the ground attached.

11. We have a rooster. Before Nip's arrival he was a haughty and consequential¹ rooster in his own estimation. He issued his pronunciamientos² daily, claiming the allégiance 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,³ both in appearance and dignity. Nip runs after the hens also. Not from motives of gallantry does he do this, but to humiliate 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 utensil 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 clangor.⁴ 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 characteristic⁵ of this animal is that punishment, when inflicted, has no effect upon him. He is often turned 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 readmittance, 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

¹ Cón se quén'tial, proud; full of vain pretences.

² Pro nún'ci a méa'to, a proclamation, as of a king to his subjects.

³ De mó'l'ished, used up.

⁴ Cláng'or, a loud, shrill sound.

⁵ Chăr'ac ter is'tic, that which is peculiar to a person or thing.

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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 *cāstigation*,¹ 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. Loss 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.

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

¹ *Cāsti gā'tion*, punishment by whipping.

2. 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 Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who can not wait,
From moor¹ and mere² and darksome wood
Come flocking for their dole³ 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 celestial⁴ 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 giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"
8. With flutter of swift wings and songs,
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing, scattered far apart :
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.
9. He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily⁵ had understood ;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

¹ Moor, waste land, covered with
heath or with rocks.

² Mere, a pool or lake.

³ Dole, a share ; a portion.

⁴ Ce les'tial, heavenly.

⁵ Hom'ily, a discourse ; a sermon.

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II.

61. A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

SHIPWRECK and death that high, lonely rock—the dread; and scourge¹ of the bāy—had öften caused. There it stood, right opposite the harbor, öff the cöast of one of the Orkney Islands, yielding no fööd nor shelter for beast or bīrd.

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 Mareh, while the father was äwāy in his fisherman's böat, the daughter sat at her spinning-wheel in thēir hut, awaiting his retūrn. 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 läst. One böat that should have been riding on the troubled waves waş missing—her father's böat—it had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and göne dow. Hälf a mile from his cottage her father's bödy was washed up on the shöre.

4. In her deep sörröw, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scärcely möre than a child, humble, poor and weak; yēt she said in her heart, that, while she lived, no möre böats should be löst on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor.

5. And so, äfter wätching by the bödy 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 windöw of her cottage, so that it might be seen by anv fisherman coming from the sea, and guide him safely into harbor.² 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 hanķs³ as she had spun before for hēr daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through yöuth,

¹ Scourge (skérj), a lash; a whip;
a means of causing suffering.

² Har'bor, a safe port for ships.

³ Hank (hāngk), a parcel containing two or more skeins of yarn or thread tied together.

maturity,¹ 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,² 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 theirs would be inadequate³ 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 threshold⁴ 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 perilous⁵ as the one I

¹ *Ma tū'ri ty*, a ripe or perfect state; the maturity of age usually extends from the age of thirty-five to fifty; also, a becoming due; the end of the time a note has to run.

² *Wāned*, decreased; lessened.

³ *In ād'e quate*, not equal or sufficient.

⁴ *Thresh'ōld*, the door-sill; entrance; outset.

⁵ *Pēr'il oūs*, full of risk; dangerous.

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have told you of; perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may burn 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 frequented¹ 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 specimens² 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.³

4. In the course of two years, Robin had quite a large collection of native⁴ birds; and so carefully were they stuffed that any naturalist⁵ 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

¹ Frequent', to visit habitually.

² Spec'ial men, one of a kind.

³ Čăb'i net, any close place where things of value are kept.

⁴ Nă'tive, belonging to the country where found.

⁵ 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 suggested¹ 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 roaming² 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 gymnasium³ 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 laughed, 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,⁴ so arranged that he could see his little friends at work without disturbing them.

¹ *Sug g'est'*, to hint; to propose.

² *Rōam'ing*, wandering here and there.

³ *Gým nā'si um* (zhī), a place

where athletic exercises are taken.

⁴ *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 G6d, 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.

I.

63. IN TIME'S SWING.

FATHER TIME, your footsteps go
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 bare, 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.

3. Oh the smell of sprouting grass!
 In a blúr the violets páss.
 Whispering from the wild-wood come
 Mayflower's breath, and insects' hum.
 Roses carpeting the ground;
 Thrushes, òrioles, warbling sound:—
 Swing me lōw, and swing me high,
 To the warm clouds of July.
4. Slower now, for at my side
 White pond-lilies òpen wide.
 Underneath the pine's tall spire
 Cardinal-blossoms bŭrn like fire.
 They are gōne: the golden-rod
 Flashes from the dark green sod.
 Crickets in the grass I hear;
 Asters light the fading year.
5. Slower stĭll! October weaves
 Rāinbōws of the förest 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 fāst,
 While December shivers pást!
6. Frōsty-bēarded 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 stōries 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 'Gōd's Acre.'—*We should say, George, if we wanted to express the same idea, God's Field, or*

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the place where God sows His seed for the harvest."—"Still, Arthur, the meaning is not quit plain."

2. "In the first place, George, those old Saxons, when they became Christians, were vëry much in earnest. Some truth of faith, or thought of God, was united to every name they bestowed¹ 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 mōurning 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 fōrth, 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 sōw our lifeless bodies in His fields, which are the consecrated burying-grounds and cemeteries; and these lifeless bodies of good men and women and childrer, will spring up new and vigorous at the last dāy, like the strōng fresh wheat stalks we see in summer."

5. "Yes, George, you have the idēā. 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 cārefully 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 ōwn 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

¹ Bestowed', 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 baptized, they said: “Is not our daughter the *child of light*? Therefore we must call her, not only Lumēna, but Filumēna,” and by this name she was baptized. The little Filumena lived in perfect peace with her good Christian parents and the learned Publius for her teacher, in her beautiful home beneath the blue sky of Greece, until she was thirteen years of age.

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, Marcellinus, the holy Bishop of Rome.”

6. When he was allowed an interview¹ with the emperor, the princess, his wife, and Filumena were with him. As the prince

¹ 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 interrupted¹ 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 petty² 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 pagan³ 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 thwarting⁴ the emperor's will.

IV.

66. ST. PHILOMENA.

PART SECOND.

WHEN 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 father. It was in vain that they told her of the death that

¹ In *ter rupt'*ed, stopped.

² *Pët'ty*, of small importance.

³ *Pä'gan*, an idolater; one who

has never been a Christian.

⁴ *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. Repelled¹ 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 horrible 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 Divine Son in her arms. "My daughter," said the Blessed 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 courage, 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 faithful, sent two angels all in shining white, to dress her wounds with healing balm.

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,"

¹ Repelled, 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 appeared, 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 air. 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 bugle¹ sound.

2. Oh, well may the wild deer bound away
 Through those mountain-forests grand,
 For Sir Rodolph of Hapsburg rides to-day
 At the head of a hunter band.

¹ Bugle, a hunting horn.

The highest places in field and hall
 Dóth brave Sir Rodolph claim,
 Stainless and bright is the *swórd* he wears,
 And high is his knightly fame.

3. Glad as a boy in the mountain chasc,
 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 laugh 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 on as the mountain wind,
 Till all behind, save⁴ a youthful page
 Arc leaveth the hills behind.
 But he raises his bugle with joyous shout,
 And he winds a merry blást,
 Ha! ha! good Hubert! they little thought
 We should ride so far and fást.
6. They answer below;—but a sófter sound
 Comes borne on the breeze's swell,
 Now, why doth⁵ the count in such haste dismount
 At the sound of that tinkling bell?

¹ Chiv al ry (shív'al rý), valor;
 knightly courtesy.

² Heed'less, careless; inattentive.

³ Shēath, a case for the reception
 of a sword.

⁴ Sāve, except.

⁵ Pāge, a boy attendant on a per-
 son of rank for show rather than
 for actual service.

⁶ Doth (dúth).

¹ Dóffed



And why is his eap doffed¹ reverently?²
 And why dôsh he bend the knee?
 There are nône, save the page, or the peasant nigh,
 And the mountaîns lord is he!

7. The lord of the mountaîn doffed eap and plume,
 A nobler than he to greet,
 And the chiëftaîn of Hapsburg bendêth low
 His Monareh and Lord to meet.
 An âgèd priest to the plains below
 Toils over the rocky rōad,
 His hands are elâsped, and his head is bowed,
 For he beareth the hidden Gōd.

¹ Dôffed, removed.

² Rêv'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 boon¹ 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.

3. "And God forefend² that Christian, e'er,
 Begirt³ with knighthood's sword,
 Should leave a mountain serf⁴ to be
 Sole follower of his Lord."
 The good priest mounts the noble steed,
 Sir Rodolph holds the rein,
 With careful step and reverend mien⁵
 Thus wend⁶ 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.

¹ Boon, a favor.

² Fore fēnd', forbid; prevent.

³ Be girt', belted.

⁴ Serf, a peasant; a slave.

⁵ Miēn, deportment; behavior.

⁶ Wēnd, 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 aged 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.

I.

69. WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT WAS the schooner¹ Hēs'perus
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken hiș little daughter,
 To bear him eómpany.

¹ Schoon'er, a small, sharp-built vessel with two másts.

¹ Skíp'p
 trading on
² Hēlm.
 a ship is s
³ Vēer'

2. Blue wēre hēr eyes as the fáiry flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of dāy,
And her förehēad white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of Māy.
3. The skipper¹ he stōōd beside the helm;²
His pipe waꝥ in his mouth;
And he wāched how the veering³ flaw⁴ 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 yōnder pōrt,
For I fear a hūrricane."⁵
5. "Lāst 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 billōws frōthed like yeast.
7. Down came the storm, and smote amain⁶
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leāped her cable's length.
8. "Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the rouǵhest gale
That ever wind did blow."
9. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's cōat
Against the stinging blāst;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the māst.

¹ Skīp'per, the māster of a small trading or mērchant vessel.

² Hēlm, the instrument by which a ship is steered.

³ Vēer'ing, shifting; tūrning.

⁴ Flaw, a sudden búrst of wind.

⁵ Hūr'ri cāne, a fierce storm, marked by the great fury of the wind and its sudden changes.

⁶ A māin, with sudden förece.

10. "O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
O say, what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-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 turned 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
On the lake of Galilee.
15. And fast through the midnight dark and drear
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Toward the reef² of Norman's Woe.
16. And ever, the fitful³ gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf⁴
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
17. The breakers were right beneath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping⁵ billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

¹ Stark, strong; rugged.

² Reef, a chain or line of rocks lying
at or near the surface of the water.

³ Fit'ful, often and suddenly;
changeable.

⁴ Surf (sērf), the swell of the sea
which breaks upon the shore, or
upon sand-banks or rocks.

⁵ Whooping (hōp'ing), crying out
with eagerness or enjoyment.

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18. She struck whère the white and fleecy waves
 Looked sòft as cardèd wool;
 But the erpel rocks they göred her side
 Like the horns of an ötry bull.
19. Her rattling shrouds,¹ all sneathed in ice,
 With the måst went by the bōard;
 Like a vessel of gláss, she stove and sank—
 Ho! ho! the breakers rōared!
20. At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghüst,²
 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 full and rise.
22. Such was the wreck of the Hës'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.

IN the year 1120, King Henry the First of England³ went over to Normandy with his son, Prince William, and a great retinue,⁴ to have the prince acknowledged as his successor⁵ by the Norman nobles,⁶ and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou.⁷

2. Bòth of these things were triumphantly⁸ done, with great

¹ **Shrouds**, a set of ropes, reaching from the måst-heads to the sides of a vessel, to support the masts.

² **Aghast** (a güst'), struck with sudden horror or fear.

³ **England** (ing'gland).

⁴ **Rët'i nūe**, a train of attendants.

⁵ **Suc cës'sor**, one who succeeds

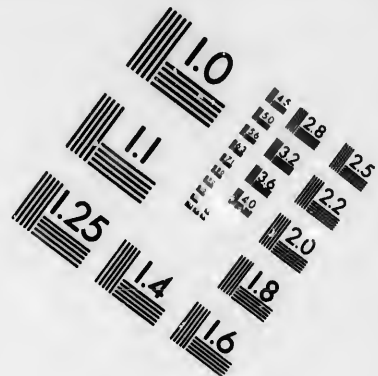
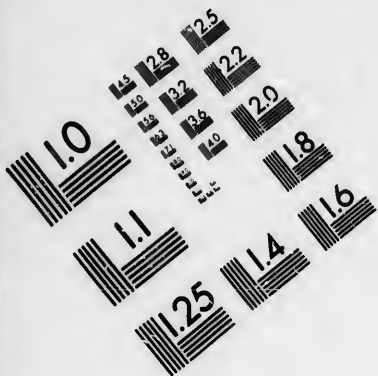
or follows; one who fills the place which another has left.

⁶ **Nõ'ble**, a person of rank in Europe above the common people; a nobleman.

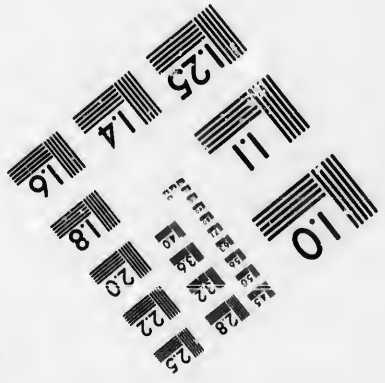
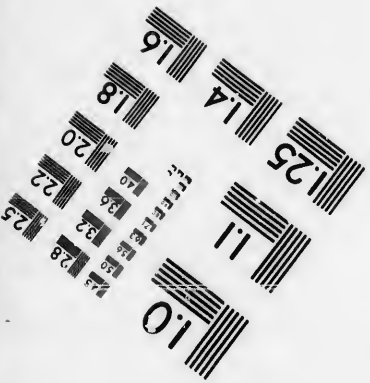
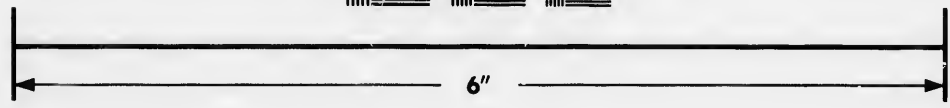
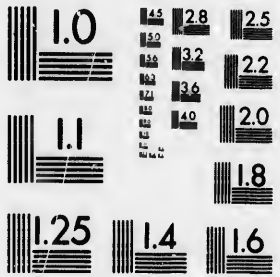
⁷ **Anjou** (än'jō).

⁸ **Tri ùmph'ant ly**, victoriously; with joy and rejoicing.





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show and rejoicing; and on the twenty-fifth of November the whole retinue prepared to embark at the port of Barfleur¹ 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 father 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 conquer 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 sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I can not, therefore, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and all his company shall go 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 cry 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 casks 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,

¹ Barfleur (Bar flêr').

² Liège, a lord or superior.

³ Sire, a father; a king or emperor—used as a title of honor.

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the prince commanded to make mērry; 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 mērrily. 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, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of the White Ship.

10. Crash! A terrific 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—was 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 main-yard 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,"² 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

¹ Perche (pērsh).

² Rouen (rū'en).

be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone! Gone!" the two cried together. "Neither 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,¹ except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly² 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 butcher³ 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 dared 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?

¹ *Cōm'mon* er, one of the common people; one below the rank of nobility.

² *Ghastly* (*gāst'li*), like a ghost in appearance; death-like; pale.

³ *Butcher* (*buch'er*).

¹ *Min*
 men, in
 tained t
 the harp

- Before him passed the young and fair,
 In pleasure's reckless train;
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
 He never smiled again!
3. He sat where festal bowls went round;
 He heard the minstrel¹ sing;
 He saw the tourney's² victor crowned,
 Amidst the knightly ring:
 A murmur 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 o'er the trace
 Of vows once fondly poured,
 And strangers took the kinsman's place,
 At many a joyous board.
 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.

HERE 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.

¹ 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.

² Tourney (tēr'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 narrow 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.

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II.

73. SPRING RAIN.

ALL day, the low-hung clouds have dropt their garnered fullness 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 earth-rejoicing 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.

ONCE 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 California.¹ He was visiting the scattered Missions among the roving tribes of

¹ Cálif for'ni a. The first missions established there were at San Die'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,¹ 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 arid² 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 burning 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.³

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

¹ Nē'o phýte, one recently admitted into the Church by baptism.

² Ar'id, dry; parched with heat.

³ As suāg'ed', lessened; relieved.

¹ Au stē

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.*

CLEAR 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
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
 That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

SECTION XVIII.

I.

76. *MIDSUMMER.*

THROUGH all the long midsummer-däy
 The meadow-sides are sweet with häy.
 I seek the coolest sheltered seat
 Just where the field and forest meet,—
 Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
 The ancient oaks austere¹ and grand,
 And fringy roots and pebbles fret
 The ripples of the rivulet.²

¹ Au störe', harsh; rough.

² Riv'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 swaths¹ in the sun;
 The cattle graze; while warm and still,
 Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
 And bright, when summer breezes break,
 The green wheat crinkles² like a lake.

¹ Swath (swath), a line of grass or grain formed in mowing or eradling. ² Crinkles (kringk'iz), runs in and out in short bends or turns.

77.

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¹ Mōd'
² U'ni v

3. The butterfly and humbie-bee
 Come to the pleasant woods with me;
 Quickly before me runs the quail,
 The chickens stalk behind the rail,
 High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
 And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
4. Sweet woodland music sings 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 tiny 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 calm upon me glides,
 And lulled to rest by summer's voice,
 I lie and listen, and rejoice.

II.

77. THE POOR STUDENT OF SARZANA.

THE Poor Student of Sarzānā, 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 modern¹ universities,² especially in America. To be a poor student is to be shut out from all this charming companionship, even if such a person could succeed in getting into a university at all."

2. "Ah, Eugēne," said Brother Thomas, "you must remem-

¹ Mōd'ern, the present time.

assemblage of schools, in which
² Uni ver'si ty, a school or all 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 monastery¹ 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 novice² 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 presided³ as I have said over the universities, being unworldly men, if they saw a poor student'—"Like our poor student of Sarzana?"

5. "Yes, Eugend, 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 illustrate⁴ 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-

¹ **Mōn'as ter y**, a house of religious retirement.

² **Nōv'ice**, one who enters a religious house intending to take the

vows and become a member.

³ **Pre sid'ed**, governed; directed.

⁴ **Il lūs'trate**, to make distinguished; to explain what is obscure.

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tions¹ of the cruel Turks, and who brought with them a 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!"³ 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 Israel. 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 Vatican⁴ palace, adding to it a library for its precious manuscripts, and galleries for its works of art. Two exquisite chapels of his erection remain to this day, memorials of his taste and devotion. One is called the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and the other, scarcely larger than an oratory, was named for his patron 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."⁵ 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."

¹ Ir rü'ption, a sudden entrance of invaders into a country.

² Män'u scripts, books in writing; the only form of books before the invention of printing.

³ Mag nif'icent, on a grand scale.

⁴ Vät'i can, a palace of the Popes on the Vatican hill, adjoining the celebrated church of St. Peter's.

⁵ Mar'tyr, one who suffers death in consequence of his adherence to the Christian faith.

13. "Is there anything mōre?" 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 Jubilee¹ year of 1450."

III.

78. THE SUMMER RAIN.

OH the rain, the beautiful rain!
 Chēerily, mērrily falls,
 Beating its wings 'gainst the wīndōw-pane,
 Trickling down the walls—
 Over the mēadōw with pattering feet,
 Kissing the clover-blossoms sweet,
 Singing the blue-bells fast asleep,
 Making the pendent² willows weep,—
 Over the hillside brown,
 Over the dusty town,
 Mērrily, chēerily, comēth it down,
 The rain, the summer rain!

2. Oh the rain, the welcome rain!
 Sōftly, kindly, it falls
 On tīny flower and thīrstring plain,
 And vine by the cottage-walls;
 Lāughingly tipping the lily's cup,
 It fillēth the crystal chālīce³ up,
 Joyously greeting the ēarth that thrills
 Through her thousand veins of gāthering rills—
 Over the vīolet's bed,
 Over the sleeping dead,
 Comēth with kindly tread
 The rain, the gentle rain!

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

faith or charity prescribed by the Holy Father.

² Pēnd'ent, supported from above; supported; hanging.

³ Chāl'lee, a cup or bowl.

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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.

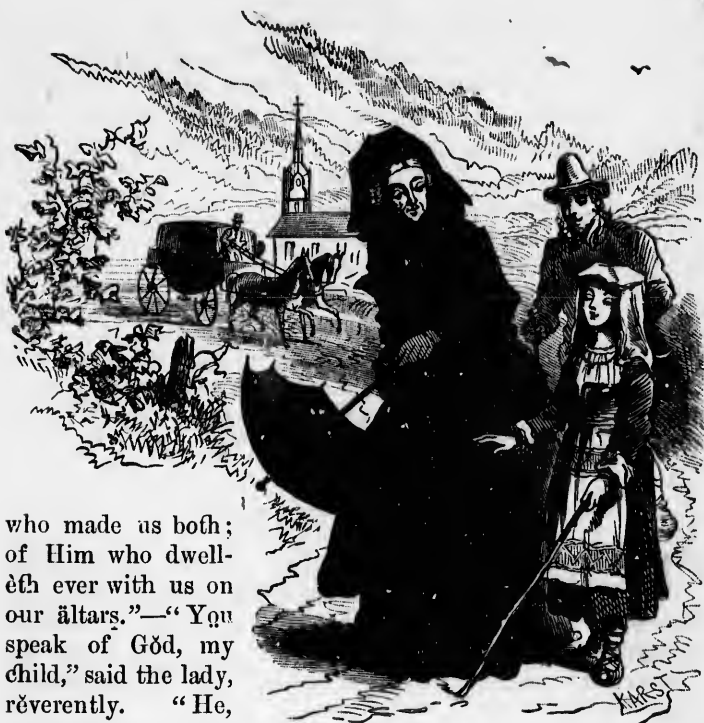
"TELL me, what is your name, my child?" the old lady asked as they took their way to the orange grove. "I have said it, lady; it is Agnes; that is for the lamb, you know. They call me Blind Agnes; and sometimes, in their sport, the children name me, also, the Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament."

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 resist² 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

¹ Crest, a tuft or plume for the head. ² Re sist', to struggle against.



who made us both; of Him who dwell-eth ever with us on our altars."—"You speak of Gōd, my child," said the lady, rēverently. "He, in truth, is ēvry-where; but you can not see Him on the altar?"

5. "No; but I knōw 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 nōthing, then, you want to see?" The old lady went on, as it were, in her own despite,¹ for she felt all the dānger of āwākening rēgret in so thoughtful a mind.

6. "The light, for instance—the glorious light of hēaven, the sun, the moon, the myriad 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 fāce of nature—the deep valley, the mighty mōuntāin, or that mountain of mōuntāins—your own Vesuvius?"

¹ De spite', in opposition to,

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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 stately¹ palaces, the sacred temples? Yönder little chürch, 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 söft, southern land?"

9. "They are soft to the touch, and sweet to the senses," Agnes answered, after a möment's pausc. "And He was cailed the 'flower of the rööf of Jcsse.' So they müst be precious things, those flowers! But yet," she added, in an assured² and earnest 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 änsver. 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 check³ them, until they had nearly gained the grove to which their footsteps were directed. How öften during the drive back to Naples, did the words of Agnes recrür⁴ 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 höly

¹ *Stäte'ly*, imposing; handsome; of great dignity.

doubt, or hesitation.

² *Chäck*, to stop; to hinder.

³ *Äs säured'*, without uncertainty,

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 sacrament of His love, never again to be absent, even for an hour, from the world of His redemption and special¹ predilection²—ever living for us, with us, and among us.

14. In the noon-tide glâre, 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 calmer 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 shadow 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 glôry
 Is uncti³on to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

2. O one, O only mansion,
 O paradise of joy,

¹ Spé'cial, more than ordinary.

² Pre di léc'tion, loving before-hand; as Christ from the beginning

loved the world which He afterward redeemed.

³ Unc'tion, soothing; refreshing.

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Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop¹ of the wall.

3. With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius² and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays.
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;³
 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'a 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.

¹ *Hyssop*, an aromatic plant.

² *Sardius*, a precious stone;
 probably the carnelian.

³ *Unpriced*, beyond all valuation.

⁴ *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 churches, 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 incident¹ occurred that suggested to him reflections of an entirely different character, and so interfered² 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 piety.

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,³ she moved over carpeted floors.

10. He had been greatly interested in her as a realization of his ideal⁴—a faithful and devoted child of the Church, endowed

¹ In'ci dent, an event ; an occurrence.

² In ter fered', opposed ; clashed.

³ Fab'rics, manufactured goods.

⁴ I dē'al, a standard or model of perfection or of duty.

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with all the external gifts of fortune—gifts that he was just beginning to appreciate¹ 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 Church 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, "God bless you, my boy! I have no doubt you could be rich if you wanted to be, but you have chosen the better part."

¹ Appreciate (ap pre'shi äte), to set a value on.

IV.

82. THE WREATH UNFADING.

THE golden thrones blazed out like fire,
 Amidst the sea of white,
 And āngel bands joined happy hands
 With fāirest flowers bedight ;¹
 It was a festal² 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 wrēath to bind
 His ever-glorious Head?"
3. "A wreath of flowers—for flowers are fāir—
 His handiwork they are,
 With here and there a jewel rāre,
 And here and there a star,
 A wreath of radiance and of light,
 With glōry glēaming far?"
4. "Dear unto God are stars and flowers,"
 A sēraph'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 āngels swiftly sped
 To earth's unlovely shōre,
 And each a young child's sinless sōul
 To heaven in triumph bōre ;
 And mothers wept upon the ēarth,
 Whose children were no mōre.
6. And with those sōuls a wreath they made,
 Wherewith to crown their King ;
 And at His feet with homage meet,

¹ Be dight', adorned ; bedecked.² Fēs'tal, pertaining to a feast.

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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 fair 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 fairly 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 öff than the Yellowstone or the Rocky Mountains. As far öff as Africa and Asia. They are found, too, in some parts of Europe, as in Húngary and along the river Dänübe."—"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 äbout 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, önly with a rosy tint where the plumage is thlick; 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 löng, almost fifteen inches, and at the end of this long, flat bill is a sharp hook, which I shall tell you möre about by-and-by. They live on the sea-coast, especially where large rivers flow into the ocean, and on the shöres of lakes and märshes.¹

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 bäscket, 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 shöre 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 bäscket, 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 vëry hungry.

11. "But this is not all," continued grandpa. "If anything happens, and the mother-pelican has no fish for its bröod,²

¹ Marsh'es, low lands covered with a small depth of water.

² Brood, a number of young birds of one hatching.

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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 veil¹ of silk which is thrown over the shoulders of the priest when he gives the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, you will see a pelican embroidered² upon it in silver. The wings are spread, and the sharp beak is pressing on the breast, on which you will see drops of blood, with which she is feeding her callow³ brood.

13. "It is this great love of the pelican for her young which has made her a symbol⁴ 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 brawny⁵ 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 blessed day,
 Flitted around, and strove to wrench⁶
 One single thorn away.

¹ Veil (vāl), a garment long in proportion to its width.

² Em broid'ered, adorned with fine needle-work.

³ Callow, not yet feathered.

⁴ Sým'bol, a type; a representation.

⁵ Brawn'y, having large, strong muscles.

⁶ Wrénch, to pull with a twist.

The cruel spear impaled ¹ his breast,
 And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
 The robin has his silver vest
 Incarnadined ² with red.

3. O Jesus! Jesus! Gōd 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 resources³ for an emergency.⁴ 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 impetuous⁵ and timid, and has not the smallest presence of mind or sagacity to discern⁶ 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

¹ Im paled', pierced; transfixed.

² In car'na dined, dyed red.

³ Re sour'ces, supplies; means.

⁴ El mer'gen cý, a sudden or unforeseen condition of things; any

event which calls for prompt action or remedy.

⁵ Im pēt' ū oūs, fierce; hasty.

⁶ Discern (diz zēr'n'), to see or understand the difference.

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³ Lū'di
⁴ Im'pe

each other's bills with great thoroughness and dexterity,¹ 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 revolutions² when they attempt to stand on one. Nothing can be more ludicrous³ 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 impetus⁴ is lost—generally some way ahead of the place to which they really wished to go.

6. It is delightful to watch them as drowsiness films their round, bright, black eyes, and the dear old mother croons⁵ them under her ample wings, and they nestle in perfect harmony.⁶ 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 mother-wings take them all in.

7. They penetrate⁷ her feathers, and 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 nook.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,⁹ I can but remem-

¹ *Dex tər'ī tŷ*, readiness, skill, and ease in using the limbs; quickness and skill.

² *Rĕv'o lū'tion*, the act of turning on a center; the motion of a body round a fixed point.

³ *Lū'di croūs*, droll; laughable.

⁴ *Im'pe tūs*, force of motion.

⁵ *Croon*, soothe by singing softly.

⁶ *Har'mo ny*, peace and friendship; agreement.

⁷ *Pĕn'e trate*, to enter into.

⁸ *Nook* (*ngk*), a corner; a retired place.

⁹ *Sub sid'ence*, the act of falling into a state of quiet.

ber that outburst of love and sorrow from the lips of Him who, though He came to earth from a dwelling-place of ineffable glory, called nothing unclean because it was common.

10. He found no homely² detail³ too homely or too trivial⁴ to illustrate our Almighty Father's love, but from the birds of the air, 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 hypocrisy⁵ and the iniquity gathered before Him,—seeing too alas! the calamities⁶ and the woe that awaited this doomed people, a divine pity overbears His righteous indignation⁷ 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.

83. TWO NEIGHBORS AND THE HENS.

IN 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,⁸ to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that

¹ In *š'fa* ble, unspeakable.

² *Hōme'ly*, belonging to home; familiar; plain.

³ *De'tāil*, narrative or account.

⁴ *Triv'i al*, of little importance or worth; trifling; common.

⁵ *Hý pōc'ri sý*, the act of pretending to be other and better than one is; the taking upon one's self a

false appearance of goodness or religion.

⁶ *Ca lām'i ty*, a great misfortune or cause of misery.

⁷ *In'dignā'tion*, the feeling caused by that which is unworthy or disgraceful; anger.

⁸ *Wrath* (*rāth*), very fierce anger; fury; rage.

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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.¹

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 garden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted² him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed³ with wrath, 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.⁵ 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.⁶

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 compensate⁷ you, than you me, and to ask your forgiveness, than you mine.'"

¹ Re dress', satisfaction or payment for wrong that has been done.

² Ac cost'ed, came to the side of; addressed; spoke to.

³ In flamed', red; burning.

⁴ Ruined (ry'ind).

⁵ Con found'ed, entirely confused; at a loss what to say or do

⁶ Nothing (nüş'ing).

⁷ Cöm pën'sate, to make equal return to; to repay by giving what is of an equal value.

SECTION XXI.

I.

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 haunts 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.

2. Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
 Through the great city rolled,

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With everlâsting 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 hōmes ;
 For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
 And givest them the stōres
 Of ocean, and the harvēsts of its shōres.

4. Thy Spirit is around
 Quickening the restlèss mæss that sweeps ålång ;
 And this etērnal sound—
 Voices and footfalls of the nūmberlèss thrōng—
 Like the resounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempèst, speaks of Thee.

5. And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a cålm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billōw breast—
 The quiet of that moment too is Thine ;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vâst and helpless city while it sleeps.

SECTION XXII.

I.

89. URSULA.

URSULA was thirteen years old, the tallest girl in the class, and a great favorite with her companions.¹ 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 Fēbrū-

¹ Com pān'ions, those with whom we are accustomed to associate.

ary, Ursula came home to dinner with the intelligence¹ that Sister Gën'eviëve' 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, laughing. "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, lost 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 deferred² the giving out of Practices till the holidays."—"How absurd 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 oracular³ 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. "Moderation⁵ in eating and drinking." Turning to the other side of the slip, he continued: "The old custom⁶ 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

¹ In tē'li gēnce, news.

² De ferred', put off; postponed.

³ O rāc'u lar, grave and wise.

⁴ Briefly, in few words.

⁵ Mōd e rā'tion, neither too much nor too little.

⁶ Cūs'tom, a manner or practice continually repeated.

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scarlet. "Miracles,¹ sure enough," said he. "Ursie! Ursie! this will be a terrible Lent for you. Mod-e-ration in eat-ing."

7. "Hush, John," said his uncle, as Ursula began to cry. "One would think me a glutton,"² 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, papà, a glutton; I do not eat myself sick, I never act niggardly,³ 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 tating and sat down beside her good mother. After a few moments, she said in a low, serious tone: "Mammä, I believe I am a glutton, and I never knew it till to-day.

11. "The girls all laughed when I read my Practice, and even Sister Géneviève 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 papà 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,⁴ 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."

¹ *Mir'a cles*, occurrences which can not be explained by any natural causes.

² *Glüt'ton*, one who is habitually

guilty of excess in eating.

³ *Nig'gard ly*, stingily; meanly.

⁴ *Däin'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 foregone¹ 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.

"HAND me some water, brother, wōn'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

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 languidly³ 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; wōn'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; ere 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 eröss, selfish, and fretful? Remember that the time will come when

¹ Fore gone', renounced; fore-borne to be enjoyed.

² Re quäst', something asked.

³ Län'guid ly, in a manner that shows great weakness.

⁴ Re fūsed', 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. Half 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.

IN a small chapel rich with carving quaint,
Of mystic symbols and devices bold,

Whère glowed the face of many a pictured saint,
 From wíndōws high in gōrgeōus drapery's fold.
 And one large mellowed painting ò'er the shrine
 Showed in the arms of Mary—Mother mild—
 Down looking, with a tenderness dīvine
 In His clear, shining eyes, the Holy Child.

2. Two little brothers, orphans young and fáir,
 Who came in sacred lessons to be taught,
 Waited, as every day they waited thère,
 Till Father Bérnard came, his pupils sought,
 And fed his Māster'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 sáeristan,
 For hours in daily rōutīne' 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 thèir frūit and bread.

4. And òften did their lifted glānces 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 fōrth ; with clāsping 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 prāyer!
 We prayed Him to come down and sit beside
 Us as we ate, and of our feast take shāre ;
 And He came down and tasted of our bread,
 And sat and smiled upōr us, father dear !"

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Pallid¹ with strange amaze, Bernardo said,
 "Grace, beyond marvel! Hahst the Lord been here?"

6. The hēaven of hēavenꝝ Hiꝝ dwelling—dósh He deign²
 To viꝣit little children? Favored ye
 Beyðnd all thoꝝe on eārthly throneꝝ who reign,
 In having seen this strangest mystery!³
 O lambꝝ of Hiꝝ dear flock! to-mórrōw, pray
 Jeꝝus to come again to ġrace⁴ yꝝur bōard⁵
 And sup with you; and if He come, then say,
 'Bid us to Thine own table, blessèd Lord!

¹ Pál'lid, very pale.

² Deign (dān), to condescend.

³ Mýs'ter y, something that can
 not be explained,

⁴ Grāce, to adōrn; to make de-
 lightful.

⁵ Bōard, here used to signify
 a repāst,

7. "Our m^äster, too!" do not forget to plead
 For me, dear children! In humility
 I will entreat Him your meek pr^äyer to heed,
 That so His m^ärcy may extend to me!"
 Then, a hand laying on each lovely head,
 Devoutly the old man the children blessed.
 "Come ^ärly 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 y^öuthful p^äir, their eyes with rapture² 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."
9. Kneeling in thankful joy, Bernardo felⁱ,
 And through the hours he lay entranced³ in pr^äyer;
 Until the solemn sound of vesper bell
 Aroused him, breaking on the silent air.
 Then rose he, c^älm, and when the ps^älms were o'er,
 And in the aisle the ch^änt⁴ had died away,
 With soul still bowed his M^äster to adore,
 Alone he watched the fast departing day.
10. Two silvery voices, calling through the gloom
 With s^äraph sweetness, reached his listening ear;
 A-nd swiftly p^ässing 'neath the löfty dome,
 S^öön, side by side, he and his children dear
 Entered the ancient chapel, consecrate⁵
 By grace mysterious. Kneeling at the shrine,⁶
 Bef^öre which, robed in s^äcerdotal⁷ state,
 That morning he had blessed the bread and wine,

¹ G^üest, one who visits another.

² R^äp'ture, extreme delight.

³ Eⁿ tranced', so absorbed in thought as to be almost or quite unconscious.

⁴ Chant, a slow, measured, grave

method of singing.

⁵ C^ön'se crate, here used in the sense of consecrated; hallowed.

⁶ Shrine, a place of special devotion.

⁷ S^äc'er d^ö'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
 Borne 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 God was sung,
 In carbing self as well as singing psalms,
 There lived a monk, Macarius 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 palms,
 He lived upon the desert: from the marsh
 He drank the brackish water, and his food
 Was dates and roots—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.

16. Sister Saint Wilfrid
 English teacher

His whole intent was on the spirit's goal:
 He taught them silence—words disturb 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 bade 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 fair they were to view,
 A generous cluster, bursting-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.
5. 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.

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SECTION XXIII.

I.

93. HALF BETTER THAN ALL.

THE SUN waꝯ pōuring its mid-dāy rayꝯ upon the Arabian deꝯert, when ā cār'avan halted for refrēshmēt and repose. The tents were arranged for shade, the camels were unlāden, and each tired Mussulman,¹ reclining upon the sand, enjoyed hiꝯ favorite luxury of the pipe, or listened to one of thoꝯe lōng, dull taleꝯ, with which the inhabitants of the East are wont² to āmūꝯe each oꝯer in their journeyingꝯ.

2. Two little boyꝯ, thē ōnly children in the whole company, ālōne were restlēꝯ, active, and impatient of restraint. Aꝯ they were not allowed to smoke, and had no taste for the tedious³ stōrieꝯ that āmūꝯed their elderꝯ, they wandered āmōng the camels, and elimbed upon their backs toꝯether, and, at last, for want of other entertainment, quarreled, and then separated, to find each hiꝯ own āmūꝯemēt apart.

3. Sēlīm, the younꝯer, reꝯolving heartily never to play again with Ali (ā'lē), scampered ōff toward ā eluster of low rocks that, at ā short distanꝯe, emerged from the plain of sand, and formed the ōnly objeet that broke the uniformity of the prospect. Having reached the rocks, he had nōthing to do but retār, and endure again the dullnēꝯ of the earavan⁴ and the provoking temper of Ali. Hiꝯ spirit sunk at the thought of thē odious⁵ necessity, when turning ā high corner of the rocks, he came suddenly on ā prize that made him ery out for joy.

4. Taking rōot in ā fissure of the rock, ā stunted date-tree had pushed its puny limbꝯ into the sunshine, and bōre . . . its dwarfish head a handful oꝯ over-ripened fruit. A small, clear spring of wāter triekled through the ereviꝯe, supplying moisture to the tree, ḡlistened in the sandꝯ, and disappeared.

¹ Mūs'sul man, ā Mohammedan; one who believeꝯ Mohammed to have been ā prophet.

² Wont (wūnt), accustomed; used.

³ Tē'di ous, dull; tiresome from length or slownēꝯ.

⁴ Cār'a van, ā company of pilgrimꝯ or mērchants, traveling toꝯether for security through the deꝯert, or through countrieꝯ infested by robberꝯ.

⁵ O'di ous, hateful; disagreeable.

5. A fountain of fresh water! What a transporting¹ discovery! For weeks poor Sēlīm had tasted no drink except rare and stinted draughts² 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 caravan, fearing that he might have been followed, and that his rich prize might be taken from him, or at least shared, by that odious brother. But no one came to interrupt, or to partake of his happiness;—the cool water and the luscious³ fruit were all his own.

7. For a moment, the fancy of Sēlīm reveled⁴ in the anticipation⁵ 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,⁶ 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 Sēlīm began to find that something was wanting to complete his enjoyment. What could it be, whose absence was causing the refreshing water to pall⁷ upon his appetite.

9. He wondered that he was not perfectly happy in the sole possession of such treasures. He pondered,⁸ and considered in vain. But his untutored heart whispered to him the truth. He paused. He sighed; then ran, like an antelope,⁹ 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. Sēlīm enjoyed the surprise, the delight of Ali, at the sight of the fountain and the tree. He found his own pleasure doubled in witnessing that of his brother. The water seemed cooler, the

¹ *Trāns pōrt'ing*, carried beyond one's self for joy.

² *Draught* (*drāft*), that which is drawn in at once in drinking.

³ *Luscious* (*lūsh'us*), sweet; delightful.

⁴ *Rēv'eled*, moved playfully.

⁵ *Antic'ipā'tion*, expected pleasure or pain felt before its arrival;

a taking beforehand.

⁶ *Exquisite* (*ěks'kwī zit*), carefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving rare satisfaction.

⁷ *Pall*, lose strength or taste.

⁸ *Pōn'dered*, thought.

⁹ *An'telope*, a kind of goat or deer with wreathed or ringed horns.

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fruit had a higher flavor,¹ when Ali joined his praises of bōth. The glare² of the sun was less regarded.

1. They talked, and laughed; 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 hālf is better—much better—than all.

IV.

94. CHERRIES OF HAMBURG.

IN the early part of the sixteenth century chērries wēre vēr̄y rāre 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 gāthered the rārēst of chērry-trees, and by constant watchfulness he had kept āwāy the disease from his fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry-trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juiciēst cherries.

3. All who wished chērries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highēst preees, so that ēvēry sēāson he reaped a great harvēst 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 famine³ 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 sallies⁴ into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less fōōd remained to them.

¹ Flāv'or, that quality of any thing which affects the smell or taste; that which gives to any thing a very pleasant odor or taste.

² Glare (glāre), bright light.

³ Fām'ine, the want of sufficient food.

⁴ Sāl'y, a darting or springing fōrth; 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,¹ 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.² 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.³ 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

¹ Su perb', grand; showy; rich.

² De lir'ous, deranged; wandering in mind.

³ Strät'a gēm, an artifice or trick by which some advantage is expected to be gained.

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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 procession¹ 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 vanquished² 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.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,

The bridge and the rock where the cataract³ fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house⁴ nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

¹ Procession (prošěsh'un), a train of persons or animals moving in order.

² Vanquished (vängk'wisht), subdued in battle; beat in any contest.

³ Cat'aract, a great fall of wa-

ter over a steep overhanging place.

⁴ Dai'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 exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing:
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
 Then soon, with the emblem¹ of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:

¹ Emblem, a thing thought to resemble some other thing in its leading qualities, and so used to rep-

resent it. Water is called the emblem of truth because of its clearness and purity.

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The old oaken buckèt, the iron-bound bucket,
The mōss-covered bucket ārōse from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the cūrb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet¹ could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar² that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively³ swell,
As fancy revērts 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.

91. THE OAK TREE.

1.

SING for the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood!
Sing for the oak-tree, that grōwèth green and good!
That groweth broad and brānching within the fōrest shade;
That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid!

2.

The oak-tree waş an acorn once, and fell upon the ěarth;
And sun and shower nōurished it, and gave the oak-tree bīrth:
The little sprouting oak-tree! two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and shower nōurished it, then out the branches būrst.

3.

The winds came and the rain fell; the gusty tēmpèst blew;
All, all were friends to the oak-tree, and strōnger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and grāy;
But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every dāy.

¹ Gōb'let, a kind of cup or drinking vessel without a handle.

² Nēc'tar, the drink of the heathen gods, of whom Jupiter was the chief or highest; honey; any sweet

or very delicious drink.

³ Intrusively (in trō'siv li), without invitation, right, or welcome.

⁴ Plān tā'tion, a place planted; a large cultivated farm.

4.

Four centuries grows the oak-tree, nor does its verdure¹ 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.

DURING 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 luxury² 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,

¹ Verd'ure, greenness.

² Luxury (lŭk'shŭ rĭ).

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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 Department¹ of the Gulf, that the general, a stern, irascible² old officer of the regular army, sat at his desk in his office on Julia street, curtly³ 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 deferentially⁴ handed her a chair, for those sombre⁵ 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

¹ De part'ment, a military subdivision of a country.

² I rās'ci ble, easily made angry.

³ Curt'ly, briefly; in few words.

⁴ Dēf'er ēn'tial ly, with respect.

⁵ Sōm'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."

"General!"—the Sister was majestic now—"Federal or Confederate, I do not know. Protestant or Catholic, I do not ask. 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 God'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 taunt. 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 earnest was her reply.

¹ Car'nage, bloodshed; slaughter. ² Män'gled, wounded.

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II.

98. HEROINES OF CHARITY.

PART SECOND.

“**W**HAT 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 turned 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 care. 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 ominous¹ 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,² 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-

¹ Om’i noûs, foreboding evil.

² Am’bu lance, a vehicle for conveying the wounded from the battle-field.

puted, 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 calmly 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. "I owe you 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-

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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 hero¹ 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 inundate² 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.³ His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late.

¹ *Hé'ro*, a great warrior; the chief person in a story.

² *In ún'dáte*, cover with water.

³ *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 hear 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 *älöng* 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,¹ 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,² and he looked up in some dismay.³ The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter-night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible,⁴ though not as distinctly as by day.

8. The child thought of his father, of his injunction,⁵ and was preparing to quit the ravine⁶ 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 instant⁷ 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

¹ *Sö'i ta rý*, lonely; retired.

² *Herbage* (*érb'aj*), herbs collectively; pasture; grass.

³ *Dis máy'*, loss of courage and hope; fear.

⁴ *Per cép'tí ble*, that can be seen,

felt, or known by the senses.

⁵ *Injunction* (*in jüngk'shun*), order or command.

⁶ *Ravine* (*ra vün'*), a deep and narrow hollow, usually worn by water.

⁷ *In'stant*, immediate; quick.



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work of a moment, and, to his delight, he found that he had succeeded 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 faltering¹ 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 evincing² such heroic fortitude³ and undaunted⁴ courage.

16. The M^use⁵ 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*.

¹ **Faltering** (făl'ter ing), falling short; trembling; hesitation.

² **Evincing**, showing clearly.

³ **Fortitude** that strength of mind which enables one to meet danger with coolness and firmness, or

to bear pain or disappointment without murmuring or discouragement.

⁴ **Undaunted** (un dănt'ed), brave; fearless.

⁵ **Muse**, one of the nine goddesses of history, poetry, painting, &c.

SECTION XXV.

I.

100. THE STRAY SUNBEAM.

CHILD.

AH! little sunbeam spörting here,
 I love to see you smile;
 It makes this gloomy rōm appear
 A pleāsant spot the while.

2. Oh! how I'd love like you to be,
 With not a thōught of càre,
 No books to lēarn, 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 gīven to do.
4. I rise at dawn and tell the lark,
 'Tis time his hymn to sing;
 Or, o'er the sea to wave-tōssed bark,
 I hopeful mēssage bring.
5. In lonely cell I rest awhile,
 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.

8. So, little one, you now can see,
My time's not passed in vain ;
I do what Gōd dôfh bid me do ;
Can you, too, say the same ?

CHILD.

9. 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 obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on high,
And, set in azure,¹ every star,
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

2. Child of the earth ! Oh, lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's² expanse !
The glories of its realms explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !
3. Dôfh 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 o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night ;
Behold them ! Can a mortal boast
To number that celestial³ host ?
5. Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendor meet thy gaze ;
Each is a world, by Gōd sustained,
Who from eternity⁴ hath reigned.

¹ Azure (ăzh'er), light-blue ; sky-colored.

² Firmament, the region of the air ; the sky or heavens.

³ Celestial (se lăst'yal), belonging, or relating, to the regions of air ; heavenly.

⁴ Eternity, everlastingness.

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6. What then art thou ! O, child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
E'en as an insect, on the breeze,
E'en as a dewdrop, löst in seas !
7. Yêt fear thou not ; the Sövereign¹ hand,
Which spread thê ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hast e'en for thee à Father's càre.
8. Be thè at peaçe!—thê all-seeing eye,
Pervauing² èarth, and air, and sky,
The seàrching glånçe which nòne may flee,
Is still, in mèrçy, túrned on thee.

III.

102. WHOM SHALL WE THANK?

HE CAME bounding àlông from hiş play, and while he held hiş hands under the spout, hiş companion pumped vigorously at the handle. The sparkling wàter streamed through hiş fingers, but he caught enough to cool hiş rögy, heated face.

2. He wàs à polite little fellow ; so, àfter he had satisfied hiş thirst, he prettily raised hiş hat from hiş head and said, "I thank you, Mr. Pump, and I shall be glàd to shake hands with you frequently."

3. Now, if the pump had been (bîn) as polite as the boy, and could have spöken, it would have said, "Yôu are perfectly 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 wàter."

4. "Oh well then," the bright little fellow might reply, "I will try my manners onçe more. Here it goes, then," (and he raises hiş cap) "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

¹ Sovereign (süv'er in), àbòve all others ; highèst in power.

² Per vād'ing, pàssing through ; 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 cost any thing, and they make us feel better. Thanks to the spring that gushes¹ up day and night with sweet waters!"—"Don't thank me, my little man," the spring sings with silvery music from the shaded dell² on the side of the hill—"don't thank me; for what good could I do without the dew and the rain? 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 rain and dew!"—"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 cup?"

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 flashed³ 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 oceans⁴ into which I drop my suction-hose?"

8. "Thanks, then, to the mighty seas!" and the eap rises slowly again, as the solemn chant from the neighboring shore reaches the ear of the listening boy. "Not unto me!" with a deep, melodious⁵ 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 elements⁶ 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

¹ Gūsh, to break forth with some degree of violence.

² Dəll, a valley or ravine.

³ Flashed, sent forth a ray of light.

⁴ Ocean (ō'shun), that immense

body of salt water amidst which the lands of this world are placed.

⁵ Me lō'di oūs, musical.

⁶ El'e ments, the parts into which a compound thing may be separated.

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Göd!" quietly whispers the subdued¹ 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.

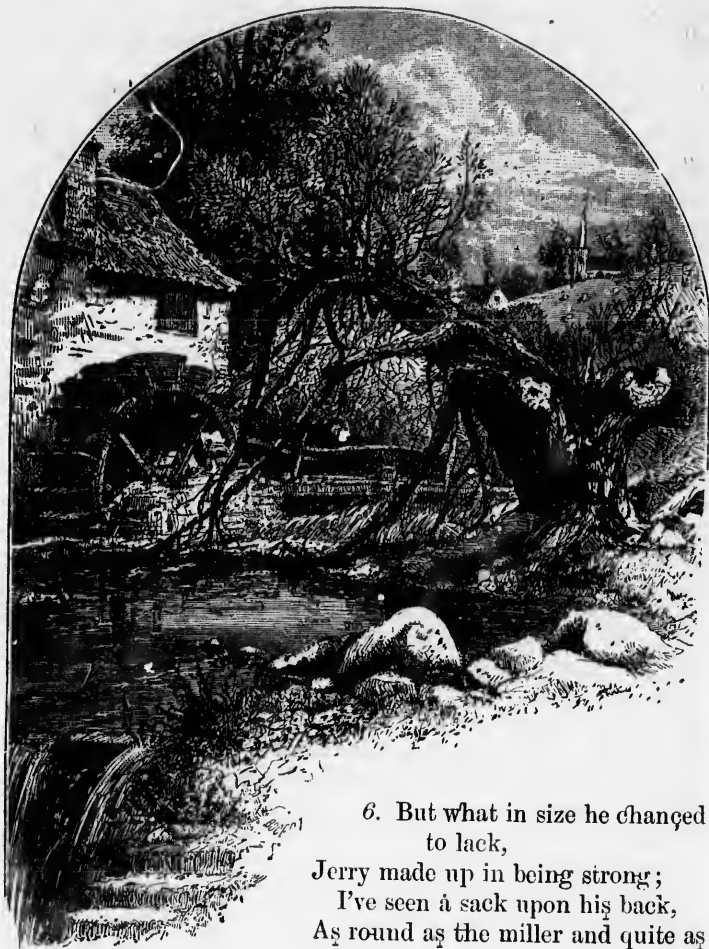
IV.

103. JERRY, THE MILLER.

BENEATH THE HILL you may see the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

2. Year, after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and eaked 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. 'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And he was little when he was old.

¹ Sub dued', impressed by a manifestation of power.



6. But what in size he changed
to lack,
Jerry made up in being strong ;
I've seen a sack upon his back,
As round as the miller and quite as
long.

7. Always busy and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was 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 ;

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- One autumn day the rumor¹ came—
 “The brook and Jerry are very low.”
9. And then ’twas whispered mournfully
 The leech² 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 coat his only shroud—
 “Dust to dust,” the words were said,
 And all the people wept aloud ;
11. For he had shunned the deadly³ sin,
 And not a 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 crumbling stone ;
 The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

SECTION XXVI.

I.

104. APPLES.

STRAWBERRIES, raspberries, cherries, mulberries, peachès,
 plums, pears, high and low blackberries, thimbleberries,⁴
 blueberries, huckleberries—every fruit, indeed, except the
 grape—might all better be spared than the honest, sound,
 ruddy⁵ apple. They are the delight⁶ of an hour—the fleeting

¹ Rū'mor, flying or popular re-
 port ; a story passing from person
 to person, without any known au-
 thority for the truth of it.

² Lēech, physician ; one who
 practices the art of healing.

³ Dēad'ly, capable of causing
 death ; not to be forgiven.

⁴ Thim' ble-bēr' rŷ, a kind of

black raspberry quite common in
 America.

⁵ Rūd'dŷ, of a red color ; of a
 lively flesh color, or of the color of
 the human skin in high health ; of
 a reddish, shining color.

⁶ De light', a high degree of
 pleasure or happiness ; that which
 gives great pleasure.



decoration¹ of à week, or à fôrtnìght,² or of à month. They play exquisitely³ into each other's hands, and wreathe the summer with continuous⁴ variety and delicate gust.⁵

2. But thē apple is à lasting plēasure. It is for all the year. It çireles the mónths. You may eat russets up to the day when the new apples appear. As the apple is the mōst àncient, so it is the most royal of fruits. It never dies.

3. The stúrdy⁶ fruit, delicious in flavor and àdàpted to every want, is euriouly eharacteristie of the farmer, who súrrounds his plàçe with its stiff and unshapely trees, and generally leaves them to wrestle with the weather as they choòse; but, despite

¹ Dēc' o ra'tion, that which is added by way of ornament, or to give beauty.

² Fortnight (fôrt' nit).

³ Exquisitely (ēks' kwī zīt lī). very nice; in à way to plēase and

satisfy; with perfeetion.

⁴ Con tín' u oũ, without break or stop.

⁵ Gúst, the sense or enjoyment of tasting; relish.

⁶ Sturdy (stēr'di), hardy; strong.

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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 ¹ sermon is each of those uncomfortable trees!

4. No wonder he hangs his head as he passes by, and scolds 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 hard-looking 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 caterpillars, and long in vain to have the band of earth loosened around my feet? Why not wash me once 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 capricious² as a beauty.

7. The trailing arbutus, the earliest and one of the loveliest of wild flowers, has the same mingling of humility and caprice. 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 profusely³ 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.

¹ Pā thēt'ic, affecting or moving tender feelings, as pity or grief.

² Capricious (kā prish'us), apt to

change one's mind often and suddenly; changeable.

³ Pro fuse'ly, in great plenty.

9. Let the sluggards¹ 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 perennial² 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-Aimee³ de Blonay, an intimate friend of St. Jane Frances de Chantal,⁴ and one of the first sisters in the Order of the Visitation, experienced from her infancy the happy effects of devotion to the Blessed 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 oratory⁵ 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 occasion, 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 chanced to fall asleep.

¹ Sluggard, a person who is lazy and idle from habit.

² Perennial, through or beyond a year; hence, lasting for all time.

³ Marie-Aimee (Ma rē' A mē').

⁴ Jane Frances Fremiot, Baroness de Chantal, was born at Dijon, France, on the 23d of January, 1573,

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.

⁵ Oratory, a small room or chapel set apart for private devotions.

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¹ Es cōrt'e
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5. In a dream she then perceived our Blessed Lady, escorted¹ 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 church—
Too late for your mates—you are left in the lurch;
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,³ 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.

¹ Es côrt'ed, accompanied as a mark of honor or ceremony. ³ Es'ti mâte, to form an opinion of the value of anything.

² Shûf'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.

4. We purchase a ticket a journey 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 de-
parted;
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 laugh, 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.
- 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,"
Very 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 stairs and down stairs from morning till night,
And always in mischief, but never in sight.

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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 rehearsing¹ the roll² 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 say;
"Somebody" has carried my pencil away;"
"Somebody" has gone and thrown down all the blocks;"
"Somebody" ate 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 turns 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, half 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 detective³ police;⁴
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!

¹ **Rehearsing** (re hērs' ing), re-
citing; repeating; telling.

² **Roll**, a piece of writing which
may be rolled up; a list.

³ **De tect'ive**, fitted for, or skilled

in, uncovering, bringing to light, or
finding out.

⁴ **Police** (po lēs'), a body of offi-
cers whose duty it is to keep good or-
der, and discover and prevent wrongs.

SECTION XXVII.

I.

108. THE WINDY NIGHT.

ALOW¹ and aloof,²
 Over the roōf,
 How the midnight tempests howl !
 With a dreary³ voice, like the dismal⁴ tune
 Of wolves that bāy⁵ at the desert moon ;
 Or whistle and shriek
 Through limbs that creak.
 “ Tu-who ! Tu-whit ! ”
 They cry, and flit,
 “ Tu-whit ! Tu-who ! ” like the solemn owl !

2. A low and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 Sweep the moaning winds āmāin,
 And wildly dash
 The elm and ash
 Clattering on the windōw sash
 With a clatter and patter,
 Like hail and rain,
 That well might shatter
 The dusky pane !

3. A low and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 How the tempests swell and rōar !
 Though no foot is astīr,
 Though the cat and the cūr
 Lie dozing ālōng the kitchen floor,
 There are feet of āir
 On èvèry stāir—
 Through every hall !

¹ A lōw', in a low place, or a lower part.

² Aloof (ā lōf'), at a small distance ; apart.

³ Drēar'ŷ, causing sad or lonely feelings.

⁴ Dis'mal, dark ; sorrowful ; sad.

⁵ 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 búrst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tösses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

II.

109. HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN.

HERE it comes sparkling,
And thêre it lies darkling.
Here smoking and fröthing,
Its tumult and wräth in,
It hastenſ älöng, conflicting, ströng;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks ämöng.

2. Ríſing and leaping,
Síking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Tárning and twisting
Around and around;
Collecting, dissecting,¹
With èndlèss rebound;

¹ Dis ject'ing, throwing apart; scattering.

Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in,
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear 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 leathering,
 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,
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- 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 curling and whirling, and purling and twirling.
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 o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And in *this* way the water comes down at Lodere.

III.

110. LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams are light and shādōw,
Flowing through the pasture meādōw,
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the forest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet¹ still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruin'd abbey² still—
Turning 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 innocent and small ;

¹ Hām'let, a small village.

² Ab'bey, a monastic establishment, or house and church devoted to the uses of a religious order.

³ 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 à many,
 Beautiful and fair as any;
 Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
 Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;
 Arrow-head, with eye of jet;
 And the water-violet.

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There the flowering-rush you meet,
 And the plummy 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,
 Mürmüring not and gliding slowly;
 Up in mountain-höllöws 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 störy of St. Christopher, the man so ströng and so simple-hearted, has never löst its charm. He was a giant of Canaan, and was called Offero, or Bearer; that is, one who carries great bürdens. So proud was he of his wonderful strength that he determined to set förth 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 hermit¹ 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 turbulent² river, whose hoarse murmurs 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,³ 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 abode⁴ on the banks of the stormy river. Many a one did he carry on his broad shoulders across its seething⁵ waters, ever rejoicing in this his service of Jesus Christ. Meanwhile the hermit taught him many things concerning his great Master.

7. One night the giant heard a childish voice calling aloud

¹ Hermit, a solitary, whose life is divided between prayer and labor.

² Turbulent (tēr bu lent), disturbed; unquiet; restless.

³ Solitude, a lonely place; a

state of being alone.

⁴ A bode, the place where one dwells or lives.

⁵ Seeth'ing, boiling; bubbling.

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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 sêrvitor.¹ 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 thought himself to say, "My Jesus, all for Thee!" and instantly his feet touched the further² shôre. 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 world would not have set so weightily 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-môrow thou shalt find it covered with leaves and flowers in token³ 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

¹ Ser'vi tor, one who professes remote or distant duty or obedience.

² In tō'ken, as a sign.

³ Fu'ther, here means the most

⁴ Târ'ry, to remain; to wait.

Christ that this strange tóngue¹ might become as familiar to him as his native language.

3. Rising from his knees, Christopher found that his Máster had heard his práyer. Immediately he was able to comprehend² whither the crowds about him were going, and for what purpose. The Christians of Samos, hunted like wolves by their pagan rúlers, according to the edict of the Emperor Decius,³ wére on that day to be given to the beasts in the qíreus.

4. Christopher moved on with the throng,⁴ and sought a place as near as possible to these confessors of the faith. As they entered the arena⁵ 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.⁶

5. As the officers approached and saw his gigantic figure they hesitated, and Christopher said, "Such puny⁷ creatures as ye are I could crush with my tingers, 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 Gód that it might again put fôrth 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 pálm-tree 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?"

¹ Tongue (túng), language; speech.

² Cóm pre hénd', to understand.

³ Dē'cí us, a Roman general who became emperor in 249. He originated the seventh general persecution.

⁴ Throng, a multitude of persons.

⁵ A rē'na, the central area of a circus or amphitheatre.

⁶ Ex pèlled', driven out.

⁷ Pū'ny, small and feeble.

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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 entreated¹ him that he should save himself.

9. But Christopher insisted² 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 perfect 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

¹ En tréat'ed, begged; persuaded.

² In sist', to be determined.

willingly, clasp it to our heart, and unite all we do to His saving Passion.

2. With this intention, let the Sign of the Cross be your first waking act; dedicating your day to Him as a soldier of the Cross, let your last conscious act before sleep be 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 prayers, your work, with the Sign of the Cross, in token that they are dedicated to Him. Let it sanctify¹ your going out and your coming in. Let it hallow² your conversation and intercourse 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 cravings, may be "to the glory of God." Let the Sign of the Cross soothe and stay you in sorrow, 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 calm your impulse of impatience, of petulance,³ 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 sarcasm.⁴

7. Let it purify the light, or careless, 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.

¹ Sānc' ti fy, make holy or free from sin.

² Hāl'ōw, set apart for religious use; make holy.

³ Pēt'u lance, state of being fretful; peevishness.

⁴ Sār' casm, a taunt; a cutting jest; keen words of scorn.

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IV.

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.]

IT WAS the glad midsummer time,
 The sun shōne bright and clear,
 The birds were singing in the boughs,
 The air waş full of cheer,
 And overhead the blue sky spread,
 Without a fleck or flaw,
 When messengers of evil brought
 The fearful newş to Troyes.

2. "With fire and swōrd, a savage horde¹
 Is wasting all the land;
 No fōrce may stem² their wild onslaught,³
 No pity stay their hand;
 And hither now their eōurse is bent:
 Before the set of sun,
 Will eļoş him round your walls of strength,
 The fierçe and fiery Hun!"
3. Ah, me! the woful sights and sounds
 That filled the çity then,
 The terror wild of wife and émid,
 The still despâir of men;
 In the eouñcil and thē arsenal⁴
 Were tumult and affright—
 One palşy of white terror bound
 The burgher and the knight.

¹ Hōrde, a company of wandering
 people miğrating from plaçet to plaçe.

² Stēm, to oppose.

³ On'slaught, attack; assault.

⁴ Ar'se nal, a mağazine of arms
 and military stōres.

4. "Yet," said their princely bishop,
 "Is not Gōd aṣ strōng to save,
 Aṣ when He led Hiṣ choṣen raḷe
 Aeroṣṣ the parted wave?
 Oh! seek Him still, against whoṣe will
 No dānger ean befall,
 Although the leaguēred¹ hosts of hell
 Were thundering at yōur wall."
5. Then a cālm fell on the people,
 And a chānt of piteous prāyer,
 Roṣe in ſolemn diapāṣon² on
 The hushed and trembling āir;
 And, amid their doleful litanieṣ,
 The biṣhop paṣṣed in ſtate
 To where the foe, with heavy blow,
 Struck at the outer ḡate.
6. From the arched and ōlden doorway,
 Asked he of their eāptaīn strong:
 "Now, who are you would menaḷe thus
 Our peaceṡul hōmeṣ with wrong?"
 But Attila answered ſeornfully,
 He ſpake in bitter mīrth:
 "'Tis the Scoūrḡe of God, to whom 'tis ḡiven
 To ſlay and waṣte the ēarth!"
7. The pāṣtor bowed obedience low,
 Laid eope and ſtaṡf aṣide,
 Then oṡe again addreṣṣed him to
 That man of blood and pride:
 But now ſuch aeḡents elothed hiṣ words,
 Suḷh tender toneṣ and moving,
 That all who hēard were inly ſtirred
 At a faiḷh ſo leal³ and loving:
8. "And Gōd forbid our ḡates ſhould cloṣe
 Against the Māṣter dear;

¹ Leaguered (lēḡerd), united.

² Dī'a pā'son, harmony.

³ Lēal, loyal; faithful; true.

Land of the Leal, heaven.





In whatsoever guise He comes,
 He's surely welcome here.
 We gladly bid Him to our halls—
 We pray Him there abide,"—
 And with his own old hands he flung
 The elanging portals wide.

9. Have you seen the stream that swept, like chaff,
 Its curbing 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's treasures,
 And his hand was raised 'gainst none.
10. O! the wonders of Gōd's mērcy!
 He was blind to all things nigh—
 Only saw he elouds of angels,
 Threat'ning from the upper sky;
 And a terror wilder than it brought
 Urged on the affrighted hōrde—
 Her prēlate's faith saved Troyes from seāth,¹
 And the fierce barbarian swōrd.

SECTION XXIX.

I.

115. THE KINDLY WINTER.

- T**HE SNOW lies deep upon the ground;
 In coat of mail the pōols are bound;
 The hungry rōoks in squadrons fly,
 And winds are slumbering in the sky.
2. Drowsily the snow-flakes fall;
 The robin on the gār¹en-wall
 Looks wistful at ... windōw-pane,
 The eustomary erumb to gain.
3. On barn and thatch and leafless tree
 The frōst has hung embroidery,
 Fringe of ice and pendants fine
 Of filigree² and erystalline.³
4. Pile up the fire! the winter wind
 Although it nip, is not unkind;
 And winter dāys, though dark, can bring
 As many pleasures as the spring.

¹ Scāth, damage; injury; waste; destruction.

² 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.

³ Crȳs' tal line, consisting of or resembling crystal; pure; clear.

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5. If not the floweret budding fâir,
And mild effulgence¹ of the âir,
They give the glôw of indoor mîrth,
And social eomfort 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. His tread is brisk upon the snows,
His pulses gallop as he goes;
He hath a smile upon his lips,
With songs and welcomes, jests and quips.²
8. 'Tis he that feeds the April buds;
'Tis he that clothes the summer woods;
'Tis he that makes plump the autumn grain;
And loads with wealth the creaking wain.
9. Pile up the fire! and ere he go,
Our blessings on his head shall flow—
The hale old winter, bleak³ and sear,⁴
The friend and father of the year!

II.

116. THE TWO ROADS.

NEW 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 earth, where few more helpless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal⁵—the tomb.

2. Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the

¹ Ef fûl' gence, a flood of light; great luster or brightness; the state of being splendid.

² Quip (kwîp), a smart, sarcastic turn; a severe reply; a jeer.

³ Blëak, cold and sweeping; swept by cold winds; cheerless.

⁴ Sëar, dry; withered.

⁵ Gôal, 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 cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

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 church-tower struck, and the sound falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort 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 fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, 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

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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 frōsty 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 cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, 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 narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

SECTION XXX.

I.

118. FIRST VIEW OF MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, as we approached it for the first time, more than twenty years ago, though a fine and striking picture, presented a strange and foreign aspect. Stretching far away along the margin of the St. Lawrence river lay this chosen city¹ 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 conspicuous² about the center rose two massive and square Gothic³ towers, enclated,⁴ and surmounted by graceful minarets⁵ at every corner. This, my heart told me, was a Catholic church, most probably dedicated to the Mother of Christians. So uplifted was I at the thought, 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 Sulpice, and was considered one of the finest specimens of church architecture in America, being built on the model of some of the grand old cathedrals of Europe.

4. "Thank God," fervently exclaimed. The good priest

¹ **Chosen City of Mary.** The original name of Montreal was *Ville Marie*, or "City of Mary." The French Company of Montreal was founded in 1636, "for the conversion of the savages and the maintenance of the Catholic religion in Canada." Five priests, at the head of whom was M. Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice, a cardinal, a duke, 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, a 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*.

² **Conspicuous**, open to the view; easy to be seen.

³ **Gothic**, suitable or relating to a style of building with high and sharply pointed arches, clustered columns, etc.

⁴ **Crénelated**, indented or furnished with battlements.

⁵ **Minarets**, slender, lofty towers, or little towers.

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looked at me, and a benevolent smile lit up his dark, sun-browned features. "So, my dear young lady, you have a different feeling in regard to yonder towers from that expressed by a reverend gentleman who, crossing 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! alas! the horns of Babylon!*' "

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. Beside the great church of Notre Dame 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. Beside 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 Catholic 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?

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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 ?
3. By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,
By the tears that dim their lustre too ;
By the stōry 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 crew,
Guide me safely o'er the dangerous crossing,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?
6. Should I ever wilfully forgetting,
Fail to pay my Gōd 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 stōry, ever new—
How our God 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 chāsten,
As amid joy's 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,
O my counsellor, sincere and true !

Let thy voice sound always first and clearest,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

11. In thy guidance tranquilly reposing,
Now I face my toils and eares 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 panorama¹ 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 evoke² 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 ephemeral³ habitation beneath their luxuriant⁴ foliage, and the

¹ Pán' o rá' ma, a complete view in all directions; a picture representing extended scenes, a part only appearing at a time.

² E vōke', to summon forth; to

call out.

³ E phēm'e ral, lasting but a day, or a short time.

⁴ Lux ū'ri ant, plenteous or rich in growth; very abundant.

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bay and neighboring marshes were the hitherto uninhabited haunts of immense *coveys*¹ of wild-fowl."

4. From this historic approach, let the eye be caught by the domes, cupolas² and pinnacles³ 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 "Canada'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 industries of the country, to afford evidence of their marvellous growth, and especially to display the achievements of the year. The Association is now a mammoth⁴ organization, with a representation of horse and cattle breeders, farmers, millers, dairymen, horticulturists, inventors, artists, manufacturers, and others whose exhibits are scattered 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

¹ *Covey* (kūv'ī), an old bird with her brood of young; a number of birds together.

² *Cū'pols*, a dome-like or rounded vault on the top of a building.

³ *Pīn'na cle*, a slender tower, or part above the main building; a high spiring point; summit.

⁴ *Mām'moth*, gigantic; very large.

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 spur of land which long kept its integrity¹ 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—a beautiful view of the city may be had. The features of the island itself, moreover—the stretches of water-meadow, the hotels, promenades,³ and quaint summer residences on its shores—present a picture 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 across the bay and island, by powerful engines situated on the Esplanade.⁴ 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 encircled by the lapping waves of the lake, the Wiman

¹ In *těg’rity*, the state of being entire or complete; unbroken state; moral soundness.

² *Pen in’su la*, a portion of land nearly surrounded by water and connected with the main-land by a narrow neck.

³ *Prom e nāde*, a place for walking and recreation.

⁴ *Es pla nāde*, a clear space between a citadel and the first houses of the town; a place used for public walks or drives; a grass-plot.

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³ *Clark*

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 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 Municipal¹ 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 course, 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 only with the rough foreshore of the Simeoe period, and the squalid² 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 Stanfield³ or a Turner⁴ might revel in.

10. And what a scene for the pencil is a rowing match in the harbor, every species of craft gliding 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 gleaming crystal—their frosted bellying sails strutting with the gale, and all afire in the January sun.

¹ *Mu nio'i pa*, relating to a corporate town or city; pertaining to a kingdom, state, or nation.

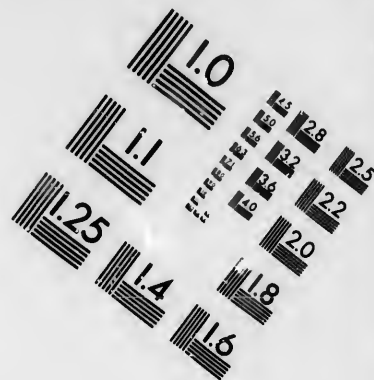
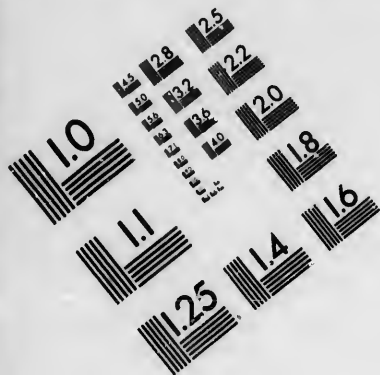
² *Squalid*(skwól'id), dirty through neglect; filthy.

³ *Clarkson Stanfield*, an English

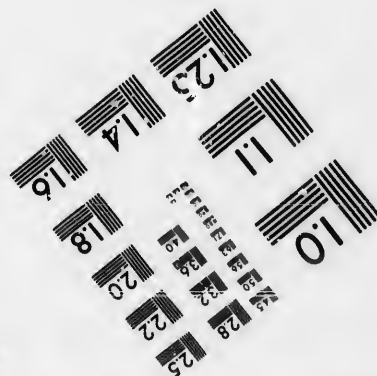
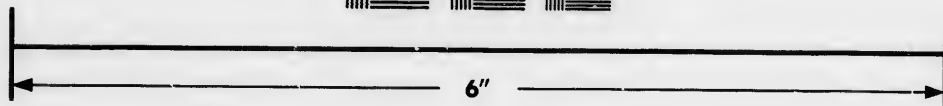
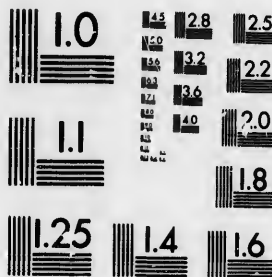
marine painter, born in 1798 and died in 1867.

⁴ *Joseph Mallord William Turner*, an English painter, born in 1775 and died in 1851.





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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 eommerce of our inland waters empties itself. Coal from Pennsylvania, stone from Ohio, fruits of all kinds, from the Niagara 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 Quebec, and, it may be, find his way to the sea.

2. Crossing the Esplanade, monopolized¹ by the railways, the traveler at once finds himself in the heart of the city. To the westward is the Union Station, the *entrepôt*² 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 cars glide past, diverging, a short way on, towards various points. Picnicking 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 monotony³ is avoided by the prevalence of boulevards⁴ and ornamental shade-

¹ *Mo nöp'o lized*, engrossed or wholly possessed or used.

² *Entrepôt* (*öng tr pö'*), a place for deposit; a bonded warehouse; a free port.

³ *Mo nöt'o ny*, a disagreeable sameness or want of variety; tiresome recurrence of the same things.

⁴ *Boulevard* (*bö'le vär*), public walk or street.

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trees in the streets and avenues not given up to commerce. What the city lacks in picturesqueness¹ of situation is atoned for in its beautiful harbor, and in the development of an æsthetic² 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 Warehouse, is perhaps one of the most striking instances of the new architectural régime. The sculptured heads and faces reveal exceptional art taste. The business done within this building rates the city the second port of entry in the Dominion, and constitutes it the great emporium³ of the Province. The value of the present 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 entrance the Royal Arms.

6. The Police Force is composed of a fine body of men, one hundred and twenty strong, well-drilled, accoutered 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

¹ Pict'ur æsque'ness, the state or condition which affords the peculiar kind that is agreeable in a picture.

² Æsthét'ic, relating to the science of taste or of beauty.

³ Empó'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 orchestra. There are several valuable paintings, two finely-carved 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. The 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 a center for the intellectual interests of the Province. Time, wealth, and leisure are necessary conditions of this development. What is to be the distinguishing type of the national character a center like Toronto must have it largely in its power to determine. In its commercial growth and development the coming time will give it a 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 His 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 learned 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 kingcraft and Old World diplomacy, it had to emancipate itself!

11. But a happier star is now in the ascendant. The days of colonial pupillage are over; the strifes of the cradle time of the Province are gone by; and it is now the era of progress and consolidation, of national growth and the formation of national 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 national 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.¹

¹ Jacques Cartier (zhäk kär tyä'), the most important Canadian discoverer, was 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 imbued¹ 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 conspicuous² place in our early history.

2. Jacques Cartier was a native of Saint Malo, one of the ports of Bretagne'. 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 European powers.

3. On the 20th of April, 1534, Cartier left the port of Saint Malo, and set sail for America, with three small vessels and a crew of sixty-one men. A favorable wind soon brought him to Cape Bonavista, in Newfoundland. 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.

¹ Im bñed', deeply tinged or colored; impressed or penetrated.

² Con spic'ũ oũs, easy to be seen; noted; distinguished.

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6. The happy result of Cartier's first voyage, gave rise to the fairest hopes. Francis 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 France immense countries, watered by the finest tributary of the Atlantic, 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 Donaeona, 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 prelude¹ to the graver cere-

¹ *Pré-lude*, the part which introduces the chief performance; the part which points out what is to follow; introduction.

monies about to take place. The Agohanna afterwards ranged his people in good order; then, tracing a circle on the sand, he inclosed Cartier and his companions 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 cries, or howls, from all his people. Cartier caused two swords and two large plates of brass to be brought, and made a present of them to the Agohanna. The savages concluded this Homeric scene by songs and dances.

VI.

123. JACQUES CARTIER.

PART SECOND.

SEPTEMBER 19th, leaving a portion of his people at Stadacona, Cartier set sail, with a 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 course 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 screen 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 crowded 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

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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 corn, 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, carried on a deerskin, the Agohanna of the country, who was placed upon a mat. He had, for clothing, some tattered skins of wild beasts. The only insignia that distinguished him from his subjects was a 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 Hochelaga.

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 epidemic, which was afterwards known by the name of "malarial fever." Twenty-five persons died of it, and nearly all the rest of the crew 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, 1535, the French left Stadacona, and set sail for Europe, where they happily arrived.

11. In 1541, a French gentleman, de Roberval, having become viceroy of New France, deputed Cartier to conduct

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a small colony to the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Breton captain settled the colonists on the north shore of the river, some miles above Stadacona, or Quebec; 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-Beaux;
 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 their
 Lord!

2.

"O good Saint Ann, I swear to thee, thou guardian,
 Cries the bareheaded reaper, while tears bedew his
 "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 Blessed Virgin to bless our sire, the King,
 To overthrow his enemies, bless him in everything;
 To speed his royal banners, crown them with victory,
 As when we fought the Paynim on the plains of Hungary!

¹ 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 and other islands below Quebec. The original, of which the above is a close translation, was written, it will be observed, before the English conquest of Quebec.

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 !”

E.

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 cavalry was posted. Colonel Gore, having set out from Sorel with a body of troops and some cavalry, 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 camp 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 church 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 a cannonade of two hours, the English general ordered an assault. "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 carnage. 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 Oceania.

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. The leader of the disaffected party was William Lyon Mackenzie, a native of Scotland, whose avowed purpose was to establish an independent republic and throw off the yoke 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 following 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 Schultz, 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

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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 ceased, 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 camp 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 followers on Navy Island had employed a small steamer called the "Caroline" to furnish them with supplies from the New York shore. Colonel, afterwards Sir Allan McNab, a gallant officer in command of the government forces on the Canadian shore, seeing the necessity of capturing this boat, deputed Lieutenant Drew, of the Royal Navy, to make the attempt. That officer, in order to obey his orders, was obliged to follow 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 tow the boat over to the Canadian side. In order to prevent her from falling again into the hands of the insurgents, Drew was forced 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 Canadas, first proposed by Lord Durham, when Governor-General. This measure was strenuously¹ 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 obnoxious² 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 clergy and people of Lower Canada petition and earnestly 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,

¹ *Strén'uously*, in an eager pressing or urgent manner.

² *Obnōx'ious*, blameworthy; offensive; hateful.

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sent out from England for that purpose, the Right Honorable Charles Ponlett 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 capital of United Canada. The seat 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 Quebec, 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 Interecolonial Railroad, with a view to connect Canada with the lower, or maritime¹ provinces.

5. This union of the two Canadas was followed, in 1867, by the confederation of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, formerly Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, 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. Newfoundland 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

¹ Maritime, 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 onerous¹ duties of his high office. By his wise and prudent administration of public affairs, his kindness and affability,² 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 beneficent³ policy uniformly pursued by Lord Dufferin entitle him to be considered as one of the best, if not the very best, viceroys 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. Whenever Lord Dufferin and his no less popular wife, the Countess of Dufferin, made their appearance, it was the signal for a general ovation⁴ on the part of the people.

8. But, in 1878, Lord Dufferin was recalled, and the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, 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 Louise. They were everywhere 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 politics or religion.

9. In 1879, a 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 a 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

¹ On'eroüs, oppressive; burdensome; wearisome.

² Affabil'itÿ, easy of talk; readiness to converse; polite in receiving others and in conversing with them.

³ Benéf'icent, doing good; promoting acts of charity and kindness.

⁴ Ovã'tion, an expression of popular favor; an offering of the people to a public favorite,

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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 carried 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.

I.

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 clay 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 drama¹ 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 memorial 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

¹ *Drā'ma* (or *drā'mā*), a story which is acted, not related; a number of connected events ending in some interesting or striking result.

² *Sac'raments*, things sacred;

the seven sacraments of the Church are Baptism, Penance, Holy Eucharist, Confirmation, Holy Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction.

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rest, each one repōsing in the nārrōw house of death, under the shadōw of that erōss beneath which they fought the good fight—that eross which they loved and honored in the days of their ēārthly pilgṛimage!

4. How hopeful, how helpful is all that meets thē eye! The saving sign of man's redemption, raised ālōft like the brāzen serpent in the desērt; the touching prāyer for "the parted soul" whose mortal body mōulders beneath; the sweet face of Mary, the Immaeulate Mother; the venerable form of the foster-father of Jeſus; the Angel pointing heavenward; thē emblematic figure of Faith, or Hope, or Charity, sculptured on the sepū'ehral monuments around: all speak of the sweet hope of ā blessēd resurreetion, of an eternal re-union with the dead and gōne childrēn of the Christian fāmily.

5. In the Catholie cemetery thēre is nōthing sad, nothing dreary. There, the darknēss of desolation has no place or part. Winter may spread her snōwy pall over the landscape, and shroud the trees that overhang the gṛaves, and shade the silent alleys—yet spring, smiling spring—the spring of ever-blooming Hope reigns through all the changing seasons, in that ēālm 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 gṛand "Amen!" gōes up from year to year as the living come and gō amongst the tombs, and kneel beside the gṛaves.

6. The Dead! our Dead! what ā world of solemn beauty, of mōurnful sweetnēss lies hidden in the words! What tender memories, what touching associations hōver like āngel-forms around them, while memory eōnjures¹ up from the buried years the faces onē so dear and so familiar, on earth seen no mōre, and recalls the tōnes of well-loved voices, silent now forever! Oh, how consoling is the blessēd remembrance that the dear eyes elōsed in the peace of God, that the latest acētents of those well-remembered voices wēre of prayer and love and hope!

7. "Why are the onē-loved dead fōrgotten soon? Their pāth no mōre is intertwined with ours" in the daily walks of earthly life, yet their memory is ever with us in all our hopes

¹ Conjures up, to raise or bring unnatural means; as to eōnjure up into being without reason, or by ā phantom or ā stōry.

and fears, our joys and our sorrows. Our dead are never forgotten. Our fondest affections are buried with them. Our prayers go up unceasingly for them to the throne of the Most High. They have a share in all the good works which by God's grace 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 cleansing fires,” calmly, 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 Procter,

“One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing 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 calm 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.



II.

128. ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE CURFEW¹ tolls the knell of parting dāy,
 The löwing hērd winds slowly ö'er the lea,
 The plowman hōmeward plodš hiš weary wāy,
 And leaveš the world to darkness and to me.

¹ Cur'few, thē evening bell, so called from the evening bell having been the signal to put out fire on the hearth and remain within doors. The praetice, common in the middle aēges, waš introduced

in England by William the Conqueror, aš a mēasure of police. The evening bell and prayer bell, still tolled at stated hourš in some plaēes, undoubtedly had their ori gin in the curfew.

2. Now fadeſ the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all thē air ā ſolemn ſtillneſſ holdſ,
Save where the beetle wheelſ hiſ droning flight,
And drowſy tinklingſ lull the diſtant foldſ;
3. Save thāt from yōnder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl dōeſ to the moon complain
Of ſuch aſ, wandering near her ſeeret bower,
Moleſt her āncient ſolitary reign.
4. Benēath thoſe ruġged elms, that yew-tree'ſ ſhade,
Where heaveſ the turf in many ā mōldering heap,
Ea. 2 in hiſ narrow cell forever laid,
The ruġe forefatherſ of the hamlet¹ ſleep.
5. The breezy eall of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock'ſ ſhrill clarion² or the echoing horn,
No mōre ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.
6. For them no mōre the blazing hearth ſhall bſurn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care;
No children run to liſp their ſire'ſ retſurn,
Or elimb hiſ kneeſ, the envied kiſſ to ſhare.
7. Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their fſſurrōw oft the ſtubborn ġlebe³ haſ broke:
How jōeund⁴ did they drive their team āfield!
How bowed the woodſ benēath their ſturdy ſtroke!
8. Let not Ambition moek their uſeful toil,
Their hōmely joyſ, and deſtiny obſeure;⁵
Nor Grandeur hear, with ā diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annaſ of the Poor.

¹ Hām'let, a ſmall village; ā little cluſter of houſeſ in the country.

² Clār'ion, ā kind of trumpet having ā clear, ſhrill note—here uſed for the cock'ſ crow.

³ ġlebe, turf; ġround; ſod.

⁴ Jōc'und, ſpōrtive; merry; very lively.

⁵ Ob ſcſure', darkened; covered over; not well lighted; humble; retired; unknown.

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9. The bōast of heraldry¹ the pōmp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that weulth e'er gāve,
 Await alike thē inevitable² hour—
 The pāthꝯ of glōry lead but to the ġrave.
10. Nor yqu, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
 If Memory ō'er their tomb no trōphies³ raiſe,
 Where, through the lōng-drawn aiſle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem⁴ ſwellꝯ the note of praiſe.
11. Can stōrièd urn, or animated⁵ buſt,
 Back to its mansion eall the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honor's voiꝯ, ꝯ provoke the ſilent duſt,
 Or Flattery ſooche the dull cold ear of Death ?
12. Perhaps in this neglected ſpot iſ laid
 Some heart onꝯe pregnānt with ceſtial⁶ fire ;
 Handꝯ that the rod of empire might have ſwāyed,
 Or waked to eeſtaſy⁷ the living lyre.⁸
13. But Knōwledge to their eyeꝯ her ample pāge,
 Rich with the ſpoilꝯ of time, did ne'er unrōll ;
 Chill Penury⁹ reſreſſed their noble rāge,
 And froze the ġenial current of the ſoul.
14. Full many ā ġem of pureſt ray ſerene,¹⁰
 The dark, unfathomed eaveꝯ of ocean bear ;

¹ Hēr'ald rý, the art or offiꝯe of one who forms, orders, and conduꝯts public proꝯeſſionꝯ, ceremonies at royal marriāgꝯ, etc.; the art or praꝯtiꝯe of recording the regular deſcent of a perſon or family from an aꝯceſtor; alſo, of the arms of the nobility and ġentry.

² Inēv'itable, admitting of no evasion or eſcape; not to be avoided.

³ Trō'phies, things taken and preſerved aꝯ reminders of victory; aꝯ arms, flags, and the like.

⁴ An'them, ā hymn ſung in alternate parts; any church muſic adapted to paſſageꝯ from the Bible.

⁵ An'imated, full of life or ſpirit; ſhowing ġreat ſpirit or livelineſſ; viġorous.

⁶ Ceſtial (ſē lēſt'yal), belonging or relating to the ſpiritual; heavenly.

⁷ Eic'sta ſý, very ġreat and overmaſtering joy; the ġreatest delight.

⁸ Lyre, ā ſtringèd inſtrument of muſic; ā kind of harp in ġeneral uſe among thē ancients to aꝯcōmpany poetry.

⁹ Pēn'ū rý, poverty; want.

¹⁰ Se rāne', clear and calm; not ruffled or eloudeꝯ; fair; bright.

- Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
15. Some village Hampden,¹ that, with dauntless² breast,
The little tyrant³ of his fields 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 o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.
17. Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed⁶ alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
18. The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury⁸ and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's⁹ flame.
19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble¹⁰ strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;

¹ John Hampden, an English statesman and patriot, born at London in 1594: mortally wounded in an affair with Prince Rupert, June 18, 1643.

² Dauntless, not to be checked by fear of danger; fearless; bold.

³ Tyrant, one who rules wholly; one who rules harshly, or contrary to law; a cruel master.

⁴ John Milton, the English poet, one of the greatest and most noted of all poets, was born in 1608, and died Nov. 8, 1675.

⁵ Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector and virtually king of Great Britain, was born April 25, 1599,

and died Sept. 3d, 1659.

⁶ Circumscribed, shut within a narrow limit; bounded; confined.

⁷ Ingenuous, noble; free-born; out-spoken and truthful.

⁸ Luxury (lūk'shū ri), too free a use of rare and costly things; chiefly of food and liquors, though it also relates to costly dress, horses, etc.; whatever delights the senses; a dainty.

⁹ Muse, one of the nine fabled goddesses who presided over learning, art, and science.

¹⁰ Ignoble, of low birth or family; not noble; mean.

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25.

¹ S
aside
² T
³ M
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mind
⁴ U
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⁵ T
show

Along the cool sequestered¹ vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor² of their way.

20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial³ still erected nigh,
With unequal⁴ rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implōre⁵ the passing tribute⁶ of a sigh.

21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy⁶ 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 precincts⁷ 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 cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted⁸ fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

25. Haply some hoary-headed swain⁹ may say,
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew⁵ away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

¹ Sequē's'tered, taken from or set aside from; withdrawn or retired.

² Tēn'or, stamp; character; drift.

³ Memō'rial, any thing which serves to keep something else in mind; memento; monument.

⁴ Un eōūth', not usual; strange; odd; elumgy.

⁵ Trib'ute, something given to show services received, or as what

is due or deserved.

⁶ El'egy, a sad poem; a song relating to a funeral or some cause of sorrow.

⁷ Prē'cincts, limits or bounds.

⁸ Wonted (wūnt'ed), accustomed; usual.

⁹ Swāin, a young man living in the country; a countryman; a country lover.

26. "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic¹ 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 scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or erased with care, 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 dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

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 ('T WAS 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.

¹ Fantás'tic, fanciful or unreal ;
not regular ; wild.

² Ep'i táph, something engraved
on a monument or tombstone, to

honor or in memory of the dead ;
a short descriptive sentence in prose
or verse, formed as if to be inscribed
on a monument.

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Abod
Accia
Accla
Accom
Accos
Accur
Adju
Admi
Adver
Affab
Affect
Affect
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Again
Agha
Agree
Aisle
Allud
Allud
Alms
Alms
Aloof
Alow
Amal
Amaz
Ambi
Ambu
Anim
Anjou
Annoy
Antelo
Anthe
Antic
Antic
Apoca
Appar
Appre
Appro
Archib
Avena
Arid,

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