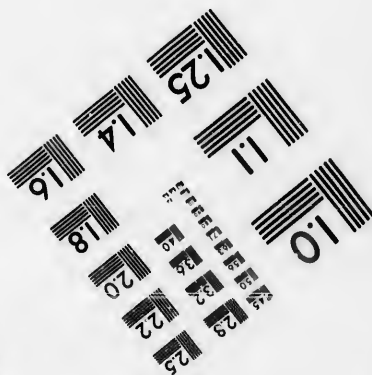
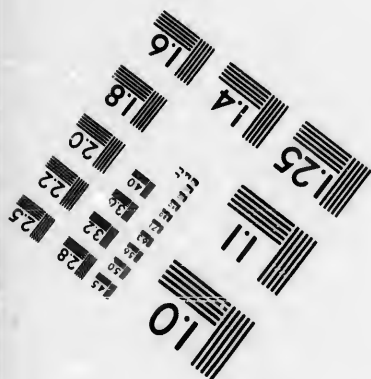
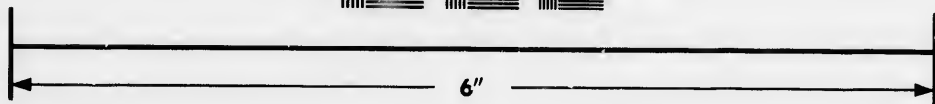
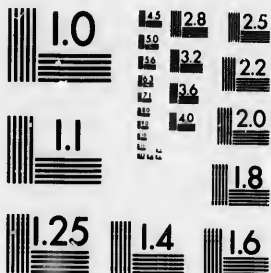


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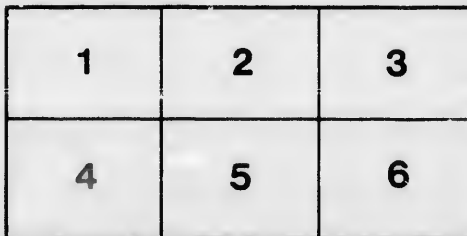
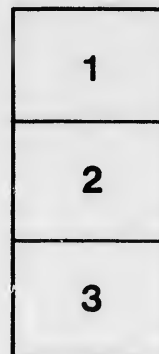
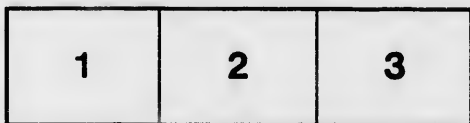
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"Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to Me: for the Kingdom of Heaven is of such."  
St. Matthew, chap. xix, v. 14.

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THE DOMINION CATHOLIC SERIES

SADLIER'S

DOMINION

THIRD READER

CONTAINING

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

BY A CATHOLIC TEACHER



JAMES A. SADLIER

MONTREAL AND TORONTO

## TO INSTRUCTORS.

---

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

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

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

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

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

---

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.

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## PREFACE.

---

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

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

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

## PREFACE.

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

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

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

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PART I

# GOOD EDUCATION.

## PHONETIC KEY.

### I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e; aș, āle, veil: 2. ă; aș, făt: 3. ū; aș, ărt:  
4. a, or ô; aș, ăll, eörn: 5. â, or ê; aș, eăre, thêre:  
6. â; aș, âsk: 7. ē, or ī; aș, wē, pique: 8. ě; aș, ěll:  
9. ē, ī, or ū; aș, hēr, sīr, būr: 10. ī, aș, içe: 11. ĭ; aș,  
ill: 12. ō; aș, ōld: 13. ǒ, or a; aș, ǒn, what: 14. o,  
ō, or u; aș, dō, fōol, rŭle: 15. ū; aș, mŭle: 16. ů, or  
ô; aș, ůp, sôn: 17. u, o, or ǔ; aș, bułl, wŏłf, wŏol:  
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  
ĝ; aș, ĝiĝ, ĝem: 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, thith'er: 11. v; aș, valve:  
12. w; aș, wiĝ: 13. y; aș, yet: 14. z, or ș; aș, zine, iș:  
15. z, or zh, aș, ăzure: x for ĝz; aș, ex ăet'.

### 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, piŋh: 8. Ch, or çh; aș,  
Çhin, riçh: 9. Sh, sh, or çh; aș, Shot, ash, çhaise:  
10. Wh, or wh; aș, White, whip.—*Italics, silent; aș,*  
*oi:en (ôf'n)*

# GOOD ELOCUTION.

## LANGUAGE.

**C**HILDREN, one and all, *listen*!<sup>1</sup> Does<sup>2</sup> a new book please you? Would you like to understand<sup>3</sup> all the lessons<sup>4</sup> in this new book? Do you wish that you may soon be able<sup>5</sup> to read all these lessons with great ease?

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Listen (lis'n), give ear; hearken.

<sup>2</sup> Does (düz).

<sup>3</sup> Un der ständ', to know the meaning of.

<sup>4</sup> Lesson (lës'sn), any thing to be read, or learned; what a pupil has to learn at one time.

<sup>5</sup> A'ble, having the needful skill, or means.

<sup>6</sup> Sure (shöör), certain.

<sup>7</sup> Gay, lively; merry.

<sup>8</sup> Hope, to wish and expect.

<sup>9</sup> Said (sëd).

<sup>10</sup> Many (mën'i), not few.

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *An'i mal*, any thing which lives, grows, and feels.

<sup>2</sup> *Coop*, a grated box for shutting up hens, and other fowls.

<sup>3</sup> *Chick'ens*, the young of hens and other fowls.

<sup>4</sup> *A larm'*, sudden fear caused by coming danger.

<sup>5</sup> *Skulk*, get out of sight; lie hid.

<sup>6</sup> *Speech*, the power of using words.

<sup>7</sup> *Reason*, (rē'zn), the power by which we learn right from wrong, and truth from falsehood.

<sup>8</sup> *Sense*, the means by which we understand.



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

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

<sup>1</sup> English, (ing'glish), belonging to England.

<sup>2</sup> Pretty, (prit'ti), pleasing to the eye.

10. There are but few things in the world that are used more than language. Hence,<sup>1</sup> in the first part of this book, I give you lessons in *Elocution*, that you may soon learn how to speak and read correctly.

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

12. In the lessons that follow, you can learn many useful things. You will read of Articulation, of Syllables and Accent, of Emphasis and Inflection, and of Marks of Punctuation. These are important<sup>2</sup> parts of good elocution.

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## I. ARTICULATION.

### I.

#### DEFINITIONS.

**A**RTICULATION is the correct making of the oral elements in words.

2. *ORAL ELEMENTS* are the sounds which form spoken words.

3. *FORTY-THREE ORAL ELEMENTS FORM* the English language.

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

5. *TONICS* are pure tones.

6. *SUBTONICS* are modified tones.

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<sup>1</sup> Hence, from this cause.

<sup>2</sup> Important, of value or use.

7. *ATONICS* are mere breathings.

8. *THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET ARE DIVIDED* into vowels and consonants.

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

10. *A DIPHTHONG* is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as *ou* in *our*, *ea* in *bread*.

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

## II.

*ORAL ELEMENTS.*

**S**INCE *ORAL ELEMENTS FORM* all the words you ever speak, I trust you will soon learn to make each one correctly. Why, there is only one thing in the world that you will need to use oftener, and that is the air you breathe.

2. As you read, try to answer each question, without looking at the definitions. What form the English language? What is the English language?

3. What are the sounds that form spoken words called? How are oral elements divided? What are pure tones called? What are subtonics? What are atonics? What are tonics?

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



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

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

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

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

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

10. A curved line placed over a vowel is often used to mark its *second* oral element; as strāp, ä; fēnce, ě; shīp, ĩ; rōd, ǒ; brūsh, ũ.

#### I. TABLE OF TONICS.

1. āge,	ā;	āpe,	ā;	veil,	e;	they,	e.
2. hāt,	ǎ;	mān,	ǎ;	hānd,	ǎ;	lāmp,	ǎ.
3. ārm,	ā;	bār,	ā;	hārp,	ā;	stār,	ā.
4. āll,	a;	wār,	a;	eōrk,	ô;	fōrm,	ô.
5. āir, <sup>1</sup>	â;	eāre,	â;	thēre,	ê;	whēre,	ê.
6. āsk, <sup>2</sup>	â;	ānt,	â;	wāft,	â;	māst,	â.

<sup>1</sup> The fifth oral element of A (â) may easily be produced by trying to make its *first* sound with the lips placed nearly together

and held firmly against the teeth. <sup>2</sup> The sixth oral element of A (â) is its *second* sound made twice as long and slightly softened.

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7. shē,	ē ;	thē,	ē ;	pīque,	ī ;	valise,	ī.
8. ěnd,	ě ;	hěn,	ě ;	děsk,	ě ;	slěd,	ě.
9. ěrr, <sup>1</sup>	ě ;	hěr,	ě ;	sīr,	ī ;	būr,	ū.
10. ice,	ī ;	pīe,	ī ;	flŷ,	ŷ ;	skŷ,	ŷ.
11. ĭnk,	ĭ ;	hĭm,	ĭ ;	lŷnz,	ŷ ;	lĭŷ,	ŷ.
12. ōld,	ō ;	ōwn,	ō ;	bōne,	ō ;	hōme,	ō.
13. bŏx,	ŏ ;	fŏx,	ŏ ;	vhat,	a ;	wand,	a.
14. twŏ,	ŏ ;	mŏve,	ŏ ;	fŏol,	ŏŏ ;	rŭle,	ŭ.
15. ġlŭe,	ŭ ;	tŭne,	ŭ ;	eŭre,	ŭ ;	mŭle,	ŭ.
16. eŭp,	ŭ ;	mŭd,	ŭ ;	sŏn,	ŏ ;	dŏne,	ŏ.
17. pŭt,	ŭ ;	bŭll,	ŭ ;	wŏl,	ŏ ;	wŏol,	ŏŏ.
18. our,	ou ;	out,	ou ;	owl,	ow ;	eow,	ow.

II. TABLE OF SUBTONICS.

1. bŏb,	b ;	bĭb,	b ;	bābe,	b ;	brĭbe,	b.
2. dĭd,	d ;	dăd,	d ;	dĕad,	d ;	drĕad,	d.
3. ġăġ,	ġ ;	ġĭġ,	ġ ;	ġrŏġ,	ġ ;	ġrĭġ,	ġ.
4. jĕt,	j ;	jĭg,	j ;	ġĭn,	ġ ;	ġĕm,	ġ.
5. lŏll,	l ;	lŭll,	l ;	lāke,	l ;	bałl,	l.
6. mŭg,	m ;	gŭm,	m ;	stĕm,	m ;	mŭm,	m.
7. nĕt,	n ;	rŭn,	n ;	nĕst,	n ;	shĕn,	n.
8. kĭng,	ng ;	sĭng,	ng ;	lĭnk,	ŋ ;	baŋk,	ŋ.
9. ĕar,	r ;	rŭn,	r ;	rāĉe,	r ;	rāre,	r.
10. Thŷ,	th ;	thĭs,	th ;	wĭth,	th ;	thĭther,	th.
11. văt,	v ;	lŏve,	v ;	vĭne,	v ;	vĭvĭd,	v.
12. wĭn,	w ;	wĭġ,	w ;	wĭŷe,	w ;	wāke,	w.
13. yĕs,	y ;	yĕt,	y ;	yām,	y ;	yĕar,	y.
14. zĭnc,	z ;	zĕst,	z ;	hĭŷ,	ŷ ;	wĭŷe,	ŷ.
15. azure,	z, or zh.						

<sup>1</sup> The third oral element of **E** as long and slightly softened. It (**ě**) is its *second* sound, made twice is the last of the modified tonics.

## III. TABLE OF ATONICS.

1. fān,	f;	fāt,	f;	fīre,	f;	fīfe,	f.
2. hīt,	h;	hōt,	h;	hāte,	h;	hōme,	h.
3. kēy,	k;	kīck,	k;	elīnk,	e;	elānk,	e.
4. pōp,	p;	pūp,	p;	pīpe,	p;	prōp,	p.
5. sīss,	s;	sēse,	s;	çēt,	ç;	çity,	ç.
6. tāt,	t;	tūt,	t;	tārt,	t;	tōast,	t.
7. thīn,	th;	bōth,	th;	thīck,	th;	trūth,	th.
8. chīn,	ch;	rīch,	ch;	chāse,	ch;	chūrch,	ch.
9. shē,	sh;	āsh,	sh;	shīne,	sh;	brūsh,	sh.
10. whỹ,	wh;	whīp,	wh;	whīch,	wh;	whāle,	wh.

## III.

## WORDS HOW FORMED.

**S**POKEN WORDS, you have just lēarned, are formed of ōral elements; and written or printed words, of letters. Now, in order that you may sōon pronounce and spell eōrrēetly, you will need to notice how words are formed, and lēarn to dīvīde them into thēir elements, or parts.

2. Dīvīding words into the parts of whīch they are formed is sōmetimes called *the Analysis of Words*. After you have read with great cāre the analysis of the following words, I hope you will be able to tell how vērly many words are formed.

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

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

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

6. The word HEN, as spoken, is formed of three oral elements; h ě n—hen. The *first* is a mere 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.

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

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

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

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

## IV.

*EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.*

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

2. Blēak blōw<sub>s</sub> the (thū) bittēr blāst.
3. Our āunt found ānts in the (thū) swēets.
4. Cōrā eān elāsp your elēan elōfh elōak.
5. Dōrā Drāke drōve our dēar dōg frōm hēr dōor.
6. Fāi<sub>fh</sub> Frēnch hād frēsh frūit, ānd rīch frīnge fōr hēr drēss.
7. Grāce Grānt tōld the (thū) ḡroom, thāt mūch grēen grāss hād grōwn ōn our ḡround, nēar ā grōve.
8. Chārles Chāse chōse mūch chēap chēese.
9. Wē hēard loud shouts, ānd shārp, shrīll shriēks.
10. Thōse thanklēss youth<sub>s</sub>, wīth trūths use (yūz) wīckēd ōath<sub>s</sub>.
11. Gu<sub>y</sub> bōasts of (ōv) hīḡ grēat strēng<sub>th</sub>, ānd thrūsts hīḡ fīsts āgāinst (āgēnst') iron (īērn) pōsts.
12. Wh<sub>y</sub> dīd thāt whīte dōg whīne, whīle the (thū) whāles whēeled ānd whīrled?
13. Jāmes, Jōb, Jōhn, Jāne, ānd Jāson Jōnes live in our stōne house.
14. Thīs plēasīng bēīng īs stīll hēarīng, sēeīng, fēelīng, smēlīng, ēatīng, ānd drīnkīng.
15. I saw thē āgēd wōmān prēss hēr wōundēd sōn tō hēr bōsōm.

## II. SYLLABLES, ETC.

## I.

## DEFINITIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

9. A boy or girl who does not know the use of this *mark*, or is too carelèss to notice it, will often read thè exāmplè as fōllōws: *That ājd man lives in singlè blessidniss*.

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

## II.

## ARTHUR AND THE APPLES.

ARTHUR'S fáther one évening brought in from the ġarden six beautiful,<sup>1</sup> rósy-cheeked ápples, put them on á plate, and presented<sup>2</sup> them to Ar'thur. The son thanked hiş fáther for this kindnèss.

2. "My son, you must lāy thē ápples aside for á few dāys, that they māy beeóme méllōw," said the fáther. And Ar'thur chéerfully<sup>3</sup> placed the plate, with the ápples on it, in hiş móther's stóre-róom.

3. Then hiş fáther ásked him to bring back the fruit,<sup>4</sup> laid on the plate with thē óthers an ápple, which, though it still had á rósy side, waş quite<sup>5</sup> de-éayed,<sup>6</sup> and desired him to allów it to remáin thére.

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

5. "Are you quite sùre, my son? Why should not the six fresh<sup>7</sup> ap'ples ráther make the bad one fresh?" And with these words he requested Ar'thur to return the ápples to the stóre-róom.

6. Eight days áfterward, he ásked hiş son to ópen the dōor and take out thē ápples. But what á sight presented itself! The six ápples, which had been so sound and smooth, were rōtten, and spread á disagreeable smell through the room.

<sup>1</sup> Beau'ti ful, vĕry pleasing to thĕ eye.

<sup>2</sup> Pre sĕnt'ed, put or placed before some one; made á ġift of.

<sup>3</sup> Chĕer'ful lĭ, very willingly.

<sup>4</sup> Fruit (frĕt), that part of plants which covers and holds the seed,

as thĕ apple, plum, peár, peach, berries, melons, and others.

<sup>5</sup> Quite, vĕry much; whōlly.

<sup>6</sup> De cāyed', passed from á healthy or sound condition to á corrupt or imperfect one; rotted.

<sup>7</sup> Frĕsh, lately ġathered; sound.



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

8. "My dear son," said his fáther, "I wished to teach you a léssoon in such a wáy that you would néver forġét it. This year you are to préparé your-sélf to receíve, for the first time, the hóly S'crament of the Al'tar. You have hitherto<sup>1</sup> been protéeted from évil by your móther's eáre and mine.

9. "Now you are ġrówing ólder; and on your choíce of compánions will depend to a ġreat degréé your ġood or évil éonduet. If you choóse as your friends thóse who are ídle or impúre, or ashámed of thêir Faíth, or who do not obéy, your soul is in ġreat dânger."

<sup>1</sup> Hith'er to, up to this time; until now.



10. "For aș that rôtten ápple destróyed all the beauty and ġóodnèss of those with which it waș placed, so will the sinș of óthers ęorrúpt your soul until it beeómeș like thêirs. Reméber, too, that if *you* loșe your ínnoçence, you in *your* turn will beeóme like the rôtten ápple, and Góđ will hold you to aeeount for all the sinș you eaușe óthers ęo eommít."

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

12. "He said, I must obéy bôth you and my téachers at all times; I must ásk our dear Bléssèd Móther évery day for púrity, and beg our Lord to make my heart fit to reçéive Him; and I must try to be préșent at évery instrúetion."

13. "Well, Ar'thur, if you do theșe three things well, the dáy of your First Commúnion will be the háppiest of your life."—"I will try, papá."—And he did try. If at any time he waș témped to do wróng he thought of the ápples and reșisted.

14. If á boy waș ill-beháved, Ar'thur avóided him, howéver amúșing he might be. "For," he would sáy, "althóugh the rôtten ápple *did* have á róșy side, it spoiled the ġood ones."

15. The year rolled áround', and Ar'thur had im-próved it so well, that the lóng-expéeted dáy of the "Children's First Commúnion," waș to him, and to the others, a most háppy one. Trúly, bôth men and ángels rejoyçed' to see that band of ínnoçent young souls appróach the Hóly Táble, to reçéive, for the first time, the Bread of Life.

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## III. EMPHASIS, ETC.

## I.

## DEFINITIONS.

**E**MPHASIS is the (thū) greater fōrce given to one or mōre words of a sentence; <sup>1</sup> as, Better the *child* cry than the *father*. Hāndsōme *is*, that handsome *does*.

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

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

4. *INFLECTION, OR THE SLIDE*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice which is heard on thē accented or *heavy* syllable of an *emphatic* word.

5. *THE RISING INFLECTION* is thē upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

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

When are you going home?

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

<sup>1</sup> A sēntence is a union of words which tells, asks, or commands, something; as, Mabel ran. Did Amy run? Go, John.

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

8. THE ACUTE ACCENT ' IS OFTEN USED to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent ` , the *falling* inflection; as, Will you *ri*de, or *w*alk?

9. THE FALLING CIRCUMFLEX IS MARKED thus  $\frown$ ; and the *rising* circumflex, thus  $\smile$ , which you will see is the same mark tûrned over; as, You must take me for a *f*ool, to *th*ink I could do *th*at.

10. THE FALLING INFLECTION IS USED for the complete, the known, and whenever any thing is declared or commanded; as, He will shed *t*ears, on his return. *S*peak, I charge you! What *m*èans this *s*tir in town?

11. THE RISING INFLECTION IS USED for the doubtful, thē uncertain, thē incomplete, and in questions used chiefly for information; as, *T*hōugh he *s*láy me, I shall go. *W*as she *h*áteful?

12. WHEN THE WORDS ARE NOT SINCERE, but are used in jest, the *falling circumflex* takes the place of the *falling inflection*; the *rising circumflex*, of the *rising inflection*; as, The beggar *e*xpects to *ri*de, not to *w*alk. If the *li*ar says so, then *a*ll must believe it, of *c*ourse.

13. EMPHATIC WORDS ARE OFTEN PRINTED IN *Italics*; those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those most emphatic in large CAPITALS. Marks of Inflection also serve to show what words are emphatic; as, Will you have *r*íce, or *P*ie?

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



## II.

## A PICTURE LESSON.

DO you see a picture?<sup>1</sup> Is it a fine<sup>2</sup> picture?  
 2. I see a picture. It is a fine picture. Do  
 you see it?

<sup>1</sup> Picture, (pikt'yŏr), a likeness of a thing.

<sup>2</sup> Fine, made perfect; pleasing to the eye; beautiful.

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

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

5. It is a *pòny*, not a *hòrse*. It is a *whìte* pony. It is not *lárge*, but *smàll*. It is a *beàutìful* animal.

6. Do you see *Jámes* and *Dávid*, in the picture? They are *còusìns*.<sup>1</sup> *Jámes* rides the *pòny*.

7. Are you *súre* you see two *bóys*, and a *dòg*, and a *pòny*? Can they *wàlk*, or *rún*, or *éat*, or *drìnk*, or *fight*, or *pláy*? Do they *bréathe* and *líve*?

8. They are *òny* pictures. If they had *lífe*, they could *wàlk* or *rún*, *lóve* or *hàte*, *pláy* or *fight*.

9. "Good *mòrning*, *Jámes*," said *David*, "are *àunt*<sup>2</sup> and *ùncle*<sup>3</sup> *wèll*?"

10. "Yès, *fhànk* you," said *James*, "quite well. But, my *dèar* cousin," added the young *jester*,<sup>4</sup> "how does your *blàck* *hòrse* *trot*, this *mòrning*? Has he had his *òats*, yet?"

11. "You are a *brìght*<sup>5</sup> boy," said *David*. "If your *war-hòrse* is *lárge*, a *gìant*<sup>6</sup> rides him."

12. "Ah! ha! ha! *Gòod* for you," said *James*: "a *Dávid* and a *Golìath*.<sup>7</sup> But now for a *ràce*!" And they *dàshed* off, the *dòg* ahead.

<sup>1</sup> *Cousin* (küz'n), the son or daughter of an *uncle* or *aunt*.

<sup>2</sup> *Aunt* (änt), the sister of one's father or mother.

<sup>3</sup> *Uncle*, the brother of one's father or mother.

<sup>4</sup> *Jest'er*, one given to saying or doing things to amuse or cause laughter.

<sup>5</sup> *Bright*, having a clear, quick mind; sparkling with fun.

<sup>6</sup> *Giant* (ji'ant), a man of great height and size.

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

## IV. PUNCTUATION MARKS.

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

2. *THE COMMA* , is used to mark the smallest portion of a sentence, and the shortest pause; as, My kind uncle gave us an English robin, a pet lamb, and a gray pony.

3. *THE SEMICOLON* ; is used between such parts of a sentence as are somewhat less closely connected than those divided by a comma, and commonly marks a longer pause; as, Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.

4. *THE COLON* : is used between parts of a sentence less closely connected than those divided by a semicolon, and commonly marks a longer pause; as, Angry children are like men standing on their heads: they see all things the wrong way.

5. *THE PERIOD* . is placed at the close of a sentence which declares something, and commonly marks a full stop. It is also used after one or more letters which stand for a word; as, If you will, you can learn. He lived at St. John, N. B., last Jan.

6. *THE INTERROGATION POINT* ? shows that a question is asked, and marks a pause; as, Does a hen eat gravel? Please, dear brother, may I take your knife?

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

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

9. *MARKS OF PARENTHESIS* ( ) inclose words that should be passed over quickly and lightly in reading, or give the pronunciation<sup>3</sup> of a word; as, I have seen charity<sup>4</sup> (if charity it may be called) insult<sup>5</sup> with an air of pity. Was (wöz).

10. *MARKS OF QUOTATION* “ ” are used to show that the real or supposed words of another are given; as, “Floy!” said little Paul, “this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again.”<sup>6</sup>

11. *THE DIERESIS* “ ” is placed over the second of two vowels to show that they are to be pronounced in separate syllables; as, Really those ideäs<sup>7</sup> will reanimate<sup>8</sup> the weary troops.

12. *THE EXERCISES WHICH FOLLOW* will be read so

<sup>1</sup> Sěp'a rāte, to divide; to part in any way.

<sup>2</sup> Bōast, to brag; to talk big.

<sup>3</sup> Pronunciation (prō nūn'shī-ā'shūn), the mode or way of speaking words.

<sup>4</sup> Chār'i tŷ, love; good will; act of giving freely.

<sup>5</sup> In sūlt', to treat with abuse, or to injure one's feelings by words or actions.

<sup>6</sup> Again (ā gēn'), once more.

<sup>7</sup> Idea (ī dē'ā), the picture of an object formed by the mind; any thing thought of by the mind.

<sup>8</sup> Rē ān'i mate, give new life.

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

EXERCISES IN PUNCTUATION.

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

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

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

4. The poor man then said, "Alas! those happy days are gone!"

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

6. If you will listen, I will show you—but stop! I am not sure that you wish to know.

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

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

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

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

11. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.



## PHONETIC KEY.

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### I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e; aș, āle, veil: 2. ä; aș, fāt: 3. ü; aș, ärt:  
4. a, or ô; aș, ałl, eörn: 5. á, or é; aș, eāre, thére:  
6. à; aș, ásk: 7. ē, or ī; aș, wē, pique: 8. ě; aș, ěll:  
9. ē, i, or ú; aș, hēr, sīr, búr: 10. ī, aș, içe: 11. ĭ; aș,  
ill: 12. ō; aș, ōld: 13. ő, or a; aș, őn, whať: 14. o, or u;  
aș, dŏ, fŏol, rŭle: 15. ū; aș, mŭle: 16. ů, or ó; aș, ůp, sŏn:  
17. ȳ, o, or ō; aș, bułl, wŏłf, wŏol:  
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, link, sing: 9. r; aș, rare:  
10. Th, or th; aș, That, thĭth'er: 11. v; aș, valve:  
12. w; aș, wiġ: 13. y; aș, yet: 14. z, or ș; aș, zine, iș:  
15. z, or zh, aș, āzure: x for ġz; aș, ex āet'

### III. ATONICS.

1. f; aș, fie: 2. h; aș, hit: 3. k, or e; aș, kinġ,  
eat: 4. p; aș, pop: 5. s, or ç; aș, siss, çity: 6. t; aș,  
tart: 7. Th, or th; aș, Thin, thĭth: 8. Ch, or çh; aș,  
Chin, riçh: 9. Sh, sh, or çh; aș, Shot, așh, çhaișe:  
10. Wh, or wh; aș, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; aș,  
often (ŏf'n)

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thère :  
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PART II  
CHOICE READINGS

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# APT READINGS.

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## SECTION I.

### I.

#### 1. QUEBEC.

##### PART FIRST.

**Q**UEBEC during my sehōol-dāys, mōre than thirty yearş āgō, waş a grand and quaint<sup>1</sup> old çity. Though I have not been<sup>2</sup> thêre sinçe, what râre<sup>3</sup> sights and soundş and sceneş still eome back to me !

2. The çity lieş on a long and high ridge of land and rock. It iş mōre than a mile āerōss this ridge from river to river. The bank from the St. Lawrence iş nearly straight up, but from the St. Charles it iş not so steep.

3. The Lower Town iş a plaçe of shops and stōreş and the seat of trade. It iş built at the fōot of the peak or highest part of the ridge.

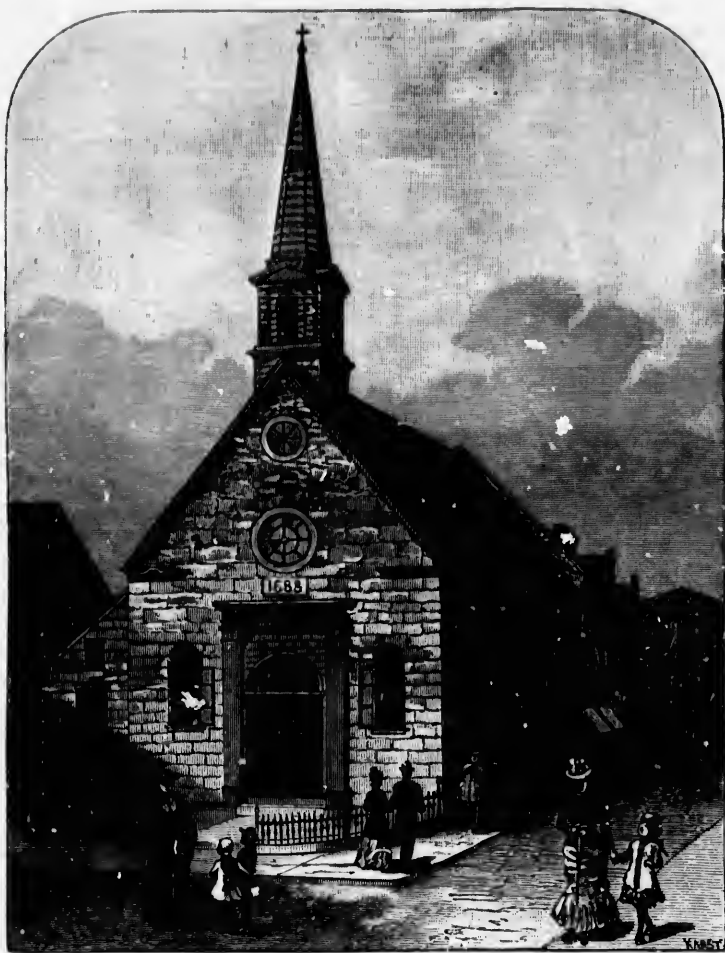
4. From time to time, wharf after wharf haş been built out tōward low waTER mark, the spaçe filled in, and whōle streets built thereon.

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<sup>1</sup> Quaint, odd ; of old fashion.

<sup>2</sup> Been (bīn).

<sup>3</sup> Rare (râr), not ōfter met with ; very good or rich.



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

6. In many (mēn't) places, the rock has been cut awāy to make rōom for the houses. Most of them

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

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

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

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

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

## II.

### 2. QUEBEC.

#### PART SECOND.

SPRING lăggs and arrives late at Quebee. But the young trees, after their long sleep, are soon in bud. The sweet maple and the spicy birch are in leaf, and the young wintergreens appear, before the ice and snow are all gone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

11. How well I remember the merry skaters,  
gliding and turning in graceful curves, the gay  
sledges, with swift-footed ponies and jingling sleigh-  
bells, dashing along; and a toboggan or a gang of  
sleds, shooting down a steep, like a bolt from  
the sky.

## III.

## 3. SKATERS' SONG.

1. Buckle the steel

Firm to the heel,

For a merry bout and reel;

The glassy ice

We'll mark in a trice

With many a quaint device.

2. Our fire burns bright,

And its ruddy light



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

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

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

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## IV.

## 4. MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

10. Posts with notches at the top are set upright, one at each end of the logs, a long pole is laid on them, and on this pole are hung the big kettles. The great hogsheds<sup>1</sup> are next turned right end up and cleaned out to receive the sap that is gathered.

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

<sup>1</sup> Hogsheds (hög'z'héd), a large cask which holds from 63 to 140 gallons.

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fire, gathering in the sap, filling the kettles, and seeing that the sap does not boil over.

12. In the great kettles, the boiling goes on slowly, and as the sap thickens it is dipped from one to another, until in the end-kettle it is reduced to syrup and is taken out to cool and settle, till enough is made to "sugar off."

13. To "sugar off" is to boil down the syrup until it is thick enough, when cold, to form sugar. This is the grand event, and it is done only once in two or three days.

14. But the boy is too busy with things in general to be of any real use. He has his own little neck-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sap, and his boiling place and a little kettle. He wishes to "sugar off" continually.<sup>1</sup>

15. He boils down the syrup as fast as he can and is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle, he is happy. He wastes a great deal on his hands, his face, and his clothes; but he does not care; he is not stingy.

16. The boy used to make a big lump of wax and give it to the dog, who seized it at once. The next moment, it was funny to see the surprise on the dog's face, when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head, sat down, rolled over and over, ran round in a circle, and dashed back and forth. He did everything but climb a tree, and howl. How he tried to howl! but that was the one thing he could not do.

<sup>1</sup> Cõn tìn'u al lÿ, without ceasing; very often.

## V.

## 5. THE NEW DOMINION.

LET others raise  
 The song in praise  
 Of lands renowned<sup>1</sup> in story:  
 The land for me  
 Of the maple tree,  
 And the pine in all his glory!

2. Hurrah!<sup>2</sup> for the grand  
 Old forest land,  
 Where freedom spreads her pinion!  
 Hurrah! with me,  
 For the maple tree!  
 Hurrah! for the New Dominion!<sup>3</sup>

3. Be hers the right,  
 And hers the might,  
 Which Liberty engenders;<sup>4</sup>  
 Songs of the free,  
 Come join with me—  
 Hurrah! for her defenders.

4. And be their fame  
 In loud acclaim—<sup>5</sup>  
 In grateful songs ascending;

<sup>1</sup> **Renowned** (re noun'd'), eminent; famous.      eountry; Dominion of Canada.

<sup>2</sup> **Hurrah** (hū rā'), a shout of joy or triumph.      <sup>4</sup> **En gēn der**, breed; raise; call forth.

<sup>3</sup> **Dominion** (dō mīn'yun), rule; or praise.      <sup>5</sup> **Ac clāim'**, a shout of applause.

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The fame of thoſe,  
Who met her foes,  
And died, her ſoil defending.

5. Hurrah' ! for the grand  
Old' förest land,  
Where Freedom ſpreads her pinion !  
Hurrah ! with me  
For the maple tree !  
Hurrah ! for the NEW DOMINION !

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## SECTION II.

### I.

#### 6. MARY BLAINE.

**M**ARY BLAINE iſ a vëry gōod little gīrl. She haſ a mild<sup>1</sup> voiçe, and a ſweet<sup>2</sup> façe. Hër large bright eyeſ are grāy. Hër hāir iſ a light brown.

2. Mary iſ an intelligent<sup>3</sup> child : vëry kind and affectionate. She löveſ hër pärents, and iſ ever ready<sup>4</sup> to ſërve<sup>5</sup> them.

3. She liveſ in the cōuntry, äbout ä mile from the pleäſant little town of Greenville ; and ëvëry Sunday and hōly-day ſhe göeſ with her möther into town, in

<sup>1</sup> Mild, ſöft ; gēntle ; pleäſant.

<sup>2</sup> Swēet, having a pleäſant taſte like ſuġar or hōney ; pleäſing to thē eye, thē ear, or the ſmel!.

<sup>3</sup> In täll'y gēnt, knowing ; quick to underſtand.

<sup>4</sup> Rēad'y, willing and quäick.

<sup>5</sup> Serve (ſërve), to work for.

order to assist at Máss and Vesperş. Mary haş not many playmates; but she iş always joyous and happy, and she never feelş lonesome.

4. She iş a very obedient<sup>1</sup> child. When told to do a thing, she doeş it quickly, without even<sup>2</sup> making an exeuse.

5. She doeş many vëry useful things without waiting to be told. She iş so gentle,<sup>3</sup> cheerful,<sup>4</sup> and obliging,<sup>5</sup> that she makes all happy who come near her.

6. You would not think it strange that Mary iş so good, if you knew her kind, wise,<sup>6</sup> and loving mother. She haş no brother nor sister. Her mother haş been her only teacher.

7. Her father iş eăptaın,<sup>7</sup> and half-owner, of a large ship that sailş to Chīnă.<sup>8</sup> Though he iş not often at home, he haş bought a nice little house, and fine grounds, for hiş wife and child, and they have all the moneý they need.

8. Mary loveş her father vëry much. He iş her dearest playmate. When he comeş home from Chīnă, he always bringş her many pretty (prīt'tī) things. She haş a little box that iş full of her nicest presents.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> O bē'di ent, willing to obey, or give ear to; ready to do aş bid or asked.

<sup>2</sup> Even (ē'vn), so much aş.

<sup>3</sup> Gēn'tle, mild; not rough or harsh; dove-like.

<sup>4</sup> Chēer'ful, having good spirits; gay.

<sup>5</sup> Obliging (o blij'ing), willing to do favors; kind.

<sup>6</sup> Wise, knowing; quick to see what iş true, proper, or best.

<sup>7</sup> Captain (kăp'tin), a head officer; one who commands a ship or a company of men.

<sup>8</sup> China (chī'nă), a large country, on the other side of the world from us, from which we get tea and silk.

<sup>9</sup> Prēs'ent, that which iş given.



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

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

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



large tree where Mary has built a pretty play-house. And as her mother had taught her that God loves us to begin and end all our actions with prayer, Mary made a wooden cross and placed it against<sup>1</sup> the tree, and below the cross she placed a picture of the Blessed Virgin.

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

## II.

## 7. ROBERT FENTON.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Against (â g'ènst').

<sup>2</sup> Was (wòz).

<sup>3</sup> Wid'ow, a woman who has lost her husband by death.

<sup>4</sup> Support', bear the expense of.

<sup>5</sup> Hith'er to, up to this time;

until now.

<sup>6</sup> Been (bin).

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Linger (lĭng'gēr), to remain or wait lōng; lag; stop.

<sup>2</sup> Mǎn'ly, man-like; not childish; bold; brave.

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

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

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

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

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

13. Robert felt very proud and happy at this

<sup>1</sup> **Trained**, formed to a proper shape by bending, tying, or trimming.

<sup>2</sup> **Aloud**, with a loud voice.

<sup>3</sup> **Request**, earnest demand, or wish.

<sup>4</sup> **Progress**, an advance; a moving or going forward.



mark of confidence,<sup>1</sup> and you may be sure he did all that he could to deserve Farmer Bennet's kindness. But the best of all was, that he could give his mother the help he so much had wished, even before he had become a man.

14. He always kept the same rule<sup>2</sup> for himself, with which he began. When he knew that he ought to do a thing, he thought first about the way he could do it, and then set at work with all his heart; and as he never forgot to ask God's blessing for all he did, he was successful in almost everything he undertook.

<sup>1</sup> Cōn'fidence, that in which faith is put; trust.

<sup>2</sup> Rule (rūl), that which is given as a guide to conduct.

## III.

## 8. THE BOY AND THE BEE.

**A**N idle<sup>1</sup> boy had laid his head  
Down in á meadōw full of flowers,  
With dāisy<sup>2</sup> buds áround him spread,  
And clover blossoms white and red,  
So frágrant<sup>3</sup> áfter<sup>4</sup> showers.<sup>5</sup>

2. And ~~as~~ he lāy, with hálf-shut eye,  
Watching the hazy<sup>6</sup> light—came flying  
A busy<sup>7</sup> bee, with laden<sup>8</sup> thigh,  
Across the blossoms grōwing by  
The spot whére he was lying.
3. "O busy bee," the boy begun,  
"Stāy with me, now you've come at lást ;  
I love to see ácross the sun,  
Like gossamer<sup>9</sup> so finely spun,  
Your<sup>10</sup> wings go sailing pást."
4. But with a lōw and súrly<sup>11</sup> hum,  
The bee into a blossom flew,  
As if the living creature<sup>12</sup> dumb,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Idle, lazy ; not at work.

<sup>2</sup> Daisy (dā'zī), a pretty little plant of many sorts, as white, bluish-red, and rose color.

<sup>3</sup> Frá'gran't, sweet of smell.

<sup>4</sup> After (áft'ēr), later in time.

<sup>5</sup> Show'er, a fall of rain or hail lasting a short time.

<sup>6</sup> Há'zý, thick or dim with smoke, fog, or the like.

<sup>7</sup> Busy (biz'i), full of work.

<sup>8</sup> Laden (lá'dn), loaded ; made very heavy.

<sup>9</sup> Gōs'sa mer, a fine, thin web like a cobweb, which floats in the air, in still, clear weather.

<sup>10</sup> Your (yər).

<sup>11</sup> Surly (súr'lý), ill-natured ; cross and rough ; sour.

<sup>12</sup> Creature (krēt'yūr), any thing caused to live ; an animal ; a man.

<sup>13</sup> Dumb (düm), not able to speak.

Had answered short: "I can not come,  
I've something else to do."

5. "O bee, you're such a little thing,"  
The idle boy went on to say;  
"What matters all that you can bring?  
You'd better rest your silver wing,  
And have a bit of play."
6. But with his sullen<sup>1</sup> hum and slow,  
The bee passed on, and would not stay,  
As though he murmured:<sup>2</sup> "Don't you know  
That little things must work below,  
Each in his little way?"
7. I know not if the idler caught  
This lesson from the busy bee,  
But through his mind there came a thought  
As it flew by him: "Is there naught,  
No work to do for me?"
8. "My sister asked me, on the wall  
To nail her rose's long green shoot,<sup>3</sup>  
The rose she likes the best of all,  
Because the lady at the hall,  
In autumn<sup>4</sup> gave the root.
9. "Poor baby has been hard to cheer,  
All day he would not sleep nor smile,  
I might go home and bring him here,  
And pluck him flowers, while mother dear  
Should rest a little while.

<sup>1</sup> Sül'ien, sour; cross.

<sup>3</sup> Shoot, a young branch.

<sup>2</sup> Murmured (mâr'mûrd), made  
a low, humming noise; grumbled.

<sup>4</sup> Autumn (â'tam), fall; the sea-  
son between summer and winter.

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

## IV.

## 9. LITTLE DANDELION.

1. Gay little Dandelion  
 Sights up the meads,  
 Swings on her slender foot,  
 Telleth her beads;  
 Lists to the robin's note  
 Poured from above;  
 Wise little Dandelion  
 Cares not for love.
2. Cold lie the daisy banks,  
 Glad but in green,  
 Where in the Mays agoone  
 Bright hues were seen;

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

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

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



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

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

## V.

## 10. THE DOVES OF VENICE.

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

2. Its streets are canals; its carriages, boats; and its houses are built upon seventy-two small Islands lying close together. In verse, it is often called "Beautiful Venice," "City of Song," and several other sweet names.

3. There are few cities of so great interest to the traveler. Its fine works of art and rare sights often delay him days, weeks, and even months. Its history is as strange as any fairy tale. It has given birth to many great and good men. It has many costly palaces; but its greatest wonder is the grand old church of St. Mark's.

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

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

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

7. The people of Venice never allow these doves to be killed or frightened. They are the pets of the

whōle çity; and they ġet à ġreat deal of fōōd besideſ the dinner ġiven them by the çity. Children often ġo to the ſquare to feed them, and travelers buy eorn on purpose to ġive the doves.

8. The dove iſ an emblem<sup>1</sup> of purity and peace. The Holy Spirit iſ imaged aſ a dove; and if He dwell in your hearts you will be like doves, too; ſo pure, meek, innoçent, and loving.

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## SECTION III.

### I.

#### 11. CRUSOE'S PETS.

**H**ERE I waſ lord<sup>2</sup> of the whōle iſland;<sup>3</sup> in faet, à king. I had wōōd with which I might build a fleet,<sup>4</sup> and ġrapes, if not eorn, to freight<sup>5</sup> it. I had fiſh and fowls,<sup>6</sup> and wild ġōats, and hàreſ, and other ġame.<sup>7</sup>

2. Still, I waſ à lōng wāy out of the eōurſe of ſhips. Oh! how dull it waſ to be eaſt on this lōne ſpot, with no one to love, no one to make me læugh, no one to make me weep, no one to make me thiſk.

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

<sup>2</sup> **Lōrd**, à rſler; à māſter.

<sup>3</sup> **Iſland** (il'ānd), à traet of land ſurrounded by wāter.

<sup>4</sup> **Fleet**, à number of ſhips in

eōmpany, eommonly ſhips of war.

<sup>5</sup> **Freight** (frāt), to load with ġrain, frſits, ġōōdſ, etc.

<sup>6</sup> **Fowl**, an animal having two legſ and two wingſ, and eōvered with featherſ.

<sup>7</sup> **ġāme**, wild animalſ that are hunted and uſed for fōōd.



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3. It waş dull to rōam,<sup>1</sup> dāv by day, from the wōōd to the shōre, and from the shōre back to the wood, and feed on my own fhoughts all the while.

4. So much for the sad view<sup>2</sup> of my ease; but, like mōst fhingş, it had ā bright side aş well aş ā dark one. For here I waş safe on land, while all the rest of the ship's ɛrew<sup>3</sup> were lōst.

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

<sup>1</sup> Rōam, to walk or move ābout from plaçe to plaçe without any çertain aim or way.

<sup>2</sup> View (vū), way of looking at

any fhing; that which iş seen.

<sup>3</sup> Crew (krō), the persons who work and have charge of ā ship, or bōat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Bruised (brʊzd), injured, crushed, or broke by striking any thing hard.

<sup>2</sup> Cliff, a high and steep rock.

<sup>3</sup> Storm, a strong wind with a fall of rain, snow, or hail.

<sup>4</sup> Wreck, the ruins of a ship dashed against rocks.

<sup>5</sup> To and fro, forward and backward; to this place and that.

<sup>6</sup> Mute, not spoken; silent.

<sup>7</sup> Toil (tʌɪl), very hard work.

11. A voice in this wild place! To call me by my name, too! Then the voice said, "Where are you? Where have you been? How came you here?" But now I saw it all; for on a limb of the tree sat Poll, who did but say the words she had been taught by me.

12. My brave<sup>1</sup> and faithful<sup>2</sup> dōg waş mōst useful. He would fetch things for me at all times, and by hiş bark, hiş whine, hiş growl, and hiş tricks, he would all but talk to me; yet none<sup>3</sup> of my pets could give me thought for thought. If I could but have had some one near me to find fault with, or to find fault with me, what a rich treat<sup>4</sup> it would have been.

## II.

## 12. SUSAN'S PETS.

SUSAN SCOTT, when I first saw hēr, waş a charming,<sup>5</sup> little child. She waş fat, rosy,<sup>6</sup> and full of wild pranks.<sup>7</sup> She loved her pārents and friends, and waş verry fond of pets.

2. She lives with her father and mother in Manitoba.<sup>8</sup> They have a fine house, in a large and growing town.

3. Her father is a doetor.<sup>9</sup> He is away from home most of the time. He not only visits the sick in

<sup>1</sup> Brāve, without fear, and quick to meet danger.

<sup>2</sup> Fāith'ful, true and fixed in friendship or love; trusty.

<sup>3</sup> None (nūn), not one.

<sup>4</sup> Trēat, something which gives much enjoyment.

<sup>5</sup> Charm'ing, very pleasing.

<sup>6</sup> Rosy (rōz'ī), like a rose in color, or sweetness.

<sup>7</sup> Prank (prānk), a droll or laughable action.

<sup>8</sup> Mān' tō' bā, a province of the Dominion of Canada.

<sup>9</sup> Dōc'tor, one whose business it is to treat the sick.

town, but *often* rides many miles on the *prairies*,<sup>1</sup> to see his patients.<sup>2</sup>

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

5. Doctor Scott was so fond of little Susan, that he gave her many pets. She had pet *dōves*, and rabbits, and cats; a white *gōat*, with a black face; a *grāy* pony,<sup>5</sup> with white mane and tail; and two tame little *prairie dōgs*.<sup>6</sup>

6. At first, for three or *fōur* months, Brave caused *mōre* trouble than all his other animals. He would run *ōff* with hats, shoes, socks, towels—whatever he could *gnaw*,<sup>7</sup> *teār*, or *bury*,<sup>8</sup>—and that was the *lāst* of them.

7. He fought the cats, chased the rabbits, barked at the pigs, crushed the flowers in the garden, and left muddy foot-marks on the *līnēn*<sup>9</sup> that was spread on the *grāss*.

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

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

<sup>2</sup> *Patient* (pā'shēnt), an ill person under medical treatment.

<sup>3</sup> *Dar'ling*, one dearly loved.

<sup>4</sup> *Chīf*, taking the lead; first.

<sup>5</sup> *Pō'nŷ*, a small horse.

<sup>6</sup> *Prāi'rie-dōgs*, little animals found in large companies on some

of the western prairies. They lodge and hide in holes which they dig in the ground, and are noted for a sharp bark, like that of a small dog.

<sup>7</sup> *Gnaw* (nā), to bite off little by little, as something hard or tough.

<sup>8</sup> *Bury* (bēr'rŷ), to inter or cover out of sight.

<sup>9</sup> *Līn'en*, thread or cloth made of flax; the under part of dress, as being chiefly made of linen.

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chief pet. He shâred all her spôrts, and seemed aș happy in them aș hiș little mistress. At her command,<sup>1</sup> he would röll over, sit up, bark, and eatch in hiș mouth sweetmeats and eakes.

9. At ball-play, he would run âfter the ball, and even eatch it in hiș mouth; but he would ġive it to Susan ònly. He would take her dinner-bâsket, or â bundle, and earry it earefully and safely.

10. He put the ġeese and old ġander to flight, drove òff eröss dögș, and defended<sup>2</sup> Susan from

<sup>1</sup> Command (kôm mând'), an

<sup>2</sup> De fënd'ed, kept òff danger or harm.





ruġe boyş and ġirlş. She would öften ramble<sup>1</sup> two or three mileş on the prairie, to pick flowerş, or ġäther ġum from the ġum-weeđş; but, when the döġ waş her eompanion, the mother knew that her darling waş safe.

11. In ä drought,<sup>2</sup> the August that Brave waş three yearş old, he waş bit by ä mad döġ. Aş soon aş it waş known, the poor ereature waş shot, and buried in ä eorner of the ġarden.

12. It waş ä sad day for Suşan. She wept for ä löng time, and eould not be eomforted. When told that döġş sometimeş ġo mad for want of waŕter, she beġġed her father to ġet ä döġ-tub, aş ä memoriał<sup>3</sup> of Brave.

<sup>1</sup> Räm'ble, to move äbout cärelessly; to vişit many placeş.

<sup>2</sup> Drought (drou), want of rain or waŕter.

<sup>3</sup> Me mō'ri al, something which ŕerveş to keep ŕomeħing ełse in mind; any ħing uşed to preşerve the memory of a pērşon, or event.

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

## III.

## 13. ALFRED THE GREAT.

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

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

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

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

5. "Alfred waſ the younġeſt ſon of the ġood and brave King Ethelwolf ; and Oſburgá, the queen, ſaw her ſonſ ġrowing up without any love for books, without even knowing how to read ; for they liked to hunt rabbits aſ well aſ á boy I know ;" and Alicę loōked vĕry hard at William, who at that moment waſ buſy whittling out árrowſ for hiſ new bow, with Carlo and Rover by hiſ ſide.

6. William kept on whittling, but he beġan to feel ſome intereſt in the young Anġlo-Saxon princeſ who had liked bowſ aſ well aſ himſelf. Finally, after a little whiſtling over the árrōw, and looking ſlowly to ſee if it wĕre quite ſtráight, he ſaid : "Well, Allie, how did they lĕarn to read ?"

7. "I am not ſure," remarked Alicę, "whether the óther princeſ ever did learn to read. But thiſ iſ the ſtōry which Dr. Lingard, the hiſtōrian, tellſ ábout Alfred : 'One day the queen waſ ſhowing to all her ſonſ á eopy of á Saxon poĕm, finely written and illuminate<sup>d</sup> —'"

8. "What doeſ illuminated mean, Allie ?" ſaid William.—"Aſ well aſ I can explain it, inſtead of having printed enġravingſ like ourſ, thiſ Saxon poĕm waſ illuſtrated by pietūreſ aetually painted on the pageſ, and in the mōſt *beautif*ul eolorſ.

9. "They uſed blue, and á precious eolor which they called çinnabar, made from thĕ ore of the quickſilver". In thoſe olden timeſ, they knew how to put ġold on their initial<sup>1</sup> letterſ, and to ġive little toucheſ of it to the hálōſ<sup>2</sup> áround the headſ of their ſaints.

<sup>1</sup> Initial (in iſh'al), letterſ that beġin á writing or word.

<sup>2</sup> Hā'lo, á ring of light áround the head, uſed to mark holy perſonſ.



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10. "So you see, bróther, this Saxon poem, written and beautifully illuminated, which their good móther, Queen Osbûrgâ, showed to those wild young prínceş, was something to be réally prized. The stôry goes on to say, that when the queen saw how much they were pleased with the bōok, she held it up before them and said, 'I will gíve this beautiful book to the one who first learns to read it.'

11. "I suppose all the young prínceş thought it would be very nice to have the book; but Alfred was the ónly one who tōok the trouble to *earn* it. The óthers looked at the book, wished they could have it without any study, and ran óff for their dōgs, and bōws and árrōws. But Alfred ran to the room

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

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

## IV.

## 14. SHORT PIECES.

## I. THE QUARREL.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Quarrel (kwó' rel), an angry dispute, & falling out.

<sup>2</sup> Lát'ter, named the last of two.

<sup>3</sup> Bún, a little sweet cake; here means the squirrel.

<sup>4</sup> Doubtless (dout'les), free from doubt or question.

<sup>5</sup> Sphere, a ball; the earth.

<sup>6</sup> Disgrace', cause of shame.

<sup>7</sup> Oc'cupy, to keep or fill.

<sup>8</sup> Tál'ent, skill in doing; a rare gift in business, art, or the like.

<sup>9</sup> Fór'est, a large piece of land covered with trees.

<sup>10</sup> Nēi'ther, not either; not the one or the other.



## II. THE BEES.

THE wise little bees ! they know how to live,  
 Each one in peace with his neighbor ;  
 For though they dwell in a narrow hive,  
 They never seem too thick to thrive,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor so many they spoil their labor.  
 And well may they sing a pleasant tune,  
 Since their life has such completeness ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Their hay is made in the sun of June,  
 And every moon is a honeymoon,  
 And their home a home of sweetness.

<sup>1</sup> Thrive, to do well in any business ; to grow and increase.

<sup>2</sup> Com plēteness, a state in which nothing is wanting.

## III. BEES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## SECTION IV.

## I.

## 15. BIG AND LITTLE.

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Wonderful, (wūn'dēr fūl), very strange ; pleasing.



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

4. "Now the cucumber wished to grow big at once; but thê acorn was not in such a hÿrry. He was content to wait, if ònly he might grow into á large tree some dây.

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

6. "But the acorn did not mind: he was vëry patient, ònly sometimes a little weary of waiting so lõng, and he bidèd<sup>1</sup> his time without saying a word.

7. "The cucumber, áfter filling the garden with his great leaves, and sâying rÿde and saucy words to all the young plants round ábout, was laid hold of, of a sudden, by Jack Frõst, who was gëtting rather tired of his áirs and grâces, and shriveled<sup>2</sup> up in one morning. So the cucumber withered áwây.

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

<sup>1</sup> Bid'ed, waited for.

<sup>2</sup> Shriveled (shriv'id), made to shrink and become wrinkled.

<sup>3</sup> Women (wim'en).

<sup>4</sup> Niggardly, too close in one's dealings; vëry spâring.

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

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

10. "But when, âfter vèry many years, they cut up the gòod old oak, it was to build a big ship, that Ralph might be the càptain of it, and sail all over the sea."

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

## II.

## 16. THE OAK-TREE.

LONG AGO, in changeful<sup>1</sup> autümn,  
When the leaves wêre tûrning brown,  
From the tall oak's tÛpmÛst brânces  
Fell á little acorn down.

2. And it tumbled by the pâthwây,  
And a chânce foot trod it deep  
In the ground, whêre all the winter  
In its shell it lây âslêep,

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

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<sup>1</sup> Changeful (chänj'ful), full of change.

4. First shot up á sapling <sup>1</sup> tender,  
Scárcely seen ábòve the ground ;  
Then a mimic <sup>2</sup> little oak-tree,  
Spread its tīny <sup>3</sup> arms áround.
5. Many years the night dews nŭrsed it,  
Summers hot, and winters lōng,  
The sweet sun looked bright upon it,  
While it grew up tall and strōng.
6. Now it stāndèfh like a giant,  
Cāsting shădōws broad and high,  
With huge trunċ and leafy brānċhes,  
Spreading up into the sky.
7. Thère the squīrrel loves to frolic,<sup>4</sup>  
There the wild bīrds rest at night,  
There the cattle come for shelter,  
In the noontime hot and bright.
8. Child, when haply <sup>5</sup> thou art resting  
'Neath the great oak's monster <sup>6</sup> shade,  
Thīnk how little was thē acorn,  
Whence that mighty <sup>7</sup> tree waş made.
9. Thīnk how simple thīngs and lowly,  
Have a part in nature's plan,  
How the great hafh small beginnīngs,  
And the child will be a man.

<sup>1</sup> Săp'ling, a young tree.

<sup>2</sup> Mim'ic, apt to imitate ; like  
in form, habits, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Tī'nŷ, very small ; little.

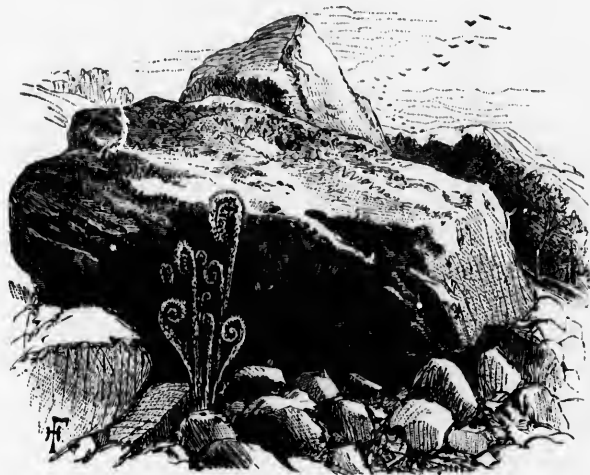
<sup>4</sup> Frōl'ic, to play wild tricks ;  
to sport.

<sup>5</sup> Hăp'ly, by accident or chance,  
it may be.

<sup>6</sup> Mōn'ster, strange and fear-  
ful ; very large.

<sup>7</sup> Might'ŷ, very great ; strong ;  
having great power.

10. Little efforts work great actions,  
 Lessons in our childhood taught,  
 Mold<sup>1</sup> the spirit to that temper,  
 Whereby noblest deeds are wrought.<sup>2</sup>
11. Cherish,<sup>3</sup> then, the gifts of childhood,  
 Use them gently, guard them well;  
 For their future<sup>4</sup> growth and greatness,  
 Who can measure, who can tell?



## III.

## 17. LITTLE BY LITTLE.

## PART FIRST.

ON a bright May morning, a little fern<sup>5</sup> pushed  
 her head through the ground, ready to begin

<sup>1</sup> Mold, to shape.

<sup>4</sup> Fut'ure, time to come.

<sup>2</sup> Wrought, (raht), brought forth  
 or done by labor.

<sup>5</sup> Fern (fērn), a plant, found in  
 damp soil, which has its flower  
 and seed on the back of its leaves.

<sup>3</sup> Chēr'ish, hold dear; love.

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

2. Thêre wêre no trees, no gráss, no leaves: nôthing but bâre stony ground, without a handful of soil. A large and jaggèd stone, which had rolled down from the hill-top âbove, lāy beside her. Round one side of it, she could just see the distant wôod from which she waş blown lāst autumn.

3. "This is not pleasant," said the fern: "this is vëry differènt from lāst year, when I was ônly a seed, and lived on my môther's back in a shady wood. I think I can do no gôod here—one poor, little fern, beside a great stone that lôoks as if it were going to fall down and crush me."

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

5. They wêre lōng, green plūmes; and they rested against the stōne, and made it look quite handsome.<sup>2</sup> The stone, too, was kind to the little fern: it kept it cool and shady, and sheltered it from the wind, and they were soon good friends.

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

<sup>1</sup> Glēam, a shoot of light; a small stream of light.

<sup>2</sup> Handsome (hăn'süm), gôod lôoking; nice.

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enough of the friendly stone that saved hēr from being carried āwāy.

7. The broōk waṣ so swelled<sup>1</sup> by the (thū) rain, that it waṣ fōrced out of its old track, and came leaping down over the large stones close to the fērn. "This is terrible,"<sup>2</sup> said the fern; "I shall certainly be washed āwāy."

8. "Do not fear, little friend," said the stream; "I will not hūrt you: the ground is not so steep here, and I love to rest my wāters ā little, befōre starting off again in the valley<sup>3</sup> belōw. See how my drops sparkle, and how well I water the ground for you!"

9. That waṣ true, indeed; and when the fērn was used to the sound, she no lōngēr feared.—"I wish you would always come my wāy," said the stone: "You wāsh me so clean, and make me cool."

10. "I will, vērý gladly," said the wāter; "for I had no such fine big stōne to leap round, on my old rōad, and thēre was not a sīngle fērn on my banks."

11. Any child may see that ā stream likes leaping over stones; for then it is that its mērrý sōng begins. It dōes not hūrrý on fāst and silent, as it did befōre; but it mūrmūrs sōftly, and tōsses up little bubbles of spray,<sup>4</sup> and all because of the stones and pebbles.<sup>5</sup>

12. So the little stream fell splashing<sup>6</sup> over the

<sup>1</sup> Swelled, increased in size or length by any addition.

<sup>2</sup> Tēr'ri ble, fitted to cause great fear; dreadful.

<sup>3</sup> Vāl'ley, a strip of land shut in by hills or mountains.

<sup>4</sup> Sprāy, water flying in small drops, as by the force of wind.

<sup>5</sup> Pēb'bles, small stones wōrn and rounded by water.

<sup>6</sup> Splāsh'ing, spattering; striking and dashing about.

stone, and then ran away down to the valley, where it found a large river.<sup>1</sup> It plunged into the river, and flowed away to the sea.

## IV.

18. *LITTLE BY LITTLE.*

## PART SECOND.

**S**OON the stream grew very quiet, and then its waters did not spread so wide. It found so pleasant a channel<sup>2</sup> round the big, gray stone that it did not leave it, but liked it better than its old one.

2. It hollowed out, too, a little pool<sup>3</sup> for itself beside the stone, where the water lay calm<sup>4</sup> and clear. There the fern could see reflected<sup>5</sup> her own waving leaves, and the blue sky, too, with its white, sailing clouds. At night, when the stars came out, she saw them in the quiet, little pool, twinkling<sup>6</sup> as bright as in the heaven above.

3. Round where the water had been there was a thin cake of dust, like powdered rock, which the stream had washed down from the hill above. The fern liked this, because it smelled a little like the soil which used to be so fragrant in the early morning when she was a seed in the forest.

4. Soon the birds saw the little pool and came there to drink. Then they sang their little songs of

<sup>1</sup> Riv'er, a stream of water larger than a brook.

<sup>2</sup> Chän'nel, the bed of a stream of water.

<sup>3</sup> Pool, a small and rather deep body of fresh water coming from

a spring, or found in a stream.

<sup>4</sup> Calm (käm), not stormy; still.

<sup>5</sup> Re flect'ed, given back a likeness of.

<sup>6</sup> Twinkling (twink'ling), shining with a broken, trembling light.

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

5. The stream of water washed down more good soil off the hills, when the clouds poured out their rains, and made it swell and overflow, and with this it covered up the acorn and the beech-nut. Seeds, too, were wafted<sup>1</sup> by the wind to this gray spot—soft, downy seeds, like those of the thistle.

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

<sup>1</sup> Wafted (wáft'ed), carried through water or air.



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

7. But there came a warm day that melted the snow, and it rushed from above in a strong torrent.<sup>1</sup> It brought stones with it; but they were stayed<sup>2</sup> by the rock which sheltered the fern, for that was larger than any of them.

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

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

10. Nor was it now the birds only that flew to the spring, but the butterflies and the bees also; and the more they came, the more seeds there were, and the more hope of flowers for next year. All the summer through the fern heard sweet sounds, and had sweet air round her.

11. "What a pleasant home is this!" she said every morning when the sun rose; "and last year it was so bare and cold." "Little by little," said the stream—"little by little, so we grow and fill the earth," and away it went tumbling over the stones, to get to the sea.

<sup>1</sup> *Torrent*, a stream quickly raised and running very fast.

<sup>2</sup> *Stayed*, hindered from moving; stopped.



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V.

19. *LITTLE BY LITTLE.*

PART THIRD.

**Y**EARS AND YEARS went by, and then the rock was gray and mossy, and the stones above were gray and mossy, and only the stream was as young as ever. Now the fern and the rock were in the midst of a thick, pleasant shade; for the beech and the oak had grown up, and had planted their children round them.

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

thère, and the noble stags came down from the hills, and drank at the cōol, deep pōol beside which the fērn grew (grō).

3. The soil waḡ not stony now. It was covered deep with rich mōld—the droppings of the trees for many years. The stream, èvèry year when it was swelled by rain or snow, tōok some of the soil into the valley ; and the va<sup>l</sup>ley grew rich, too.

4. Men came thère to live—they made cornfields and gardenḡ ; for they said : “The soil is vèry fine ; we shall have gōod crops.” The corn grew there thick and golden, and the miller came and built his mill, that he might grind it.

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

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

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

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

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them. It shōne on the wāter, and on one side of the gray rock. It just kissed the fern leaves; but the flowers and the mōss lōoked all sunshine.

9. When he had dōne, he carried it āwāy to a town a lōng way öff, and èvèry one who lōoked at it loved the mèrry spring, and the gray rock, and the green ferns. And every one came who cōuld.

10. Pale, little childrèn, who had lived in c-rowdèd streets all their short lives without ever seeing the country; and poor cripples, who could not gèt so far; and busy people, who had not tīme to go; and poor people, who had not money enough: they all looked at the picture, and it seemed as if what they saw was all reäl, and as if they felt the sweet country āir on their cheeks.

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

## VI.

## 20. LITTLE BY LITTLE.

**L**ITTLE BY LITTLE the bīrd buildz hēr nest;  
 Little by little the sun sinks to rest:  
 Little by little the waves, in their glee,  
 Smooth the rough rocks by the shōre of the sea.

## 2.

Drop āfter drop falls the sōft summer shower;  
 Leaf upon leaf grows the cool fōrèst bower;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bow'er, a sheltered or cōvered place in a garden or wood, made with boughs of trees bent and twined together.

Grain heaped on ġrain fôrms the mountain so high  
That its eloud-eapped summit<sup>1</sup> is löst to thē eye.

3.

Little by little the bee to her çell  
Brings the sweet hōney, and ġarners<sup>2</sup> it well ;  
Little by little thē änt läyèth by,  
From the summer's äbündançe,<sup>3</sup> the winter's supply.

4.

Minute by minute, so pásse the dāy ;  
Hour äfter hour year are ġliding äwāy.  
The moments improve until life be päst,  
And, little by little, ġrow wiçe to the läst.

## SECTION V.

### I.

#### 21. THE CROOKED TREE.

**W**ILLIE BROWN had vëry kind pärents, who aimed to set him ä ġood exämple, and to bring him up in the love and fear of Gōd.

2. Instëad,<sup>4</sup> howëver, of profiting<sup>5</sup> by the lesson he received, he öften eaused hiç pärents much unhäppinëss by hiç naughty<sup>6</sup> eonduet. He waç idle and disobedient, did not always speak the truþh, and sëvëral<sup>7</sup> times took what waç not hiç own.

<sup>1</sup> Süm'mit, the highest point ;  
the top.

<sup>2</sup> Çar'ners, ġäthers to keep ;  
stōres in ä ġrānary.

<sup>3</sup> Ä bü'n'dance ġreat plenty.

<sup>4</sup> Instëad', in the plaçe or rōöm.

<sup>5</sup> Pröf'it ing, being helped on  
or made better.

<sup>6</sup> Naught'y, mis'chievous ; bad.

<sup>7</sup> Sëv'er al, möre than two, but  
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3. His father was very anxious<sup>1</sup> to impress on his mind the danger of forming sinful habits, which would grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, until they would bind him, as with iron chains. At last he thought of a plan by which he hoped to teach his son this important lesson.

4. In the orchard, not far from Mr. Brown's house, there was a young tree, so very crooked, that he had more than once determined<sup>2</sup> to cut it down. Close by were some young trees, which were remarkable<sup>3</sup> for their straight and beautiful appearance.

<sup>1</sup> **Anxious** (ängk'shüs), desirous; much concerned.

<sup>2</sup> **De ter'mined**, decided; fully

made up his mind; resolved.

<sup>3</sup> **Re mark'a ble**, worthy of being noticed.



5. Mr. Brown directèd hiş men to take an ax, with some stakes and ropes, and ġo down into thē orchard, to see if they eould not straighten the ehookèd tree. He told Peter, the ġardener, to ġo down at the same time, and put some mōre fāsteningş upon the peār-trees. Hiş objeet in all this waş to teach Willie à lesson.

6. After they had been ġōne à short time, Mr. Brown saw Willie running from the barn to the house, and he ealled to him—"Come, Willie, my boy, let us ġo down to thē orchard, and see how Peter and the men ġèt on with their work : we shall have time enough befōre sehool begīnş."

7. When they arrived at the orchard, they first saw Peter tying eordş round the peār-trees, and fāstening them to the stakes, which were driven into the ġround by the side of the trees. It seemş that when they were little trees, they were fastened in this wāy near the ġround, to keep them straight.

8. Aş the trees ġrew up they were fāstened in the same way, higher and higher, till, by-and-by, they were strōng and firm enough to need no suçh stay. Some of them were so muçh inelined to ġrow ehookèd, that they had to put three stakes down, and fasten them on all sides; but by begīning ēarly, and keeping à eonstant<sup>1</sup> waçh, even these were kept straight.

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

<sup>1</sup> Cōn'stant, not ġiven to change; steady.

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Purpose, the end or aim of war belonging to a ruler or which is sought. & people.

<sup>2</sup> Rigging, tackle; the ropes used to hold the masts, work the sails, etc., of a ship. <sup>4</sup> Prohibition, an order or charge to hinder some action.

<sup>3</sup> Navy, the whole of the ships <sup>5</sup> Gird (gird), to inclose; to make fast.



14. "Prison<sup>1</sup> and Penitentiaries<sup>2</sup> are the ropes and chains upon crookèd trees, which wère not guidèd wisely when they were twig<sup>3</sup>. If not kept straight now, you cèrtainly will not be likely to grōw straight by-and-by. If you form evil habits now, they will soon become too strōng to break.

15. "If, while you are à green and tender sprout,<sup>3</sup> we can not guide you, we surely can not expect to do it when you become à strōng and stūrdy<sup>4</sup> tree. But if we do all we can to guide you in the right wāy *now*, we māy hope that when you will have grōwn old, you will not depart from it."

## II.

## 22. A WISH.

O H to have dwelt in Bèthlehem  
 When the star of our Lord shōne bright ;  
 To have sheltered the holy wanderer<sup>3</sup>  
 On that blessèd Christmas night ;  
 To have kissed the tender, wāy-wōrn feet  
 Of the Mōther undefiled,  
 And, with reverent wōnder and deep delight,  
 To have tended the Holy Child !

2. Hush ! such à glōry wā<sup>3</sup> not for thee,  
 But that eāre māy still be thine ;  
 For are thère not little one<sup>3</sup> still to aid,  
 For the sake of the Child Dīvine ?

<sup>1</sup> Prison (priz' n), à house for the safe keeping of persons who break the law ; à jail.

<sup>2</sup> Penitentiary (pèn i tèn' shā-rī), à house where the bad are

shut up and made to work.

<sup>3</sup> Sprout (sprout), the shoot, or young brānch of à plant.

<sup>4</sup> Sturdy (stūr'dī), noted for strength or force ; stout.

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

3. Oh to have knelt at Jeſus' feet,  
 To have learned Hiſ heavenly lōre,<sup>1</sup>  
 And liſtēned the gentle leſſonſ He taught  
 On mountaīn, and ſea, and ſhōre !  
 While the riĉ and the haughty knew Him not  
 To have meekly dōne Hiſ will !—  
 Huſh ! for the worldly rejeet Him yēt—  
 You ean ſērve and love Him ſtill.
4. Oh to have ſōlaĉed<sup>2</sup> that weeping one  
 Whom the righteous dāred deſpiſe,  
 To have tenderly bound up her ſcattered hāir  
 And have dried her tearful eyeſ !  
 Huſh ! there are broken hearts to ſoothe,  
 And penitent<sup>3</sup> tearſ to dry,  
 While Magdalen prāyſ for you and them  
 From her hōme in the ſtarry ſky.
5. Oh to have followed the mōurnful wāy  
 Of thoſe faithful few forlorn,  
 And—grāce beyōnd even an āngel's hope—  
 The crōſſ for our Lord have bōrne !  
 To have ſhared Hiſ tender Mōther's g̃rief,  
 To have wept at Māry's ſide,  
 To have lived aſ a ĉhild in her hōme, and then  
 In her loving care have died !

<sup>1</sup> Lōre, what iſ taught ; leſſonſ.

<sup>3</sup> Pēn'i tent, ſuffering pain or

<sup>2</sup> Sōl'aced, cheered ; eōmforted.      ſōrrōw on aĉcount of ſin.

6. Hush ! and with reverent sorrōw, still  
 Mary's ġreat anġuish shâre,  
 And lēarn, for the sake of hēr Sōn Divīne,  
 Thy erōss, like Hiġ to bear.  
 The sorrōwŝ which weigh on thy soul, unite  
 With thoŝe which thy Lord haŝh bōrne,  
 And Mary *will* eomfort thy dying hour  
 Nor leave thy soul forlōrn.

## III.

## 23. GEORGE WHITE'S TEN DOLLARS.

## PART FIRST.

GEORGE WHITE had been (bīn) saving hiġ spending mōney for ā lōng time ; in faet, ever ŝiñe hiġ unġle had ġiven him ā beautiful little iron safe, made just like thoŝe in hiġ fāther's ōffīe.

2. One morning he opened hiġ treasure, and on eounting it over, he found he had the largē sum of ten dollars. "Now," he said, "I ean buy any thing I want ! I must speak to papā ābout it."

3. It waŝ winter, and the ġround waŝ eōvered with iċe and snow, so that whenever George went out of doorŝ hiġ mōther waŝ eāreful to see him well wrapped up. He loved to stāy out in thē ōpen air rather than in the warm house, aŝ hiġ roŝy cheeks and bright eyeŝ plainly showed.

4. He waŝ vġry fond of skating and cōasting, but he had lōst one of hiġ skates and hiġ sled waŝ broken. So that evening, aŝ they sat āround the tea-table, he said : "Papā, may I spend my ten dollars for ā new sled and ā pāir of skates ?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> In tēnd'ed, meant.

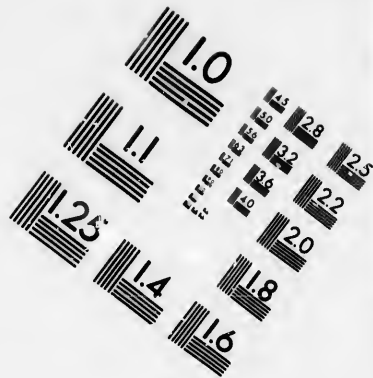
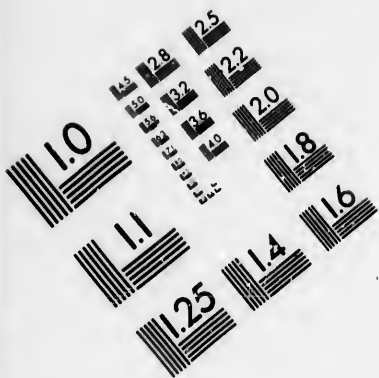
<sup>2</sup> Con sēnt'ed, agreed.

<sup>3</sup> Ac com'pany, to go with as

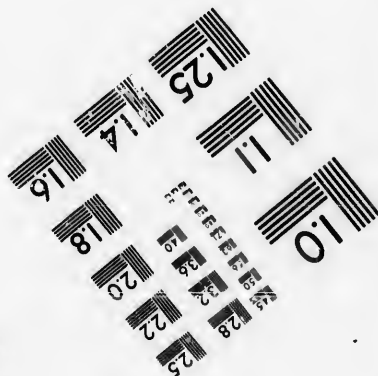
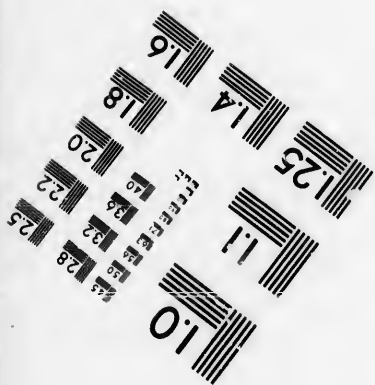
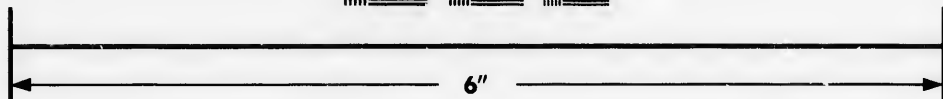
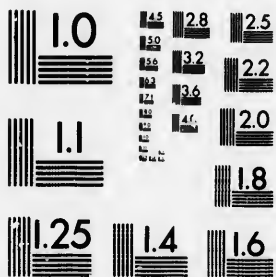
an associate or a companion.

<sup>4</sup> Cōast'ing, the sport of sliding down a hill-side on sleds in winter.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

14 28  
16 32 25  
18 22  
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wherein are to be found all things rare and costly for those who have money to buy them. Presently they reached a large toy-store, where, suspended<sup>1</sup> in the window, was a handsome sled.

## IV.

## 24. GEORGE WHITE'S TEN DOLLARS.

## PART SECOND.

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Sus pënd'ed, hung up.

<sup>2</sup> Av'e nue, a wide street.

<sup>3</sup> Ei'ther, one or the other; each of two.

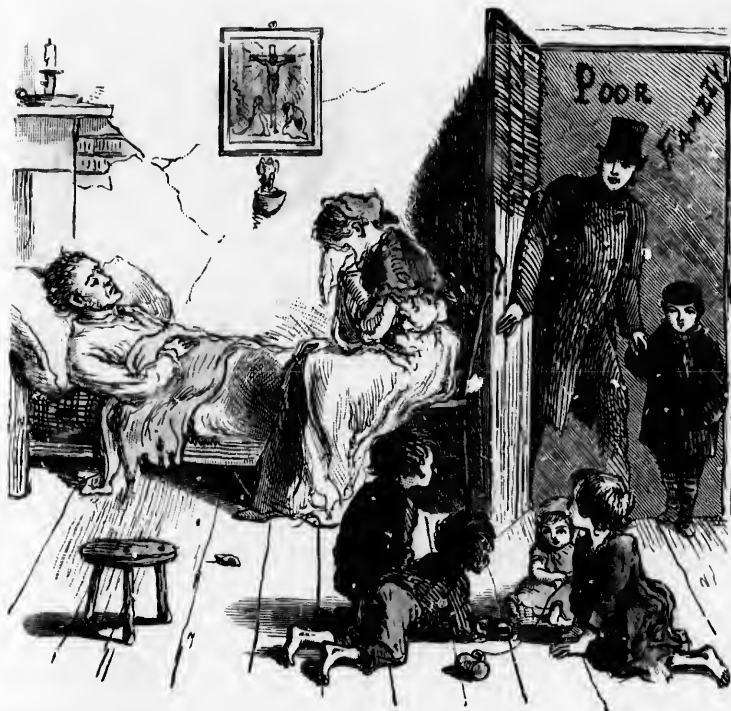
<sup>4</sup> Ten'e ment, a dwelling-house; a house hired out to poor persons.

<sup>5</sup> In qu'ry, a question; a seeking for information.



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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Wan (wón), pale; sickly of look.

give them my ten dollars!" When they had left the house, Mr. White said, "Are you willing, George, to give up your sled and skates for the whole winter, and spend the money for this poor family?"

7. "Yes," said George, "I am not only willing, but I want to do it with all my heart."—"Very well, then, my son, you shall buy meat, and bread, and milk, and clothing for the children, and I will take care of their parents." In the poor room that night were light, and fire, and food, and on the pale mother's face, a happy smile.

8. Do you not think, dear children, that George was happier after having done this good deed than if he had bought the handsomest sled and skates in the world? Follow his example and see.

## SECTION VI.

### I.

#### 25. THE BLIND BROTHER.

**I**T was a blessed summer day ;  
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild ;  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And every thing in nature smiled.

2. In pleasant thought I wandered on  
Beneath<sup>1</sup> the deep wood's ample<sup>2</sup> shade,  
Till suddenly I came upon  
Two children that had hither strayed.

<sup>1</sup> Beneath', lower in place,  
rank, or worth ; under.

<sup>2</sup> Am'ple great in size ; wide ;  
fully enough.



3. Just at an āgèd bīrch-tree's fōot,  
 A little boy and gīrl reelined ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Hiş hand in hērş she kindly püt:  
 And then I saw the boy waş blind !
4. "Dear Mary," said the pōor blind boy,  
 "That little bīrd sings vëry lōng ;  
 Sāy, do you see him in hiş joy ?  
 And iş he pretty" aş hiş sōng ?"
5. "Yës, Edward, yes," replied the maid,  
 "I see the bird on yōnder tree."  
 The poor boy sighed, and gëntly said,  
 "Sister, I wish that I ould see.

<sup>1</sup> Re clined', leaned ; rested.

<sup>2</sup> Pretty (prīt'tī).

6. "Yèt I the frāgrant flower can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade;  
And I can hear the notes that swell  
From these dear bīrds that Gōd has made.
7. "So, sister, Gōd is kind to me,  
Thōugh sight, àlās!<sup>1</sup> He has not given.  
But tell me, are there any blind  
Among the childrèn up in heaven?"
8. "No, dēarèst Edward, thêre all see!  
But whêrefore<sup>2</sup> àsk a thing so odd?"—  
"O! Mary, He's so gōod to me,  
I thought I'd like to lōok at Gōd."
9. Ere<sup>3</sup> lōng dīsease its hand had laid  
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;  
His wīdōwed mother wept and prayed  
That Gōd wōuld spāre her sīghtlèss child.
10. He felt the warm tears on his face,  
And said, "Oh! never weep for me:  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where, Mary says, I Gōd shall see.
11. "And thêre you'll come, dear Mary, too;  
And, mother, when you get up there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—  
You know I never saw you here."
12. He spoke no mōre, but sweetly smiled,  
Until the final blow was given,  
When Gōd took up that poor blind child,  
And opened fīrst his eyes in heaven.

<sup>1</sup> *Alas* (à lās'), a word used to show sorrow, grief, pity, or fear of evil.

<sup>2</sup> *Wherefore* (whâr' fôr), for what or which reason.

<sup>3</sup> *Ere* (âr), sooner than; before.

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## II.

## 26. A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

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

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

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

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

5. “He so surpassed all other rulers of his time that he was called Charlemagne,<sup>1</sup> or Charles the Great. Among the princes who ruled over the different states of Europe, and who were subject to the great king Charles, was one called Guerin,<sup>2</sup> lord of Viēn’ná.

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

<sup>1</sup> Charlemagne (shār’le mān).

<sup>2</sup> Guerin (gā rāng’).

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Knight, a name applied to soldiers of rank.

<sup>2</sup> Châm'pi on, one who fights for, or in place of, another.

<sup>3</sup> Rhône (rôn), a large river of Europe which rises in Switzerland.

<sup>4</sup> Wëap'on, any thing used to fight with.

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

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

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

## III.

## 27. MY SISTER.

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

My Sister!

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

My Sister!

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

My Sister!

<sup>1</sup> Al might' y, having all power.



4. Who showed me Robin with the rest,  
The crimson<sup>1</sup> feathers on his breast,  
The blackbird in his dark coat drest ?  
My Sister !
5. Who pointed out the lark on high,  
A little speck unto thē eye,  
Filling with melody<sup>2</sup> the sky ?  
My Sister !
6. Who led me by the bright, clear stream,  
And in the sunshine's golden beam,  
Showed me the fishès dart and gleam ?  
My Sister !
7. Who, as we wandered by the sea,  
And heard the wild waves in thēir glee,  
Gāthèred such pretty things for me ?  
My Sister !
8. Who held the shell unto my ear,  
Until, in fancy,<sup>3</sup> I could hear  
The sound of waters rushing near ?  
My Sister !
9. Who, when the wind of winter blew,  
And round the fire our seats we drew,  
Read to me stōries good and true ?  
My Sister !
10. Who joined with me each day in prāy ;  
To thank Gōd for his loving cāre ;  
Who in my hymns of praise would shāre ?  
My Sister !

<sup>1</sup> **Crimson** (krīm'zn), of a deep red color.

<sup>2</sup> **Měj'ō dý**, sweet singing.

<sup>3</sup> **Fān'cy**, the gift or means by which a picture of any thing is formed in the mind.





11. Who, when the sound of matin  
 Upon the ear so sweetly fell,  
 Walked with me churchward down the dell?  
My Sister!
12. When sometimes sick I lay in bed,  
 Who laid her head against my head,  
 And of God's power and goodness read?  
My Sister!
13. And while in sickness thus I lay,  
 Who helped to nurse me day by day,  
 And at my bedside oft would pray?  
My Sister!
14. So I shall never cease to pray,  
 Our Lord and His dear Mother may  
 Watch and protect, by night and day,  
My Sister!

## SECTION VII.

## I.

28. *EVENING HYMN.*

**H**OLY MARY! prayer and music  
 Meet in love on earth and sea:  
 Now, sweet Mother! may the weary  
 O'er the wide world turn to thee!

2. From the wide and restless waters,  
 Hear the sailor's hymn arise!  
 From his watch-fire midst the mountains,  
 Lo! to thee the shepherd cries!
3. Yet, while thus full hearts find voices,  
 If o'erburdened souls there be,  
 Dark and silent in their anguish,  
 Aid those captives! set them free!
4. Touch them, every fount unsealing,  
 Where the frozen tears lie deep;  
 Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,  
 Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!

## II.

29. *THE PASSION PLAY.*

**O**NCE on a time, hundreds of years before you  
 were born, deep amongst the high mountains,  
 lay a little German village. The people who lived  
 there were very happy and contented. They were  
 so far away from large cities that they were kept  
 pure and good—the river Ammer, flowing through

the quiet valley, waş ali that came to them from the wide, wide world beyönd.

2. But the mûrmûr of the river, aş it ran, did not distûrb the peaçeful hōmeş, where every one, even little children, ċarned their brown bread by earving wooden toys and imageş.

3. But one day â sad sickness came, and whoever had it, died in â few hourş. In their mişery and despâir they wrung their handş, and eried, "Who can help us?" and there seemed no hope.

4. But thē old village priest who had eared for and loved hiş people all hiş life, stretched hiş handş tōward heaven, and eried, "There iş an Almighty Father âbove us, let us âsk Hiş help."

5. They all knelt and made â vow<sup>1</sup> that if Gōd would remove the terrible sickness from them, they would, with Hiş blessing, repreşent every ten yearş, the Passion of our Lord Jeşus Christ.

6. Gōd answered their prayer, and health and happiness retûrned again to their little homeş. So they remembered their vow; and to this dây their children's children keep the promise made ageş ago, and aet the life and death of our Saviour before crowdş of people who ġather from all parts of the world to see the saered performance. *Representation.*

7. God haş blessed them, and eauşed ġreat good to be done through them; for many, who came to the plaçe from euriosity, when they saw the life of our Lord so devoutly portrayed<sup>2</sup> by the simple peaçants, listened with awe, and bowed thêir headş

<sup>1</sup> Vow, â solemn promise to God.

<sup>2</sup> For trâyed', represented.

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

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

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

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

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

12. Then, aſ the laſt notes died awāy, faint erieſ of joy wēre hēard, which ġrew louder and louder, till awāy in the diſtañçe appeared the ſtreets of Jeruſalem, and à multitude, leading an àſſ, and bowing, and prāying to Him who ſat upon it. Children caſt flowerſ, and brāñcheſ down, erying, “Hoſānnà in the highest!” old men fell down befōre Him.

13. It wōuld take me too lōng to tell you of all I ſaw that dāy—how ſcene àfter ſcene from the Holy Scriptureſ paſſed befōre me. The laſt one you all know—“the Paſſion and Deaſh of Chriſt.”

14. We hēard the ſound of the eruēl nailſ pierçing Hiſ handſ, and liſtened to thoſe lovirg wordſ, “*Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!*” I can never forġēt it; and our hearts wēre liſted in prāyer, while people ſobbed and wept around uſ.

III.

30. DREAM OF LITTLE CHRISTEL.

SLOWLY fōrth from the villaġe chūrç—  
The voiçe of the ehōriſterſ huſhed over-  
head—

Came little Chriſtel. She pauged in the pōrçh,  
Pondering what the Father had ſaid.

2. “*Even the youngēſt, humblēſt child,  
Something may do to pleaſe our Lord;  
Now, what,*” thōught ſhe, and hälſſadly ſmiled,  
“Can I, ſo little and poor, affōrd?—  
“*Never, never a day ſhould paſſ,  
Without ſome kindneſſ, kindly ſhown.*”

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

4. "Well, a dāy is befōre me now ;  
Yēt, what," thōught she, "can I do, if I try ?  
If an āngel of Gōd would shōw me how !  
But silly am I, and thē hours they fly.'
5. Then the lark sprang singing up from the sod,  
And the maiden thought, as he rose to the  
blue,  
"He says he will carry my prāyer to Gōd ;  
But who would have thought the little lark  
knew ?"
6. Now she entered the village street,  
With bōök in hand and face demure,  
And soon she came, with sober feet,  
To a crying babe at a cottage dōor.
7. It wēpt at a windmill that would not move,  
It puffed with its round red cheeks in vain,  
One sail stuck fāst in a puzzling groove,  
And baby's breafh could not stīr it again.
8. So baby beat the sail and cried,  
While no one came from the cottage dōor ;  
But little Christel knelt down by its side,  
And set the windmill going once mōre.
9. Then babe waş pleased, and the little gīrl  
Was glad when she hēard it läugh and crow ;  
Thinking, "Happy windmill, that has but to  
whirl,  
To please the pretty young creature so !"

10.

11.



10. No thought of herself was in her head,  
As she passed out at the end of the street,  
And came to a rose-tree tall and red,  
    Drooping and faint with the summer heat.
11. She ran to a brook that was flowing by,  
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,  
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,  
    Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.



12. "O happy brook!" thought little Christel,  
"You have done some good this summer's  
day,  
You have made the flowers look fresh and well!"  
Then she rose and went on her way.
13. But she saw, as she walked by the side of the  
brook,  
Some great rough stones that troubled its  
course,  
And the gurgling water seemed to say, "Look!  
I struggle, and tumble, and murmur hoarse!"
14. "How these stones obstruct my road!  
How I wish they were off and gone!  
Then I would flow as once I flowed,  
Singing in silvery undertone."
15. Then little Christel, as light as a bird,  
Put off the shoes from her young white feet;  
She moves two stones, she comes to the third,  
The brook already sings, "Thanks! sweet!  
sweet!"
16. Oh then she hears the lark in the skies,  
And thinks, "What is it to God he says?"  
She looks at the brook, with smiling eyes,  
And goes to her home with a happy face.
17. She helped her mother till all was done  
In house and field, that called for aid;  
Then at the door, near set of sun,  
Awearry, down in the porch she laid.

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

19. Within the cōffin her form they laid,  
And whispered sōftly, “ *This is the room,*”  
Then elosed the shutters, and midst the shade,  
They kindle the çenser’ŝ sweet perfume !

20. Three at the right and three at the left,  
Two at the feet, and two at the head,  
The tapers burn. The friends bereft  
Have cried till their eyes are swollen and red.
21. Then a little stream ereft into the place,  
And rippled up to the coffin's side,  
And touched the corpse on its pale, round face,  
And kissed the eyes till they trembled wide:
22. Saying, "I am a river of joy from heaven,  
You helped the brook, and I help you;  
I sprinkle your brows with life-drops seven;  
I bathe your eyes with healing dew."
23. Then a rose-branch in through the window came,  
And colored her cheeks and lips with red;  
"I remember, and Heaven does the same,"  
Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.
24. Then a bright small form to her cold neck elung,  
It breathed on her till her breast did fill,  
Saying, "I am a cherub fond and young,  
And I saw who breathed on the baby's mill."
25. Then little Christel sat up and smiled,  
Said, "Where are the flowers I had in my  
hand?"  
And rubbed her eyes, poor innocent child,  
Not being able to understand.
26. But soon she heard the big bell of the church  
Give the hour, which made her say,  
"Ah, I have slept and dreamt in the porch,  
It is a very drowsy day."

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<sup>1</sup> Caw  
ground.

<sup>2</sup> Lau

## IV.

## 31. COALS OF FIRE.

## PART FIRST.

**G**EORGE BENTON lived in the eountry. Net far from hiş father's hōme waş a large pond. Hiş eouşin Hērbērt had ġiven him a beautiful bōat, finely riġged with māsts and sailş, all ready to ġo to sea on the pond.

2. George had formed a sailing eompany among hiş schoolmates. They had eleeted him eāp'tain. The bōat waş snaġly stowed āwāy in a little eave<sup>1</sup> near the pond. At fhree o'elock on Saturday āfternoon, the boyş were to meet and lāunch<sup>2</sup> the boat.

3. On the morning of this day, George roşe bright and ēarly. It waş a lovely morning. He waş in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he fhought of the āfternoon. "Glōrious!" said he to himself aş he finished dressing.

4. "Now I've just time to run down to the pond befōre brēakfast, and see that the bōat iş all right. Then I'll hūrry hōme and learn my lessonş for Mōnday, so aş to be ready for thē āfternoon; for the eāptaın must be up to time."

5. Awāy he went, seampering<sup>3</sup> tōward the eave whēre the bōat had been (bīn) ready for the lāunch. Aş he drew near, he saw the signş of mischief, and felt uneaşy. The biġ stone befōre the eave had been rolled āwāy.

<sup>1</sup> Cāve, a hollow plaçe in the ground.      move from the land into the wāter.

<sup>3</sup> Scām'per ing, running with speed.

<sup>2</sup> Launch (lānch), to eause to speed.

6. The moment he lōoked within, he bŭrst into a loud eryl. There waş the beautiful bōat, which hiş eouşin had ġiven him, with its māsts and sailş all broken, and a large hole bōred in the bottom.

7. He stōōd for a moment, motionlèss with ġrief and surprize; then, with hiş façe all red with anġer, he exelaimed: "I know who did it—*unkind boy*. It waş Frank Brown: he waş anġry because I did not ask him to the lāunch; but I'll pay him for this, see if I don't."

8. Then he pushed back the ruined bōat into the eave, and hŭrrying on some wāy down the rōad, he fāstened a string āerōss the fōot-pāth, a few inçeş from the ġround, and hid himself in the buşeş.

9. Preşently<sup>1</sup> a step waş hēard, and George eāġerly peeped out. He expected to see Frank eoming ālōng, but instead of that it waş hiş eouşin Hērbert. He waş the lāst pēron George eāreā to see just then, so he unfāstened the string, and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him.

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

11. "Well, what do you mean to do, George?" āsked Herbert.—"Why, you see, Frank earrieş a bāsket of eġġş to market ēvėry morning, and I mean to trip him over this string and smash them all."

12. George knew that this waş not a right feeling, and he expected to ġet a sharp leecture from hiş

<sup>1</sup> Presently (prēz/ent li), at ōnce; befōre lōng.



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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Bravo (brä'vō), well done; a word of cheer.

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

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

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

## V.

## 32. COALS OF FIRE.

## PART SECOND.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Won't, will not.

<sup>2</sup> Mal'ice, a wish to injure others; ill-will.

<sup>3</sup> En'vy, pain and dislike caus-

by the sight of the greater happiness or worth of another.

<sup>4</sup> Rub'bish, waste matter; a heap of good-for-nothing things.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

one haş ġöne and broken the másts, and tōrn up the sailş, and made á ġreat hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

9. Frank's head dropped on hiş breast ; but, áfter á moment, he looked up with ġreat ěffōrt,<sup>1</sup> and said : "O, George ! I did it ; but I cān't<sup>2</sup> beġin to tell you how sōrry I am. You didn't know that I waş so mean when you promised to lend me the bōōks, did you ?"

10. "Well, I rather fhought you did it," said George, slowly.—"And yēt you didn't—" Frank eould ġet no fūrther. He felt aş if he would choke. Hiş façe waş aş red aş á live eol. He eould stand it no longer, so ōff he walked without saying á word.

11. That eol dōeş búrn," said George to himself. "I know Frank would rather I had smashed ěvèry eġg in hiş bāsket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine." He took two or fhree somersaults,<sup>3</sup> and went hōme with á light heart, and á ġrand appetite for brēakfast.

12. When the eaptain and erew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Frank thēre befōre them, eaġerly trying to repair<sup>4</sup> thē injurieş. Aş sōon aş he saw George, he hūrried to preġent him with á beautiful flaġ which he had bought for the bōat with á part of hiş own money.

13. The bōat waş repāired and láunched, and made á ġrand trip, and every fhing had tūrned out aş

<sup>1</sup> Ef' fōrt, use of strength : an earnest attempt.

<sup>2</sup> Can't (kānt), ean not.

<sup>3</sup> Somersault (sūm'er sałt). á

leap in which á pērson tūrns with hiş heelş over hiş head, and lights upon hiş feet.

<sup>4</sup> Repair (re pār').

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

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

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

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

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

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## SECTION VIII.

### I.

#### 33. BOASTFUL ARTHUR.

“**N**OW, Aunt Mary,” said little Arthur, “we must have a story.”—“What do you mean by *must*?” asked his aunt.

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<sup>1</sup> Revolt, be offended or shocked. <sup>2</sup> Quelled, stopped; put down.

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

3. "On, I have done twenty things at least," cried her little nephew,<sup>1</sup> who was rather fond of bōasting, and did not always tell thē exāct<sup>2</sup> truth.—"Very good," said Aunt Mary; "what were they?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Nephew (něf'yū), the son of a brother or sister.

<sup>2</sup> Exact (ēgz äkt'), full and free from error.

asked her little niece,<sup>1</sup> who was quietly standing beside her.

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

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

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

14. "Ah, now I think I must indeed; for nobody could resist, when a child knows how to ask. It must be a short störy, as we have löst so much time in seärching for Arthur's twenty things."

15. "And I have given them to you, Aunt Mary," said Arthur pertyly.<sup>2</sup>—"How can that be, Master Arthur?" inquired she.

16. "I have given you two, and there is nought to add to make it twenty." Aunt Mary could not repress<sup>3</sup> a smile at his way of reasoning and said: "Well, Arthur, that just reminds me of a störy, and as it is a very short one, it will just do for us.

17. "A very smart boy went to a college far from his native village. When he came home, he thought himself very clever,<sup>4</sup> and was anxious to show his father that he was so.

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

<sup>1</sup> Nièce, the (thü) daughter of a brother or sister.

<sup>2</sup> Pert'ly, smartly; saucily.

<sup>3</sup> Re press', to press back; check.

<sup>4</sup> Clév'er, having skill or smartness; good-natured.

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

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

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

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

## II.

## 34. KEEPING A PROMISE.

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

2. “Then he must break it, and the sooner he breaks it, the better. There is an old and very true proverb<sup>2</sup> which says that, ‘A bad promise is better broken than kept.’”

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

<sup>1</sup> Chestnut (chēs’nut), of à reddish brown color.

<sup>2</sup> Proverb, à saying in common use.

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

4. "If a boy iſ so foolish aſ to make ſuch a promise, I can only ſay that he muſt run the riſk of a beating; for if he keep a promise of this kind, he will offend Gōd, and it iſ a much ġreater ēvil to eommit a ſin, than it iſ to reġeive a whipping. Do you remember the ſtōry of St. John Baptist in your Bible Hīſtōry?"

5. "Yes, Unġle Robert, I remember that he re-proved King Herod and hiſ wife, Herodias, and that for doing ſo, Herod puť him in priſon,"—"And what happened aťterwardſ?"

6. "The king ġave a feaſt on hiſ bīrth-day, at which the daughter of Herodias dānced, and ſo pleaſed him and hiſ ġueſts by her ġraġeful movements, that he promised to ġive hēr anything ſhe aſked of him. And ſhe aſked for the head of St. John Baptist."

7. "How did Herod aet then?"—"Kept hiſ promise and murdered a ſaint of Gōd! O Unġle Robert, that waſ a erime!"

8. "Yes, Frank, and he did ſo though he waſ ſōrry he had ġiven hiſ word, knew it waſ wrōng to keep hiſ promise, and waſ not aťraīd of being hūrt by anybody, beeaſe he waſ too powerful. Do you remember the mean and eowardly reaſon he ġave for hiſ eonduet?"

9. "I ſee, Unġle Robert—it waſ 'Beeauſe of thoſe who ſat with him at table.' Herod kept hiſ promise, not beeaſe he waſ a man of honor, but beeaſe he waſ a eoward."

10. "Right; he who dreads to offend Gōd, is not afraid of men. No man of true honor<sup>1</sup> will break a promise he can justly keep, or keep one which would oblige him to commit a sin."

## III.

## 35. THE SPARROW'S SONG.

I AM only a little sparrow;  
A bird of low<sup>2</sup> degree;  
My life is of little value,  
But my Maker cares for me.

2. He gave me a coat of feathers,  
That is very plain, I know;  
With never a speck of crimson,  
For it was not made for show.

3. But it keeps me warm in winter,  
And it shields me from the rain;  
Were it bordered with gold and purple,  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

4. I have no barn nor storehouse,<sup>3</sup>  
I neither sow nor reap;  
Gōd gives me a sparrow's portion,  
But never a seed to keep.

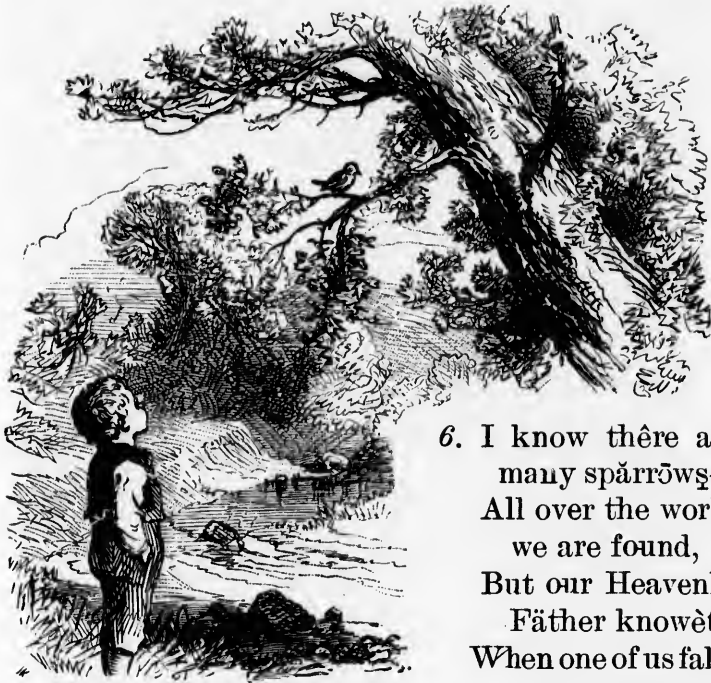
5. If my meal is sometimes scanty,<sup>4</sup>  
The lack makes it still more sweet,  
I have ever enough to keep me,  
And life is more than meat.

<sup>1</sup> Hōn'or, a life ruled by a nice sense of what is right and true.

<sup>2</sup> Lōw, humble in condition or rank; simple.

<sup>3</sup> Stōre'house, a room or building in which provisions are kept.

<sup>4</sup> Scānt'y, not too much for use or need; hardly enough.



6. I know thêre are  
 many spãrrōws—  
 All over the world  
 we are found,  
 But our Heavenly  
 Fãther knowèth  
 When one of us fall§  
 to the ground.

7. Though small, we are never forgōtten ;  
 Though weak, we are never afraid ;  
 For Gōd in heaven ġuardèth  
 The life of the creatures He made.

8. I fly through the thickest fōrest,  
 I light on many a sprãy,  
 I have no chãrt<sup>1</sup> nor eōmpass,<sup>2</sup>  
 But I never lose my wãy.

9. And I fold my wings at twilight,  
 Wherever I happen to be,

<sup>1</sup> Chãrt, a map, or such a representation of land or water as will serve to guide a traveler.

<sup>2</sup> Com'pass, an instrument that shows certain fixed points or directions, such as north and south.



For our Father is always watching  
And no harm can come to me.

10. I am only a little sparrow,  
And yet I feel no fear,  
Why shouldst thou doubt and tremble,  
O child, who art far more dear?

## IV.

## 36. I DARE NOT LIE.

THE soft evening breeze<sup>1</sup> bore along the merry voices and musical laughter of a happy group of children. They were engaged in their innocent sports on the green, soft lawn<sup>2</sup> before Beech House.

2. It was little Vincent Gilmore's birthday, and his kind parents had allowed him to invite his young friends to spend the day with him. And now the shades of night were already falling, and Mrs. Gilmore had told the children they must have only one game more before coming in-doors.

3. "Let it be base'-ball then," exclaimed Allan Spear.—"Oh, no, the little girls could not join in it," said good-natured Arthur Deane.

4. "I think 'hide and seek' would do very nicely: every one knows how to play at that," said James Gilmore, rather timidly.—"Oh, yes; let it be 'hide and seek.'"

5. "Hide and seek" was taken up and shouted, by one and another. Two or three of the party

<sup>1</sup> Breeze, a light wind; a gentle current of air.

<sup>2</sup> Lawn (lan), grass-ground in front of or near a house.

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immediately went to hide amongst the trees that were near, and in the shrubbery.

6. Then the fun began in good earnest. Charles Glynn had nearly caught Vincent Gilmore. There was no chance of escape, for a flower-bed lay between him and "home." Kate saw him coming toward it. "O Vincent, Vincent," she cried, "you can not jump over that bed. And papā's Indian<sup>1</sup> flower, oh!"

7. Vincent had made the attempt and failed; his foot slipped, and, falling forward, he had almost annihilated<sup>2</sup> the tender plant which had been such an object of care to Mr. Gilmore. "What will papā

<sup>1</sup> Indian (ind' yan), of, or relating to, the Indies.

<sup>2</sup> An ní' hi lát ed, caused to cease to be.

sāy ?” said little Kate for the third time, aș she gazed sorrowfully at the crushed flowers that lay at her feet.

8. “What shall I do ?” exclaimed Vincent aș he picked himself up : “papā will be so aᅅgry ; I know he valued this plant above all others.”

9. “Well, it is nōthing so much after all, to make this fuss ābout,” eried Allan, “come, let us finish the game.”—They started off in pursuit of those who had not yet been caught, all but Vincent, who stood still eyeing, with ā vėry rueful<sup>1</sup> countenance,<sup>2</sup> the mischief he had wrought.

10. At lāst he heard hiș father’s voıce calling them in for supper. “I had better tell papā’ at once,” he said to himself, but aș he moved fōward, Mr. Gilmore had tūrned into the house again.

11. The childrēn had dispērsed.<sup>3</sup> Mr. Gilmore sat in hiș study looking very grave : preșently he rang the bell. “Tell māster Vincent I wish to speak to him,” he said to the servant who obeyed the summons. A few minutes āfterward, there waș ā timid knock at the door, and then Vincent walked in. He looked rather pale.

12. “Vincent, I have sent for you to āsk you whether you can tell me any thing ābout my Indian flower : I find some one haș entirely destroyed it.” Mr. Gilmore spoke stėrnly, perhaps he gūessed who the culprit<sup>4</sup> waș.

<sup>1</sup> Rueful (rū’ful), woful ; mournful ; sorrowful.

<sup>2</sup> Coun’tē nance, the appearance of the human face ; look.

<sup>3</sup> Dispersed (dis pērst’), separated ; scattered here and there.

<sup>4</sup> Cūl’prit, one accused of, or on trial for, something wrong.

13. Vinçent crimsoned<sup>1</sup> to the vëry tip of hiş earş. He looked down and waited á moment, then raising hiş eyeş, he said firmly, "I dâre not tell á lie, papâ ; I did it. And oh, I wish I had told you beföre ; for I have been mişerable ever sinçe that unlucky æçi-dènt. Pleaşe forğive me ?"

14. "Willingly, my boy. Had you ġiven me á deniäl, and pretended to have had no knowledge of thē affâir, I should have felt it my painful duty to punish you severely.

15. "But you have spöken the truþh bravely, my boy, and though I reğret the löss of the plant which haş cost me so much trouble to preşerve, it haş been the meanş of proving to me that I have á son in whose word I can plaçe confidence, and of whom I may be proud. Ġöd ġrant, dear Vinçent, that you may always preşerve your eandor and truþhfulness."

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## SECTION IX.

### I.

#### 37. THE STAR.

**N**IGHT it iş: the sun's lást rāy  
 Gently fading into ġrāy,  
 Haş withdrawn its roşy ġraçe,  
 That the moon may take hër plaçe ;  
 While thē evëning's përfumèd breeze  
 Whişperş ġently through the treeş.

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<sup>1</sup> *Crimsoned* (krim'znd), beame deep red in eolor ; blushed.



2. Hark, the tiny waterfall  
Midst the silence seems to eall,  
As the dripping waters dash,  
With a musical soft splash,  
O'er the little basin's brink,  
Where the wild birds stoop to drink.
3. See those lights above us far—  
Each of them is called a star ;  
And where smooth the water lies,  
Are reflected stars and skies ;  
Mirrored in each little pool,  
Blue and tranquil, bright and cool.
4. Let your heart, my darling child,  
Like these waters, pure and mild,  
Mirror all that's fair above—  
Blessed truth, and peace, and love,  
And in time your soul will grow  
Purer than the whitest snow.

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## II.

## 38. THE "DE PROFUNDIS" BELL.

AGNES sat at hēr windōw and lōoked out over the lovely scene. Thē âir waş sōft and warm. The starş in eountlēs numbers studded the clear sky. The dai k branches of the trees waved gently to and frō, while under and between them, from time to time, sparkled the rippling waters of the river, aş the slanting moonbeamş shōne upon it.

2. The lights that gleamed from the windowş of the houseş, scattered here and thêre, one by one disappeared. Only the cry of the whip-poor-will from the shrubş close by, broke the silence. The quiet peace and charming scene filled her heart with joy.

3. Suddenly, the deep, solemn notes of the chûrch-bell tōlled, slowly, slowly, over ġrove and meadōw. "What is that, sister?" whispered Edith, who stood beside her, ġazing silently into the sky.—"It is the call to prâyer for the soulş of the departed." And bōth knelt for a few moments while the sweet yēt eommanding toneş thrilled upon thē air.

4. Ah! at that instant, from many waking hearts rose up to heaven, with loving thoughts of lōst oneş, the plea for their admission into bliss. Nor is that plea ever made in vain. Little oneş! do *you* ever think of thoşe dear soulş? You should never let one dây pass without a prayer for them.

5. Heaven will be thêirş aş sōon aş their soulş are eleanşed from the stain of sin. Your prayerş will shorten their time of waiting. Who then will not pray for theşe dear soulş, at least *once* a day?



## III.

## 39. THE STARS.

HOW PRETTY is each little star,  
 Each tiny twinkler, soft and meek !  
 Yet many in this world there are  
 Who do not know that stars can speak.

2. To them the skies are meaninglèss,  
 A star is not a speaking thing ;  
 They can not hear the messages  
 Those shining creatures love to bring.
3. Hush ! listen ! ah ! it will not do :  
 You do but listen with your ears ;  
 And stars are understood by few,  
 For it must be the heart that hears.

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4. They tell of Gōd, Hiş Power and Love ;  
 They speak of Befhlehem's lonely eave ;  
 They bid us fix our hearts abòve,  
 With Him who died our sōulş to save.

## IV.

## 40. WHAT THE MOON SAW.

## PART FIRST.

**S**HALL I tell you what the mōon said to me one night? Let me first say that I am a pōor lad, and live in a vëry nãrrōw lane. Still I do not want for light, aş my rōom iş high up in the house, where I can lōok far over the rōofs of other houşes that are near.

2. During the first few dayş I went to live in the town, I felt sad and lonely enough. Instead of the fōrest and the green hillş of former dayş, I had here ònly a fōrest of chimneyş to look out upon. And then I had not a single friend—not one familiar<sup>1</sup> face greetèd<sup>2</sup> me.

3. So one evening, aş I sat at the wìndōw in sad spirits, I opened the easement<sup>3</sup> and looked out. Oh, how my heart lēaped up with joy! Here waş a well-known face at lãst—the round, friendly, face of one that I had known at home.

4. In faet, it waş the moon that looked in upon me. She waş quite unchanged, the dear old moon : she had just the same face that she used to show when she looked down upon me through the willōw treeş by the brook.

<sup>1</sup> Fa mil'iar, well known ; well acquainted.

<sup>2</sup> Grēet'ed, spoke to with kind

words ; drew near to.

<sup>3</sup> Cãse'ment, a wìndōw frame or sash which opens on hinges.



5. I kissed my hand to hēr over and over again, as she shōwēd far into my little rōom; and she, for her part, seeing my lonely state, told me some vēr̄y pretty (prīt'tī) stōries.

6. "Lāst night," said the moon to me, "I looked down upon a small yard, surroundēd on all sides by houses. In the yard sēt ā clucking hen with eleven chickens; and a pretty little gīrl was running and jumping āround them.

7. "The hen was frightened, and screamed, and spread out her wings over the little brōod.<sup>1</sup> Then the girl's fāther came out and scoldēd her; and I glīdēd āwāy and thought no mōre of the matter.

8. "But this evening, ōnly an hour āgō, I lōokēd into the same yard. Evēr̄y thing was quiet. But sōōn the little girl came fōrth again, crept quietly to the hen-house, pushed back the bolt, and slipped in āmong the hens and chickēns.

9. "They cried out loudly, and came fluttering down from their perchēs,<sup>2</sup> and ran ābout in dismāy,<sup>3</sup> and the little girl ran āfter them. I saw it quite plainly; for I looked thrōugh a hole in the hen-house wall.

10. "I was angr̄y with the willful<sup>4</sup> child, and felt glad when her father came out and scoldēd her. He held her roughly by thē arm, and scolded her mōre severely than yesterday. She held down hēr head, and her blue eyes were full of large tears.

11. "'What are you ābout?' he āsked. She

<sup>1</sup> **Brood**, the young birds hatch-  
ed at once.

<sup>2</sup> **Perches** (pērč'ez), poles for  
fowls to alight and rest upon.

<sup>3</sup> **Dis māj'**, loss of hope; fear.

<sup>4</sup> **Will'ful**, governed by that  
which is much wished rather than  
by right; headstrōng.





wept and said, 'I wantèd to find the hen and beg her pardon for giving her such à fright yèsterday; but I waş áfrāid to tell you.'

12. "And the father kissed thē innoçent<sup>1</sup> child's forehead,<sup>2</sup> and I looked with pleasure on their happiness."

## V.

## 41 WHAT THE MOON SAW.

## PART SECOND.

"SOME few minutes áfter, I looked through the wíndōw of à mean, little room. The father and mother slept, but the little sòn waş not áslēep. I saw the flowered cotton eúrtaíns of the bed move, and the child peep fōrth.

<sup>1</sup> In'no cent, pure; not having done wrōng.

<sup>2</sup> Forehead (fōr'ed), the frōnt part of the head above the eyes.

2. "At first, I thought he was looking at the great clock, which was gayly painted in red and green. At the top sat a cuckoo, below hung the heavy leaden weights, and the pendulum with the polished disk<sup>1</sup> of metal went to and fro, and said 'tick, tick.'

3. "But no, he was not looking at the clock, but at his mother's spinning-wheel, that stood just under it. That was what the boy liked better than any other thing in the house. Still he dare not touch it; for, if he meddled with it, he was sure to get a rap on the knuckles.

4. "For hours<sup>1</sup> together, when his mother was spinning, he would sit quietly by her side, watching the humming spindle and the revolving<sup>2</sup> wheel, and as he sat he thought of many things.

5. "Oh, if he might only turn the wheel himself! Father and mother were asleep. He looked at them, and looked at the spinning-wheel, and presently a little naked foot peered<sup>3</sup> out of the bed, and then a second foot, and then he was on the floor.

6. "There he stood. He looked round once more to see if father and mother were still asleep. Yes, they slept; and now he crept softly, softly, in his little night-gown, to the spinning-wheel, and began to spin.

7. "'Buzz, buzz,'—the thread flew from the wheel, and the wheel whirled faster and faster. I kissed his fair hair and his blue eyes, it was such a pretty picture.

<sup>1</sup> Disk, a flat, round plate.

ing round on an axle.

<sup>2</sup> Re vólving, turning or roll.

<sup>3</sup> Peered, peeped; just in sight.

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8. "At that mōmènt the mother awōke. The eürtain shook: she looked fōrth, and thought she saw the spirit of a little child. 'Oh! what is it?' she cried, and in her fright aroused her husband.

9. "He opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hands, and looked at the brisk little lad. 'Why, that is Bertel,' said he. And my eyes quitted the poor rōom, for I have so much to see." Little Bertel had forgotten that Gōd sees us at all times, bōth by night and by dāy, and that we offend Him when we disobey our pārents.

## SECTION X.

## I.

## 42. WILFRID'S JOURNEY.

## PART FIRST.

WILFRID had been sleeping for an hour, when he first saw an āngel. Hiş mōther had tākēn the eandle āwāy and had ġone out of the rōm ; but it waş moonlight, and the blindş were partly ōpened.

2. When thē āngel appeared, he seemed to be surrounded by ā ġolden light, and Wilfrid thought they were standing on a high mountaīn. Thē āngel touched the child's eyeş, and he saw the whōle world, its çitieş with lighted streets, its villageş on mountaīn sideş, and its eottageş on thē edgeş of förests.

3. He saw what all the pēople were doing, and seemed to know them by their nameş, and all ābout them : he knew the nameş of their children, and whether they were ġood, or naughty.

4. He also saw çhūrcheş whēre monks wēre singing psālmş, and orġanş were plāying. They lōoked down into thouşandş of ships, upon distant seaş. They pāsşed over landş whēre thēre wēre no çhūrcheş, and no Blessēd Sāerament lamps bŭrning ; and thē āngel waş sad beçauşe theşe landş were so dark.

5. Other landş wēre dotted with āncient Christian çhūrcheş, but without proper altarş ; and with no Blessēd Sāerament, no Māss, no pietureş of the Mōther of Jeşus ; and Wilfrid thought, but he waş not sure, that thē āngel waş mōre sorrowful over



these lands, than over those without churches.

6. Then there were lands all Christian, with lamps lighted everywhere, and prayer and watching

all the night through, and holy convents which gleamed like moons that were shining in the deep green woods of earth, or on the tops of sea-side hills.

7. At last Wilfrid saw a great city, with a river running through the middle of it; and he saw under the foundations of the houses, and the whole city seemed to be built on the bones of the martyrs.

8. Thē āngel told him it waſ Gōd's çity, the çity of Rome. And he ſaw thē inside of ā ġrand palaçe, with ſoldiers<sup>1</sup> in ſtrānge dresseſ walking befōre the dōors. When the house waſ all ſtill, he ſaw an old man ġet out of bed vëry ġently, ſo that the people who watched in the next rōm ſhould not hear him.

## II.

## 43. WILFRID'S JOURNEY.

## PART SECOND.

THERE waſ ſomething vëry wōnderful in the old man's façe. He roſe, put on ā white eāſſock,<sup>2</sup> and in hiſ bâre feet went to the wīndōw, opened it, knelt down befōre it, held ā pieture of our Bleſſed Lady in hiſ hand, and beġan to pray.

2. Thōugh the ġreat çity with its twinkling lights waſ beneath him, ſeārçely any noiſe reached him but the ſplashing of ſome ġreat fountaiņſ. Beyōnd the çity wëre ſome mountaiņſ lōoking black and ſōft in the ſtarlight, and beyōnd them again waſ the ġreat world of whiçh that old man waſ the father.

3. He prayed for the world, and wept tearſ whiçh ran down all over the pieture of our dear Lady. Aſ he wept, hiſ façe ġrew mōre like that of thē āngel, and thē āngel bowed lōw befōre him. Then he and thē āngel ſeemed to ġo into one; and Wilfrid ſaw hëaven òpen and behold! Gōd the Fāther waſ lōoking with ġreat love upon the weeping old man, and

<sup>1</sup> The "Swiss Guards," who are always appointed aſ body-guard of the Holy Father.

<sup>2</sup> Cās'sock, ā lōng, elose ġarment onçe wōrn by Greek philoſophers, and now by the elergy.

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then thē old man himself ġrew to like Gōd thē Fāther. Thē anġel told Wilfrid this waſ the Pope.

4. One night Wilfrid had á little hēad-āehe, went to bed without ſaying hiſ night-prāyerſ, and did not ſee thē anġel. But the next night he hēard hiſ voīce ſāy, "*Wilfrid! be not ſo ſad becauſe you are not as good as you hoped: ſorrow rather becauſe you have not quite pleaſed God.*"

5. Wilfrid áwōke and prayed with zeal that Gōd might ġive him true ſōrrōw. In the morning extreme ſorrow eame, and with it, joy and peaċe.

6. That night all waſ ġōlden<sup>1</sup> again. Wilfrid waſ on the mountaīn-top with thē anġel who waſ mōre beautiful than ever and ſhowed him many thingſ, and ſaid to him, "*Wilfrid, do you remember your mother's flower-bed in the garden?*"

7. Wilfrid answered, "Oh yes!" And the anġel ſaid, "*The ſouls of little children are God's flower-beds. The flowers are virtues; and God ſends enough dew and ſunſhine to make them grow and bloom always, if the children keep out the weeds, that is, naughty words, and thoughts, and actions.*"

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## SECTION XI.

### I.

#### 44. A GOLDEN DAY.

**G**OLDEN DAYS without allōy,<sup>2</sup> at any āge, are vērý rāre indeed. But that waſ á reāl ġōlden

<sup>1</sup> **Goldē** (gōld'n), ġold-like; vērý precious.

<sup>2</sup> **Alloy**, á cheaper metal mixed with á eoſtlier, or evil with ġood.

day—a day full of delight. We spent it far out in the country.

2. Though I waş ǒnly eight years old, I remember it as if it wĕre but yesterdāy. What a happy time was ours, spǒrting on the gráss, gāthering flowers, running, dānċing, swinging, wandering in the woods, or sitting by the quiĕt streams!

3. There were eight of us; five city childrĕn, and three who lived in the country—our cousins, with whom we had come to spend the day.

4. I had pāsŕed days in the country befǒre, and I spent many days in the country āfterward, but no day is “golden” in my memory like that one.

5. Shall I tell you, my dear young readers, the reāson why? I did not see it then, nor for many years āfterward; but it all came to me once, when I talked with a child who had retǔrned from a picnic, lǒoking very unhappy.

6. “What is the trouble, dear?” I āsked.—“Oh,” she ānswered as her eyes filled with tears, “so many of the childrĕn were crǒss, and others wǒuldn’t do any thing if we didn’t let them have thĕir own wāy.”

7. “I’m sǒrry,” I said.—“And so am I,” she returned, simply; “for I haven’t been happy or good.”

8. “Were you crǒss and selfish like the rest?” I inquired. Her lips quivered and two or three tears dropped over her cheeks. A heavy sigh came up from her heart as she answered:

9. “Maybe I waş. Oh dear! when ǒther childrĕn are crǒss and ugly, I gĕt so too. It seems as if I couldn’t help it. And then I’m so mişerable!<sup>1</sup> I

<sup>1</sup> Mis’er a ble, vĕry unhappy.



wish I always could be with good and kind children—  
—it would be so nice.”

10. And then it all came to me why that day in the country had been a “golden dāy.” From morning until evening I did not hear a cross word nor see a wrong action. Evēry one of that company of eight children seemed to be full of the spirit of kindness. O, dear little ones, is not love vėry sweet and selfishness vėry bitter?



## II.

## 45. THE HOLIDAY.

PUT BY your books and slates to-dāy!

This is the sunny first of June,

And we will go this afternoon

Over the hills and far away.

2. Hurra!<sup>1</sup> we'll have a holiday,

And through the wood and up the glade<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hurra (hə rā'), a shout of joy or triumph.

<sup>2</sup> Glāde, an open or cleared place in a wood.

We'll go, in sunshine and in shade  
Over the hills and far away.

3. The wild-rose blooms on every sprāy,<sup>1</sup>  
In all the sky is not a cloud,  
And merry birds are singing loud,  
Over the hills and far away.
4. Not one of us behind must stay,  
But little ones and all shall go,  
Where summer breezes gently blow,  
Over the hills and far away.

## III.

## 46. THE BUILDERS.

**E**IGHT CHILDREN were playing upon the sand beside the sea-shore. The tide was out and the sky was clear, while the pretty<sup>2</sup> sea-gulls were sailing through the air.

2. "Oh, see what beautiful flat stones!" said George: "how nice they would be to build a house with."—"Let us build one," said Edith, who was the eldest of the girls.

3. "No, let us build two, and see which will be the better," replied George. "Edith, you and Sophie, and John, and Willie, build one; and Sarah, and Kate, and Peter, and I will build another."

So the little builders went to work. George and his party thought it would be so nice to build on the flat sand, that was as smooth as the floor of

<sup>1</sup> Sprāy, a small shoot or branch.

<sup>2</sup> Pretty (prī'ti).

the plāy-rōom at hōme, and whère they did not need to waste any of the stones in making a foundation.<sup>1</sup>

5. Peter and the ġirls brōught the stones, while Geōrge put them toġether, and vĕry sōon the house beġan to ġrōw to quite a respectable size.

6. But Edifh led her laborers āwāy from the beach<sup>2</sup> to where the rocks beġan to peep ābove the sand, and where the tide never eame; and having found a rock that waş aş high aş her waist, she beġan to put her house toġether.

7. It waş hard work, for they had to pick up the stones on the beach and take them up to Edifh, who spent some time in laying them on the uneven rock, so aş to ġet a ġood foundation.

8. So Geōrge had finished hiş house befōre Edifh had put up mōre than thre or fōur rows of stone; and aş he had nōthing to do, he beġan to look at her work.—“Why, Edifh, how slōw you are; my house is built, and yours is not hālf done.”

9. “I wantèd to build a ġood strōng one,” said Edifh, “and it takes a lōng while to build on this rock.”—“Oh, you should have built it on the sand, aş I did,” said Geōrge.

10. Jus then a loud eryl from Peter made Geōrge tūrn āround. The tide waş eoming in, and aş one of the first waves had reached hiş house, it waş wash-ing āwāy the lower stones. All ġāthered āround it, but it waş too late.

11. The waves eame in fāster and fāster, and

<sup>1</sup> Foun dā'tion, that upon which any thing stands, and by which it is held; ġround-work.

<sup>2</sup> Bēach, the shore of the sea, or of a lake, which is washed by the waves.

carried away first one stone and then another, until, with a crash, the whole building fell into the water. "Yès, Edith," said George sadly, "I see that you wère quite right. I now see that I ought to have built my house upon a rock."

12. Our Lord tellş us of two classes of people who build—the wise and the foolish builders. He says, with great force and beauty, "Every one that hearèth these My words, and doèth them, shall be likened to a wise man that built hiş house upon a rock; and the rain fell and the floods<sup>1</sup> came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it waş founded<sup>2</sup> upon a rock.

13. "And every one that hearèth these My words, and dóth them not, shall be like a foolish man that built hiş house upon the sand; and the rain fell and the floods came and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell; and great waş the fall thereof."

## IV.

## 47. THE CHILD TO THE WAVES.

ROLL, bright green waves across the báy,  
Sweep up like raçers fleet,<sup>3</sup>  
I love you, in your harmless pláy,  
The brilliant<sup>4</sup> sparkle of your spráy,  
And then your swift retreat.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Flood (flūd), a great flow of water; water that rises, swells and flows over dry land.

<sup>2</sup> Found'ed, set, or placed, for support.

<sup>3</sup> Flēet, light and quick in going from place to place; nimble.

<sup>4</sup> Brilliant (bril'yant), glittering; very bright.

<sup>5</sup> Re trēat', act of going back.



2. A pleasant sound it is to me,  
 When, on our rocky shore,  
 I hear you, children of the sea,  
 To your unchanging melody  
 Soft breaking evermore.<sup>1</sup>
3. I love, when gentle breezes blow,  
 To see you dance, and view  
 The great, white gulls a-sailing low,  
 While little boats rock to and fro,  
 The best of friends with you.
4. Roll, bright green waves! but do not come  
 With angry crests,<sup>2</sup> for then  
 I think of mother, sick at home,  
 And fear lest father from your foam  
 Should ne'er come back again.

<sup>1</sup> Ev er mōre, forever; always;  
 at all times.

<sup>2</sup> Crēst, the foamy, feather-like  
 top of a wave.

## SECTION XII.

## I.

## 48. LITTLE BLUE-EYE.

## PART FIRST.

**L**ITTLE BLUE-EYE, that is the name they gave her, grew on the side of a great mountain, and just below the edge of a huge rock. She was a little blue-eyed violet, pretty, modest,<sup>1</sup> and sweet.

2. She was awake every morning to catch the first beams of the rising sun. She bowed to the fitful<sup>2</sup> wind, and listened to the singing birds, and rejoiced in the bright sunshine, all day long.

3. She drank in the dew of night with joy and thankfulness, and never dreamed that her lot was not the happiest in the world.

4. Near by stood a tall, strong, and grand old oak. His large and sturdy roots went down deep in the mountain to gather up his food. His great, wide-spreading branches waved gracefully<sup>3</sup> in the wind.

5. Uncounted<sup>4</sup> leaves hung and rustled<sup>5</sup> on his limbs. The little insects crept into the crevices<sup>6</sup> of his rough bark, and made thousands of homes there. The birds nested<sup>7</sup> and sang, and built their nests in his branches.

6. One clear, bright morning the old oak looked

<sup>1</sup> Mod'est, not bold; shy.

<sup>2</sup> Fit'ful, full of starts and stops; changeable.

<sup>3</sup> Grace'ful ly, in a way that shows beauty in form, or ease in motion.

<sup>4</sup> Un count'ed, not counted.

<sup>5</sup> Rustled (rūs'sld), made quickly many small sounds.

<sup>6</sup> Crēv'ice, a crack.

<sup>7</sup> Nestled (nēs'ld), lay close and snug; settled.

off the mountain, and down on the smaller trees. He really felt that he was a tower of strength.

7. "How far I can see! What a large mountain I have from which to draw my food! Why, if I could only walk, I would tread all these little trees under foot, and be king of the forest.

8. "How I do despise<sup>1</sup> any thing that is weak and small! Why can't every thing be strong, and great, and grand like myself?"

9. By chance, as he cast his eye down for a moment, he saw the little violet just over the rock. She was thinking her own little thoughts, and as happy as a violet knew how to be.

10. Then the oak said, "Pray, who are you away down there, not an inch from the ground?"—"Oh, I am a little violet, and they sometimes call me 'Little Blue-eye!'"

11. "Well, Miss Blue-eye, I don't know whether to scorn or to pity you. What a little, worthless being you are, nestling under the rock!

12. "You can not hold up your head and see things as I do: you can not swing your arms, nor battle with the fierce winds, nor feel you are so strong that no earthly power can destroy you.

13. "Here I am! You see my size! I have stood here a hundred years, and I think I am so strong I shall stand here for many a century yet to come!

14. "Why should I not? The storms don't trouble me, and the winters are nothing. I can meet them and defy them with not a leaf on to clothe me.

15. "The birds come to me for shelter, the cattle

<sup>1</sup> De spise', look down upon as mean and worthless.



lie down under my shade, and men greatly admire me. But you—poor little thing! nobody ever looks at you! nobody ever thinks of you! You may die under the foot of a rabbit, and who would miss you!”

16. Poor little Blue-eye! It was the first time she ever felt humbled—ever felt discontented or envious.<sup>1</sup> How she wished she was a great oak! How, for the first time, she felt that her lot was low, sad, and worthless!

## II.

## 49. LITTLE BLUE-EYE.

## PART SECOND.

SCARCELY had an hour passed, when a sudden<sup>2</sup> rush of wind came roaring down the mountain. It was such a *törnādō*<sup>3</sup> as sometimes sweeps through a forest, twisting and tearing up the great trees as if they were pipe-stems. The trees bent, and swayed, and creaked, and broke, and fell—many torn up by the roots.

2. The old oak stood directly<sup>4</sup> in its path-way; and how he did writhe<sup>5</sup> and bend, and toss his arms, and bow his head, and strain his roots, as if he certainly must go. But no! He lived it through, and stood like a giant, as he was.

3. When he had rested himself, he counted the

<sup>1</sup> *En'vī oūs*, moved by envy; repining, or feeling sad, at a view of the greater happiness or worth of another.

<sup>2</sup> *Süd'den*, coming or happening when not looked for; quick.

<sup>3</sup> *Tor nā'do*, a fierce gust of whirling wind, often with severe thunder, lightning, and much rain.

<sup>4</sup> *Dī rēct'lý*, in a straight line or course.

<sup>5</sup> *Writhe*, to twist with force.



limbs that had been broken off, and wondered over the number of his leaves that had been scattered away. He knew that the fierce strife<sup>1</sup> had done him good; for he felt fresher, younger, and stronger. Then he nodded proudly to little Blue-eye, and said:

4. "Thère, Miss Blue-eye, did you see that? Didn't I tell you I could bear any thing? See now, here I am, my bark not broken nor my roots injured.

5. "No winds, or storms, or any thing else can hurt me. But you, why, a million like you, had you been up here, would have been blown to atoms."<sup>2</sup>

6. Poor little Blue-eye! she never felt so small before. She hardly dared look up at the great oak, and there was really a little tear in her eye.

7. The sun now shone out so bright and hot that the leaves of the old oak began to curl up, and the birds panted, and tried to hide among the branches. Even the heart of the great oak felt the heat.

8. But little Blue-eye, under the shadow of the rock, and so near the ground, did not feel the heat at all, nor did she even shut her eyes.

9. And now dark clouds rolled slowly over the mountain: the heavens grew black, and it was plain that the storm-spirit was on the wing. Every thing was still as in waiting, and even the great oak looked very sober.

10. On came the storm in its power and wrath. The wild creatures crept into their holes. The thunders rolled and muttered,<sup>3</sup> as if armies of giants were rushing to battle in their war-chariots; and

<sup>1</sup> Strife, struggle for victory.

<sup>3</sup> Müt'tered, sounded with a

<sup>2</sup> At'om, any thing very small. low, heavy noise.

Fowler  
Dover

the lightnings gleamed and flashed as nothing but lightning ean.

11. Soon a deep black eloud hung over the plaçe, and, without warning, in an instant, down eame the thunder-bölt<sup>1</sup> into thē old oak, and, befōre thē eye eould wink, he waş shivered into splinters, and lay flat and seattered for yards around. He waş a eomplete ruın, and gōne forever.

12. Little Blue-eye peeped out, after the storm had gōne pást, and saw the great tree that she had envied so much, now only a wreck, never again to lift up its head. "Oh!" said she, "what a silly little flower I have been, to be thus envious and diseontented. I now see what winds, and storms, and great dāngers I eseape, in my lowly hōme.

13. "I now see that the great and good Being who made us all, haş been verry kind to me. I will bless Him, and never repine<sup>2</sup> again that my lot is lowly.

III.

50. THE ANXIOUS<sup>3</sup> LEAF.

ONCE upon a time a little leaf waş hēard to sigh and ery, as leaves öften do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

2. And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me öff and throw me down to die on the ground!"

<sup>1</sup> Thūn'der-bölt, a bright stream of lightning pássing from the elouds to thē earth.

<sup>2</sup> Re pine', to múrmûr or grumble; to find fault.

<sup>3</sup> Anx'ious, full of eāre.

3.  
and  
tree  
to th  
you  
4.  
nest  
itself  
then  
little  
eould  
lōng  
5.  
little  
beau  
some  
tree  
leav  
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6.  
grew  
it w  
of th  
leaf  
and  
7.  
leaf  
it up  
like  
gent  
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neve

3. The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid: hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

4. And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October.

5. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy."

6. Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no bright color in them, and so the leaf said, "O, branches! why are you lead color and we golden?"

7. Just then, a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go, without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it dropped gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about!

## IV.

## 51. LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

HOW do the leaves grow  
 In spring, upon their stem?  
 The sap swells up with a drop for all,  
 And that is life to them.

2. What do the leaves do  
 Through the long summer hours?  
 They make a home for the singing birds,  
 A shelter for the flowers.
3. How do the leaves fade  
 Beneath the autumn blast?  
 Oh, fairer they grow before they die,  
 Their brightest is their last.
4. How are we like leaves?  
 O children, weak and small,  
 God knows each leaf of the forest shade,  
 He knows *you* each and all.
5. Never a leaf falls  
 Until its part is done.  
 God gives *us* grace like sap and dew,  
 Some work to every one.
6. You must grow old, too,  
 Beneath the autumn sky;  
 But lovelier and brighter your lives may glow,  
 Like leaves before they die.
7. Brighter with good deeds,  
 With faith, and hope, and love,  
 Till the leaf falls down from the withered tree,  
 And the soul is borne above

52.

2

3

4

5

SECTION XIII.

I.

52. MINNIE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

PART FIRST.

SHE is dressed for the Christmas party  
In a robe of white and blue,  
With snowy ruffles and lace,  
And snowy slippers too.

2. But never a jewel about her,  
On forehead, or arms, or ears;  
And the pretty face the bright hair shades,  
Is sullen and flushed with tears.

3. For over in mother's chamber,  
In mother's wardrobe hid,  
Is a dress of violet satin  
And shoes of violet kid.

4. And a fan all covered with spangles,  
And necklace, bracelets, and rings,  
Which grandmother sent from Paris,<sup>1</sup>  
With a host of beautiful things.

5. But mother had said to her daughter.  
"These gifts are far too fine  
To be worn to the Christmas party  
By any child of mine."

---

<sup>1</sup> Paris (pär'ris), the chief city of France, noted for the great number of the articles of taste and fashion made there.

6. So in spite of tears and teasing,  
And many a sullen frown,  
The nurse has fastened on Minnie  
Her sweet but simple gown.
7. And now she stands at the window,  
And watches the snow-flakes fall—  
“There is many a wretched lot” (she thinks),  
“But *mine* is the worst of *all*.”
8. When just outside on the pavement,  
In the bitter wind, there stand  
A boy with a steel triangle  
And a girl with a harp in her hand.
9. Little Italian (Itäl’yän) minstrels,  
With eyes as black as eöals;  
Their clothes are tattered, their shoes are torn,  
Yet they sing—(poor little souls!)—
10. A dismal foreign ballad,  
So quavering and weak  
That Minnie opens the window,  
And leans far out to speak.

## II.

## 53. MINNIE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

## PART SECOND.

“WHY does your mother give you  
Such ragged clothes as these?”  
With trembling lips they both reply,  
“We have no mother, please!”

2. "But surely you have a fäther,  
And a hōme whêre you ean stāy,  
Instead of wandering up and down  
The streets this bitter dāy."
3. Then the little boy makes ānswer,  
Hiş dark eyeş on hêr façe—  
"Our ōnly hōme iş a çellar,  
A eold and cheerlèss plaçe ;
4. "We have no fire to warm us,  
We have no fōōd to eat,  
And father iş sick and ean not work,  
So *we* sing ābout the street."
5. Ah! here waş a Christmas sêrmon  
For our sulky little friend ;  
Aş stern and sharp a messaĝe,  
Aş a lōving Gōd eould send.
6. Somebody freezing and starving  
In a çellar damp and bâre,  
While *she* waş fretting for trinkets  
And a satin dress to weâr !
7. The snow blew in on her ringlets,  
But she did not eâre for that,  
And she dropped her own bright Christmas eoin  
In the little minstrel's hat.
8. Then, while they said, "Gōd bless you !"  
And, singing, went āwāy,  
She ran to mōther's çhāmber  
Whêre the hidden trēasureş lāy,



9. And prōne on that dear boꝝom,  
Hēr bright eyeꝝ full of tearꝝ,  
Sobbed out the touching stōry  
Of the little mountaineerꝝ.
10. And said the Aet of Contrition  
Again, and again, and again,  
Aꝝ if the sense of the ġrand old wordꝝ  
Had ōnly reached her then.
11. Then ōff to the Christmas party  
She went in her radiant white,  
Her face serene aꝝ an āngel'ꝝ,  
Her'hâir like wavy light.
12. Ah! many à ġōrgeous darling  
Waꝝ ġāy at that brilliant ball;  
But Minnie, the simple, fâir-hâired child,  
Waꝝ the happièst ġuèst of all.

## III.

## 54. OUR ALMANAC.

1. *Robins in the tree-tops,  
Blossoms in the grass;  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass;  
Sudden little breezes;  
Showers of silver dew;*



Black bough and bent twig  
 Budding out anew!  
 Pine-tree and willow-tree,  
 Fringed elm and larch,<sup>1</sup>  
 Don't you think that May-  
 time's  
 Pleasanter than March?

2. Apples in the orchard,  
 Mellowing one by one;

---

<sup>1</sup> Larch, a beautiful tree, often called the tamarack.



Strawberries upturning  
 Soft cheeks to the sun;  
 Roses, faint with sweetness;  
 Lilies, fair of face;  
 Flowery scents and murmurs  
 Haunting every place;  
 Lengths of golden sunshine;  
 Moonlight bright as day—  
 Don't you think that Sum-  
 mer's  
 Pleasanter than May?

3. Roger in the corn-patch,  
 Whistling negro-songs ;  
 Pussu by the hearth-side,  
 Romping with the tongs ;  
 Chestnuts in the ashes,



Bursting through the rind ;  
 Red-leaf and gold-leaf,  
 Rustling down the wind ;  
 Mather "doin' peaches"  
 All the afternoon—

Don't you think that Au-  
tumn's  
Pleasanter than June?



4. Little fairy snow-flakes,  
Dancing in the flue:  
Old Mr. Santa Claus,  
What is keeping you?  
Twilight and firelight;  
Shadows come and go;  
Merry chime of sleigh-bells,  
Tinkling through the snow;

*Mother knitting stockings,  
 (Pussy has the ball!)  
 Don't you think that Winter's  
 Pleasanter than all?*

## IV.

## 55. KING WINTER'S BOY.

**T**HE BOY that likes spring or summer or fall  
 Better than old King Winter  
 Is á sort of á báss-wōd splinter—  
 Sōft stuff; in faet, he's no boy at all.

2. Away from the stove, and look out there!  
 Did you ever see á picture so fair?  
 King Winter, from mountain to plain  
 Not á beggar in all his train.  
 The poky old pump, the ugliest stump—  
 One is in ermine from chips to chin,  
 The other; no lamb can begin  
 To look so warm and soft and full,  
 Though up to his eyes in wrinkles of wool.
3. See old Dame Post with her night-cap on,  
 Madam Bush in her shawl with the white nap on!  
 Crabbed old Bachelor Hedge—  
 Where, now, is his prickly edge?  
 And sraggy old Gran'sir Tree,  
 Shabby as shabby could be,  
 How he spreads himself in his uniform.  
 Lording it over the cold and the storm!

4. Summer? Oh, yes, I know she will dress  
Her dainty dear-dears in loveliness;  
    But Winter—The great and small,  
    Angelië and ugly, all  
He tailors so fine, you would think each one  
The grandest personage under the sun.
5. Who is afraid he'll be bit to death  
By a monster that bites with nothing but breath?  
There's more real manhood, thirty to three,  
In the little chicks of a chickadee:  
Never were merrier creatures than they  
When summer is hundreds of miles away.
6. Your stay-in-doors, bass-wood splinter  
Knows not the first thing about winter.  
    A fig for your summer boys,  
    They're no whit better than toys.  
Give me the chap that will off to town  
When the wind is driving the chimney down,  
    When the bare trees bend and roar  
    Like breakers on the shore.
7. Into the snow-drifts, plunged to his knees—  
Yes, in clear up to his ears, if you please,  
Ruddy and ready, plucky and strong,  
Pulling his little duck legs along:  
The road is full, but he's bound to go through it,  
He has business on hand and is round to do it.
8. As yonder he breaks the path for the sleighs,  
So he'll be on the lead to the end of his days:  
*King Winter's own boy*, a hero is he,  
No bass-wood there, but good hard hickory!



## SECTION XIV.

## I.

## 56. THE PRIZE.

## PART FIRST.

"I AM detērmined to take the prize from Jūliä Devon, and if I sit up at night to study, I can do it! I suppose she thinks becaūse she has taken it for three years, she always will. I do not care for the prize, but Julia Devon shall not have it."

2. "My dear Anne," said hēr sister Sarah, "how can you talk so unkindly of Julia, when you and she are such great friends?"—"Oh, it is all very well to talk about 'my friend Julia,' when there are no prizes to be won. But it is so provoking to see one girl carry off the highest honors year after year."

3. At this moment, their mother entered the room and Anne at once appealed<sup>1</sup> to her. "Mother, is there any harm in my trying to win the prize at sehōol?"—"Certainly not, Anne, for it is offered that all may attempt to gain it."—"Then I shall do my best to get it away from Julia, though my friend."

4. "There is no reason, Anne, why you should not study hard to win the prize. But if I understand your feelings, your wish is simply to deprive<sup>2</sup> a companion<sup>3</sup> of it, and not to excel<sup>4</sup> in your studies."

5. "But, mother, she has had the pleasure of winning that prize for three years. It is only fair

<sup>1</sup> **Ap pēaled'**, referred to for an opinion.

<sup>2</sup> **De prive'**, to take away.

<sup>3</sup> **Com pān'ion**, one who is associated with another.

<sup>4</sup> **Ex cēl'**, to surpass.

that some one else should have it this year.”—  
 “Would it not be fair for the best seholar to receive  
 the prize, Anne?”—“Yēs, mother.”—“Then, if  
 Julia be the best seholar this year, will not the  
 prize be aș justly hērș aș it waș the first year?”

6. “You say that Julia haș had the plēasure of  
 winning this prize for three yearș. Say rather, ‘For  
 three yearș Julia haș studied so hard that she haș  
 won the highest prize.’ Is not this true?”

7. Anne replied reluetantly, “Yēs, I suppose this  
*is* the truțh, but you must allow that it iș vērȳ pro-  
 voking.”—“Not at all. If she haș been so faithful  
 in her exertionș aș fairly to win the prize, I can not  
 see why any one should envy her the reward.”

8. “Envy her! mother. Is this envy? I thought  
 envy waș one of the seven deadly sinș.”—“And so  
 it iș, Anne. You see hōw very near you are, to say  
 the least, to beoming an envious little ġirl.

9. “You have ōnly to allow this feeling tōward  
 Julia Devon to take fāst hold of your mind, to influ-  
 ençe your aetionș—you have, in faet, ōnly to try for  
 one year to win the prize from Julia, or any ōther  
 eompanion, and you will find that you have yielded  
 to a passion so powerful that no one can sāy to what  
 evil reșults it might lead.”

## II.

## 57. THE PRIZE.

## PART SECOND.

**A**NNE waș shocked and silent for a moment, but  
 still unwilling to acknowledġe herself wrōng.

Presently she exclaimed, "To think there should be any thing so dreadful as envy wrapped up in this little fancy of mine to take the prize this year!"

2. "Not in simply<sup>1</sup> taking the prize, Anne. Always try to be entirely truthful, and as careful in that respect with yourself as with others.

3. "The danger does *not* lie wrapped up in the fancy you have taken to study for the prize this year, but in your resolution *to take the prize from a companion*. Look at this resolution and tell me candidly whether you feel that it is just."<sup>2</sup>

4. "Then candidly, mother, I feel that it is really unamiable and hateful."—"And you would not wish to make it your rule of action for a year?"

5. "Indeed not! nor for a day! But I had no idē'a that I was saying anything so very bad or that my intention was so unamiable. How is it that I do and say such bad things without knowing it?"

6. "Because you are not on your guard; you speak on the impulse<sup>3</sup> of the moment, and seldom weigh or measure your words and actions. If we would live worthily we must daily look into our own souls, examine our motives, and judge our actions. This practice will enable us to see the beginnings of evil, and to find out our own weakness."

7. "Yes, mother, and then we shall be sure to make good confessions, and of course, to receive the sacrament of penance with the best dispositions. But I *should* like to win the prize, and there must be some way to succeed without sin."

<sup>1</sup> Simply, merely; solely.

<sup>2</sup> Just, conformed to right.

<sup>3</sup> Impulse, influence acting on the mind.

8. "Certainly there is. The desire to excel is good as long as the desire of God's approbation is strongest in your mind. You may very safely strive for an honor, as long as you are determined not to let ambition turn you, even in thought, from duty."

## III.

## 58. HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"**D**ID you ever think, Brother Thomas," said Charles Byrne, "how troubled the Blessed Virgin must have felt when she saw her Divine Son lying on the straw, and in an open stable?"

2. "My dear Charles," said Brother Thomas, "I will answer you by another question. Did you ever think that the Blessed Virgin was too happy to notice the eold, or the straw, or the stable—that her joy in being the Mother of God filled her heart so completely as to leave no room for such reflections?"

3. "Ah, Brother, that is such a great thought!"—"Yes, my boy, but it is the true thought, and that you may take it into your heart and mind, let me show you a picture. But first, hand me that large portfolio."<sup>1</sup>

4. "Now we will look it over. Ah! here it is, the picture of the Nativity. Do you see the Blessed Virgin! She stands behind the low manger, bending over the rough straw, and with more than tender love showing her Infant to the shepherds."

5. "O Brother Thomas, how beautiful!"—"Look more closely, Charles, and you will see that all the

<sup>1</sup> Port folio, a case for holding papers, drawings, etc.

light on this happy Mother's face comes from the Divine Infant."

6. "Yes, Brother, and all the light on the face of St. Joseph and the shepherds, comes from the Holy Child also."—"True, Charles, and I want you to learn a lesson from this that I trust will never pass from your mind.

7. "You have a lovely home, you have fine clothes, you have a great many innocent pleasures. Do you ever think that many who have none of these things are happier than yourself?"—"Indeed, Brother Thomas, I am quite certain of it."

8. "Then, Charles, you see that we may be happy and yet be without many comforts. Can you tell me how we may all become indifferent<sup>2</sup> to them?"—"No, Brother, I have never even thought that any one *could* be indifferent to such comforts—except, of course, religious,<sup>3</sup> or very holy people."

9. "Ah! my child, that is a very common mistake. A wise and holy man, Father Faber, of England,<sup>4</sup> says in one of his instructions, that this mistake robs heaven of many souls every day. Perhaps, if you reflect, you can give me a better answer."

10. "Well, Brother, perhaps, looking at this picture, I should say, if we love our dear Redeemer, and keep Him in our hearts, as the Blessed Virgin did, we shall be always so happy that we will not be troubled if we are poor."

<sup>1</sup> *Mān'ger*, the box in which horses and cattle are fed.

<sup>2</sup> *In differ ent*, without interest or anxiety.

<sup>3</sup> *Re li'gious*, a person bound by the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

<sup>4</sup> *England* (*ing'gland*).



11. "You are right, my boy. If you are *not* poor and think öften of the poverty of Je-

sus, you will come to love poverty for His sake, and be glad to deny yourself many things that you might vëry innoçently enjoy, so as to eopy Him à little more e losely.

12. "If you *are* poor, the same thoughts will eonsole you for the wants that you suffer and for which you are unable to provide. Like our Blëssèd Mòther, you will forëet the manger <sup>entirely</sup> and the straw, and öny see Jeşus; and you will feel that all the joy of life eomesş from her Dïvine Babe àlöne."

*divin engat*



## IV.

## 59. OUR LADY'S WELL.

IT flowed like light from the voice of God,  
 Silent, and calm, and fair ;  
 It shone where the child and the parent trod,  
 In the soft, sweet evening air.

2. "Look at that spring, my father dear,  
 Where the white blossoms fell ;  
 Why is it always bright and clear,  
 And why the 'Lady's Well?'"



3. "Onçe on à time, my own sweet child,  
Thêre dwelt<sup>1</sup> àeröss the sea,  
A lövely Möther, meek and mild,  
From blame and blemish<sup>2</sup> free.
4. "A child waş hêrş—à heavenly bîrth—  
Aş pure aş pure eould be ;  
He had no father of the êarfh,  
The Sòn of Gôd waş He.
5. "He eame down to hêr from àbòve,  
He died upon the eröss,  
We ne'er ean do for Him, my love,  
What He haş dône for us.
6. "And so, to make hêr praise endure,  
Beeauçe of Jeşus' fame,  
Our fathers ealled fhingş bright and pure  
By Hiş fair Möther'ş name.  
"She iş the 'Lady of the Well :'  
Her memory waş meant  
With lily and with roşe to dwell  
By wàterş innocent."

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## SECTION XV.

### I.

#### 60. THE COUNTERSIGN.

ONE FINE moonlight night, during à late war  
in Europe, a lonely sentinel<sup>1</sup> waş paçing up

<sup>1</sup> Dwëit, to inhabit for some stroys perfection of mind or body.  
time ; to remain in à place. <sup>1</sup> S'n'ti nel, one who wàtcheş

<sup>2</sup> Blëm'ish, any fhing that de- while hiş eompanionş sleep.

and down his solitary beat when, suddenly, he heard a faint sound, like that of a stealthy<sup>1</sup> footstep. It came from a clump<sup>2</sup> of trees which formed the boundary<sup>3</sup> to a portion of the land occupied<sup>4</sup> by the camp.

2. He at once concluded<sup>5</sup> that some one was trying to enter secretly, and so moved forward to the spot just as a man in uniform came into view.

3. Loud and clear rang the sentry's<sup>6</sup> voice, as placing himself in front of the stranger he spoke the words usual at such a time—"Who goes there?"—"A friend," was the feebly uttered answer.—"Advance,<sup>7</sup> friend, and give the countersign."

4. I ought to explain here to my young readers, that, in time of war, soldiers are every night placed at regular distances from each other, on all sides of the camp,<sup>8</sup> to act as watchmen, and are forbidden under pain of death to permit any one to pass them in any direction, unless sent by an officer.

5. To make sure of this, a word or two, or a sign, is chosen every night by the officers, which none know but their own men and the sentinels. This is called the countersign. Of course, any one who does not know the countersign is considered to be an enemy.

6. When the sentinel said, "Advance! and give the countersign," the stranger replied, "I do not know it. If I did, I would not have tried to enter

<sup>1</sup> *Stēalth'y*, slow and noiseless.

<sup>2</sup> *Clūmp*, a group; a small collection.

<sup>3</sup> *Bou...d'a ry*, the edge; an imaginary line separating one portion of land from another.

<sup>4</sup> *Oc'cu pied*, taken up.

<sup>5</sup> *Con clū' ded*, made up his mind.

<sup>6</sup> *Sēn'try*, same as sentinel.

<sup>7</sup> *Ad vance'*, step forward.

<sup>8</sup> *Cāmp*, the ground or spot on which tents, huts, or other erections are placed for shelter.

seeretly ; but do you not see by my dress that I am one of you. Three mōnths I pined in thē enemy's prison : yēsterday, I eseaped. Let me pās, for thē love of Gōd. I am ready to die from faigūe."

7. The sentry shuddered at the words, "for the love of Gōd ;" for he waş a devout Catholic, and his heart ached to have to refuse this request. Besides, he believed the stranger waş speaking the truth.

8. Still his orders were to shoōt any one who attempted to enter the camp without giving the countersign. "You know our rule," he said, sorrowfully. "You have broken it, and the punishment is death."

9. "I am not fit to die," said the other, in a hōarse voice. "I have offended Gōd grievously in the pāst ; I must have time to repent before death."

10. "I give you five minutes to prāy." The young man sank upon his knees, raised his eyes to heaven, and made the sign of the erōss. "You are saved !" cried the sentry, "because of our holy faith. The sign of the erōss is the countersign to-night."

## II.

### 61. LOU'S ANGEL.

1. *Out in the meadow*

*With Sue and Seander,  
In the sweet-scented clover,  
With Charlie and 'Gene,*

With his beautiful brow;  
And his eyes full of candor,  
Dear little Son  
In his coach may be seen.

2. Pet of the household!  
No prince could be prouder,  
No king on his throne  
Could be gayer than he,  
As his sweet baby treble  
Rings clearer and louder,  
And his blue eyes run over  
With innocent glee.

3. And the sunshine steals over  
The green sloping meadow,  
And tenderly falls  
In the coach, at his feet;

While half in the brightness,  
And half in the shadow,  
The butterflies float  
Through the clover and wheat.

4. The dew of the Font<sup>1</sup>  
On his soul is yet glistening,  
And God's perfect love  
Folds him close from all ill;  
The music the angels  
Intoned at his christening,  
Is filling his heart  
With its melody still.

5. And while o'er the grass  
In his coach he goes riding,  
With Su. and Seander,  
And Charlie and 'Gene,

---

<sup>1</sup> Font, a vessel containing water for baptism.



A marvelous shape  
 Close behind him is gliding,  
 Seraphic in beauty  
 But wholly unseen.

6. That glorious angel  
 The guardian of Louie,  
 Who follows his charge

With continuous prayer,  
Whose white wings are sparkling,  
Whose garments are dewy,  
With spray from the fountains,  
Of Paradise fair.

7. Ah yes! while the babe  
In his coach maketh merry,  
Besprinkled with light  
From his head to his feet,  
While he plays in his lap  
With the ripe dropping cherry,  
O drowsily watches  
The clover and wheat.
8. That glorious angel  
Above him is stooping,  
(His wonderful eyes  
Full of love to the brim,)

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Shutting out the warm light  
 With his wings cool and  
 drooping,  
 And soothing the babe  
 With his heavenly hymn.

7. Sleep, sleep, drowsy Lou,  
 In the arms of thy brother,  
 While the gay yellow butterflies  
 Pass and repass;  
 Look out through the window,  
 O fair, happy mother!  
 And see the two angels  
 At rest on the grass.

## III.

## 62. ANGELS.

“**M**OTHER, do all good people become angels when they die, or only the little babies?” asked Fred. Blair, looking up earnestly into her face.

—“Nēither the gōōd g̃rown up people nor babies become āngel̃s when they die,” Mrs. Blāir replied.

2. “Oh yēs,” said Fred, in the same ēarnest wāy, “all the little babies beōme āngel̃s, and all the mōther̃s become g̃uardian āngel̃s to their little children when they die.”—“Who told my little son,” said hiḡ mōther with ā smile, “that the best of mōther̃s and the mōst innoçent of babies beōme āngel̃s in heaven?”

3. “Why, nobody, told me that, exaetly; but when Frank Thompson’s little sister died he told me that she waḡ an āngel and had g̃ōne to heaven, and that he had two ōther little āngel sisters.

4. “Then, I saw the ōther dāy, ā piet̃ure of two little children āslēep, and over them stood ā beautiful lady with wings. Frank said the little children wēre ōrph̃ns, and the lady waḡ thēir dead mōther, and now thēir g̃uardian āngel.”

5. “Do you ever hear, my son,” said hiḡ mother, “that the Blessèd Vīrgin beōme an āngel, or that any of the saints beōme āngel̃s when they died?”—“Oh, no,” said Fred.—“Then, my dear, what rēāson have we to thīnk, even for an instant, that g̃ood mother̃s or innoçent babies beōme āngel̃s when they die?”

6. “Our Lord ārōse from the dead and appeared<sup>1</sup> to Hiḡ disçip̃les<sup>2</sup> to teach them two truḡths, that the soul can never die, and that the body will rīse āgain. The disçip̃les and Mary Maḡdalen knew our Lord āfter He rose from the tomb; for He wāḡ still in the form of ā man, and not of an āngel.”

<sup>1</sup> *Ar pēared'*, came in sight.      lowed and believed in our Lord.

<sup>2</sup> *Dis çī'ples*, those who fol-

7. Fred waş silent for a moment, and then said, with a look of reğret<sup>1</sup> in hiş eyes, “But, mother, the āngelş are so beautiful?”—“Can they be mōre beautiful than our Lord and Hiş Blessèd Mother?”—“Oh no!” said Fred, brightening up aş he thought of the surpassing beauty of our Lord in heavēn.

8. “But why do people sây that little children or thoşe they love become āngelş?”—“That iş a difficult question to answer,” said Mrs. Blâir, “but I thiñk it iş becauise people do not reflect on what faifh teacheş us, and do not remember that Gōd haş created āngelş entirely unlike human beings, so that their nature differş from our nature.

9. “When we make pietureş of them, we make them appear like us, becauise we do not know how to represent<sup>2</sup> them in any oðer wây.”—“But, mōther, āngelş are higher and better than people on earth.”—“Āngelş are higher, it iş true, or rāther they wēre higher in the beginning, for God tellş us that he made man a little lower than the āngelş.

10. “But when we thiñk that our Lord took on Himself *our* nature instead of the nature of the āngelş, and that He still keeps our nature, though He iş the Almighty<sup>3</sup> Gōd, we need not be sorry that we do not become āngelş when we ġo to Heaven, but ġlad rather that one day we shall be ġlorified.”<sup>4</sup>

11. “Yes,” said Fred, “I see now and I do not want to be an āngel, but I love them very much.”—

<sup>1</sup> Re grēt', sōrrōw for sōmething lōst, once enjoyed or hoped for.

<sup>2</sup> Re pre sent', show thē image of, or bring before the mind.

<sup>3</sup> Al might'y, possessing all might or power.

<sup>4</sup> ġlo'ri fied, made exçellent, aş in Heāven.

“And so you ought, my boy, you can not love those beautiful and powerful spirits too much; for Gōd haş given them charge over us, and they are filled with love for us.

12. “The Chûrch, too, haş appointed cĕrtain days for their special honor, and the whōle mōnth of October is called the Month of the Holy Angels, just as May is the Month of Mary. Besides, Tuēşday of every week is set apart to honor them.”

13. “Mother,” said Fred, “are all thĕ angels alike—I mean to say, is thĕre a difference among them as there is among us in this world?”

14. “Oh, yes, there are nine orders or ranks of angels, and to each rank Gōd haş given some special office. When you are older you shall read mōre about those loving and holy spirits.”

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## SECTION XVI.

### I.

#### 63. TRUE RICHES.

A LITTLE BOY sāt by hiş mōther. He looked lōng into the fire, and waş silent. Then, as the deep thought pāsşed awāy, hiş eye brightened, and he spoke: “Mōther, I will be rich.”

2. “Why do you wish to be rich, my son?” And he said, “Evĕry one praişes the rich. Every one asks after the rich. The strānger at our table yĕster-day, asked who waş the richest man in the village.

3. “At sehool there is a boy who dōes not love to learn. He can not well say hiş lesson. When not



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at school, he often speaks evil words. He is unkind to his playmates, too; but they do not mind it, for they say that he is a rich man's son."

4. Then the mother saw that her child was in danger of thinking that wealth might stand in the place of goodness, or be an excuse for laziness, or cause them to be held in honor who lead evil lives.

5. So she said, "What is it to be rich?" — And he answered, "I do not know. Tell me what I must do to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me and excuse my faults."

6. The mother replied, "It is to get money or goods. But few become rich, for it requires the work of years." Then the boy looked sorrowful, and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

7. She answered, "The gain of money is not the only, nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away. Mōth and rust waste it, and the robber makes it his prey.

8. "Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die, and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth like that of the wayside beggar, without a garment.

9. "There is another kind of riches, which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God. It has been truly said of earthly riches, that he that trusteth in them shall fall; but the just shall spring up as a green leaf."

10. Then said the boy, "May I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?" The mother laid her hand upon his little head, and said, "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice; for those who seek early, shall find."

11. And the child said earnestly, "Teach me how I may become rich before God." Then she looked tenderly in his face, and said, "Kneel down every

night and morning, and ask that the love of the dear Child Jeſus may dwell in your heart.

12. "Obey Hiſ lawſ, and ſtrive all the dayſ of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, if you are poor here, you ſhall be rich in faith and good works, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven.

13. "Göd ſayſ, 'A good name iſ better than great riches. The rich and the poor have met one another: the Lord iſ the maker of them both.

14. "'For you know the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that being rich he beame poor, for your ſakes, that through hiſ poverty you might be rich in heavenly thingſ. Charge the rich of this world not to truſt in unçertain riches, but in the living God; to do good, to be rich in good works, that they may lay hold on the true life.'

15. "A young man asked what he ſhould do to poſſeſſ everlaſting life, ſaying he had kept the com-mandments from hiſ youth. And our Lord answered and ſaid: 'Yet one thing iſ wanting to thee: ſell all whatever thou haſt and give to the poor, and thou ſhalt have treaſure in heaven; and come, follow me.'

16. "He having heard theſe thingſ, beame ſorrowful; for he waſ very rich. And Jeſus ſeeing him become ſorrowful, ſaid: 'How hardly ſhall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God?'

17. "And they that heard it ſaid: 'Who then can be ſaved?' He ſaid to them: 'The thingſ that are impoſſible with men, are poſſible with God.'

18. "It iſ far better to be poor and honeſt for the few dayſ of this life, and then happy in heaven, than rich and wicked here, and ſuffer in hell forever."



## II.

## 64. THE SILVER BIRD'SNEST.

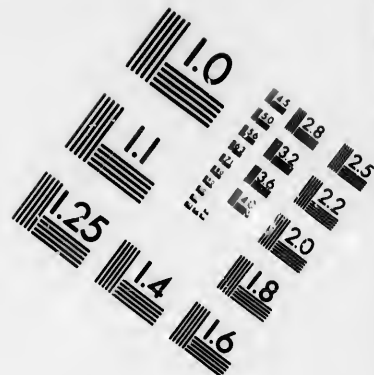
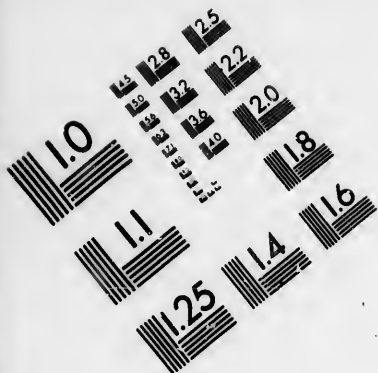
A stranded soldier's epaulet  
The waters cast ashore,  
A little winged rover met  
And eyed it o'er and o'er.  
The silver bright  
So pleased her sight  
On that lone, idle nest,  
She knew not why  
She should deny  
Herself a silver nest.

2. The shining wire she pecked  
and twirled,  
Then bore it to her bough,  
Where on a flowering twig 'twas  
curled,  
The bird can show you how;

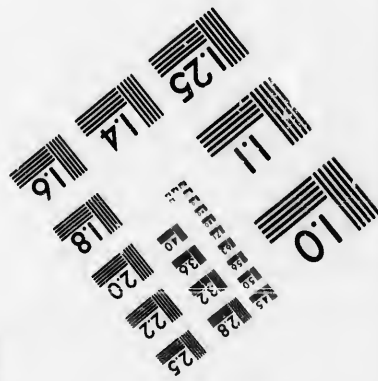
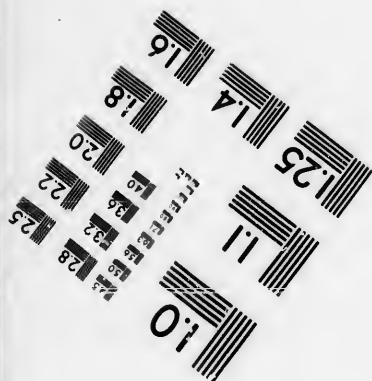
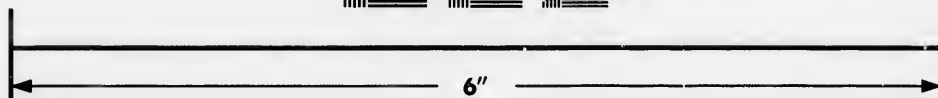
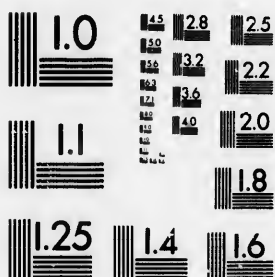
But when enough  
Of that bright stuff  
The cunning builder bore  
Her house to make,  
She would not take,  
Nor did she covet more.

3. And when the little artisan,  
While neither pride nor guilt  
Had entered in her pretty plan,  
Her resting-place had built;  
With here and there  
A plume to spare  
About her own light form,  
Of these inlaid  
With skill she made  
A lining soft and warm.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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2.0  
2.2  
2.5  
2.8  
3.2  
3.6  
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10

4. *But, do you think the tender  
brood*

*She fondled there and fed,  
Were prouder when they understood  
The sheen about their bed?*

*Do you suppose  
They ever rose  
Of higher powers possessed  
Because they knew*

*They peeped and grew  
Within a silver nest?*

### III.

#### 65. THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

**A** CHILDREN'S PARTY was at the rich merchant's. Many children were there—rich people's children and grand people's children.

2. Much money had been spent for fine dresses, rare and beautiful flowers, and the rich food prepared for the little ones. How much better could this money have been (bin) spent in supplying the needs of some poor family!



3. The parlors were grandly furnished. Rich carpets from the far East<sup>1</sup> covered the floors, large mirrors<sup>2</sup> reflected<sup>3</sup> every movement of the merry throng within, and soft silken curtains helped to keep out the cold breath of winter.

4. Not under such a roof, nor surrounded by such luxury,<sup>4</sup> did the great King of Heaven, the Prince of

<sup>1</sup> East, countries east of Europe; as, Persia, China, India, Syria, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Mir'ror, a looking-glass; any smooth, bright substance that forms images by reflecting rays of light.

<sup>3</sup> Re flect'ed, gave back an image or likeness of.

<sup>4</sup> Luxury (lūk' shō rī), a free or undue use of rich food, costly dress, and the like; anything which delights the senses.



Peace, live while on ěarfh; and yet all the riches of all worldŝ are Hiŝ.

5. The happy children inside wĕre enjoying innocent prattle,<sup>1</sup> and plāying and dānċing. But at the dōor outside, which waŝ ājār, stōōd ā pōōr boy. He had aided the cōok, and she had allowed him to stand behind the door and look at the merry, well-dressed children; and for him, at such ā time, that waŝ ā ġreat deal.

6. He ġazed ā few moments at the bright scene, and then thought of hiŝ own little sisters at hōme. The tears ġushed to hiŝ eyes āŝ he quickly left the door. Taking 'on hiŝ arm an old but well-filled bāsket, which the kind-hearted cōok had ġiven him, he started with quick steps hōmeward.

7. Thĕre at the same hour, in ā dingy rōōm, on ā hard and poor little bed, hiŝ sister Maġġie lāy ā-dĳing. The mother, ā fair and delieate wōman who had onċe known better dāys, hung over the little sufferer, vainly trying to ġive her eāŝe. Never till now had she felt so keenly the sting of poverty. Her darling's life waŝ swiftly pāssing āwāy, but she waŝ powerless to supply the needed fōōd.

8. Mary and little Johnny, cōold and hunġry, had cried themselves to sleep. Long had they hoped for Hugh's return. Bright waŝ the pieture they had painted to themselves of the niċe time he waŝ having in the kitchen of the rich merchant. And oh, how fine their vision of the children's party!

9. Hourŝ wore on, and little Maġġie, sweet and patient, tried to cōmfort her mother. "Do not weep,

<sup>1</sup> Prāt'tle, vain or childish talk; too much and idle talk.

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dear mother," she said; "have you not öften told me that 'Christ our Lord waꝝ poor'? And waꝝ not Hiꝝ Blessèd Mother poor? Söön we shall all be together in Heaven, where we shall be poor no longer, and then we shall rejoice at the sörröw we have börne here for our Lord's sake."

10. Waꝝ it á child, or an ängel of our Lord that spoke? "Dear Maꝝgie," eried the mother, "you are right: I can not be pöör while you are left me." Just then Hugh entered with the básket. Johnny and Mary were awakened, and they söön forꝓot their sörröw in thē enjoyment of fresh bread and butter, and choiçe eold meat.

11. But thäre waꝝ nöthing poor little Maꝝgie eould take, exeꝓt á eup of bröfh which her mother warmed over the dying embers. Oh, how grateful would have been an örange from the heaps which were left lying on the riçh child's table! How refreshing would have been some of the niçe jelly which shöne and trembled on the cöstly gláss dishes!

12. Our Lord in heaven lööked down on the two scenes with not less, nay, perhaps with far möre, love for the pöör and hungry children in the nár-röw lane, than for the thoughtless little thröng in the riçh house.

13. Oh, dear little ones, never forꝓet the poor! In the midst of your feasts, and during the happiest moments of life, remember the hungry, the homeless, and the suffering, and do what you can to aid them; for the poor are dear to our Lord. A holy writer says: "Never refuse an alms to á poor person, lest he whom you despise be Jesus Christ Himself."

14. " Still aſ for Himſelf the Infant Jegus  
 In Hiſ little oneſ aſks food and reſt —  
 Still aſ for Hiſ Mōther He iſ pleading  
 Juſt aſ when He lāy upon her breaſt."
15. He haſ ſaid — Hiſ truthſ are all eternal —  
 What He ſaid both haſ been and ſhall be,—  
 " *What ye have not done to theſe My poor oneſ,  
 Lo ! ye have not done it unto Me.*"

## IV.

## 66. HILDEGARD AND THE FAWN.

## PART FIRST.

A VERY ġreat man waſ the Prince of Hōhenfēls. He lived <sup>1</sup>in a ġrand eaſtle, and had a large fōreſt in which he hunted with all kindſ of princeſ and ġrand dukes.

2. So alſo waſ the head-keeper, or fōreſter, aſ he waſ ealled, a ġreat man. He not ōnly underſtood the maġagement of timber, and the ġreat hērdſ of deer and wild bōarſ that lived in the fōreſt ; but he waſ ſo tall and ſtrōng that, in hiſ dark-ġreen dreſſ, he looked almoſt like a young tree in ſummer.

3. He had a ġreat cown bēard and muſtāche, and hiſ thick, ruddy-brown hāir eluſtered round the edge of hiſ hunting-eap like a handſome fringe. He waſ a vērſ fine fēllōw, and he had ſuch a kind and ġentle heart that nobody eould help liking him.

4. He lived in an old, ġray ſtone houſe, a ġood wāy up in the fōreſt, ſo that it waſ vērſ lonely. But the prince let him eut down ſome of the treeſ, and make a pretty ġarden on the ſunny ſide of thē old houſe.

5. Beyōnd the garden there waſ a little mēadōw, and a little brōok ran out of the depthſ of the fōreſt

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right into the sunshine of the garden and field, and all sorts of pretty flowers grew clustering on the edges of the water, so that it was very pleasant, especially in summer.

6. As I told you, however, it was a solitary place; and as the forester was out nearly all the day, looking after the men felling timber, after the large herds of deer, or the great black wild boars that lived miles away, all amongst the thick oak-trees in another direction, he could not be much at home.

7. There were only his little daughter Hildegard, and her grandmother; for Hildegard's mother, I am sorry to tell you, was dead. The dear grandmother took care of the house and the little child, and always kept every thing so bright and clean that it was a pleasure to behold their home.

8. The good forester did all he could to make the home happy and cheerful, though he was so little there himself; and that is the reason why Hildegard had a lovely little fawn, or young deer, to bear her company. But I must tell you something about this pretty creature.

9. All mother animals are very fond of their young: none more so than the hind, or female deer. She takes her young one in the early summer months, and hides it with loving care in the most hidden thickets<sup>1</sup> of the wood; because it has many enemies, such as eagles, wolves, wild cats, and dogs.

10. So the poor mother has a hard time of it; and the greater this trouble and care in bringing it up, all the more fondly is she attached to it. If, there-

<sup>1</sup> Thick'et, a wood or collection of trees or shrubs closely set.

fore, she is pursued by the hunter, she uses all kinds of arts to mislead him, and flies before the hounds, willingly endangering her own life to save that of her precious young one, that she has so carefully hidden from every eye.

11. As all this was well known to the good forester, he was very tender of the mother-hinds, and when he saw them with their little ones, he was reminded of his own dear wife and little daughter.

12. One day it happened that the prince was out hunting with some of his friends, and the forester was with them as usual, when a beautiful large hind was started. Away she went like the wind, up into the higher parts of the wood, and then down again into the deep valleys, flying before the hunters, who were most of them young, and all full of sport, thinking this was the finest day's sport they had ever had.

13. The forester begged of them to spare the creature for the sake of the mother-love that was speeding her in such desperate<sup>1</sup> career<sup>2</sup> before them. But they thought of nothing but the pursuit after the flying creature, and of the death which would finish all.

14. Away went the frenzied<sup>3</sup> animal, over height and hollow, leaping the stream with frantic<sup>4</sup> speed, her mother-heart yearning<sup>5</sup> through her terror<sup>6</sup> after the young one she had left behind. At length she

<sup>1</sup> *Dēs'per ate*, hopeless ; headlong ; mad.

<sup>2</sup> *Cā rōer'*, the ground run over ; a course.

<sup>3</sup> *Frēn'zied*, maddened.

<sup>4</sup> *Frān'tic*, mad ; wild ; rush-

ing with great force.

<sup>5</sup> *Yearn'ing*, greatly desiring ; straining with feelings of tenderness or love.

<sup>6</sup> *Tēr'ror*, great alarm or fear that shakes both mind and body.



stood a moment on the edge of a rock, before she took the leap, and one of the hunters firing, she fell to her knees, and the next moment was over the rock.

15. The förèster sprung forward, not over the rock, but round through the wood, a whole half mile, the hunters following after, thinking they had done gloriously to shoot the poor animal just when they had maddened her to take this terrible leap.

16. The förèster, who knew all the by-paths and short cuts through the wood, was up first with the slaughtered<sup>1</sup> hind. She was not quite dead; but the bullet was in her side, and one of her delicate fore-

<sup>1</sup> Slaughtered, butchered; needlessly killed.



legs was broken by the leap. *Oh, it was a sad sight!* But the saddest sight of all was the look of beseeching<sup>1</sup> pity which she cast on the forester, whilst large tears rolled down from her sorrowful eyes.

17. All at once he thought of his own young wife, who was taken away from her little Hildegard; and a pang shot through his own heart, like the cruel bullet in the side of the hind; and tears started to his eyes, for pity of the poor mother creature that lay there dying.

18. But there was not much time for him to be sorry; for the hunters were heard crashing and plunging through the underwood, and the next moment the foremost were in sight, with the prince at their head, shouting for joy to see that they had found the dying hind that had given them such a run that fine autumn morning.

## V.

## 67. HILDEGARD AND THE FAWN.

## PART SECOND.

THE FORESTER could not forget the sorrowful look of the creature, and her dying tears. He therefore went the next day to that part of the forest whence she had started, knowing that there her young one was hidden, and that it would perish of hunger, and be eaten by birds of prey, if he did not provide for it. He soon found it; for it was very hungry and frightened, as you may suppose, and before he came to the place, he heard its sad cry.

<sup>1</sup> Be sēech'ing, asking earnestly for.



2. He carried the pōor little mōtherlèss creaturo hōme with him in his arms, and told little Hildegard he had brought her a plāyfellōw. He asked his mother to feed it two or three times a day with new milk; for they had a nice little cow that grazed in the mēadōw, and plenty of milk.

3. Hildegard wāṣ vëry glad to have this pretty, playful companion: it sōon forgot all its trouble, and grew as fond of her as if she had been its own mother. So it lived there, and grew (gro) strōng and beautiful.

4. The next summer the widōwed sister of the prince, the good Princèss Matildā, came on a visit, with her young daughter, to the castlè. After she had been there a few days, she ordered out her carriage, and, attendèd by a faifhful old servant, went into the fōrèst to look àbout her, and to talk to the people who lived scattered up and down. For her youth had been spent here, and all thē old people were well known to her.

5. She called, thêrefore, to see the grandmother and her little child Hildegard, whom she saw when her mother died; for that was the lāst time the good princèss had been to visit her brother.

6. When she came driving up to the fōrèst-lodge, little Hildegard, who was rather shy, because she vëry seldom saw grand ladies, stood behind her grandmother to peep at the princèss unobserved. But that would not do. The princess saw her, and called her by her name, and spoke so kindly that Hildegard could not feel àfrāid, but answered her very prettily (prīt'ti lī).

7. Just then, at the sound of Hildegard's vōlçe, the little hind<sup>1</sup> came trotting up, and laid its pretty head on hēr shoulder. The princèss was delighted, and said it was the prettièst sight she had ever seen, and that she would come again vëry soon, and bring her little daughter Bërçhâ with her to see Hildegard's little fawn.

8. When the princèss retürned to the castle and told the ladies and gentlemen thère what she had seen, and how like a picture Hildegard and the young hind looked under the fòrèst trees, they all agreed that they would go and have a picnic at the fòrèster's, and that Bërçhâ should thus see Hildegard and the tame hind.

9. Such pleasant picnics are sōon arranged at great eástles. It was the beautiful summer-time. The trees were in thick leaf, the little garden at the keeper's lodge was full of flowers, and the pretty little brook ran singing on àmôngst its thick fringe of wàter-plants.

10. So on the thírd morning àfter the visit of the princèss, the servants from the castle came down with all kinds of things for the picnic, and hung handsome, brilliant-colored draperies<sup>2</sup> in the spaces between the tree-trunks, so as to make a sort of festive<sup>3</sup> tent, and to keep out the hot noon-day sun.

11. The princèss sent Hildegard à pretty ribbon for the neck of the tame hind, and her granãmōther wove a garland for the same purpose. Hildegard

<sup>1</sup> Hind, à female deer.

<sup>2</sup> Drá'per y, clōth or elōthes with which any thing is draped or

hung; hangings of any kind.

<sup>3</sup> Fës'tive, relating to, or fitting, à feast; joyous; gay.

fed it well with new milk, that it might not be hungry, and troublesome to the grand people as they sat under the trees, eating and drinking on the grēensward.

12. While all this was going on, the grand company from the eāstle were advāncing slowly, some in carriages, and some on horseback. The young daughter of the princēss rode on a white palfrey<sup>1</sup> at the side of her mother's carriage, attended by a groom.<sup>2</sup>

13. She was about thē age of Hildegard, but verry unlike her in appearance; for she was thin and pale, and so very delicate, that her anxious mother feared she would not live lōng. The physician, who was a very wise man, said that if she wēre not a princēss, but ōnly a pōor village child, she would have a much better chānce of becoming strōng.

14. The Princēss Berthā was a very sweet and gentle little gīrl, and she sōon became as friendly with Hildegard as if she had known her all her life. Her mother looked at the two, and tears came into her eyes; for her little daughter was like a pale, sickly snowdrop by the side of a lovely red rose.

15. The good physīcian, who was of the company, saw what was stirring in the heart of the princēss, and he replied to her thōughts when he said, "If the Princess Bertha were the plāyfēllōw of this child for twelve mōnths, I think she would not need any mōre phÿsie." The princess believed that he spoke the trūth; but she said, "Can not the fōrēster's child live with my daughter at our eāstle?"

<sup>1</sup> Palfrey (pāl'fri), a saddle-horse used for the rōad.

<sup>2</sup> Groom, a servant who has the charge of horses.



16. "It will not do," returned the physician; "she must come here and run wild with the forester's little daughter and the young hind." So it was decided. The young princess and her governess, who was a very nice, kind lady, came to live at the forester's.

17. Little Hildegard had now a companion whom she loved almost better than the tame hind; and such a pleasant and happy life began for both children as would take one hour to describe. It is enough to say that the young Princess Bertha wanted no more medical care. She grew strong and healthy, and Hildegard and she loved each other as sisters, even when they grew up to be women.

18. The gōōd fōrēster used to sāy that the pity he felt for the poor hūntèd hind wāş the bēginning of hiş little dāughter's gōōd fortune. No doubt it wāş; for we ean not thiŋk á gōōd thought, or feel kindly tōward any living creature, without its being blest to us—ēven though we may never know of it.

## SECTION XVII.

## I.

## 68. MR. SOUTH AND OWEN WORTH.

[OWEN holding a horse, as MR. SOUTH comes up.]

OWEN. Whōa, whoa, whoa! Now I ean hold you. [To MR. SOUTH] I hope you are not hūrt, sir.

Mr. South. Thank you, my gōōd lad, I wāş not thrown ōff. I ōnly dismounted<sup>1</sup> to gāther some plants in the hedge,<sup>2</sup> when my horse beeamè frightened and ran áwāy. But you have eaight him vėry bravely, and I shall pay you for your trouble.

Owen. Thanġ you, sir; I want nōthing.

Mr. S. You dōn't! So much the better for you. Few men ean sāy aş much. But what were you doing in the field?

Owen. I wāş pulling up weedş, and wātching the sheep that are feeding on the tūrrips.

Mr. S. And do you like this employment?

<sup>1</sup> Dis mount'ed, alighted or got down from á horse.

<sup>2</sup> Hēdge, thorn-bushes or other shrubbery planted aş á fence.

*Owen.* Yēs, sir, vèry well, this fine weather.

*Mr. S.* But would you not rather plāy ?

*Owen.* This is not hard work : it is almost as good as play.

*Mr. S.* Who set you at work ?

*Owen.* My fāther, sir.

*Mr. S.* What is his name ?

*Owen.* Rogèr Worth.

*Mr. S.* And what is yours ?

*Owen.* Owen, sir.

*Mr. S.* Where do you live ?

*Owen.* Just by, among the trees, thère.

*Mr. S.* How old are you ?

*Owen.* I shall be nine next September.

*Mr. S.* How long have you been out in the field ?

*Owen.* Ever since six in the morning.

*Mr. S.* So long ! I am sure you are hungry, then.

*Owen.* Yēs ; but I shall go to my dinner soon.

*Mr. S.* If you had ten çents now, what would you do with them ?

*Owen.* I do not know, sir. I never had so much mōney in my life.

*Mr. S.* Have you any playthings ?

*Owen.* Playthings ! what are they ?

*Mr. S.* Such as balls, marbles, tops, little wāgons, and wōoden horses.

*Owen.* No, sir ; but my brother George makes foot-balls to kick in cold weather ; and then I have a jumping-pole, and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with, and a hōop to roll.

*Mr. S.* And do you want nōthing else ?

*Owen.* No : I have hardly time to play with what

I have ; for I always ride the horses to the field, drive up the cows, and run to the town on errands, and these are as good as play, you know.

*Mr. S.* But you could buy apples, or gingerbread, when in town, I suppose, if you had money.

*Owen.* Oh, I can get apples at home ; and as for gingerbread, I do not mind it much, for my mother sometimes gives me a piece of pie, and that is quite as good.

*Mr. S.* Would you like a knife to cut sticks ?

*Owen.* I have one ; here it is ; my brother George gave it to me.

*Mr. S.* Your shoes are full of holes. Do you want a better pair ?

*Owen.* I have a better pair for Sundays.

*Mr. S.* But these let in water.

*Owen.* Oh, I do not care for that.

*Mr. S.* Your hat is torn, too.

*Owen.* I have a better one at home ; but I would rather have none at all, for it hurts my head.

*Mr. S.* What do you do when it rains ?

*Owen.* If it rains hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

*Mr. S.* What do you do when you are hungry, before it is time to go home ?

*Owen.* I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

*Mr. S.* But if there are none ?

*Owen.* Then I do as well as I can ; I work on, and never think of it.

*Mr. S.* Are you not thirsty sometimes, this hot weather ?

*Owen.* Yes ; but there is water enough.



*Mr. S.* Why, my little fëllōw, you are quite á phïlōsopher.

*Owen.* A *what*, sir?

*Mr. S.* I say you are quite á *phïlōsopher*; but I am sùre you do not know what that means.

*Owen.* No, sir; but no narm, I hope?

*Mr. S.* No, no! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Well, my boy, you seem to want nōthing at all; so I shall not ãive you mōney to make you want any thing. But wère you ever at sehool?

*Owen.* No, sir; but father says I shall ão áfter harvëst.

*Mr. S.* You will want bōōks, then.

*Owen.* Yës: the boyş all have á spelling-book, á reading-book, and á slate.

*Mr. S.* Well, then, I shall ãive them to you: tell your fãther so, and that it is bëaùse you are á vëry good, contented boy. So now ão to your sheep again.

*Owen.* I will, sïr; thanķ you.

*Mr. S.* Good-bye, Owen.

*Owen.* Good-bye, sir.

## II.

### 69. *THE USE OF SIGHT.*

“**W**HAT, Chãrles retürned!” the father said;  
“How short your walk has ãeen.

But James and Jüliã—whère are they?

Come, tell me what you’ve seen.”

2. “So tedious,<sup>1</sup> stupid, dull á walk!”

Said Charles, “I’ll ão no mōre;

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<sup>1</sup> *Të’di oũs*, tiresome from lengfh or slowness.

First stopping here, then lagging<sup>1</sup> thêre,  
O'er this and that to pöre.<sup>2</sup>

3. "I erössed the fields near Woodland House,  
And just went up the hill:  
Then by the river-side came down,  
Near Mr. Fáirpläy's mill."—
4. Now James and Juliä böfh ran in:  
"O dear papä?" said they,  
"The sweetèst walk we böfh have had;  
Oh, what a plëasant dāy!"
5. "Near Woodland House we crössed the fields,  
And by the mill we came."—  
"Indeed!" exclaimed papa, "how's this?  
Your brother took the same;"
6. "But vëry dull he found the walk—  
What have you there? let's see:—  
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,  
As new to you as me."—
7. "First look, papa, at this small brānch,  
Which on å tall oak grew,  
And by its slimy berries white,  
The mißtletõe<sup>3</sup> we knew.
8. "A spöttèd bīrd ran up a tree,  
A woodpecker we call,  
Who with his ströng bill wounds<sup>4</sup> the bark,  
To feed on insects small.

<sup>1</sup> Läg'ging, walking or moving slowly; stāying behind.

<sup>2</sup> Pöre, to look at or over with steady, continued attention.

<sup>3</sup> Mistletoe (miz'zi tō), an ever-

green plant which grows upon another. Its fruit is slimy or sticky.

<sup>4</sup> Wound (wōnd), to make a breach or separate the parts in; to hūrt by föree.

9. "And many lapwings<sup>s</sup> cried 'peewit :'  
And one among the rest  
Pretendèd lāmenèss, to decoy<sup>1</sup>  
Us from hēr lowly nest.
10. "Young starlings<sup>s</sup>, martins, swāllōws, all  
Such lively flocks, and gāy ;  
A heron, too, which caught à fish,  
And with it flew àwāy.
11. "This bīrd we found, a kingfisher,  
Though dead, his plumes how bright !  
Do have him stuffed, my dear papā,  
'Twill be a charming sight.
12. "When reached the heath,<sup>2</sup> how wide the space,  
Thē àir how fresh and sweet !  
We plucked these flowers and different heaths,  
The fāirèst we could meet.
13. "The distant prospect<sup>3</sup> we admired,  
The mountains far and blue ;  
A mansion<sup>4</sup> here, a cottage there :  
And see the sketch we drew.
14. "A splendid sight we next beheld,  
The glōrious<sup>5</sup> setting sun,  
In clouds of crimşon, pūrple, gold :  
His daily race was done."—

<sup>1</sup> **Decoy** (de kai'), to lead astrāy ; to deceive.

<sup>2</sup> **Hēath**, a plant which beārs beautiful flowers. Its leaves are small, and continue green all the year ; also, a place overgrown with heath.

<sup>3</sup> **Prōs'pect**, that which thē eye overlooks at one time ; view.

<sup>4</sup> **Mansion** (mān'shun), a large house.

<sup>5</sup> **Glō'ri'ous**, grand ; having great brightness ; having qualities worthy of praise or honor.

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15. "True taste with knowledge," said papä',  
 "By observations<sup>1</sup> gained ;  
 You've bõfh used well the gift of sight,  
 And thus reward obtained.
16. "My Juliä in this desk will find  
 A drawing-box quite new :  
 And, James, this useful telescope,<sup>2</sup>  
 I think, is quite your due.
17. "And toys, or still mõre useful gifts,  
 For Charles, too, shall be bought,  
 When he can see the works of Gõd,  
 And prize them as he ought."

## III.

## 70. THE EXAMINATION.

[MR. WILSON, the teacher, seated in his office; MR. READ, the assistant, enters with a letter in his hand.]

MR. READ. A new pupil has just come in, Mr. Wilson, with this letter directed to you.  
 [*Passes letter.*]

Mr. Wilson. Have we á vacant<sup>3</sup> seat, Mr. Read ?

Mr. R. Yës, sîr ; three.

Mr. W. [*After reading the letter.*] A pretty subject they have sent us here ! a lad that has a great genius<sup>4</sup> for nõthing at all. But perhaps my friend

<sup>1</sup> Ob ser vā'tion, thē act of seeing, or of fixing the mind upon any thing ; that which is noticed.

<sup>2</sup> Tēl'e scõpe, an instrument used in lōõking at things far õff.

<sup>3</sup> Vā'cant, not now occupied or filled.

<sup>4</sup> Genius (jē a'yus), the high and rare gifts of nature which fõrce the mind to cērtain kinds of labor.

Mr. Smith thinks that his son Mark should show a genius for a thing before he knows any thing about it—no uncommon error! Let us see, Mr. Read, what the youth looks like.

*Mr. R.* Yes, sir. [*Opens the door and shows Mark in.*]

*Mr. W.* Come hither, my dear! Why do you hang down your head and look frightened? Do you fear you will be punished?

*Mark.* No, sir.

*Mr. W.* In this letter from your father, I am told that you have not done as well in your studies as a boy of your age and size ought. I wish to learn why. How old are you, Mark?

*Mark.* Eleven last May, sir.

*Mr. W.* A well-grown boy of your age, indeed. You love play, I dare say?

*Mark.* Yes, sir.

*Mr. W.* What, are you good at marbles?

*Mark.* Pretty good, sir.

*Mr. W.* And can spin a top, drive a hoop, or catch a ball, I suppose?

*Mark.* Yes, sir, quite well.

*Mr. W.* Then you have the full use of your hands and fingers?

*Mark.* Yes, sir.

*Mr. W.* Can you write, Mark?

*Mark.* I learned it a little, sir, but I left it off again.

*Mr. W.* And why so?

*Mark.* Because I could not make the letters.

*Mr. W.* No! why, how do you think other boys do? Have they more fingers than you?

*Mark.* No, sir.

*Mr. W.* Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?

*Mark.* I fear not, sir.

*Mr. W.* Let me look at your hand. [*Mark holds up his right hand.*] I see nothing here to hinder you from writing as well as any boy in school. You can read, I suppose?

*Mark.* Yes, sir.

*Mr. W.* Tell me, then, what is written over the school-room door.

*Mark.* What—what—whatever—whatever man has done, man may do.

*Mr. W.* Pray, how did you learn to read? Was it not with taking pains?

*Mark.* Yes, sir.

*Mr. W.* Well, taking more pains will enable you to read much better. Do you know any thing of English (*ing'lish*) grammar?

*Mark.* Very little, sir.

*Mr. W.* Have you never learned it?

*Mark.* I tried, sir, but I could not get it by heart.

*Mr. W.* Why, you can say some things by heart. Can you tell me the names of the days of the week in their order?

*Mark.* Yes, sir. They are Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

*Mr. W.* And the months in the year, perhaps, if I wished to hear?

*Mark.* Yes, sir.

*Mr. W.* And you could probably repeat the names of your brothers and sisters, and all your

father's servants, and half the people in the village besides?

*Mark.* Yēs, sir, I believe I could.

*Mr. W.* Well, and is *good, better, best; ill, worse, worst; go, went, going, gone; more difficult to remember than these?*

*Mark.* It may be not, sir.

*Mr. W.* Have you learned any thing of arithmetic?

*Mark.* I went into addition, sir; but I did not go on with it.

*Mr. W.* Why not?

*Mark.* I could not do it, sir.

*Mr. W.* How many marbles will ten cents buy?

*Mark.* Twenty-four of the best new ones, sir.

*Mr. W.* And how many for five cents?

*Mark.* Twelve.

*Mr. W.* And how many for twenty cents?

*Mark.* Forty-eight.

*Mr. W.* If you were to have ten cents a day, what would that make in a week?

*Mark.* Seventy cents.

*Mr. W.* But if you paid twenty cents out of that, what would you have left?

*Mark.* [*After studying for some time.*] Fifty cents, sir.

*Mr. W.* Right. Why, here you have been practicing the four great rules of arithmetic—addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

Well, Mark, I see what you are fit for. I shall set you about nothing but what you are able to do; but observe, you *must* do it. We have none *I can't* here. Now go among your school-mates.



## SECTION XVIII.

## I.

## 71. REGINA'S SACRIFICE.

REGINA SINCLAIR had a little garden which her papä' gave her on her ninth birthday. Around it was a hedge of hazels; in one corner, a weeping willow, and near by, a choice and vigorous rose-bush, the chief beauty of this little spot.

2. Every morning Reginä brought fresh water for her flowers; and when, after weeks of careful watching, she found her bush covered with tiny buds, she danced about and clapped her hands for joy.

3. Her good parents watched their little girl's care of this precious plant with great interest, and would often say, with a loving smile, "Regina, what will you do with your roses when they bloom?" Smiling back, she would reply: "Oh, that is a secret."

4. Like all good little girls, Regina loved to go to Mass. Not only on Sundays, but often during the week she and her sister Ellen would rise very early and walk happily together to the little chapel near their home. Regina always found time, however, to slip into the garden and take a look at her flowers.

5. One morning, when the sun was just peeping from behind the hills, she ran as usual to gaze at her rose-bush, before she joined her sister. The warm sun, the refreshing dew, and the sweet perfume filled her innocent heart with gladness. The tiny buds were replaced by lovely, blushing roses.

6. This was their mother's birth-day; and on their way, the little one skipped with joy, and in a hushed voice, lest even the birds should hear it, she imparted<sup>1</sup> to Ellen her secret.<sup>2</sup> She was going to give her roses to her dear mammä' that very evening.

7. Her brothers and sisters had each prepared for this dear mother some little offering of love, and Reginä was happy in the thought that, although she was the youngest, her gift, if more frail,<sup>3</sup> would at least be as beautiful as theirs. "And O Ellen!" she said, clapping her hands, "perhaps if they are kept in fresh water they will last a whole week!"

8. After Mass, she went to say her little prayer at Mary's shrine,<sup>4</sup> and all the others returned home. She saw that our Lady's altar, usually so fully adorned,<sup>5</sup> was this day without one little flower. She at once thought of her roses at home; and then of the pleasure she had intended<sup>6</sup> giving her mammä.

9. But she looked again at her dear heavenly Mother's empty shrine, and though the tears came into her eyes at the thought, she felt that she could make the sacrifice and give our dear Lady her loved roses. She ran swiftly home, stole quietly into the garden, and paused before her flowers.

10. She did not see her father, who was standing in the shade of the willow-tree. Ellen had told him of his little girl's intention, so it was with surprise that he saw her gather every rose, place them

<sup>1</sup> Im pärt' ed, made known; showed by words.

<sup>2</sup> Ss' cret, a thing not known, or kept from general knowledge.

<sup>3</sup> Fräi, perishable; not durable.

<sup>4</sup> Shrine, an altar; a place containing sacred things.

<sup>5</sup> A dorned', ornamented; made pleasing.

<sup>6</sup> In tënd' ed, purposed; meant.

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all in her apron, and return toward the chapel. Following her, he saw her, after giving them many hurried kisses, lay them at Mary's feet and go to tell the s̄aeristan<sup>1</sup> of her gift, that he might hasten to adorn with them the shrine she loved so well.

11. Her father's heart was full of joy at this, for he understood what a sacrifice<sup>2</sup> his noble little girl had made. Kneeling, he asked Mary to bless it and her.—It must be owned that a trace of sadness

<sup>1</sup> S̄ač' rist an, one in charge of the church movables.

<sup>2</sup> Sacrifice (s̄ak' ri fiz), here, an offering made to God.

passed through Regina's mind as she saw the pretty things her sisters and brothers had prepared.

12. But she remembered that her mammä would be pleased to hear where her roses had gone. "I *could* not leave our holy Queen's little altar without flowers when I had some at home," said she, and soon became as gay and happy as the rest.

13. Before sunset her papä called her into his study. On his table was a graceful little basket filled with the loveliest flowers she had ever seen. She almost screamed with delight; and her joy was complete when her father said, "Take these, my little daughter. They are your present to your mammä. You gave your dearly-prized roses to your heavenly Mother. She sends you these in return; for even in this world, Gød often rewards our little deeds of self-denial."

## II.

## 72. THE KING AND THE GEESE.

## PART FIRST.

JOSEPH, King of Bavaria, a prince of great benevolence,<sup>1</sup> was one summer's day amusing himself in the park attached to his palace. Soon he dismissed his usual attendants and remained alone, for a time reading a story of great interest.

2. Presently, laying the book beside him on the pretty rustic seat, he gazed around him with a quiet pleasure, until the tranquil scene made him drowsy and he fell asleep. Awaking, he resolved to stroll<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Be něv' o lence, a disposition to do good.

<sup>2</sup> Ströll, to walk leisurely, or at random.

through the grounds, and turned into a path leading to a meadow which sloped toward a pretty little lake.

3. Suddenly remembering his book, yet not wishing to retrace his steps, he looked about for some proper messenger, but saw only a boy about twelve years old who was keeping a flock of geese.

4. "My boy," said the king, "on such a bench in the park you will find a book which I have forgotten. Go and bring it to me and you shall have a thaler."<sup>1</sup>

5. The boy, not knowing the king, cast a glance of distrust<sup>2</sup> on the fine gentleman who offered a thaler for such a service. "I'm not a fool!" said he.

6. "Why do you think I am making fun of you?" replied the king, smiling, for the child's manner amused him.—"Because you offer me a thaler for so little work. Money isn't come by so easily. I am thinking you are one of them from the castle."

7. "Well, and what if I am? Look, here is the thaler beforehand; now run and fetch my book." The boy's eyes glistened with delight as he took the money. Poor child! he did not earn more by keeping geese all the year round. Still he hesitated.

8. "Well, what are you waiting for?" The boy took off his cotton cap and scratched his head. "I should like to do it, but I don't dare," said he. "If the peasants found out that I had left my geese, they would dismiss me and I should have no more bread."

9. "Little simpleton! I will take care of them while you are away," rejoined<sup>3</sup> the monarch.—"You?"

<sup>1</sup> Thaler (tä'ler), a German dollar, a silver coin worth about seventy-three cents.

<sup>2</sup> Dis trüſt', doubt of one's being sincere, or worthy of trust.

<sup>3</sup> Re joined', answered back.

said the boy, looking at the stranger from head to foot. "You look as if you knew how to keep geese! Why, they would run away down the hill into the fields, and I should have to pay a heavy fine.

10. "Look!—that one there with the black head, which belongs to Ludwig, the gardener, at the castle, is a brute of an animal: he is a deserter, a good-for-nothing bird! If I were to go, he would show off finely. No, no, that won't do."

11. The king assumed<sup>1</sup> a grave air, and said, "Why could I not keep a flock of geese in order, since I succeed in doing so with men?"—"Do you?" replied the boy, scanning<sup>2</sup> him anew. "Ah, now I guess you are a schoolmaster. Well, scholars are easier managed than geese."

12. "Perhaps so, but be quick. Will you go and fetch my book?"—"I should like to, but"—"I will answer for any thing that may happen, and will pay the fine, if the owner of the field is angry with you."

## III.

## 73. THE KING AND THE GESE.

## PART SECOND.

THIS finally overcame the scruples<sup>3</sup> of the little keeper of geese. He advised the king to look well after the goose which he called the "Court Gardener," a splendid large gander, with black plumage,<sup>4</sup> which always headed the entire<sup>5</sup> flock. Then, putting

<sup>1</sup> As *sūmed'*, put on.

<sup>2</sup> *Scān'ning*, examining closely.

<sup>3</sup> *Scru'ple*, doubt; backwardness to decide or act.

<sup>4</sup> *Plūm'age*, the plumes or feathers which cover a bird.

<sup>5</sup> *En tīre'*, whole; complete; not divided.

the whip into his hands, the boy ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

2. But he soon stopped and ran back again. "What now?" enquired the king.—"Crack the whip!" he ordered. The king obeyed, but without producing any sound. "I thought you couldn't," exclaimed the boy. "You want to keep geese, and don't know how to crack a whip!"

3. So saying, he snatched it out of his hand and showed how it ought to be used. The king could with difficulty preserve his gravity; however, he received the lesson as seriously as he was able, and when he succeeded in making the whip sound passably,<sup>2</sup> the boy departed at full speed.

4. It really did seem as if the geese felt that they were no longer under the yoke of their youthful but severe master. The "court gardener" stretched out his neck, cast a glance on all sides, and three times gave his sounding "quack, quack."

5. The whole flock respond<sup>3</sup> to the call, clap their wings, and like a heap of feathers lifted up by a hurricane,<sup>4</sup> launch themselves in every direction, and finally settle down, scattered here and there amid the rich pasturage<sup>5</sup> of the lake.

6. The king shouted—it was in vain; he tried to crack the whip—it would scarcely sound; he ran to the right, he ran to the left—but that only drove off the few remaining geese. Overcome with heat and laughter, he left the birds to follow their own will.

<sup>1</sup> *Pro dūc'ing*, making; enquiring.

<sup>2</sup> *Pass'a bly*, tolerably; so-so.

<sup>3</sup> *Re spōnd'*, reply; answer.

<sup>4</sup> *Hūr'ri cāne*, a sudden and violent wind-storm.

<sup>5</sup> *Past'ūr āge*, grass for feeding.





7. "Ah, well!" he said, "it is indeed easier to govern men than geese. However, the 'court gardener' is the leader of the insurrection." The boy was joyfully returning, but the book fell from his hands when he drew near enough to see the mishap.

8. "I said you knew nothing about it," cried he, sobbing with anger and despair. "Now you must help me to get them together again." Then having taught the king how he was to call, and how he was to stretch out and wave his arms, he ran after the geese which were furthest off.

9. After a long chase and immense trouble, they succeeded in making themselves masters of the whole

flock. Then the boy, tûrning upon the king, broke out with, "I will never trust anybody with my ġeese again! I would not leave them for the king himself!"

10. "Right, my brave boy," replied thē òther, läughing heartily. "I assure you the king would not do any better than I have dōne, becaūse, you see, I am myself the king."—"Tell that to those who will believe it! A king, and so awkward!"

11. "Well," said the ġōod mōnareh, handing him fōur mōre tħälere, "I promise you I will undertake to keep ġeese no mōre."

12. The boy's ill-humor, overeome by so large ā ġift, vanished aš he retürned thänks, ònly adding, "I am sōrry you had so much trouble, but 'EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE' iš my fäther's rüle."

## IV.

## 74. PLANTED.

TWO LITTLE ONES, within the boundš  
 That limited thêir ġarden ġroundš,  
 Strayed like the butterflyš and beeš,  
 Now here, now thêre, midst flowerš and treeš;  
 With childish talk and sōng they sped,  
 Till Ella bent hêr eûrly head  
 To taste the dew-drops on the ġrass,  
 While Thomas watġhed the pretty läss.

2. The ġōlden light of childhood's joy  
 Beamed from the dark eyeš of the boy—  
 He eläsped hiš sister's hand and said:  
 "Oh, let me plant you in this bed!"



Perhaps the dew will make you grow  
 Into a flower, whose leaves of snow  
 Mamma may place before the shrine  
 Where stands our Lady's Child Divine."

3. "Yes!" Ella cried, "and all the day,  
 Brother, while you around me play,  
 The humming-birds with buzzing wing,  
 The dragon-flies, the birds that sing,  
 Will come and watch me growing fair,  
 And wonder what new flower is there—  
 But I'll grow upward to the sky,  
 And scatter blossoms from on high."

4. "Yès, sister! I will dig the ground  
 And set your feet within the mound;  
 And our dear Gød's so vèry gōöd  
 That He Himself will give you fōöd—  
 Hiş breath from roşy eloudş of ēven  
 Will sprinķle you with dewş of hēaven;"  
 So trusting Ella quiet standş  
 While Thomas plants with buşy handş.
5. Then resting, pleased, upon hiş spade,  
 He gūardş áwhile the little maid—  
 But hark! mammä's sweet eall they hear,  
 And—flowerş no lonġer—spring like deer,  
 Telling the löving ear that bent  
 To hear the tale, how they had meant  
 To grow, to bloom, and fill thē air  
 With pèrfumeş sweet and flowerets fair.

## V.

## 75. GIANT AND DWARF.

AS ON through life's jōurney we go dāy by day,  
 Thère are two whom we meet, at each tūrn of  
 the wāy,  
 To help or to hīnder, to bless or to ban,  
 And the nameş of theşe two are "*I Cān't*" and  
 "*I Cān.*"

## 2.

"*I Cān't*" iş á dwarf, á poor, pale, puny sprite,  
 He limps, and hälf-blind, he ean seårġe see the light,  
 He stumbles and fallş, or lieş writhing with fear,  
 Thōugh dāngers are distant and suēor iş near.

## 3.

"*I Cǎn*" is á giant; unbending he stands;  
 Thère is strengfh in his arms and skill in his hands:  
 He áskis for no favors; he wánts but á shâre  
 Where labor is honèst and wages are fáir.

## 4.

"*I Cǎn't*" is a sluggard,<sup>1</sup> too lazy to work;  
 From duty he shrinks, every tásk he will shírks;  
 No bread on his bōard, and no meal in his bag;  
 His house is a rúin, his cōat is a rag.

## 5.

"*I Can*" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,  
 And digs from thē ēarfh all the wealfh which it yields:  
 The hum of his spindles begins with the light,  
 And the fires of his fōrges<sup>2</sup> are blazing all night.

## 6.

"*I Can't*" is a coward, hálf fainting with fright;  
 At the fírst thought of peril<sup>3</sup> he slinks<sup>4</sup> out of sight;  
 Skulks and hides till the noise of the battle is pást,  
 Or sells his best friends, and tûrns traitor<sup>5</sup> at lást.

## 7.

"*I Can*" is a hero, the first in the field;  
 Though óthers may falter, he never will yield:  
 He makes the lóng marches, he deals the lást blow,  
 His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

<sup>1</sup> Slüg'gard, á person who is lazy and idle from habit.

<sup>2</sup> Fōrge, a place where iron and ófá metals are wérked by heating and hammering; a work-shop.

<sup>3</sup> Pēr'il, quick dānger.

<sup>4</sup> Slink (slink), to creep away meanly; to sneak.

<sup>5</sup> Tríd'tor, one who in war takes armg and raises á fórcé against his country, or aids its enemies; one who betrays his trust.

8.

How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust,  
When, roused at the call of a cause that is just,  
He weds his strong will to the valor<sup>1</sup> of youth,  
And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth!

9.

Then up and be doing! the dāy is not löng;  
Throw fear to the winds, be patient and strong!  
Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man.  
And, when duty calls, answer promptly, "I CAN!"

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## SECTION XIX.

I.

### 76. GOOD NIGHT.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,  
Sewing (sō'ing) as löng as hēr eyes could see:  
Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,  
And said, "Dear work! Good night! good night!"

2.

Such a number of crows came over her head,  
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;  
She said, as she watched their curious flight,  
"Little black things! Good night! good night!"

3.

The horses neighed and the öxen löwed;  
The sheep's "Blēat! bleat!" came over the rōad;

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<sup>1</sup> Vāl'or, strength of mind in danger to be firm and free from  
battle; that which enables one in fear; fearlessness.

All seeming to s̄ay, with a quiēt delight,  
 "Good little ġirl! Good night! ġood night!"

4.

She did not s̄ay to the sun "Good night!"  
 Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;  
 For she knew he had Gōd's own time to keep  
 All over the world, and never could sleep.



5.

The tall pink foxġlove<sup>1</sup> bowed hiŝ head—  
 The viōlets eoūrtiesied<sup>2</sup> and went to bed;  
 And ġood little Luçy tied up her h̄air,  
 And said on her knees her evening pr̄ayer.

<sup>1</sup> **Fōx'glove**, a handsome plant that lives for two years. Its leaves are used as a medicine. Its flowers look somewhat like the fingers of

a ġlove—hence its name.

<sup>2</sup> **Courtesied**, (*kērt'sid*), bowed the body a little, with bending of the knees.



## II.

## 77. EVENING.

**S**OFTLY sighs the evening breeze,  
Through the blooming ches/nut trees :  
Little birds from rocking spray,  
Sing their hymn to dying day.

2. Flowers that when the sun arose,  
Oped to life, now softly close :  
As an angel from afar,  
Beams the pale-faced evening star.



3. In the distant western sky,  
Clouds like golden landscapes<sup>1</sup> lie :  
As a little bird at rest,  
Baby sleeps on mother's breast.

<sup>1</sup> *Länd'scåpe*, a portion of land which the eye can take in at a sin-

gle view, with all its objects ; a picture showing some scene in nature.

4. Grāndam<sup>1</sup> gīves her knitting ō'er,  
 And beside our cottāge-dōor  
 Father sīts, and we draw near,  
 Heaven's etērnal<sup>2</sup> trūths to hear.

## III.

## 78. THE SOLDIER'S WINDFALL.

**A**MBROSE, a French soldier, was strolling hōme-ward to his barracks one evening, through the waving wheat-fields near the town of Bleau (Blō). He sang with joy at the thought that in two short weeks his seven years' term of military sērvīce would be over. And then—for his own dear hōme.

2. Gentle, peaceful, and pious, he hated his soldier-life, though ever strietly faithful to its duties, and counted the dāys when he should be free onçe mōre. No wōnder that he sung amidst his bright hopes.

3. As he pāsēd a little shop in which eakes and bunz were sold, he felt his hand gēntly tōuchēd, and tūrning āround, he saw a pale, thin, little boy, ābout four years old, who was trying to attraēt his notīce.

4. "What is the matter, my man?" he kindly said, stooping down to the child.—"I am very hungrī," was the ānswer.—"To whom do you belong?"—"I belong to my nūrse; but she left me here and said she would kill me, if I went back."

5. The soldier pulled down the ragged dress which cōvered the pōor little back, and saw the marks and bruīses of severe blowz. He tōok the child's hand

<sup>1</sup> Grān'dam, an old wōman; ā grāndmōther.

<sup>2</sup> Eternal (e tēr'nal), without beginning or end; ceaseless.

and it grasped his own, as if afraid to let go. He went into the shop and bought a bun, which the boy ate at once. They walked on, Ambrose uncertain what to do—the child quite satisfied and chattering gayly.

6. The soldiers welcomed them at the barracks. One gave the child a penny, another some grapes. One of them cried out, "Ambrose's windfall!" and the name was taken up with roars of laughter.

7. There was no end of joking, when Ambrose declared he would not send him to the poor-house. But how to dispose of him for the present was a difficulty. By coaxing and a few pennies, he at length procured lodging for him with a soldier's wife.

8. For many hours that night Ambrose pondered what he should do with the little one whom Providence had placed in his way. "Not for nothing, please God;" and repeating these words, and making the sign of the cross, he fell asleep.

9. The next morning he went to look after Windfall and found him playing in the street. "Have you said your prayers, sir, this morning?" he said, tapping him gently on the cheek; but the child did not understand.

10. "Can you make the sign of the cross?"—"No," said he, with a puzzled look.—"Have you never heard of the good God?"—"When my nurse and her husband were angry, they used to say——" and the infant lips uttered a dreadful oath.

11. Ambrose shuddered. The bruises on that poor child's body were less sad than the marks already left upon his soul. That day and the next and the next, the soldier sought in every direction for some

means of providing for the boy, but in vain. Once he thought of taking the little fellow home with him.

12. But "No!" he said, "that would be to lay a heavy burden on my family, already so poor, and so produce discord and unkindness. After all, what claim has the child upon me? Why should I go through such anxiety for him?"—Poor Ambrose! the grace of God was pressing him very hard.

13. He paid his usual visit to Windfall, took him out in the street with him, and, entering a church, knelt down before the altar. Then they went to the school of the Christian Brothers. "For three hundred dollars," Ambrose said to the superior, "would you bring up this child in the knowledge of God, and the love of Jesus and His blessed Mother?"

14. The superior reflected a few moments, and consented. "Keep him then till evening." The soldier walked out into the country as he had done the week before, and went over the very same ground.

15. The air was as balmy and the thoughts of home as sweet as before, but God was speaking to his soul. He stopped at the house of a gentleman who had lately advertised for a substitute for the army, offered himself, and was accepted. For the love of God alone, and to save a soul from vice, he bound himself to seven more years of bondage.

16. He hastened back to the school of the Christian Brothers, where he left the child and the price of his own liberty. From that day, he made rapid strides in the heavenward way. The child proved indeed to him a windfall.



IV.

79. THE SUNBEAM.

THE GOLDEN SUN goes gently down  
Behind the western mountain brown :  
One last bright ray is quivering still,  
A crimson line along the hill,  
And colors with a rosy light  
The clouds far up in heaven's blue height.

2. How many scenes and sights to-dāy  
Have basked beneath the selfsame rāy,  
Since first the glōwing morning broke,  
And larks sprung up and lambs āwōke,  
And fields, with glistering dewdrops bright,  
Seemed changed to sheets of silver white!
3. The ship that rushed before the gale  
Has caught it on her bright'ning sail;  
The shepherd boy has watched it pass,  
When shadows moved along the grass;  
The butterflies have loved it much;  
The flowers have opened to its touch.
4. How oft its light has pierced the glōom  
Of some full city's garret rōom,  
And glimmered through the chamber bāre,  
Till the poor workman toiling there  
Has let his tools a moment fall,  
To see it dance upon the wall!
5. Perhaps, some prisoner desolate  
Has watched it through his iron grate,  
And inly wondered as it fell  
Across his low and narrow cell,  
If things without—hill, sky, and tree—  
Were lovely as they used to be.
6. Go gently down, thou golden gleam:  
And as I watch thy fading beam,  
So let me learn, like thee, to give  
Pleasure and blessing while I live;  
With kindly deed and smiling face,  
A *sunbeam* in my lowly place.

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## SECTION XX.

## I.

## 80. TADDEO THE CRIPPLE.

## PART FIRST.

FATHER PEDRO said, "The boy should have some tōols, some small tools, not too heavy for his weak hands, but with which he can amūse<sup>1</sup> himself as he sits here by thē hour in his lōw chāir."

2. The boy's eyes grew bright as he heard this: "Yēs, yes, mōther! let me have some small tools, and I will make something for our own little altar." — "You shall have them, child; your fāther will be glād to do anything to make you happy."

3. That verry night, when Julius the stone-cutter came from his work on the great cathedral, in the old town of Sienna,<sup>2</sup> his wife, Cātherine, told him what Father Pēdro had said.

4. Julius listened with tears in his eyes. "Yēs, my poor Taddeo, you shall have any and all the tools that your weak hands can use." — "Indeed, father, my hands are not so verry weak. If my feet and legs were only as strong as my hands and arms, I could climb with you to the top of the seaffold<sup>3</sup> in the new cathedral. But they will grow stronger."

5. "That may be," said Julius, "but the tools you shall have." The next evening, when he brought

<sup>1</sup> A mūse', to please; to occupy in a pleasant way.

<sup>2</sup> Si ēn'na, a city in Italy.

<sup>3</sup> Scāffold, timber or boards put up to support workmen engaged on the upper part of a building.



Taddeo á set of small toolş for earving<sup>1</sup> wood, and á supply<sup>2</sup> of sôft wood that could be eaşly worked, there waş not á happier child in all Siën'ná.

6. Poor little Taddeo had never tåken á step in hiş life; for hiş feeble<sup>3</sup> limbş were unable to beâr hiş weight, slight aş it waş. But from this time there waş no sadness in the large dark eyeş, no quivering<sup>4</sup> of the pale lips, aş he saw other boyş at their spôrts.

7. Hiş pråyers, even, were said with mðre fêrvor,<sup>5</sup> and á ray of joy lighted up hiş façe and hiş whðle life. With thê early morning hiş toolş were placed by hiş chair, and he waş at work. Hiş mðther did not ásk him what he waş doing, for she saw that it waş to be á surprize<sup>6</sup> for her.

8. The Advent dayş had come and ġone, Christmas too, and even the Epiphany and the Purification, but still Taddeo kept hiş seeret. At last came the morning of the 25th of March. Taddeo waş dressed and in hiş chåir ready to be taken to thê early Måss, for it waş the Feast of the Annunciation, and he must not fail to receive Holy Communion on that dåy.

9. There waş plenty of time, however, for Cåfherine waş á stirring, ætieve wðman, who waş never known to be late for Måss, or to negleet<sup>7</sup> any of her domestic<sup>8</sup> dutieş eithet. Preşently he ealled hiş pårents, and laid in their handş the fiġure on which he had been (bġn) so lðng at work.

<sup>1</sup> Cårv'ing, cutting; fashioning.

<sup>2</sup> Sup ply', á quantity.

<sup>3</sup> Fêe'ble, infirm; weak.

<sup>4</sup> Quiv'er ing, trembling; shak-  
ing with slight, quick motions.

<sup>5</sup> Fer'vor, animation; warmth.

<sup>6</sup> Sur prise', something unex-  
pected.

<sup>7</sup> Neg'lect, to omit; to slight;  
suffer to pass undðne.

<sup>8</sup> Do mës'tic, belonging to the  
home, or family.



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10. Dam Catherine carefully removed the wrapping that still concealed it, and they looked with delighted eyes upon a rare carving of the Blessed Virgin receiving the message of the Angel Gabriel, who knelt before her with a lily in his hand.

11. "O Julius!" exclaimed the happy Catherine, "a real Annunciation, and by our own little Taddeo!" And she clasped her boy in her arms, while tears of joy ran over her own cheeks upon his.

12. Julius, too, though a grave man, embraced his son, kissed him tenderly, and said, "Indeed, my Taddeo, you have worked with something besides those poor tools of yours."

13. "Only with my prayers father," said the boy. "I longed to do some thing for the Blessed Virgin.— And now it is time, bear me to Mass, please."

14. Julius felt as if his child were a mere feather in weight that morning, so buoyant<sup>1</sup> were the hearts of both; and when he carried him to the communion-rail, and saw the joy that lighted up his pale face as he received his Lord, a feeling of almost reverential awe<sup>2</sup> was mingled with his affection.

15. That night he said to Catherine, "Our Taddeo is more like an angel than a child! I sometimes think he is not long for this world."—"A year ago you might have said this, Julius," replied Catherine, "and for *his* sake I would have been content to believe it. But now he seems so happy, I long<sup>3</sup> to have him live."

## II.

## 81. TADDEO THE CRIPPLE.

## PART SECOND.

**H**IS ANNUNCIATION was finished, but the thin fingers of the cripple were not idle. His brain teemed<sup>4</sup> with holy fancies,<sup>5</sup> and his skillful<sup>6</sup> hands were never weary of giving them shapes of beauty. The wood was laid aside for marble.

2. Months passed away, and one evening, when Julius came home from his work, he told his wife

<sup>1</sup> Buoy'ant, light; cheerful.

<sup>2</sup> Awe (ā), a feeling of respect and fear.

<sup>3</sup> Long, to desire eagerly or earnestly.

<sup>4</sup> Teemed, was stocked or filled to overflowing.

<sup>5</sup> Fancies, mental pictures.

<sup>6</sup> Skill'ful, having skill, or being able to perform nicely.

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and son that "Every workman would, unaided,<sup>1</sup> earve one pillar<sup>2</sup> of the caſhedral aſ an offering<sup>3</sup> to the church."

3. The next mōrning Taddeo ſaid, "Fāther, will you not take me with you to-dāy to the eaſhedral? I want to ſee the pillars, and to ſee which one you have choſen." For Taddeo to expreſs<sup>4</sup> a wiſh waſ enough for Julius. The boy waſ earried in hiſ father'ſ ſtrōng armſ, juſt aſ he had been all hiſ life, and the workmen at the eaſhedral made a ſeat for him.

4. Hiſ father had choſen a pillar near thē altar of the Bleſſed Virgīn, the ſecond one, in faet. The firſt one, of the moſt beautiful white marble, had been left for ſome ḡreat artiſt, for ſome workman who ſhould exĉel<sup>5</sup> all thē others.

5. Taddeo ſat belōw, lōōking at the tall eolumns,<sup>6</sup> and at the ſtone-entterſ ſeated high up on the ſeaſ-foldingſ āround them, and a wiſh, a ſtrōng wiſh, ſwelled in hiſ young heart. The workmen, aſ they looked down on the boy, ſaid to themſelveſ: "He iſ nearer Heaven than ēarĉh!" ſo holy waſ hiſ look. They pitied him, too, becauſe he waſ a eripp.

6. When Julius came down aſ uſual at the noon reĉeſſ, he āſked Taddeo if he waſ noi tired, and if he did not wiſh to gō hōme. "No," ſaid Taddeo; "but, father, will you take me up to the top of the pillar, next to ou. Lady'ſ altar, and ḡive me my toolſ, for that iſ the pillar I muſt earve."

<sup>1</sup> Un āid'ed, without help from others.

<sup>2</sup> Pillar, a ſupport; that which upholdſ or ſupports a ſtatue, a rōof, or the like.

<sup>3</sup> Offering, that which iſ preſented.

<sup>4</sup> Ex preſſ', to make known.

<sup>5</sup> Ex cēl', to ſurpaſſ; to outdo.

<sup>6</sup> Cōl'umns, pillarſ.

7. "You, my son!" exclaimed Julius. "Why, Taddeo, that has been left for some great sculptor<sup>1</sup> to do. None of us would think of carving that pillar." — "Ask Father Pedro," said Taddeo, while a look of pain passed over his face. "Ask him *now*, father; I am certain he will not refuse me."

8. Julius consented<sup>2</sup> because unwilling to deny<sup>3</sup> his son, though he anticipated<sup>4</sup> only disappointment;<sup>5</sup> and Father Pedro coming into the church at the moment, rendered<sup>6</sup> the task easier. Laying his hand on Taddeo's head (for the boy was a favorite<sup>7</sup> with him), he said, "What is it, my son, that you want me to say *yés* to?"

9. "I want you to say"—and Taddeo spoke very slowly and solemnly<sup>8</sup>—"that I may cut the pillar, the white marble pillar which stands nearest to our Blessed Lady's altar."

10. Father Pedro looked surprised at first, then the tears came to his eyes. Finally, after a few moments' silence, he said, "I will tell you to-morrow, after my Mass." Then, turning to Julius, "Be sure to bring Taddeo; I will see him directly after, in the sacristy.<sup>9</sup> The Mass was ended. Taddeo was taken to the sacristy, and Father Pedro, before laying off his vestments,<sup>10</sup> said, "You shall carve the pillar, my son."

<sup>1</sup> Sculp'tor, one who carves images or figures.

<sup>2</sup> Con sent'ed, agreed.

<sup>3</sup> De ný', to refuse.

<sup>4</sup> An tic'i pát ed, had a view before; foresaw.

<sup>5</sup> Dis ap point'ment, defeat of expectation.

<sup>6</sup> Rén'dered, made; caused.

<sup>7</sup> Fā'vor ite, a person or thing regarded with peculiar affection.

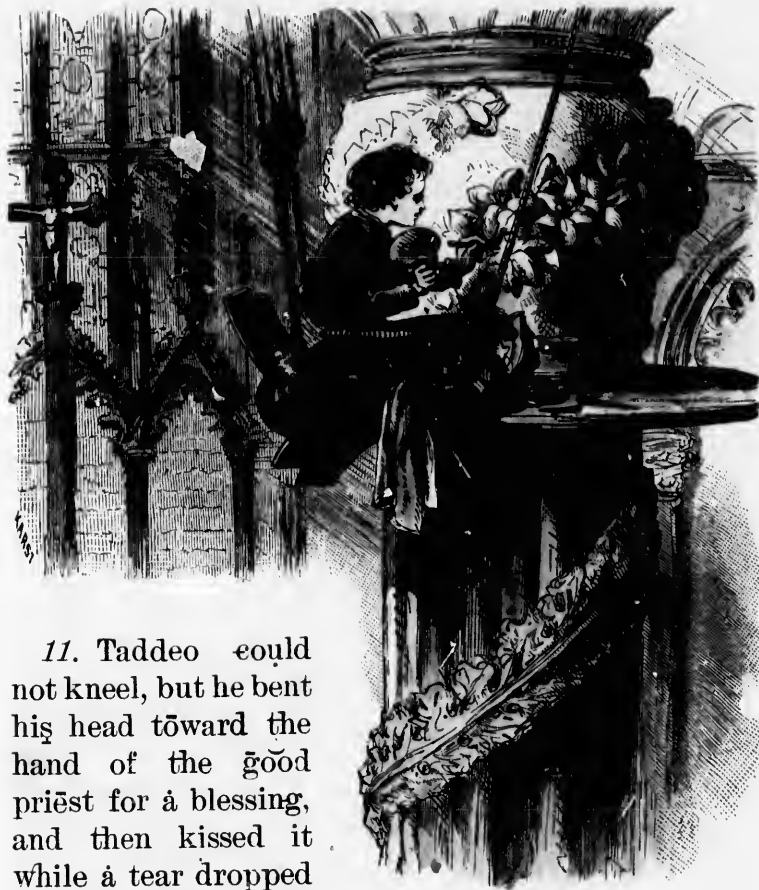
<sup>8</sup> Sól'emn ly, seriously.

<sup>9</sup> Sác'rist ý, an apartment in which the sacred vestments and vessels of the church are kept.

<sup>10</sup> Vést'ments, here means the garments worn by a priest during the Holy Sacrifice.



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11. Taddeo could not kneel, but he bent his head toward the hand of the good priest for a blessing, and then kissed it while a tear dropped upon it from his

cheek. Julius took him in his arms to the church, and up the high scaffolding, brought him his tools, and then went quietly to his own pillar, elose by.

12. Evèry morning after this, Taddeo was carried to his pillar, and his head was bowed low in prayer before he made a stroke with his chisel. Evèry night Julius took him home to his mother, weary but happy.

13. Months rolled by. The workmen no longer sit high up among the arches, but are coming lower day by day, and Taddeo among them. Now he has reached the very base,<sup>1</sup> and every one stops to look at the tall white shaft<sup>2</sup> that stands next to our Lady's altar; for it is one column of pure white lilies!

14. It seems to bud and bloom with this same "plant and flower of light," for throughout its lofty height, no two lilies can be found exactly alike. Each has its six open or closed petals,<sup>3</sup> its thread-like stamens<sup>4</sup> and its six large anthers,<sup>5</sup> yet each one is unlike any of the others.

15. The base from which spring shaft and capital<sup>6</sup> is one mass of leaves, and among them Taddeo is carving a name in large, fair letters, also made of lilies. Beside him stand Julius and good Father Pedro. As he lays down his chisel he turns to Father Pedro and bows his head for a blessing, then leans forward until he rests against the pillar.

16. Julius waits for him, for he is accustomed to seeing Taddeo lose himself in a moment's prayer. Then he stoops down to take up the boy as usual, but Taddeo is dead! He died with his head resting on the name he had carved among the lilies—the name of *MARY!*

<sup>1</sup> **B**ase, the foundation; that on which a thing rests.

<sup>2</sup> **S**haft, the long, roller-like part of a pillar.

<sup>3</sup> **P**etal, one of the colored leaves composing a flower.

<sup>4</sup> **S**tamens, the thread-like organs of a flower.

<sup>5</sup> **A**nther, that organ of a flower which crowns the stamen.

<sup>6</sup> **C**apital, the top or uppermost part of a pillar.





## III.

## 82. THE ANGELIC YOUTH.

**A** MIDST the glōw and the glōry  
 Of the gōlden mōnth of June,  
 When the budṣ are all in blossom  
 And the birdṣ are all in tune,  
 What iṣ thêre mōre delicious,  
 More fraught with child-like joy,  
 Than the feast of St. Aloysius,  
 Gōnzä'gä'ṣ blessèd boy !

2. In the blaze of a thousand altars  
 He standṣ—dear little Saint !

In hiş snowy, âiry sŭrplîçe,  
 And hiş habit dark and quaint ;  
 Hiş head â little drooping,  
 (The wāy he uested to stand,)  
 Hiş dark clear eyeş on the lilies,  
 And â eruçifix in hiş hand.

3. What matters the erown that ġlitters  
 Unnotiçed at hiş feet ?  
 What matter the dŭeal splendors  
 Hiş brother finds so sweet ?  
 The dear religious habit  
 Tŭrns <sup>1</sup>gold and ġemş to dröss,  
 And the Cöpany of Jeşus  
 Is *worth* â prinçedöm's löss.
4. He waş not old, dear children,  
 Hiş façe waş young and fâir,  
 Swift waş hiş step and ġraceful,  
 And bright hiş waving hâir ;  
 Aecomplished, mild, and eouŕtèouş,  
 And every inch â prinçe,  
 Hiş like 'mid royal paġes  
 Haş not been met with sinçe.
5. But he böre himself so pŭrely,  
 Like â lily, white and fresh,  
 They ealled him, " the little prinçe exempt  
 From the weakness of the flesh."  
 And though hiş soul's bright vesture  
 Waş such aş seraphs weâr,  
 He yielded up hiş sweet, young life,  
 To penance and to prâyer.

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6. O s̄ay not, precious childre:  
 "Such heights are not for us:"  
 He lov̄ed our Lord intensely,  
 And our Lord is generous.  
 Ere the light of gr̄ace auspiciou:  
 In your tender souls grow dim,  
 Come to Saint Aloysius,  
 And l̄earn to love like him!

## IV.

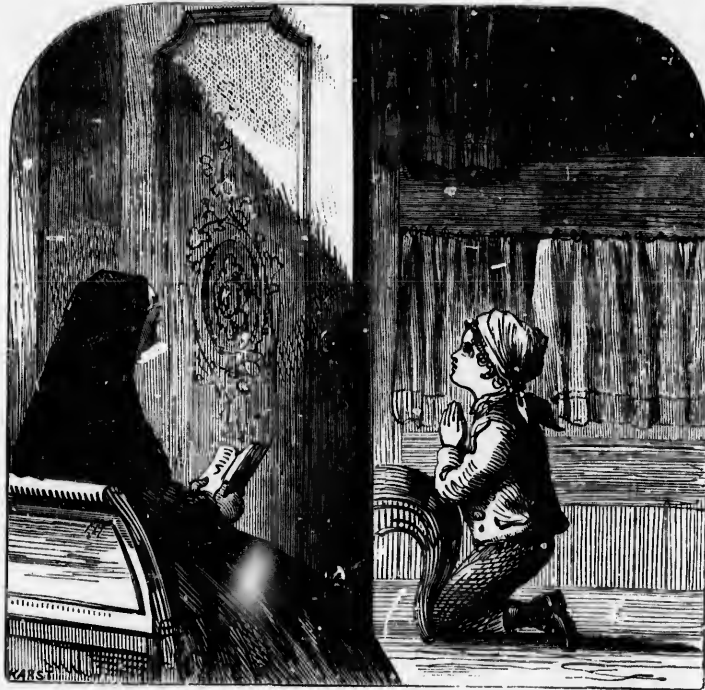
## 83. THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

QUITE LATELY, I was seated in the cabin of one of our great ocean steamers, in conversation with some friends. We were approaching port, and, expecting to land on the following day, exchanged many pleasant, cheerful words concerning our voyage and its close.

1. One by one our company withdrew, either to seek repose or to prepare for the bustle of the morrow. I noticed among the passengers who now thronged into the cabin, two who had attracted my notice from time to time throughout the day.

2. These were a little boy about six years old, and his father, a man of medium height and respectable dress, who was evidently a foreigner. They had passed and repassed me as I sat upon the deck enjoying the pleasant breeze and the wide expanse of water around me.

4. The child was very fair and fine-looking, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance, and from under his little German cap fell his chestnut hair in thick-clustering, beautiful curls.



5. They stood within a few feet of me, and I watched with interest their preparations for the night's repose. The father arranged an upper berth for the child, and tied around the little one's head a handkerchief to protect his curls—those glossy curls that looked as if the sunlight from his happy heart always rested upon them.

6. I looked to see him seek his resting-place. But, instead of this, he quietly knelt down upon the floor, folded his little hands together, and with bowed head and sign of the cross began his evening prayer.

7. How simple his gesture! How beautiful and child-like the little kneeling figure appears! I could

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hear the murmuring of his sweet voice in the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the "Göd bless papä."

8. Thêre wêre grown men áround him, Christian *men*, going to rest without á prâyer; or, if praying at all, confining thêir devotions to á kind of mental desyre for proteetion, without enough eourâge or piety to kneel down in á steamböat cabin and, beföre strângerſ, æknowledgê the goodnes of Göd, and ásk Hiſ proteeting love!

9. In this bright boy I saw the training of some pious môther! Whêre waſ she at that moment? Pêrchânce<sup>1</sup> in á distant land, or, it may be, lóoking from thê etêrnal world upon the child she had so loved and taught. How many times had that kind hand rested on thoſe sunny locks aſ he lisped hiſ evening prâyerſ.

10. I eould seârçe restrain my tearſ then, nor can I now, aſ I see in memory that sweet child, unheed-ing the crowded tumult áround him, bending in tender love before hiſ Lord. Hiſ devotions ended, he áróſe, and with hiſ father'ſ góod-níght kiss on cheek and brow, sôon sunk to peaceſul rest.

11. I felt á stróng desyre to speak to them, but defêrred<sup>2</sup> it until morning. And when morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again.

Söft eyeſ eást so humbly down,  
Shaded by the ringlets brown,  
Heeding not the crowdſ that páſsed,  
Little handſ in reverence elásped,

<sup>1</sup> Per chance', possibly; perhaps.    <sup>2</sup> De ferred', delayed; put off.

Amidst memory's pictures fair,  
Oft I'll see thee, "Child at Prayer!"

V.

## 84. ALTARS OF MARY.

COME CROWN our Mother's altars now,  
And bind the garland on her brow,  
And bid the flowerets fair,  
Breathe out their odors at her feet,  
As Nature's purest incense, meet  
To mingle with our prayer.

2. All spotless like thy purity,  
The lily fair we bring to thee;  
The rose, with blushes dyed,  
Which as thy virtues, rich and rare,  
With sweetest fragrance fills the air—  
The summer's glorious pride.
3. Crowned by thy God in heaven above,  
Object of all the angels' love,  
And blest for evermore;  
Yet wilt thou list thy children's song,  
And smile upon the infant throng  
Who, at thy shrine, adore.
4. Oh, may we here, a youthful band,  
Be guided by thy gracious hand  
Through life's uncertain way,  
Until with thee we join, to sing  
The glories of thy Son, our King,  
In Heaven's eternal day.

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## SECTION XXI.

## I.

## 85. GIANT PRIDE.

## PART FIRST.

ALL CHILDREN like to hear, or to read for themselves, stōries about giants. There is scarcely one of them, who has not heard about Jack the Giant-Killer. The stōry makes him out a verry brave youth, but unhappily the story is not true.

2. There was another Giant-Killer, David, who really lived some three thousand years ago. His story is told in the Holy Scriptures, which is Gōd's book. Goliath, whom David killed, was a real giant. He was ten or eleven feet high. He had brothers who were also killed in David's time. So that this whole family of giants were destroyed.

3. But there is another family of giants who are alive in our own day. We meet them everywhere, and each one of us has to fight them. They are not men of huge stature, but they are great sinners. Our Catechism calls them the Seven Deadly Sinners.

4. We know what deadly means, something which may kill us. They are all related to each other, and when one of them has seized upon us, it is easy for the others to do the same.

5. Each one of us has a soul. And this soul is given us to know, love and serve Gōd, and be happy with him forever in heaven. If we had not a soul, we would be like the lower animals.



6. Now it is our sōul which these seven giants are trying to kill, or at least to make into a slave. The seven giants are all the sērvants of the devil, and enemies of Gōd. What they want to do is to keep our sōul from ever going to heaven, and to put it instead in the dungeon of hell.

7. Giant Pride is the first of these giants, and he is one of the strongest. Even when boys and girls are very good, he makes his way into their sōul. And he does as much harm there as a storm does that sweeps through a garden of flowers.

8. He makes a boy or girl think, "Oh, I am very good. I say my prayers, I know my lessons, I obey my teacher. I am better than any other one in my class. My friends and playmates are not nearly so good nor so wise as I am."

9. This giant shows himself in other ways, too. He makes a child rude to his little companions, saying to himself: "They are so stupid, or they do not wear such nice clothes as I do, or their fathers and mothers are poor people."

10. And he will not let them touch his playthings, nor read his books, nor will he even speak kindly to them. It makes him also very greedy and selfish. He picks out the best of everything for himself; the choicest toys, the rosiest apples, the biggest piece of cake, and the largest handful of nuts.

11. This is all the work of Giant Pride, who has become this child's master. And yet if the child could only see how ugly this giant is! If a picture could be taken of him, or of the sōul which belongs to him, the child could not bear the sight.

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12. When he is in a soul, Gōd can not bear to look at it. The Blessèd Vīrgin turns awāy her head. This giant never sēized upon her when she wāş on earth. She wāş always humble, and free from sin, and that wāş why our Lord chose her for hiş Mother.

13. What must children do when they feel that

Giant Pride is coming near them, and trying to make them think themselves better than anybody else, or wiser than their parents and teachers, so that they do not want to obey?

14. They must think of the child Jesus at Nazareth. He lived there in a very poor little house. He obeyed his foster-father, St. Joseph, and his Mother, Mary. "He was subject to them," as the Holy Scriptures say.

15. He, the Lord of heaven and earth, lived as the poorest people do on earth, and obeyed His own creatures. He did this to show children how they were to fight Giant Pride.

16. So when Giant Pride comes, children must pray to Jesus of Nazareth and to his Blessed Mother. They can not fight a giant alone. He is so strong and they are so weak. When David slew Goliath, it was with the help of God.

## II.

### 86. GIANT PRIDE.

#### PART SECOND.

**I**N HEAVEN there was once a very beautiful Angel. He shone brighter than the sun or the stars, or any earthly light. In all God's kingdom of heaven, there was no one like him. He was near to the throne of God, and he was above all the other angels. His name was Lucifer, which means the light-bringer.

2. This Angel was very happy. Every one is happy in heaven. No sorrow enters there. There is no death, and no night. There is no need of the

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sun or of the moon, for the light of Gōd is always shining there. The city itself is of pure gold, and the walls adorned with precious stones.

3. One day Giant Pride found his way in there. Some of the Angels were afraid when they saw him coming. But as Lucifer was so powerful, he did not know what fear was. So the giant crept up to him, and began to talk.

4. "Lucifer," he whispered, "how beautiful you are; how great and strong and mighty you are. You are equal to Gōd. Why do you obey him?"

5. Now he was not equal to Gōd, because Gōd had made him, shining angel as he was. But Giant Pride likes to tell lies. He does not care for the truth. Lucifer was quite willing to listen to him and to accept what he said. He did not try to fight Giant Pride.

6. He did not say to him, "All I have Gōd gave me; my beauty, my strength, my power. So I must obey him, and be very grateful to him besides." But as he listened his heart was changed, and he said: "I will obey Gōd no more. I will be as great as he. I will make all the other spirits obey me."

7. As soon as he said this, Gōd cast him out of heaven and into hell, where he must now live forever in fire and in torments.

8. So it was through Giant Pride that Lucifer, the brightest of all the bright spirits in Gōd's kingdom, was changed into a devil. Should we not, then, be very much afraid of this Giant Pride?

9. But he did more. He made Eve, our first mother, disobey Gōd. We children know how Adam

and Eve were placed by Gōd in a lovely ġarden. It waſ full of flowers and fruit, and of all the moſt beautiful things that are in the world.

10. The animals which lived there were tame, and came and crouched at Adam's feet, when he called them. Adam and Eve were perfectly happy. Gōd ġave them everything. But he showed them one tree of the ġarden, and told them that they must not eat any of the fruit that ġrew upon it.

11. Giant Pride stole into the ġarden, and he whispered to Eve that if she ate any of thoſe apples, she would be aſ wiſe and ġreat aſ Gōd. He said, "Why should Gōd tell you not to eat thoſe apples? He wants to keep you ignorant, for fear you should know aſ much as he does."

12. So Eve forġot all that Gōd had done for her. He had created her, and ġiven her everything that could make her happy. She believed what Giant Pride said, and so she ate of the fruit. She ġave some to Adam, and he ate, also.

13. Then Gōd waſ anġry, and put them both out of the ġarden. After that, ſōrrōw, sickness, and death came into the world. And if Christ had not died for us, not one of us could ever ġo to heaven. Our last home must have been with Lucifer in hell.

14. So when children feel this Giant coming near them, they should pray to the dear Child Jeſus, and to hiſ Bleſſed Mother. They should aſk for strength, that they may be able to defeat him. We can not fiġht him alōne, no matter how much we may wish to do so.

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## III.

## 87. GIANT ANGER.

## PART FIRST.

GIANT ANGER is second in our order of subjects as to the Seven Giants. Though each of these has his special friends, they influence more or less all of us. We have seen what an ugly giant Pride is, and now comes another quite as bad. When we go to Confession, we must strive to find out whether our giant is Pride, or Anger, or which other one of the seven.

2. Giant Anger often tries to get children into his power, and he is often helped to do this by Giant Pride. Giant Anger always looks cross. His forehead is full of wrinkles, because he frowns so much. His lips are big and swollen. His eyes are red, from the angry thoughts in his mind.

3. His voice is like the growling of a bear, or the snarling of an angry dog. He often waits at the nursery door, or in the dining-room, or in the school-room, to seize the children. When he hears them told to do anything which they do not like, he puts out his hand and touches them.

4. Then the children's faces get just like his own. The smile is gone away from them. The brows are knit, the lips are puckered up. The children are very ugly. Even those about them can see that. But the worst of it is that God sees it.

5. His Angel guardian turns away, and the Blessed Virgin is very sad. She remembers how her Divine



Son loved those little souls, and came down on earth to bring them up to heaven. And she knows, too, how the thought of those children giving themselves to one or more of these giants, made Jesus suffer in the garden and on the Cross.

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6. Sometimes a child stamps his foot, cries, calls his little playmate naughty names, or even strikes him. Or if he is at school, he will not speak to anyone, but sits in the corner sulking.

7. His Angel whispers to him, "Drive Giant Anger away. He wants to make your little friends hate you. He will put you in chains. He will strive to destroy your soul. Jesus will help you, if you will only pray to Him."

8. If the child listen to his Angel and obey, Giant Anger will not be able to make him a prisoner; but he will soon be as happy as he was before. And so bright jewels will be added to the crown that the child is to wear one day in heaven.

## IV.

## 88. GIANT ANGER.

## PART SECOND.

**N**EARLY nineteen hundred years ago, when our Lord was on earth, it is said that when the children of Nazareth were in any trouble they used to say, "Let us go to Meekness." They called Jesus Meekness. We know what meekness is. It is keeping Giant Anger away.

2. This giant never dared to go near our dear Saviour. He was so sweet and gentle that every one went to Him to tell him when anything was the matter. Our Lord did not love any one who belonged to Giant Anger. He said one day, in his great sermon on the mount, "Blessed are the Meek."

3. Children can be meek if they will only try. If they feel Giant Anger coming, let them say a little prayer and drive him away. If he tell them to speak angry words, or to sit sulking and pouting in a corner, let them think of the Child Jesus and ask him to destroy the ugly giant.

4. Sometimes children get to quarreling about a ball, or a picture-book, or a lesson. Alice says, "Mary won't let me have her book," and tries to snatch it out of Mary's hand. Mary says, "No, you shan't have my book," and kicks and screams and slaps, rather than let it go. Giant Anger pushes Mary one way, and Alice another.

5. But the Angel Guardian whispers, "Mary, give her the book. Do it for the sake of the Mother of Jesus, whose name you bear, and the dear Child Jesus, and the day will come when you will be happy with them in heaven."

6. And Alice's Angel says, "It is her book. Do not take it from her. Be gentle and kind, as little Jesus was."

7. Or Giant Anger pushes Henry into a corner, and makes him sit there, thinking: "Oh how I wish I could strike William! I hate him so! He took my place in the class. He won the game and stole my marbles."

8. And the Angel whispers: "Henry, it is just as bad to cherish angry thoughts as to say angry words, or to do angry deeds. God sees you. Drive away your angry thoughts, for Jesus' sake, and he will reward you here and hereafter. Giant Anger is near, to seize you. Escape from him through prayer."

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## V.

## 89. GIANT INTEMPERANCE.

## PART FIRST.

**G**IANT INTEMPERANCE is an enemy of Gōd and the chief cause of earthly illſ. Head and ſhoulders above the other giants, he is the ſtrongeſt, the moſt artful, obſtinate, hard-hearted, and fiendiſh of them all. He is ſometimes called drunkenneſs, or Giant Gluttony.

2. The names of the other giants are Luſt, Envy, Sloth, and Covetouſneſs. Though each of theſe ſeven brothers differs from the others, there is a ſtrōng family likenneſs. Giant Intemperance in hiſ ſingle perſon haſ the traits<sup>1</sup> of the others, and he ſurpaſſeſ them all in wickedneſs.

3. He is a verry ugly-loōking fēllōw. When he is in gōōd humor,<sup>2</sup> and feelſ jolly,<sup>3</sup> he putſ on a ſilly<sup>4</sup> face, and loōks verry fōōliſh. But when he gets in a paſſion,<sup>5</sup> he is frightful loōking, and it makeſ one ſhudder to ſee him.

4. He never waſ verry hāndsōme, ēven when he waſ quite young; but, aſ he grows older, and mōre wickēd, evil paſſionſ have ſhown themſelveſ mōre and mōre on hiſ face, and ſin haſ ſtamped itſ dread-ful mark upon hiſ featureſ<sup>6</sup> ſo fearfully, that he is now a verry monſter of ūgliñeſs.

<sup>1</sup> **Traits**, toucheſ or marks which diſtinguiſh.

<sup>2</sup> **Hū'mor**, ſtate of mind; mood; temper.

<sup>3</sup> **Jōl'y**, laughter-lōving; full of life and fun.

<sup>4</sup> **Silly**, witleſſ; ſimple.

<sup>5</sup> **Paſſion** (pāſh'un), ſtrōng feeling moving to action; aṅger; fierce rage.

<sup>6</sup> **Feat'ures**, countenance; face; make, form, or appearance.



5. This giant is cruel,<sup>2</sup> and hard-hearted, and selfish, and passionate, and fierce. When a person gets into his power, he soon becomes just like him. He begins to forget God; he neglects his morning and his evening prayers; he stays at home from Mass

<sup>2</sup> Cruel (krø'el), willing or pleased to give pain to others, or to vex them; barbarous; savage; hard-hearted.

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on Sundays, and he will not go to Confession, for he knows that if he does, he will have to break the chains which the giant has put on him. He neglects his business, wastes his money, becomes unkind to his family, and often leaves them in tears.

6. This giant is very, very wicked, too. He breaks every one of God's laws. He fills the poor-house and the prison, and furnishes victims for the gallows.<sup>1</sup> Sin follows him like a shadow, wherever he goes. Quarreling, swearing, fighting, robbing, and murdering are ever with him.

7. He is the largest, the strongest, the most dangerous giant in the world. He is strong in nearly all countries. Once he might easily have been driven out of any land. But now he has so many strong enemies, so many thousands of men in his service, and so much money to use in his defense, that he laughs at his enemies.

8. Thousands of noble men and women, and brave and loving boys and girls have worked to destroy this giant. Gold and silver have been expended freely to destroy him. More sermons and speeches have been delivered against him, more books written, more societies formed, and more efforts made against him, than against all the other giants.

9. Though this giant is thousands of years old, and has been through hundreds of battles, he does not seem to grow weak, or stiff with age. But every year he seems to get stronger and more active.

10. And oh! what a sad sight it is to look into one of his dungeons! Hundreds and thousands of pris-

<sup>1</sup> Gallows (gǎl'ius), the frame on which murderers are hanged.

oners, in our land, are bound fast in his chains. He has more of them than any other giant here.

11. These prisoners are not from any one class only. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, are among them. Farmers, mechanics, merchants, lawyers, doctors—men and women, and even children too, are dragged into his dungeons.

12. The accomplished,<sup>1</sup> the learned, the kindest, the most loving, and the most beautiful fall under his power. Many hundred captives are taken from his dungeons, in our own country, every year, and buried in the drunkard's grave. How dreadful this is to think of!

## VI.

## 90. GIANT INTEMPERANCE.

## PART SECOND.

GENERALLY the Giant Intemperance is clothed in rags. And he is so filthy, too, that his whole appearance is disgusting. He goes unwashed and unshaved for days together; and then, with a rough, shaggy beard, and an old crumpled<sup>2</sup> hat on his head, he may be seen reeling and staggering about the streets.

2. His prisoners, too, soon become like him, filthy, ragged, a nuisance<sup>3</sup> to the neighborhood. Often the wretched father and mother, and the little child, are

<sup>1</sup> Accomplished (ak kōm'plisht), complete or finished in things which are most sought by study and practice; as skill in the use of

language, in music, painting, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Crumpled (krūm'pld), drawn or pressed into wrinkles or folds.

<sup>3</sup> Nuisance, that which troubles.

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seen covered with dirt, gathered from the gutter<sup>1</sup> where they have been lying.

3. They spend their means foolishly, and become too lazy to work ; but the need of food and clothing, and the dreadful desire for rum force them into action. They lose all self-respect, beg from door to door, and prey upon the innocent, the credulous,<sup>2</sup> and the benevolent.

4. They devise<sup>3</sup> false stories, and deceive with lying lips their own relatives, and their best friends. Their natural affections are deadened. No regard for parents, brothers, or sisters, no love of wife, no youthful promise of son or daughter, no feeling for the tender infant restrains them.

5. They indulge the appetite for strong drink day by day, and so it grows stronger and stronger until it is a disease, clinging like a blight<sup>4</sup> upon their lives. Woe to them, poor slaves ! A burning thirst possesses them--a thirst always crying " More ! more ! " and which can never be satisfied.

6. Of course this giant must be very artful<sup>5</sup> and busy making prisoners to be able to take so many. He sets a great many man-traps, and snares, to catch people, young and old.

7. The low drinking places along our public streets and by-ways, are all TRAPS he has set. Here he sits, patiently, watching for days, weeks, months, and years, to catch any passer-by, old or young, just as

<sup>1</sup> Gūt'ter, a small channel, or ditch, at the road side.

<sup>2</sup> Crěd'ū loūs, apt to believe on slight proof ; easily deceived.

<sup>3</sup> Devise (de vīz'), to invent ; to

scheme or plan for.

<sup>4</sup> Blight, mildew ; that which injures or destroys.

<sup>5</sup> Art'ful, cunning ; sly ; apt to mislead.



you *often* see a spider quietly watching in its web to entangle a poor fly.

8. Into these traps people are enticed.<sup>1</sup> They are tempted to drink. They learn to love drink. And when this habit is formed, they become his prisoners. But these are only a few of his snares.

9. Sometimes he spreads a snare at an evening party. A pleasant company is present. Refreshments are handed round. Liquor<sup>2</sup> is poured out. A young man is urged to drink to the health of a friend. He finally takes the glass, and drinks, that he may not hurt his friend's feelings.

10. He attends many parties. He takes liquor at each of them. Thus the taste for drink is formed. By and by he feels that he can't do without it. The giant has bound him hand and foot, and he is soon dragged down to ruin.<sup>3</sup>

11. These are some of this giant's ways of catching people. Then he conquers<sup>4</sup> their better feelings. They turn from the path of virtue, and enter that of vice. That is a down-hill path,<sup>5</sup> and the giant pushes them on faster and faster.

12. Thus his prisoners are ruined; ruined for this world, and for the next. Misery,<sup>6</sup> disgrace, and want are the portion the giant gives them while they live; and, when they die, they find that the Holy

<sup>1</sup> **Enticed**, drawn on by awakening desire or hope; tempted; coaxed.

<sup>2</sup> **Liquor** (lik'er), drink that intoxicates, or makes drunk; drink that contains alcohol.

<sup>3</sup> **Ruin** (ro'in), destruction; that

change of any thing which destroys it, or unfits it for use.

<sup>4</sup> **Conquers** (kongk'erz).

<sup>5</sup> **Path** (pafh).

<sup>6</sup> **Mis'ery**, woe; very great unhappiness.

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Scriptures say truly, "Drun-kards shall *not* inherit<sup>1</sup> the kingdom of Gōd."

13. Now, you must lēarn to fight the giant Intemperance while you are young, if you do not wish to become hiſ prisonerſ. You are to do this BY DRINKING COLD WATER. I do not mean that cold water iſ to take the plaċe of milk, or tea, or coffee.

14. But I mean you are to drink cold water instead of all kindſ of intoxicating liquorſ. The giant can never conquer you while you make thiſ your drink. Sign the pledge in youth and become a useful member of the Father Mathew temperance ſociety.

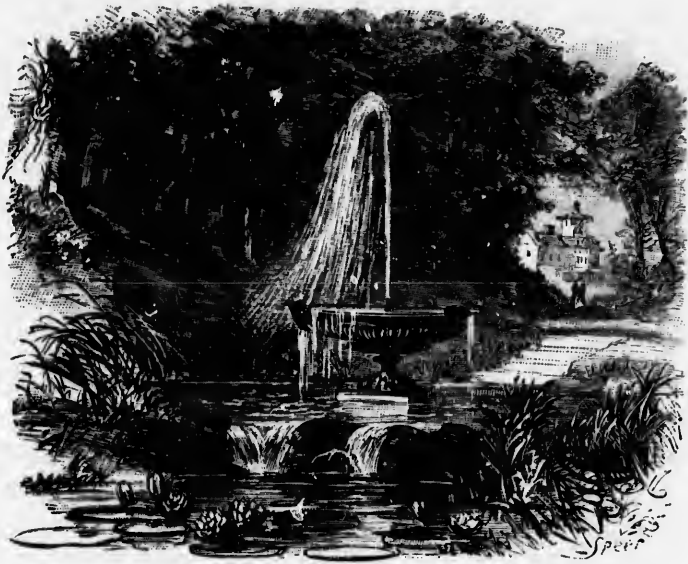
15. Keep thiſ pledge yourſelf, and uſe your influence to ġet your friendſ and ſchool-mates to sign it alſo. Pray for ġrace and ſtrength to keep your promise, and the Saered Heart of Jeſus will aid you ſo to do. You will thus do much ġood. The children of to-day will ſōn be the men and women of our country. And the ġood habits thus formed in early yearſ, aſ the Holy Scripture ſayſ, "Shall add to thee length of dayſ, and yearſ of life, and peace."

## VII.

## 91. THE FOUNTAIN.

*Into the sunshine,  
Full of the light,*

<sup>1</sup> In hēr' it, to receive or take possessed of, or to enjoy; to have by right of birth: to become by nature.



Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night.

2. Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like  
When the winds blow!

3. Into the starlight,  
Rushing in spray,

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Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day!

4. Ever in motion,  
Blithesome<sup>1</sup> and cheery,<sup>2</sup>  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never weary;<sup>3</sup>

5. Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best;  
Upward or downward.  
Motion thy rest;

6. Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame,  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same;

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<sup>1</sup> Blithe'some, mĕrry; cheerful. lively; causing cheerfulness.

<sup>2</sup> Chĕer' ŷ, in ġood spirits; <sup>3</sup> A wĕa' rŷ, very tired.

7. *Ceaseless<sup>1</sup> aspiring,<sup>2</sup>  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element—<sup>3</sup>*

8. *Glorious<sup>4</sup> fountain!<sup>5</sup>  
Set my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee!*

## VIII.

## 92. WATER.

**W**ATER, beautiful water! Do you know of any thing mōre beautiful than wāter? The bright dew-drops, the babbling<sup>6</sup> broōks, the clear fountains, the sparkling water-falls, the rapid rivers, and the deep, salt sea are all beautiful.

2. We have springs and fountains of water all over the world. They are found in evēry land. Whēr-

<sup>1</sup> Cēase'less, without end or rest.

<sup>2</sup> As pīr'ing, longing for; rising.

<sup>3</sup> El'e ment, one of the simplest or needful parts of a thing.

<sup>4</sup> Glō'ri ous, grand; noble.

<sup>5</sup> Fount'ain, a spring or stream of water rising naturally from the earth, or formed by man.

<sup>6</sup> Bāb'bling, making a low noise without stop.

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<sup>1</sup> Iron

<sup>2</sup> Al'

ever we find people living, thêre we find wăter for them to drink.

3. Springs differ vëry much in taste and quality. The wăter from one spring will have sulphur in it, another will have iron<sup>1</sup> in it, another will have some kind of salt in it; but there never wăş a spring found in all the world that had aleohol<sup>2</sup> in it.

4. Aleohol, you know, iş the part of wine or liquor that makes people drunk. But aleohol iş never found in the water that Gōd haş made, aş it comes up pure and sparkling from thē ēarth. Nobody ever hēard of a natural spring that yiēlded aleohol or intoxicating liquors.

5. But if it had been gōod for us to have such poisonous drinks aş these, Gōd would have made them. He could have made springs that would yield different kinds of liquor just aş easily aş He made the trees to bēar different kinds of fruit.

6. When Gōd made Adam and Eve, He put them in the beautiful gārden of Eden. In that gārden, we are told, "The Lord God brought fōrth of the gārden all manner of trees, fair to behold, and pleasānt to eat of.

7. "And a river went out of the plāce of plēasure to water paradise, which from thence iş dīvidēd into four heads." This iş what the Catholie Bible tells us ābout that gārden. It must have been vëry beautiful; for evëry thing that Gōd makes iş beautiful.

8. When He makes a rainbow, how beautiful it iş! When He makes a butterfly, how beautiful it iş!

<sup>1</sup> Iron (ī'ērn).

<sup>2</sup> Al'co hol, pure spirit; the part of liquors which intoxicates.

When He makes a flower, a tree, a star, a sun, they are all beautiful.

9. And when Gōd undertook to make a garden, oh! how vĕry beautiful it must have been! What gently riſing hills! what level plains! what shady groves! what green, mōssy banks! what fāir trees! what sweet flowers! what springs and fountains of cool, clear, sparkling water wĕre there!

10. Evĕry thing to be deſired that waſ pleaſant to thĕ eye and thĕ ear, to the taſte and to the ſmell, waſ there; but do you thiſk that in any part of the garden of Eden there waſ a gin or brandy fountain? No; nōthing of thĕ kind waſ found there.

11. It iſ a great miſtake to ſuppoſe that aleoholic liquorſ have the effect of making people ſtrōng and hearty. They have juſt the contrary effect. There iſ no other drink, however, that ſo generally ſatisfies our needſ aſ cold water.

12. You know how ſtrōng thĕ ox and the (thū) horse are, and what hard work they have to do. Well, what do they drink? Water; and nōthing else. Water helps to give the horse hiſ ſtrength, and thĕ ox, and the huge elephant too.

13. Lōok at that giant old oak. How ſtrōng it iſ! Yĕt it drinkſ nōthing but water. You know that treeſ drink, aſ well aſ men and cattle. The tree drinkſ through its rōots and through its leaveſ.

14. Take any plant, and let it have nōthing but intoxicating drinkſ to moiſten its rōots and leaveſ, and it will die. Suppoſe it ſhould rain theſe drinkſ for thirty dayſ, what would thĕ effect be? All the

<sup>1</sup> Grōve, a cluſter of large treeſ without underwood; a ſmall wood.

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trees and other plants would die; all things would perish, and the world would become a void.

15. Well, then, if cold water was the drink which Gōd gave Adam in Eden; if cold water is the drink which God has made for animals, and for plants; and if it is the only drink He has made for us, does it not follow that it is the best drink for us, and that we should prefer it to all other drinks?

## IX.

## 93. THE BROOK.

I COME from häunts of coot<sup>1</sup> and hern,<sup>2</sup>  
I make a sudden sally,<sup>3</sup>  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker<sup>4</sup> down a valley.

2. By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps,<sup>5</sup> a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

3. I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps<sup>6</sup> and trebles,<sup>7</sup>  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

<sup>1</sup> Coot (kōt), a water-fowl that frequents lakes and other still waters. It has a bald head, and a black body.

<sup>2</sup> Hern (hērn), this is used for the name *heron*, a water-fowl with long legs and neck.

<sup>3</sup> Säl'ly, a leap, or rushing out.

<sup>4</sup> Bick'er, move quickly and tremulously like flame or water; quiver.

<sup>5</sup> Thōrp, a small village.

<sup>6</sup> Shārps, high tones or sounds.

<sup>7</sup> Trēb'le, the highest tones or sounds in music; the part that is usually sung by females.

4. With many á eurve, my bank I fret  
 By many á field and fállow,<sup>1</sup>  
 And many á fairy foreland<sup>2</sup> set  
 With willow-weed and mallow.<sup>3</sup>
5. I chatter, chatter, aš I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may eome, and men may ġo,  
 But I ġo on forever.
6. I wind ábout, and in and out,  
 With here á blossom sailing,  
 And here and there á lusty trout,  
 And here and there á ġrāyling;<sup>4</sup>
7. And here and there á foamy flake  
 Upon me aš I travel,  
 With many á silvery water-break  
 Above the ġolden ġravel;
8. And draw them all álōng and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may eome, and men may ġo,  
 But I ġo on forever.
9. I slip, I slide, I ġloom,<sup>1</sup> I ġlance,  
 Among my skimming swallows;

<sup>1</sup> Fál'low, land that has lain for á year or more unworked or unseeded; land which has been plowed without being sowed.

<sup>2</sup> Fōre'land, á point of land extending into á sea or lake some distance from the line of the shore; á head-land.

<sup>3</sup> Mál'low, á plant whose fruit is often called cheese, by children in the eountry.

<sup>4</sup> ġrāy'ling, á fish of the trout kind, having á smaller mouth.

<sup>5</sup> Lawa (lan), ġrass-ġround in front of or near á house, usually kept smoothly mown.

Ț make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallōwș.

10. I murmur unȚer moon and starș,  
In bramby wildernēșș; ;  
I linger by my shingly<sup>2</sup> barsș,  
I loiter round my cresseș ;<sup>3</sup>

11. And out again I eurve and flow  
To join the brimming<sup>4</sup> river,  
For men may eome, and men may ġo,  
But I ġo on forever.

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## SECTION XXII.

### I.

#### 94. A SMALL CATECHISM.

**W**HY are children'ș eyesș so bright ?  
Tell me why !

'Țiș beeaueș the infinite<sup>5</sup>

Which they've left, iș still in sight,

And they know no earthly blight ;<sup>6</sup>

Thērefōre 'Țiș their eyesș are bright.

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<sup>1</sup> **Glim**, shine obscurely ; ġlimmer ; look dark

<sup>2</sup> **Shingly** (shing' ġli), eomposed of small stoneș or loose ġravel.

<sup>3</sup> **Cresses** (krēș' ēz), eērtain plants which ġrow near the waȡer and are ușed aș ā salad.

<sup>4</sup> **Brim'ming**, full to the brim, or upper eēge.

<sup>5</sup> **In'fi nite**, that which can not be bounded or meașured ; the ġreatest ġoodness or purity ; perfeetion.

<sup>6</sup> **Blight**, mildew ; deeaȡ ; that which nips or deștroȡș.

2. Why do children laugh so gay?  
 Tell me why!  
 'Tis because their hearts have play  
 In their bosoms, every day,  
 Free from sin and sorrow's sway,—  
 Therefore 'tis they laugh so gay.
3. Why do children speak so free?  
 Tell me why!  
 'Tis because from fallacy,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cant,<sup>2</sup> and seeming, they are free;  
 Hearts, not lips, their organs be,—  
 Therefore 'tis they speak so free.
4. Why do children love so true?  
 Tell me why!  
 'Tis because they cleave unto  
 A familiar, favorite few,  
 Without art<sup>3</sup> or self in view,—  
 Therefore children love so true.

## II.

95. *A SIMPLE CHARITY.*

SITTING in a railway station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way, that no one could forget it.

<sup>1</sup> *Fal'laçy*, that which misleads the eye or the mind; false appearance.

<sup>2</sup> *Cânt*, a sing-song way of speak-

ing which is not natural; a solemn form of speech which is not felt nor honest.

<sup>3</sup> *Art*, deceit; cunning.

2. It waş á bleak, snowy day; the train waş late; the lādies'-rōom dark and smoky, and the dōzen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked erōss, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt just so myself, and thought, aş I looked áround, that my fellow-beings were á very unamiable, unIn'teresting set.

3. Just then á forlorn old woman, shaking with pālşŷ,<sup>1</sup> came in with á basket of wāreş for sale, and went ábout mutely offering them to the waiting pāsengers. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stocd blinķing at the door á minute, aş if reluctant<sup>2</sup> to ġo out into the bitter storm again.

4. She turned preşently, and poked ábout the rōom, aş if trying to find something; and then á pale lady in black, who lay appârently áslēep on á sōfá, opened her eyeş, saw thē old woman, and instantly ásked, in á kind tone, "Have you löst anything, mä'am?"

5. "No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' plaçe, to have á warm 'fōre I ġoes out again. My eyeş iş poor, and I don't seem to find the fūrnaçe nowhereş."

6. "Here it iş," and the lady led her to the steam pipes, plaçed á chair for her, and showed her how to warm her feet.

7. "Well, now, isn't that niçe?" said the old woman, spreading her raġġed mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this iş proper eōmfortable, işn't it? I'm mōst froze to-day, bein' lame and wimbly;<sup>3</sup> and not selling much makes me kind o' down-hearted."

<sup>1</sup> Palsy (pāl'zī), á löss, wholly or in part, of the action of members of the body, or of the mind.

<sup>2</sup> Re lūc'tant, opposed to; unwilling.

<sup>3</sup> Wim'bly, unsteady; dizzy.

8. The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some cakes, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as kindly as if the poor body had been (bin) dressed in silk and fur; "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

9. "Well, really! do they give tea to this depol'?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the gratified old woman, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm a body's heart!"<sup>1</sup>

10. While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and matches, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

11. As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt very much ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of kindness come into the faces all around me, I did wish that I had been (bin) the person to call it out.

12. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy<sup>1</sup> room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman rose to go, several persons beck-

<sup>1</sup> *Din'gy*, soiled; dusky or dark in color.

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oned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

13. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman.

14. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week afterwards.

## III.

## 96. A TALK TO BOYS.

**B**OYS, when I meet you anywhere—on the street, in the cars, aboard a boat, at your own home, or at your school—I see a great many things in you to admire.<sup>1</sup> You are merry and full of happy life; you are curious,<sup>2</sup> earnest, honest, brave, quick at your lessons, and ready to study out all the great and wonderful things in this world of astonishing sights, sounds, and events.<sup>4</sup>

2. But too often, and on reflection<sup>5</sup> this may not

<sup>1</sup> Ad mire', to view with wonder and kind feeling.

<sup>2</sup> Cū'ri ous, wishing to be correct; eager or seeking to know.

<sup>3</sup> As tōn'ish ing, very wonderful; surprising.

<sup>4</sup> E vent', that which comes, happens, or falls out.

<sup>5</sup> Reflection (re flek'shun), the act of reflecting or turning back; the going back of the mind to what it has acted upon; thinking.



be so very surprising, I find you lacking one of the most valuable and desirable things of this life—something that may be had by the poor as well as the rich—and that is gen'tlemanliness, or real politeness. You really are not gen'tlemanly enough.

3. "Why do I think so?" Because there are so many little actions that help to make a true gentleman which I do not see in you. Sometimes, when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or, "Sister Annie, please sit here;" but you selfishly or thoughtlessly retain the chair and seem to enjoy it so very much yourself.

4. Or, it may be that you sometimes push past your mother, your sister, or another lady, in the doorway from one room to another; instead of stepping aside politely, that she may pass first. Or you say, "the governor" or "the boss," speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night, you forget to say, "Good evening, father."

5. It may be, when mother has been shopping and she passes you at the corner of a street, carrying a bundle, you do not step up promptly and say, "Let me carry your parcel, mother," but you indifferently<sup>1</sup> keep on playing with the other boys. Or when you are rushing out of the house to play, and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your hat from your head, nor wait a moment until she has passed in.

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<sup>1</sup> In dif'fer ent ly, without concern, care, or wish.

6. "Such little things!" do you say? Yes, to be sure; for these very little things, these little and gentle acts, far more than great things, mark and make gentlemen. True gentility<sup>1</sup> and true politeness have their source in the heart, in friendliness<sup>2</sup> and unselfishness.

7. If you are gentle and kind and loving, your companions will be the same. Like begets like. It is true, that a sense of duty may, at times, make it necessary for you to do what will not be pleasing to your companions. But if it is seen that you have a noble spirit and are above selfishness, you will never be in want of friends.

8. The word GENTLEMAN is a beautiful word. It should serve as an incentive,<sup>3</sup> for every true boy, to honest action. First *man*; and that means everything strong and brave and noble: and then *gentle*; and that means full of the little thoughtful, kind and loving acts of which I have just been speaking.

9. A gentleman! Every honest boy's "heart of hearts" should beat quicker at the sound. One fit word placed before it, *Christian*—a *Christian gentleman*—makes the noblest phrase<sup>4</sup> of our language, names the noblest work of God. St. Francis de Sales was a true Christian gentleman. Study his life and imitate his example.

<sup>1</sup> **Gen til'ity**, manners or ways fit to those who are well-born; easy and pleasant behavior.

<sup>2</sup> **Friend'li ness**, desire to favor or befriend; good-will.

<sup>3</sup> **In cën'tive**, a motive; a spur; that which moves the mind or the heart.

<sup>4</sup> **Phrase**, a set of words with a meaning, but not a real thought.

## SECTION XXIII.

## I.

## 97. THE HARVEST FIELD.

SARAH BURKE waş á dear, young friend of mine. Fáir-façed, light-háired, with large ġrāy eyeş which wēre sōft and dewy one moment and clear and sharp the next, chānging with each thought, she waş á rāre little play-mate.

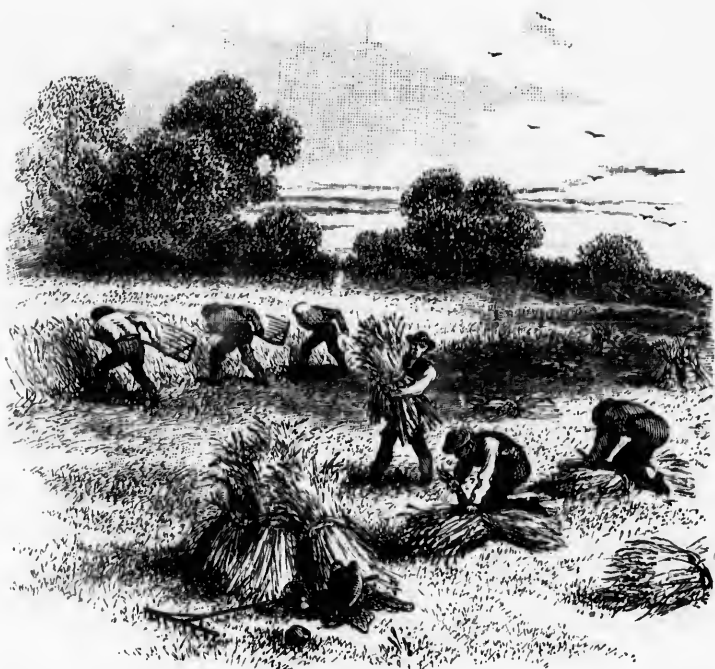
2. When nine yearş old, she lived in town; but aş the dayş beġan to ġrow lõng and warm, her párents went into the country to spend the summer with their children, amidst the pleaşant sceneş and soundş of woodş, and fieldş, and meādōwş. Sarah waş up early evēry morning, rouşed by the sōngş of the bīrdş and the lōwing of the cowş.

3. One warm, sunny day, hēr fáther said to her, "The men are cutting wheat, my daughter; shall we ġo and see them at work?"—Sarah elapped her handş for joy, and said, "Yēs, indeed, papā, I shall be so pleaşed to ġo."

4. When they reached the field, they sat down under the shade of á tree that stood by the fence, and looked at the men toiling in the hot sun. Some were cutting dōwn the wheat, leaving it in long rowş on the ġround, while others were tying it up into sheaveş or bundleş, plaćing several bundleş toġether into one shock or pile.

5. Her father tōok á handful of the ġrain from á sheaf near by, and told her that such seedş were

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sown early in the season all over the field, and that from them sprung up the tall stalks that were now swaying and waving around them.

6. "You are now sowing such little seeds day by day, Sarah, and they will come up large, strong plants after awhile," said her father.—"Oh, no! papa, I have not planted any seeds for a long time!"—"Yes, my daughter, I have seen you plant a number of seeds to-day."

7. Sarah looked puzzled. Her father smiled and said, "I have seen you planting flowers and ugly weeds to-day."—"Ah! now, papa, I know you are joking, for I would never plant ugly weeds."

8. "I will tell you what I mean, Sarah. You left your plāy when your mōther told you to dust the rōom—then you were sowing ġood seedſ. When you spoke rudely to your brōther, you were planting the ugly weed of anġer.

9. "Your life iſ a field that belōngſ to Gōd, but which He haſ ġiven you to till. Your deedſ and thoughts are the seedſ you sow in it. The ġrain iſ ripe at the hour of death, whenever that eomeſ; and God will send Hiſ anġel-reaperſ to ġāther in the harvest. See, then, how many sweet-smelling flowerſ and useful plants you ean eauſe to ġrow in thiſ, the ſpring-time of your life."

10. Sarah waſ ſilent in thought awhīle, but preſently, ſmiling up in her father'ſ faġe, ſhe ſaid: "I will try to have beautiful ſheaveſ for my anġel, dear papa, when he eomeſ."

11. I am ſure all the children who read thiſ ſtōry, will try alſo to ſow ġood ſeed, that their liveſ may be to our Lord aſ a riġh and fair "*Harveſt Field.*"

## II.

### 98. A PICTURE OF OUR LADY.

**W**IDOW MARTHA and hēr daughter Mary lived in a poor little houſe by the rōadſide, near a town in Frānġe. Though thēir daily labor ġave them little mōre than daily fōōd, they wēre cheer-ful and happy, beeaue they ſo fully loved their Gōd.

2. They eould not eomplain of poverty, for they remembered that the Son of God when here, had not whēre to lāy Hiſ head. When hardſhips eame, they

took comfort in the thought that their lot in life enabled them to conform themselves more closely to Him who had chosen suffering as His portion.

3. One ornament alone decked their cabin walls. It was a painting of the Blessed Virgin and Child, purchased years before by Dame Martha for a trifling sum, and to which both she and her daughter were greatly attached. It had been a silent witness of the years of sorrow and joy they had passed beneath the shelter of their humble roof.

4. No other picture pleased them so well. They preferred it even to the beautiful painting of the Annunciation in the parish church which they attended every Sunday. Three times they had visited the large church in a neighboring town, where there was a "Holy Family" by a great master; but their own Madonna was to them far more beautiful.

5. A fresh bunch of flowers, from time to time, was all their poverty allowed them to place before her shrine. But she was really more honored in this humble home than in many a rich palace; for here she received the daily devotion of pure hearts, lowly spirits, and true and earnest lives.

6. When overcome by toil, which often happened, Dame Martha would place her chair before the touching picture, and pray with joined hands while she gazed on the veiled head, the fair face which stood out so pure and white from the dark background, and the tender eyes bent upon the Infant Jesus, whose face was so divinely fair and innocent.

7. At last the patience of these faithful servants of God was to be most sorely tried. A year of dis-

tress came. All crops failed, ruined by storms and blight. The widow and her daughter could no longer obtain work. They sold their goat, so necessary to them, but the money was soon expended.

8. At last a day came when, without a penny for rent, their landlord refused to allow them longer the shelter of their mean cabin, and even seized their furniture for debt. Angry on account of the small sum he obtained from its sale, he snatched from the wall the picture before which the two bereaved women were kneeling in silent prayer, and ordered the auctioneer to sell it as well.

9. "Who wants this grand painting for ten cents?" said the auctioneer in mockery; "ten cents only, will no one bid?" At this moment a group of gentlemen, attracted by the little assemblage, stopped to listen. Immediately one cried out, "Ten dollars!" Thunder-struck, the auctioneer remained silent a moment.

10. "Twenty dollars!" added a second of the group. Then they commenced to bid against each other till the price ran up to three thousand dollars, when the despised picture was delivered to the highest bidder.

11. "Sir," said the young painter, who had recognized at the first glance the masterpiece before him, "you possess an admirable work of Murillo. I would have forfeited my fortune to obtain it, but as you have at your disposal the fortune of the government, you ought to outbid me. On my return to Paris, I shall visit the museum to see this wonder," he added.

12. Though this story certainly contains no miracle, yet it is plain a heavenly reward was given to



repay the devotion of these poor women, who, from the soul, repeated with ardent zeal, "*Holy Mary, my trust is in thee!*"

III.

99. LAND OF THE HOLY CROSS.

QUITE LIKELY all of you have heard of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of a "New World." I dare say many of you know the lines,

*"In fourteen hundred ninety-two,  
Columbus crossed the ocean blue!"*

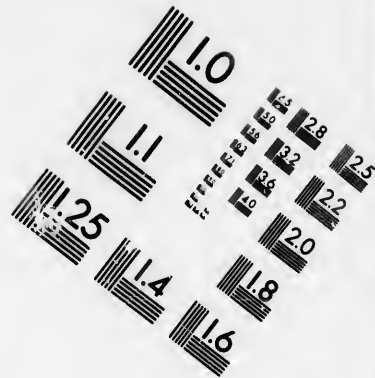
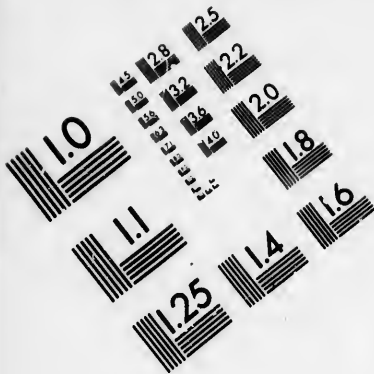
2. I am sure you would like to learn something more of the first voyage to this goodly land. It was a wonderful voyage, in light vessels, across a waste of waters where no sail had ever before been spread.

3. Columbus was a very learned and a very holy man, and his studies led him to believe that the world is round, and that by sailing away from Europe, where he lived, straight across the ocean toward the West, he would find other countries and other peoples.

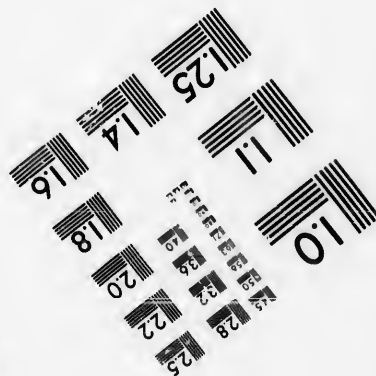
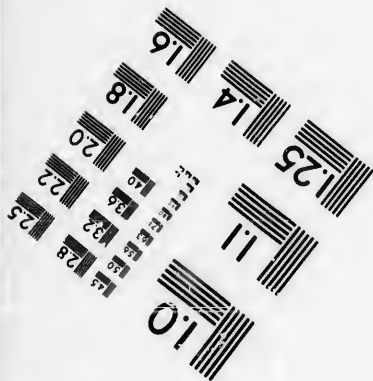
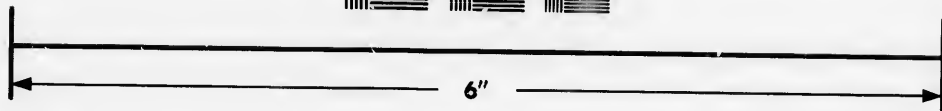
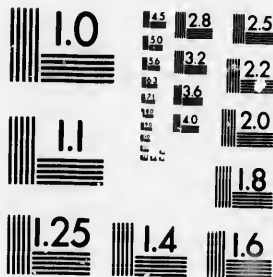
4. Then, because his heart was full of the love of God, and his faith in his holy religion was strong and active, he determined that he would undertake this voyage, and get missionaries afterward to go to those heathen nations, and teach them the holy faith our dear Lord gave us, so that the whole world might become Christian.

5. After a great many difficulties, so many that most men would have given up trying to overcome





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them, he at last set sail with three small vessels from the little port of Palos, in Spain, Friday, August 3d, 1492. He was the admiral of this little fleet.

6. His own vessel was named for our Blessed Mother, Santa Maria, and he chose for his banner a flag bearing the image of Christ crucified. A favorable breeze wafted them out of port on a Friday, and this also pleased Columbus, because of his devotion to the Passion of our Lord.

7. Every evening the sweet accents of some vesper hymn, the "Hail, Holy Queen," and the favorite chant of the sailors, "Ave maris Stella" (Gentle Star of ocean), were heard from the deck of the Santa Maria, and then the crews of the Pinta and Nina joined in; their united voices floating over the vast wastes of the unknown Atlantic.

8. At last, one evening, at the close of this devotion, Columbus declared to his crew that they were nearing land, although their eyes could not see it. All hearts throbbed with hope. No one doubted, no eye closed in sleep.

9. The clock of the Santa Maria showed the time to be two in the morning, when the report of a cannon, the signal for "Land!" was heard. Columbus cast himself on his knees, and, while tears of gratitude flowed over his cheeks, intoned the "Te Deum," and all the crews, transported with joy, responded to the voice of their chief.

10. On Friday again, as if Friday, the day of the cross, was to crown his triumph, on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, at dawn, they beheld a flowery land, whose groves, lighted by the first rays of the

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sun, gave forth a strange, sweet fragrance, and charmed every eye by its smiling beauty.

11. As soon as the vessels were anchored, Columbus, with a scarlet mantle thrown over his shoulders, and holding displayed the image of Christ Crucified, on the royal flag, descended into his boat, followed by his officers.

12. Beaming with gladness, the freshness and joy of youth seemed to return to him as he stepped upon the shore. Three times he bowed his head and kissed the goodly land, while all shared in his emotions.

13. Then, raising in silence the Standard of the Cross, he planted it with his own hands in the soil, and, prostrating himself before it, consecrated this new world by name to the service of God.

14. There is still in a library in Venice, an old book printed there in the year 1511. In it is a map of this continent, bearing the name first given it by Columbus, printed in red capitals, "The Land of the Holy Cross."

15. Now let me give you the meaning of the name, Christopher Columbus. It seems to be the very name that such a hero ought to have. Christopher means, "One who carries Christ," and Columbus signifies "a dove," so his name may be read, "The Christ-carrying Dove."

16. He did indeed bring Christianity to countless thousands, through the missionaries who followed his path, many of whom won the glory of the martyr by sufferings, tortures, and death. True, evil and covetous men did what they could to destroy God's work, but still, in all places and times,

"THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH."

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